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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVIII
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXXVI
MAY TO OCTOBER, 1919



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THE CENTURY

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No. 1



Aristokia

By A. WASHINGTON PEZET

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

CHAPTER I



ANY years ago—to be exact, fifty years after the termination of the great World War of 1914—I, John Smith, American, had the great romance of my life. My name is so common that I must begin by informing readers that I am that John Smith who received the thanks of the world and a life pension for discovering the palatable food capsule which solved the problem of the cost of living and the distribution of edible products. However, this story has nothing to do with the Smith capsule, with which you are all familiar from daily use. This is an account of my personal connection with certain historical events.

In these enlightened times few persons are ignorant of history, but I shall briefly outline the great events. During the peace conference in Paris in 1920, the world was suddenly shaken to its foundations by the simultaneous outbreak of socialistic revolutions in all the capitalistic countries. Everywhere the institutions that people had thought to be the very bed-rock of their so-called civilization were overthrown. By the year 1925 order had been brought out of chaos, and the Universal International Socialistic Democracy was established. In our new calendar 1925 became the year one.

At first there was great apprehension of counter-revolutions in the interest of the disgruntled aristocrats and capitalists of the various states. It soon became apparent, however, that these adherents of the old régime were rather more of a nuisance than an actual menace. They could never agree among themselves, so that their repeated attempts to regain their lost powers always ended in futile ignominy, crushed by the ridicule of the world.

Most of the people who had been through the horrors of the Great War and greater Revolution were too happy in their enjoyment of what they fatuously assumed was the millennium to trouble much about the outcries of a contemptible minority. As the joyous flood subsided, and the new order became the normal standard of daily life, it became increasingly evident that even the opinions of a minority should be given a hearing in an age that claimed to have enthroned the abstract sense of justice, and to have discovered the moral law in the soul of man. Certainly we who look back in calmness and fairness on that period of extraordinary transition can extend some meed of sympathy to the downtrodden few whose only fault was that they had lived too long.

There were many pathetic cases. Think for a moment of the plight of

those estimable ladies of the Middle Western States whose husbands had amassed fortunes, who had spent a lifetime in acquiring a taste for luxuries, who had painstakingly learned to speak an English that was never heard on land or sea, who had struggled for years to forget how to do anything for themselves, who had at last climbed to the top of the mountain, only to find that there was no mountain and that all their hard-earned assets had become liabilities.

"My God! don't we get our innings?" they cried.

The stronger struggled; the weaker curled up and died. There is no sadder page in history. It was through the efforts of an Anglo-American, one George Boggs, son of the chewing-gum king, that the unhappy minority at last obtained justice.

In the fifth year of our era a tract of land in central Europe was set aside by the International Congress for the exclusive use of the submerged classes. The territory was theirs in perpetuity, or, rather, as long as one of them or one of their descendants remained alive to claim it. Within its limits they could live as they pleased, making their own laws and having their own institutions, no matter how reactionary these might be. From this country they could exclude the rest of the world if they chose. But they, in turn, could not venture out of it without express permission from the International Congress.

Thousands of my readers have visited the famous ruins of Aristokia, but not all of them are old enough to have seen that wondrous city-state in the heyday of its glory. I saw it in all its transcendent picturesqueness. And it was there that I met romance. Her name was Gwendolyn, was and is, for she is now a very nice old lady, and we are still living together.

Before I become personal I must tell you a little more about Aristokia. It was organized much more like an exclusive country club of the past age than like a nation. Pedigree was the all-important qualification for membership, or, rather, citizenship. A self-appointed board of Royal Blues passed on all seeking admission to Aristokia. From

among themselves, by secret vote, they elected an emperor, who reigned as absolute monarch for five years. His advisers were the Royal Blues and such others as he might appoint. In all matters of law, religion, and etiquette they were supreme.

Of course the Royal Blues were all the ex-kaisers, -kings, -emperors, -czars, and -princes of Europe, and their families; that is, the German royalties, for what royal family of Europe did not have German blood? These were the *ne plus ultra* of the nation. The *hoi polloi* was made up of non-German royalties, the lesser nobilities, the slightly illegitimate, and the army of expatriated American millionaires. There was no working class in Aristokia. All labor, whether menial or skilled, was contracted for from the outside world, and these workers lived in model villages just beyond the frontier.

The great problem for the Aristokians was that of income. Their personal fortunes were steadily dwindling as the various capitalistic enterprises in which their fortunes were invested were gradually mutualized or socialized and taken over by the International Government of the Workers of the World. They solved their problem with characteristic *savoir-faire*.

For three months each year they opened up Aristokia to the tourists of the world. These came in millions, paid admission to the country and to almost everything in the country, and lived in the hundred or so palatial hotels built for the purpose of housing them. They came to see the magnificent palaces and mansions, which most of you have known only as ruins; to visit the wonderful museum where were assembled all the crown jewels and royal relics of history; to gamble at the great casino, the only institution of its kind left in the world; to drink in the numerous cafés and saloons, quaint relics of the past; and they came, I must admit,—for even a social revolution cannot destroy the snobbishness and love of ermine and purple inherent in human nature,—they came to gape at the great ones, and to see the aristocrat in his native haunt. To many the imperial opera, theater, and art galleries were added attrac-

tions, for without question art, perhaps a little formalized, but still great art, flourished in Aristokia as nowhere else.

Obviously there could be no social intercourse between the Aristokians and the "Nobodies," as they termed all outsiders. There was no exception to this rule. The penalty for infringement was immediate expulsion for the offender and the ostracism of his relatives during a certain period of time.

Gwendolyn was an Aristokian, the most beautiful girl in Aristokia. How, then, did I meet her? To put it quite brutally and in the vernacular of a past age, Gwendolyn picked me up.

It was in the forty-fifth year of our era—that is, just forty-eight years ago—that I arrived in Aristokia in the company of a motely crew of tourists from all the corners of the earth. It was the first week of the open season, and I had thought that by coming early I could avoid the rush, but already thousands were pouring in.

I had been fortunate in securing a fine front room at the Hotel Hohenzollern, owned by the family of that name. It was quite the best in Aristokia; but the prices! They were amazing. The place certainly lived up to the ancient reputation of the robber barons of Brandenburg. I was undismayed, however, for I had just been granted my life pension, and was feeling opulent.

Then, too, what price was not worth paying for this experience? Remember, I was just thirty. I had been born in our era. I knew nothing of the old régime except what I had read in highly colored literature. Think of being able to step into the past! I crossed an imaginary line, and half a century van-

ished before my eyes. And what a half-century it had been, filled with more momentous changes than any that had occurred in a similar period of time in the world's history!

Try to conceive a world of kings, princes, nobles, wives, and courtezans; a world in which a gambling casino, a stock-market, saloons, and beer-gardens, generals, admirals, and millionaires

were realities. Try to picture to yourself a state in which the institution of marriage existed in all its archaic potency; a world in which women did not vote and in which their equality with men was unrecognized; in which man must take the initiative in all matters of sex; a deliciously quaint world of marriages, scandals, divorces, and duels!

I shall never forget my feelings on my arrival at the Hotel Hohenzollern. Everything was strange and new to me. It was not that



"On my entrance they rushed at me wildly like a pack of hounds"

the building differed in outward appearance from the average New York hotel. The difference was more subtle; it was decorative rather than architectural. In New York at that time utilitarianism was rampant. Either an austere, sanitary simplicity was the fashion or a wild, bizarre Russianism, the heritage of the Revolution. But in Aristokia there was a real feeling for, an understanding of, beauty.

The lobby of the Hotel Hohenzollern was beautiful. The first thing that struck me was the total absence of all our well-known mechanical appliances and contraptions for handling baggage and securing accommodations. Instead, the most conspicuous feature was a regiment of youths in fine uniforms. On my entrance these rushed at me wildly

like a pack of hounds. For an instant I recoiled; then, as they took my hand baggage from me, I realized that while they might be bent on robbery, their intention was not assault.

"This way, sir," said the youth who had hold of my pet bag. To be addressed as "sir" was a new experience for me. I took a fancy to the youth. He led the way toward a spot where a dense mass of people, other tourists, were gathered before a sort of marble altar, behind which certain lofty dignitaries hovered majestically. We stood in the crowd and patiently awaited our turn to gain the ear of the dispenser of accommodations, who, I later discovered, was called the room clerk. Over the altar was suspended a neat gilt sign that read, "British-American Room Clerk." Farther along were signs in French, Spanish, German, and other languages. The uniformed youth caught my eye and remarked:

"The sign used to read, 'English Room Clerk,' but the Americans, Australians, and Canadians objected; so it was changed to that."

I smiled.

"And we thought nationalism was dead," I remarked aloud.

"The Irish still object," said the youth at my side.

My turn arrived, and I approached the altar. The high priest—room clerk, I should say—looked at me intently. It confused me, and I forgot what I had planned to say. I had never been looked at in this way before. The fellow had an X-ray eye that seemed to penetrate my clothes. It was most embarrassing. When at last I spoke, he turned away from me and entered into a lively conversation with another clerk who had simultaneously turned away from the stout man at my right. I looked at my uniformed attendant, and he smiled at me sympathetically. The room clerk was talking volubly with his friend and laughing. His accent was American. This gave me an idea.

"I 'm an American," I shouted.

The only effect of this outburst was to inspire the stout man on my right to bellow, "I 'm English."

"Decidedly nationalism is not dead," I thought.

Suddenly the clerk stopped laughing, and turned to me wearily. He raised his eyebrows.

"What would you like to pay?" he asked.

"Very little," I replied, which I thought rather good.

He smiled wanly. "I have a front room on the tenth floor for fifteen dollars."

"A week?" I asked, delighted and surprised.

The clerk said something to his friend about the boring nature of professional humorists, and remarked in a far-away voice, tinged with melancholy:

"A day. And that's *without food*," he added quickly as I was about to speak.

"Have n't you anything cheaper?"

"Yes; back room, twelve dollars. You won't like it."

"All right," I replied meekly.

The clerk pushed a book toward me, a thing of colossal size, and said, "Register," which operation consisted in writing "John Smith, New York, U. S. A."

The clerk looked at it, and smiled at me enigmatically. I did not understand that smile at the time, but the next day I remembered it vividly.

The clerk handed a key to one of my young men in uniform, and I was led to the elevators and whisked up to my room.

The two boys placed my bags on benches, unstrapped them, opened one window, closed another, turned on the electric light in the bath-room, showed me the closets, and asked me most solicitously and in a most kindly and charming manner if I thought I would be comfortable. I assured them that everything was delightful; but as they made no move to go, I thought to be polite and asked them to sit down. They thanked me profusely, but explained that such action would not be consistent with their duties. There followed a pause, broken by a remark that they had made before, "Anything else, sir?" I liked that "sir"; then they held out their hands. I shook hands with each of them in turn. They looked annoyed. I was wondering in what way I had offended them when I noticed that they were pointing in an offhand manner to

a large sign on the back of the door.
It read as follows:

IMPERIAL EDICT NO. 313

WITHIN THE TERRITORIES OF THE ARISTOKIAN EMPIRE TIPPING (The voluntary donation of a gratuity to a servitor) IS CUSTOMARY AND OBLIGATORY. IT WILL BE INCUMBENT UPON ALL PERSONS ACCEPTING AND ENJOYING THE HOSPITALITY OF THE REALM TO COMPLY WITH ALL THE RULES AND REGULATIONS CONCERNING TIPPING WHICH CONSTITUTE THE SPIRIT AND LETTER OF THIS EDICT. FAILURE SO TO DO WILL SUBJECT THEM TO ARREST AND PROSECUTION ACCORDING TO THE BY-LAW HERE APPENDED.

OTTO, REX IMPERATOR.

BY-LAW NO. 175b:

ANY ONE FOUND GUILTY IN THE IMPERIAL COURTS OF A VIOLATION OF IMPERIAL EDICT NO. 313 WILL BE FINED NOT LESS THAN \$500 AND NOT MORE THAN \$1000, OR EXPELLED FROM THE REALM, OR BOTH.

PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE,
Imp. Sect.

RULES AND REGULATIONS A VIOLATION OF WHICH WILL CONSTITUTE AN INFRACTION OF THE EDICT:

10 per cent. (ten per centum) of the amount of the charge for the service rendered is the MINIMUM TIP allowable. Smaller amounts will be refused, and the mere act of offering such a smaller amount will be interpreted as a violation of the Edict No. 313.

MINIMUM SCALE OF FIXED TIPS

SERVITOR	SERVICE RENDERED	MINIMUM TIP
Bell-boys	Showing guest to room Each	\$0.50
	(10c extra for each bag.)	
Bell-boys	Any other no-charge service Each	.25
Valet	Packing and unpacking, per trunk....	2.50
Valet	Packing and unpacking, per bag.....	1.00
Valet	Adviseregarding sartorial or other matters.....	1.00

Coat-check boy	Per garment checked	.25
Wash-room boy	Handing towel.....	.05
Wash-room boy	Preparing water....	.05
Wash-room boy	Dusting off with whisk-broom10
Elevator boys	(Except first trip to room) per floor & trip01*
	*(From first to the tenth floor same rate as to the tenth floor.)	
	Guests sojourning in the hotel one week or more will pay the following weekly:	
Chambermaids	2.00
Room waiters	1.00
	This is an extra and does not exempt from regular 10 per cent. charge for meals.	

I turned away from the sign, abashed; I was blushing furiously. I fumbled in my pockets.

"Are you bell-boys?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," they replied in unison.

What sensitive little fellows they were! How tactfully they had called my attention to the edict! I gave them each double the legal minimum in compensation for my stupidity. I had still much to learn. They said, "Thank you, sir," and bowed themselves out.

I was about to unpack when a knock at the door arrested me. I opened it. A person entered, bowing obsequiously. He was in civilian dress, but of an odd cut. I remembered that I had seen persons in illustrations in old novels wearing similar clothes. The thing he had on was called a cutaway.

He informed me that he was the valet and insisted on unpacking my bags for me. I let him do it, a bit frightened and apologetic. He took all my suits away with him,—they needed tailoring he explained. I thanked him and over-tipped him. He, too, called me, "Sir." I thrilled to the base of my democratic spine.

The valet had imparted to me the valuable information that eight o'clock P. M. (Twenty o'clock, our time. The Aristokians still reckoned time in the

old way) was the fashionable hour at which to dine.

As it was then only half-past seven, I sat down near a window to think. So many impressions had struck my consciousness in pell-mell confusion that I felt the urgent need of a quiet moment alone in which to coördinate, classify, and stow away in the proper pigeon-holes of my brain the totally new and, to me, extraordinarily fascinating data of experience.

I thought of the bell-boys, and the valet. How strange it must be to earn a living by serving others! Yet they seemed perfectly happy. But why should n't they be? They must make a fortune in tips.

My mind drifted to the room clerk. What an odd person! How unnecessarily rude he had seemed! And yet was it rudeness? As the weeks passed, and I became a fixture at the hotel, I came to know that clerk well, and his manner to me was subsequently delightfully cordial. At the time of my meditation I had not grasped the fact that persons who deal with humanity in bulk have to adopt some forms of protective armor. The clerk's manner reminded me of anecdotes told by my grandmother of the two weeks she had once spent in New York.

My gaze wandered out of the window and over the great city. Its white palaces were bathed in the warm glow of an evening sun. The green lace-work of foliage intervened everywhere, softening the outlines of buildings. In no matter what direction one looked, a picture perfect in composition unfolded to the eye. There was not one discordant note in all that symphony of line and curve, marble and stone. It seemed to me as if all the beauty in our

esthetically starved world had been concentrated here. When I thought of what the proletariat had done I shivered.

Dinner, I found to be a fascinating ceremony, a rite both artistic and religious. It was not what it is fast becoming among us, an act of bodily hygiene, such as washing one's teeth or gargling. God forgive me for having helped to make it that by discovering the capsule!

I sat at a table on which there were flowers, silverware, fine china, and glass. The room was carpeted, softly lighted, and beautiful. And oh, the joy I experienced at being waited on by a real servant, one who was human enough to forget part of my order! My order! Ah, the bliss of it, to eat food, and not be obliged to swallow one of my own capsules in a glass of water, jerked at me by an automatic, hygien-



"I picked it up and read"

ic contrivance.

After a delicious meal, washed down by wine, the first I had ever tasted, I sipped my coffee, looking about me and smoking an excellent cigar. It was a source of great satisfaction to be able to smoke without fear of arrest. The constitutional amendment prohibiting the use of tobacco in all forms in the United States had just been ratified and made effective, and during the preceding months I had been very miserable. On one occasion, when some friends were smoking with me in my apartment, some one had reported smoke issuing from my windows. Rather than confess the truth and risk imprisonment, it being my second offense, we had let ourselves be deluged by the fire department.

At that time, too, the agitation for

the suppression of tea and coffee as drugs had just begun. I wondered as I sat in the dining-room, watching the proletariat doing all the things they were not allowed to do in their democratic paradise, how long these repressions of the individual will would last. The frightful reaction now setting in was plainly forecast then.

I observed the table manners of my compatriots. No wonder there were faddists who claimed that all public eating was indecent.

When I paid my bill, I over-tipped the waiter grandly, and then I strolled out to the Kaiser Wilhelm II Platz and turned down the Boulevard Romanoff in the direction of the Imperial Opera-House.

I heard Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." How beautiful, melodic, and tuneful it seemed to me! What a relief after the noisy disharmonies of the Chinaman, Wu Swang Chang, then so much the rage in other parts of the world.

I was seated in an orchestra chair toward the left of the auditorium, at the foot of one of the grand-tier boxes. During the first intermission I looked about me curiously. The greater part of the audience was composed of tourists. Aristokians did not attend the opera much during the open season; only a few of the private boxes were occupied.

Suddenly I became aware of a perceptible stir, a murmur and buzz of voices such as is caused in a crowd by its concentration on a common object. I turned, moved by the general impulse, in the direction of the nearest box to my left.

There stood a dapper creature in gorgeous uniform of blue and gold, his

bosom resplendent with decorations. He had a black mustache, and eyes that burned with the deep glow of banked fires. His manner was graceful and courtly to an extraordinary degree. The crowd seemed tremendously impressed. I wondered if it could be the emperor.

The other occupants of the box were a middle-aged man with a monocle, a stout woman buried in jewels, which

seemed to hang about her like a parasitic growth of vines on a tropical tree, and a young woman who sat with her back to the audience. She had rather lovely arms and shoulders. The effulgent military gentleman bowed low, kissed her hand, and departed.

She turned, and I became acutely aware of brown eyes and reddish-golden hair. She looked at me steadily, unflinchingly, but in a somewhat impersonal manner that was new to me, and which made me willing, even anxious, to re-

turn her gaze, which had impressed me.

Ordinarily I would have turned away. I was rather fed up on that sort of thing. In America I had received many offers of mating; in fact, I had been pursued by females most annoyingly.

Now that I am an old man and can speak with aloofness of myself as I was in those days, I feel no hesitation in saying that I was cursed, or blessed, as you will, with good looks. I stood six feet unshod. I was the perfect Nordic type portrayed with such persistence in the popular novels of Robert W. Chambers and other writers for the bourgeoisie of the early-twentieth century. One of the principal reasons for my visit to Aristokia had been to find surcease



"I looked at the amazing female with astonishment"

from the importunities to which I had been subjected.

During the immortal love duet I found myself listening to Wagner with my ears while I scanned her very beautiful face with my eyes.

When the curtain fell for the second intermission, she rose and left the box. I suddenly realized that I must take a stroll in the foyer to see the crowd to advantage. But the crowd did not interest me much. Such a mob of tourists, all gaping at one another in their avid quest for Aristokians!

Then she passed me, and I wheeled and followed her. What carriage! What a stride! She was an Anglo-Saxon; I felt sure of it. Something about her easy, swinging gait suggested New York to me.

At the end of the foyer she turned, and passed me again. As she did, something small and white rustled to the floor, a little piece of paper. I picked it up and read:

MR. SMITH: Stop flirting with me. Do you ever walk in the Bois Bourbon, along the path that leads to the statue of Marie Antoinette? It is very nice there sometimes, at about half-past nine in the morning.

The note filled me with dread and delight. Perhaps that paradox needs explaining. She had addressed me by name; evidently she knew that I was Smith, *the* Smith of capsule fame. This was pleasantly disconcerting; I had thought myself safely incognito in Aristokia. But she had not asked me to mate with her or marry her. She had accused me of flirting! What did I know of that subtle art, I who had always run away?

When I returned to my seat for the third act I sought her eyes eagerly. She looked through me and beyond me without the faintest flicker of interest in my existence. At the end of the opera she swept by me haughtily, stepped into her waiting airplane, and flew away skyward without so much as a glance in my direction. This was a new experience.

In my room at the Hohenzollern I re-read her note. My dread vanished, and

my delight increased by leaps and bounds. She was different. She was not like any of the women I had known—women from whom one fled in instinctive dread of losing one's sacred liberty. She had been brought up and educated in the prerevolutionary ambient of Aristokia.

Her note promised, and yet it did not promise. Here at last was the flavor of the past. Here at last were romance and adventure come into my life. Here was a woman with whom I could take the initiative, one who had maidenly reserve and a sense of modesty, one who was not forward or aggressive. A visit to the Bois Bourbon at half-past nine the next morning would prove delectable, I felt sure.

I undressed slowly, thinking of that prerevolutionary period before the world had become safe for democracy and unsafe for males. The civilized period, they had called it. What a simple age it had been! Then the sex problem had been almost unknown to the world.

How different is this complex age! Man's position to-day has become well-nigh intolerable. I feel confident in asserting that half of the unrest and unhappiness to-day is the direct result of the inequality of the sexual relations. In theory men and women are equal, and either may be the aggressor; but in practice what happens? No man has the slightest chance to be the aggressor. Woman always usurps the initiative. Man is terribly handicapped. Through centuries of cultivation of the art of chivalry by our forefathers it has become an instinct in present-day man. Few men are able to say "No" to a woman. When marriage existed, a man could at least let his wife divorce him and be rid of her in a courteous manner. But now that a mating can be legally terminated by the mere public expression of the will to do so on the part of either contracting party, no man with decent feelings can ever rid himself of a woman. The result is bondage, life-long bondage.

The more I saw of Aristokia, the more I realized that those were without doubt the good old days for those of us who were males.

CHAPTER II

IT was a glorious morning of early summer. The view from my windows sent the blood throbbing through my veins with the promise of unknown delights. Adventure was in the air, and romance in my heart. I had intended walking, but when told at the information bureau that the Bois Bourbon was in the western extremity of the city, my impatience obliged me to don my auto-peds and roll away more speedily.

I arrived at the appointed spot and thought myself in the heaven of the ancients. Beneath the statue of Marie Antoinette was a curved marble bench on which I sat. Before me unfolded an illimitable vista of exquisite landscape gardening, paths, shrubs, trees, fountains, statues, and flowers in beautiful arrangement. Birds twittered, and the cool, soft air was heavy with the scent of a million blossoms.

I was alone. Not a soul was in sight. God forgive me for uttering the heresy, but how one of our crowds would have spoilt it all! The brotherhood of man, all our precious theories, how silly they seemed to me then!

From musing I passed to rehearsing my forthcoming meeting with her, and then back to musing. I must have kept this up for nearly half an hour. Suddenly she appeared before me more radiant than I had dreamed her.

But I had over-rehearsed the scene. No woman had ever kept me waiting before, and the novelty of the thing upset my well-laid plans. I rose speechless, and stood gaping inanely.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," she said.

"Good morning, Miss—er—Lady—Princess," I stammered, mentally registering, "Not Miss, you fool! Of course she has a title."

"Gwendolyn," she said. "Silly name, is n't it? What's yours?"

"John."

"I'll call you Jack. But what's your surname?"

"My surname?"

"Yes, your real name."

"My real name?" I was stupefied. "You know it," I asserted.

"Not *Smith*, not John Smith?" She looked at me incredulously.

"Yes." Why did she pretend not to know me now, I wondered.

She was laughing deliciously.

"That's really very funny," she said at last. "You know, it's our nickname for you. We call all the Nobodies, the outsiders, John Smith in Aristokia."

I was utterly crushed. My pride lay at my feet in a million pieces.

"I had thought you might have heard of me," I said plaintively. "I am the inventor John Smith—Capsule John Smith," I added, trying to piece the remnants of my shattered vanity.

"Not the inventor of the detestable food capsule!"

"Digestible, not detestable," I interposed.

"It's all the same. It's a beastly invention. You have destroyed one of the fine arts, and reduced an esthetic pleasure to a vulgar necessity. We never use the thing here. We eat food."

"I like food myself, Gwendolyn."

She smiled her approval.

"Shall we walk? If you know how," she added, with a disdainful glance at my auto-peds.

"I wore them so that I could come to you quickly, Gwendolyn," I said as I removed the objectionable machines and slung them over my shoulder.

As we turned into a shady pathway I became awkwardly aware of the presence of a third person, an unprepossessing, scrawny little female dressed hideously in black. She walked at our heels like a dog. She made me horribly uncomfortable and silent.

"Have n't you anything *nice* to say to me, Jack?"

"A million things," I answered.

"Then you'd better begin. You know, I am risking everything to talk to you. It is expulsion from paradise to your capsule world if we are caught, and poor mama and papa will be ostracized for months, and you'll have to pay an enormous fine, Mr. Smith."

"Then why did you bring *her* along," I tried to whisper.

"Who?"

I tactfully and, I think, nonchalantly indicated the annoying female behind us.

"That's *Fräulein*, my chaperon."

"Yes, but—"

I was about to ask if she could be trusted when Gwendolyn continued:

"She is blind, dumb, and deaf." I looked at the amazing female in astonishment. "She is non-existent."

I was awed. Could she possibly be a creation of my subjective mind?

"She is the symbol of a sacred convention. She is always with me, ready to serve. You will notice that she is dressed in black, like the property-man in the Chinese drama, visible in theory, invisible in fact."

"You mean the other way around, don't you, Gwendolyn?"

"It's all the same. You'll soon get used to her."

"Never," I said, with sincerity.

"Oh, yes, you will, when you see how beautifully it works. It simplifies everything. Her presence satisfies the theory and leaves me free as to the facts. I could n't let you make love to me if anything happened to *Fräulein*."

"You mean I'll have to do it in front of her?"

"Of course. All our affairs and liaisons are chaperoned in Aristokia."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Royal princesses have two chaperons; the empress, three."

"In case one of them dies on the job?"

"You put it so prettily."

For several seconds we walked on in silence; then I asked:

"Are n't you a royal princess?"

"Oh, no. My ancestors were English and American. Papa is Baron Wigleigh, but we have certain privileges because he is descended from George Boggs, who made all this possible," she said, with a wave of her hand that was meant to include all of Aristokia.

Boggs! Chewing gum! They associated themselves in my mind. Now I understood the coat of arms on the box at the opera and on her airplane, a luxuriant grove of rubber-trees, in the center of which stood a knight in shining armor, in his right hand held high a golden spear with diamond head, his left arm protectingly about a maiden coyly dressed in mint leaves. It had puzzled me considerably.

"I may become an empress by marriage, you know."

My heart sank.

"Are you thinking of getting married?"

"Of course. Every girl does."

"I mean concretely. Is there some one?"

"Mama and papa want me to marry the Chinless One. It's the ambition of their lives."

"The Chinless One!" I echoed.

"That's my nickname for Prince Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Have n't you seen him? Oh, he's wonderful! His face ducks under his lower lip and runs down to meet his Adam's apple. His grandfather lost the Battle of Verdun, escaped to Holland, was interned, and later surrendered to the Allies; but he has the bluest blood in Aristokia. He's the emperor-elect."

"And your parents want to sacrifice *you*—you the most beautiful specimen in Aristokia to that—that product of a blight!" I was burning with indignation. "It's an outrage."

"I love your agricultural way of putting things, Jack."

"It is n't agriculture. It's eugenics."

"But that's just the point; that's how I may be allowed to marry him. Heretofore Royal Blues have been allowed to marry only Royal Blues. Now there is a tremendous effort being made to change that, so that I may be the mother of kings."

"Don't!" I groaned.

Gwendolyn then explained to me at length that the German princesses, by a strange trick of nature, had been having an extraordinary proportion of male children, the just retribution for Wilhelm II's vain boast that the virile German race would quickly recover from the effects of the Great War by its well-known habit of having an excess of male over female offspring. At that time only one princess of the royal blood was left, the Princess Sophia. She was anemic, and even more chinless than Willy. The learned doctors had shaken their heads dubiously at mention of the union, with grave fears for the future of the race.

As the result of this a political party had arisen which thought that expediency demanded an infusion of new blood in the person of Gwendolyn. The fight was at its height at that time.

"What does Willy say?" I asked.

"He does n't care. He 's a trifle queer."

"And you, Gwendolyn?"

"Oh, I keep an open mind in the daytime and look at the stars by night."

Just then the intruding female in the rear, whose presence I had actually forgotten, uttered a guttural sound of warning in German, and Gwendolyn turned to me with outstretched hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Smith. I must leave you now. Some one is coming. So put on your little wheels and roll away."

"Shall I see you again, Gwendolyn?"

"If you have eyes, Jackie." She turned and left me.

I wanted to inhale the vision of her lithe young body as she strolled away with that marvelous, self-reliant gait of hers, sex-conscious and yet unconscious. What a woman! How tantalizingly she had mixed up her Jacks and Mr. Smiths. I was in that state of mind when every Jack meant "you are mine," and every Mr. Smith evoked the image of a cosmic capsule forever separating us. Would she turn at the curve of the path? She did not. And my last glimpse was not of her, but of her protector. I turned on the current and fled.

CHAPTER III

FOR nearly a week I kept my eyes open and looked in every direction, but I did not see Gwendolyn again.

I went every morning to the Bois Bourbon and sat in the shadow of Marie Antoinette and waited, feeding my waning hopes with the exquisite memories of that first and only meeting.

From my windows at the Hohenzollern I scanned the heavens and searched each passing airplane with my spy-glass. Once I saw the Wigleigh coat-of-arms emblazoned on outspread wings high above me. My heart jumped out to meet the whirling motor, but the occupants were Mama and Papa Wigleigh, and my heart sank back with a sickening thud.

In the afternoons I walked for hours about the endless gardens, parks, and boulevards until my legs ached and my eyes burned. The extraordinary color-

fulness of the scene was a narcotic to my mental anguish, which dulled the pain of hopes deferred.

I threaded my way through the human throng, men and women of every race and color. Among them, here and there, was a sprinkling of Aristokians, easily distinguishable by the refinement of their features and their easy, graceful manner of walking, so different to our awkward, shackled strides, the result of a generation of dependence on auto-peds.

Almost all the male Aristokians wore uniforms. And such uniforms! What a contrast to the drab, unesthetic, utilitarian things worn by our International Police! All the colors of the spectrum seemed splashed in harmonious confusion upon the green and white background of parks and mansions. Nearly every officer's bosom (and they were all officers) was covered with a diversity of medals and decorations, and many wore silver, gold, and platinum spurs, which made a pleasant, clinking sound as they strode about.

The Aristokian ladies were all attractively dressed, but the styles were not unfamiliar to me, for at that time the women of the proletariat aped the fashions of Aristokia, which had taken the place of Paris in all such matters. I could not restrain my smiles at the sight of these fine birds flitting by, trailing their ungainly chaperons in black.

One afternoon when walking in a comparatively quiet lane in the Bois Bourbon, to which I always returned, drawn by the lodestone of my memories, I saw coming toward me a very beautiful young woman, followed by a perfectly enormous hulk in black. By no possible flight of mental gymnastics could this chaperon have been imagined invisible. She utterly overwhelmed her petite and dainty charge. The incongruity of the spectacle was too much for me. I think I laughed out loud. At any rate, I smiled broadly. Suddenly I realized that the young lady had paused in front of me and was smiling invitingly. Confusion seized me; my grin froze, and I fled. To be arrested for any one but Gwendolyn would be absurd.

After that I kept my smiles to myself, but I gradually came to the conclusion that the law regarding non-intercourse with the Nobodies was one more honored in the breach than the observance.

This little episode set me to thinking. What was it that made forbidden fruit so exquisite? Why did we almost instinctively desire that which prohibitory mandates placed beyond our reach? The legend of Eve and the apple acquired a new significance in my eyes. It became at that moment the very keynote of human nature. Is not the unobtainable the supreme desire of each one of us, and does not the race progress in direct ratio to our efforts to achieve the impossible? At adolescence our dreams are illimitable. The attainments of even the greatest of us are only an infinitesimal part of our youthful ambitions. Therein lies the measure of our slow advance.

My mind rambled on as I walked about. Then, watching the Aristokians, I began to think more concretely about the problem of personal liberty. In Aristokia, the very name of which is only a derivative of aristocracy, though there were absurd rules, like the chaperons in black, they had been reduced by the process of conventionalizing to practical desuetude. The young ladies went blithely on their way, smiling at me when they chose, thoroughly chaperoned. It was only one item in a long list. Yet in my world the proletariat, in the name of universal freedom, was exercising a tyranny unknown in former years. What had become of the great Anglo-Saxon ideal of personal liberty? German efficiency had attacked

inchoate England and America and had made them efficient in self-defense. And then? What had the years between 1919 and 1925 done to us? What a vast collective sin must now be expiated!

On the personal plane I found myself, fresh from the land of prohibitions, like many another tourist seeking relaxation, assuaging the confusion of my mental state by an assiduous sampling of alcoholic beverages. I took copious drafts of claret, burgundy, sauterne, champagne, port, and sherry. How many there were, each with its distinctive taste, aroma, and effect! I sipped strangely elating things called cordials, sweet, oily, burning liquids named after gentlemen who had consecrated their lives to celibacy and the Deity. It was a fascinating experience to one whose only previous knowledge of alcohol had been in the form of Kansas

City Near-Beer, Bolivia (the quack remedy for all human ills), and Kentucky moonshine whisky, the unpalatable curses of our world. I found that after partaking of these beverages I became infused with something extraneous to me, a new courage, a new hope, and a conviction that on the morrow I would see Gwendolyn.

Exactly a week after my meeting with her I sat at a table in the Café Louis Quatorze. I had dined not wisely, but too well, and was sipping a new cordial in abject loneliness. I felt strangely fraternal, rosily elated. I wanted to talk. I had tried the resources of my wit and wisdom on the waiter, but he persisted in answering "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to my every



"The capsule . . . splashed contentedly into the young chap's glass of champagne"

comment, making a genuine conversation extremely difficult. He left me to get my check, and I looked about me, smiling.

A few meters away sat a nice young chap looking as lonely as I. Suddenly I realized that I had been playing with a little box of my detestable capsules, which I had in an absent-minded moment taken out of my pocket. I took a capsule, poised it on my knife, and snapped back the blade. The capsule described a beautiful curve through the air and splashed contentedly into the young chap's glass of champagne. He cocked an eye over it in a contemplative manner. I laughed. And being delighted with my aim, I repeated the performance. The second one hit him on the nose. He turned and looked at me.

"What's the idea?" he said in English.

"I'm lonely," I replied.

Whereat he arose and came over to me. We shook hands, and he sat down. He explained to me that he had been arrested that day and fined for speaking to some one on the boulevard.

"They fined me a hundred dollars for talking to an Aristokian, and a hundred dollars more for calling him mister when he happened to be a baron."

I sympathized, and paid for the drinks.

My new friend's name was Frank Hyde. He was a member of the Civic Board for the Improvement of Public Morals in Benton, Nebraska.

After we had paid our checks and slightly recovered from the staggering blow they dealt us, we decided that excitement was in order. Hyde opined that a visit to a wild Hungarian café was the thing. I voted for the casino, and won him over.

My reasons for favoring the casino were twofold. In the first place, I might see Gwendolyn there, though of this I said nothing to Hyde. In the second place,—and it was this argument I used with effect on him,—the high cost of living in Aristokia was ruining us. The dinner I had just eaten had cost me twenty-five dollars. My room at the Hohenzollern was fifteen dollars a day. The admission to every

park and garden, to every place of interest, was a dollar or more. Along the boulevards there were frequent toll-gates through which tourists could pass only by the payment of a dollar. Every one had to be tipped. It was appalling. At the casino, I vowed, we would make a killing, and recoup our expenses. The possibility of losing never occurred to either of us. We were not men in the mood to admit the co-existence with us of failure in any form. So we sallied forth in high spirits.

The admission to the casino was twenty-five dollars a head. We matched for it, and I lost. The main salon was a vast place done somewhat in the manner of the great ball-room at Versailles, richly carpeted, so that every footfall was muffled into silence. From the magnificent carved ceiling hung tremendous electroliers, so placed as to shed their radiance on the hundred or more tables. It was a blessed relief to one accustomed, as I was, to vague, diffused, and indirect lighting systems to see real glowing, warm lights. The smoke from countless cigarettes hung in gently undulating veils of blue, which accentuated the stupendous size of the room and gave a sense of mysterious remoteness to the scene. The air was filled with a multiplicity of sounds. The incessant clink of coins, the rustle of paper money, the scraping of the croupiers, and their droning voices intoning the eternal "*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!*" mingled in a mighty harmony with the buzz of a thousand voices speaking in a key of suppressed excitement. The salon and all that it expressed made an impact on our consciousness never to be forgotten.

Several tables set apart were marked for Aristokians only, but I noticed many citizens of the city-empire playing at the public tables.

I started playing the red, the color of love, passion, and danger. I lost steadily. Hyde played the black, which struck me as being a rather gloomy idea. He won. When I had only a hundred dollars left I shifted to black, and lost. I then and there decided that that particular table and I were not *en rapport*. I dragged Hyde, who was

nearly a thousand to the good, away with me to a table at the far end of the room.

And then I blessed my ill luck, for there was Gwendolyn at last! Her eyes sparkled and her face was flushed as she leaned toward the wheel and gaily bet some of Papa Wigleigh's money. Papa was with her. He was not betting.

As the evening progressed, I came to the conclusion that papa was the most supremely bored person I had ever seen in my life. Later I discovered that he had been born in a casual, offhand manner, and that boredom was to him as the color of their eyes is to most men, an unalterable feature.

Hyde noticed me staring at Gwendolyn and informed me that she was the reigning beauty of Aristokia.

"The man at her right," he added, "is Prince Juan do Braganza, the best-dressed man in Aristokia, for which he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Navy, and Aërial Forces. He's a gay Lothario, a home-breaker, the victorious participant in a hundred duels, the idol of the young bloods, and the adored of all the women. He has ninety-nine different uniforms and never wears the same one twice. He keeps thirty-three tailors busy."

I looked at the man on her right and recognized him immediately as the person who had caused such a commotion by his presence at the opera my first night in Aristokia. "What a peacock!" I thought. He was marvelous to look at. I had never seen a uniform fit so well. It was a part of him. He was the uniform.

And then as Gwendolyn glanced casually across at me without in any way acknowledging my existence, I suddenly felt shabby and ill at ease. I struggled helplessly with my collar, which I became convinced was at least two sizes too large for me.

I was trying desperately to make Gwendolyn look me in the eyes and give me some little sign when Hyde tugged my arm frantically.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! Don't stare! The man on her left, her father, he's the fellow who had me pinched to-day when I asked him the time. Let's go." And he pulled me away from the table.

But I had no intention of leaving that table; not until Gwendolyn did, at any rate. So I upbraided Hyde for his cowardice. Was he, a citizen of the world, going to let an aristocrat, a mere baron, frighten him away? Where was his pride? What would Benton, Nebraska, think of him? My words had the desired effect, and we returned to the table, but on the opposite side, near Gwendolyn.

I was determined to talk at Gwendolyn through Hyde. It was the only plan I could hit on.

"Do you ever walk in the Bois Bourbon near the statue of Marie Antoinette?" I said to Hyde as I placed a bet on the red. She was playing red.

Hyde was too busy betting to answer me, so I repeated the question loudly and with emphasis.

He murmured "No," as the croupier scooped in our money.

"I do," I almost shouted, "every morning at half-past nine."

"What's the idea?" asked Hyde.

"Oh, it's so nice and lonesome there. Nobody comes," I said, looking at Gwendolyn reproachfully.

"Good Lord! Then why do you do it?" queried the rather puzzled Hyde.

"I go there to look for company."

"But you just said it was lonesome there," he protested.

"Yes, it is. That's the trouble." Hyde gave me a quick, searching glance.

"What did you say?" he asked. "I don't think I understood."

He was evidently very much puzzled. I seized the opportunity with avidity and fairly yelled at him:

"Yes, that's the trouble. Nobody's there." I wanted Gwendolyn to get the significance of this remark.

Baron Wigleigh had been staring at me through his monocle for some time. I must confess it had made me a little nervous, but I was determined not to be put out of countenance by the aristocratic descendant of a chewing-gum magnate. After all, one could swallow my capsules.

So I looked right at the baron and added playfully, "Nobody, Nobody, NOBODY!"

The baron half squinted at me and turned to Don Juan.

"I wonder why Nobodies talk so beastly loud," he remarked.

Hyde nudged me with his elbow, and his eyes said, "You see the depths of displeasure you are bringing on our heads!"

After a pause, as Don Juan had not paid the slightest attention to the baron's query, he continued introspectively, with all the manner of a very bored actor reading a soliloquy of which he does not approve:

"I suppose they have to keep their silly lungs in training for public speaking. A republic without oratory would be quite impossible. Democracy is government by declamation."

Don Juan ignored this, which I thought a gem of political observation. I was beginning to like the baron, but not the trend of events. In attempting to arouse Gwendolyn to indirect repartee I had started a soliloquy by her father; I determined to try again. The baron started to speak, but I drowned him out:

"I have wandered about this city looking—looking everywhere—for a week," I said.

"Have you lost something?" Hyde asked.

"Yes, a jewel, a rare jewel."

"Too bad! Why don't you report it to the police?" suggested Hyde.

"It's all right. I've found it now."

"That's good."

"But I'm afraid I shall lose it again."

"Why don't you keep it locked up at the hotel?"

"I wish I could," I sighed, looking longingly at Gwendolyn; "but I can't control it."

"What?" Hyde stared at me. I knew instantly that he considered me demented.

"I wish I knew where to go to-morrow," I said after a pause during which we waited for the spin of the wheel.

"What for?" inquired Hyde, looking dubiously at me over his shoulder.

"To find the jewel that I shall lose again—in half an hour or so."

That last remark settled matters for poor Hyde. From that moment until he left Aristokia he always treated me as a harmless lunatic, which simplified things immeasurably.

I wanted to see what effects my shots were having on Gwendolyn, but she was looking at Hyde, whose expression was a unique admixture of terror, bewilderment, and sympathy. It was too much for her sense of humor, and she went into peals of delicious laughter.

Braganza, feeling reassured at the effect of his wit, told Gwendolyn another anecdote about himself, which she never heard, I am sure, for he was obliged to repeat the point. Even then she laughed in the wrong place.

"I'm not going to talk any more," I said to Hyde, who seemed greatly relieved by my decision. I turned quickly and looked at the baron, but though I could swear he was secretly elated, he gave no outward sign. "I'm going to listen. I might hear something of in-



"He stopped me in the boulevard this afternoon"

terest." I wanted Gwendolyn to know that it was now up to her to talk at me through Braganza.

In a few moments she said, as she placed an extra-heavy bet, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, Juan."

Was this meant for me? I doubled my bet on her number. We won. For some time I had been winning, but I had been too interested in my mad dialogue with Hyde to realize how much. Now that I hardly cared what the result of the turn of the wheel might be, I won steadily.

As I played, I listened for something more tangibly hopeful for me to fall from Gwendolyn's lips, but I listened in vain.

I watched Braganza. How attentive he was to her! With what subtle gallantry and finesse he wooed her! His conversation was a mosaic of little things which in themselves meant nothing; but, taken as a whole, what did they not mean?

And then it was that I came to a momentous decision. If ever I was to have the exquisite pleasure of talking to Gwendolyn again, I must make the opportunity, I must be the aggressor. She had shown the way once; it was now up to me. I had been a fool. I would seek out her house, I would shadow her. To talk with her again I would risk everything. What was a fine or two? The little wheel was making enough for me to pay a dozen fines. Gwendolyn's nearness intoxicated me and sent a thrill of courage throbbing through my veins.

"From now on I'm going to take chances," I said out loud. "I've been a fool. I'm going to plunge. I'm going to be reckless."

I bet my entire pile and won. I was now several thousand ahead of the game. As I gathered the coins and bills the croupier pushed toward me, Gwendolyn and Braganza left the table. Papa had turned away just ahead of them. His parting shot had been: "I'm going to see Prince Karl"—Prince Karl was a Hapsburg and one of the most influential Royal Blues—"about a law to prohibit oratory in public places, and thus reduce the volume of sound emitted by tourists."

I told Hyde I thought we had better quit, and though he had been losing for some time, he agreed. I tried to follow Gwendolyn, but Hyde wanted to go in the opposite direction, and while we discussed the matter, she was swallowed up in the crowd.

Gwendolyn had disappeared, moving in the direction of a lounging space filled with comfortable sofas and chairs and small tables at which drinks were served. It was situated in a semi-oval recess between the two wings of the great stairway that went up to the

airplane entrance. The stairs were not so crowded but that I could see her, were she to leave that way. Surmising, however, that the baron was probably slaking his thirst after his arduous speechmaking at my expense, I suggested a drink, and with my eyes on the stairs led the way to the lounge.

There I found Gwendolyn and her escorts seated on a sofa. There was a third man in uniform, who, Hyde informed me, was a Bonaparte.

I ordered a thing called, for some obscure reason, a highball, and while I sipped it I wrote on the back of an envelop:

"MISS SMITH: Do you ever walk in the Bois Bolshevik near the statue of Leon Trotzky? It was very nice there once at half-after nine."

I was very proud of this. She would understand, but no one else would.

Hyde had been watching me, consumed with intense curiosity. He had started nervously every time I had chuckled with self-satisfaction during the composition of my note. I could see that he was eager to ask me what I was doing, but a really charming reticence restrained him. I liked him for it.

"Just a few observations on the course of human events," I said.

"Oh." Dazed, he looked at me.

We finished our drinks. The men in Gwendolyn's party rose and stood for an instant, their backs to the sofa, waving and beckoning to a bearded man descending the stairs. Gwendolyn only half turned, and I caught her eye. I jumped up. As I passed her I dropped the folded envelop, and continued on my way without looking backward.

I was congratulating myself on the neatness with which I had done the thing when I heard a queer and weird exclamation behind me. It was Hyde. I had forgotten him in my plan of campaign.

"Excuse me, old man, but you dropped this," he said and handed me the envelop.

I took it. It was unfolded.

"Did you read it?" I asked.

"Well—you see—" Hyde reddened and became inarticulate. "It was—that

is—I could n't help— But I don't understand it. Who is Trotzky? I beg your pardon; it 's none of my business," he added quickly, repentant.

"Certainly it is your business. You owe a great debt to Trotzky. So do I. There *should* be a statue to him. He was the great Bolshevik leader in Russia about fifty years ago. Some one killed him because he was too reactionary; but the proletariat owes a great deal to him, nevertheless."

By this time we were about twenty feet away from Gwendolyn. Suddenly I wheeled, swinging the unfortunate Hyde, whom I held by the arm, around with me, and started walking briskly back toward Gwendolyn, talking volubly all the time. I was the conjurer using patter to keep Hyde's interest centered on my words rather than on my deeds. The descendants of Boggs, Napoleon, and Manuel were showing signs of an imminent departure.

"I thought that Brisdon——" began Hyde.

I interrupted him quickly.

"That 's the way they teach history in Benton, Nebraska. You thought that Brisdon, Strawood, and that Washington Square chap who used to edit the 'New Democracy' were responsible for our proletariat emancipation. Well, in a way they were; but I tell you they never had an idea that they did n't get from Trotzky."

My voice had grown louder and louder, and the "Trotzky" was almost a shout. The bearded man to whom Gwendolyn and the others had waved turned quickly with a startled expression.

"'Sh!" cautioned Hyde. "He 's a Russian, a Romanoff!"

Gwendolyn looked at me again. As I passed her I dropped the note at her feet. Hyde did not see it.

Gwendolyn dropped her handkerchief, undoubtedly with the intention of picking up my note with the filmy piece of lace; but the excessive politeness and alacrity of the descendant of Napoleon forestalled her. He handed her the handkerchief, bowed, and then read the note. I heard him ejaculate something in French which sounded sacred.

Hyde gasped:

"My God! have you dropped that thing again? Let 's get away from here quick!"

He tugged miserably at my arm, but I stood my ground and held him. An irresistible desire to see what would happen glued me to the spot.

The baron was smoking in absolute unconcern, Don Juan was posing for the benefit of any woman who might look his way, Gwendolyn was trying desperately not to laugh, the Russian, having heard the Frenchman's religious observation, was looking concerned.

"What in heaven's name is the matter and what is that paper?" he asked Bonaparte in French. I don't know French, but I 'm sure that he said something like that, for Napoleon's great-grand-something-or-other struggled to keep the contents of my note from his friend. But the Romanoff overpowered him, and took possession of the paper. There was a moment of tense silence.

Then Nicholas, or whatever his name was, thundered:

"Who dares to write concerning a statue to the infamous murderer of my beloved great-uncles and great-aunts!"

He handed the note to Juan and began to weep.

Don Juan glanced at it in a cursory manner, passed it to Gwendolyn without comment, and then turned to sympathize elaborately with Romanoff. Gwendolyn's eyes danced, and her lips quivered. I had made a decided hit.

Then father got the note and remarked:

"It 's in code!"

He called one of the casino police. I was to discover later that the baron was always calling policemen.

The eyes of the group were on Hyde and me. The Frenchman pointed at us excitedly; the Russian walked up and down debating with himself whether we should be drawn and quartered or boiled in oil.

Hyde was struggling frantically to escape my vise-like grip when the grotesqueness of the situation sent me into a spasm of uncontrolled laughter, and I shook so violently that I lost my hold on him. I expected to see him cut loose and run for Benton, Nebraska. To my

utter amazement, and I shall never forgive myself for having so misjudged him, he dashed straight at the baron and the others now grouped about the policeman.

The officer was explaining to Prince Romanoff that we could not possibly be arrested for proposing a statue to Leon Trotzky; we had broken no law of Aristotokia.

"Then it's a damn silly country," said the baron.

It was at this point that Hyde reached the group, talking rapidly.

"Gentlemen, I know I should not address you, that I am only a Nobody, that you are great princes; but my poor friend is insane, though perfectly harmless. I will remove him immediately, and assure you—"

He got no further. That much had taken the august gentlemen by surprise.

But now the baron was smiling contentedly.

"This vulgar outburst simplifies matters," he said to the policeman. "The charge is talking to Aristokians and addressing us as gentlemen instead of using our titles correctly."

"Yes, your Lordship." The policeman bowed, and took Hyde by the arm.

"Let me look at the fellow," the baron demanded, looking at Hyde through his monocle. "Yes, the physiognomy is too similar for mere resemblance. This—this—does n't wind its watch regularly; lax habits. Second offense, Officer. He stopped me in the boulevard this afternoon."

Without further ado the policeman led Hyde away. I followed dismally. Well, anyway, Gwendolyn had read my note.

We entered a well-furnished room of nondescript character through a small, half-concealed door under the stairs. It was neither an office nor an anteroom. Two or three policemen were lounging about smoking.

"I'm so sorry, old chap," I began my excuses to Hyde.

"It's all right."

The policeman smiled at us genially.

"Don't worry, don't worry. Baron Wigleigh never appears to press a charge. It bores him too much."

"Really?" I asked in surprise.

A policeman over by the wall stretched, yawned, and remarked:

"He had three hundred and fifty tourists arrested last season, and appeared against only three of them."

Hyde breathed a sigh of relief.

"I can fix this up for you," said our policeman.

"Can you?" I asked, wondering just what the technic of the thing would be.

Then I noticed Hyde digging down into his pockets, and I understood.

"No, no," I interposed; "you are my guest." I took out my roll. "How much?" I asked the policeman.

"Well, your fine for talking to them would have been one hundred dollars, for using their titles wrong would have been a hundred apiece. As there were four of them, that's four hundred. Second offense doubles. That's a grand total of one thousand." He paused. "Ten per cent. of that would be one hundred."

I gave him the hundred, and we turned to go.

"Wait a bit," he said. "You'll be wanting your receipt."

My brain reeled. I took the receipt in a dream.

When I said good night to Hyde on our return to the Hohenzollern,—he was also stopping there,—he wanted to know my plans for the next day. As they were of a very confidential nature and I did not wish his companionship, I gently reminded him of my insanity by remarking that I was going jewel-hunting. It worked like a charm. With a frightened, sad look he hurried away to his own room.

CHAPTER IV

I AWOKE early the next morning, fired by my new determination. I felt arrogantly masculine. At last I had come into the noble heritage of my sex. I was to be the aggressor. I was about to go forth and conquer.

I breakfasted heartily, and then went in search of a taxiplane with a good pilot, one who knew the city and could point out to me the various residences as we flew over them.

I was interviewing several pilots when Frank Hyde came along and in-

formed me that all of them were fools, that he knew the city well,—this was his fifth trip to Aristokia,—and would be pleased to accompany me. I did n't want him, but he looked at me so wistfully that I could not refuse his offer. I saw that he had taken a fancy to me and felt it to be his Christian duty to watch over me and keep my unbalanced mind from doing me harm.

We clambered aboard the car of a bright young Frenchman, Auguste, who seemed an excellent flier.

I was soon delighted to have Hyde along, for his knowledge of the city was profound, and the information I gained I later used to great advantage.

We flew low and passed over many interesting buildings: the emperor's palace; the great edifice wherein the Royal Blues held their secret conclaves; the home of the Hohenzollerns; Prince Braganza's artistic and exquisitely proportioned residence, quite the most beautiful private house in Aristokia; and a little farther west the imposing structure of Wigleigh Hall.

It stood on a slight hill, surrounded by terraced gardens and lawns declining gradually to a beautiful artificial lake. It was octagonal in shape, with no front or back, the main entrance, in the approved modern manner, being from the top. The highest part of the roof was flat and clear. It was the landing-place for planes. A broad, shallow stone stairway descended into the grand entrance, a beautiful marble arch where two flunkies in livery stood on guard.

At the other side of the building was a large, glass-inclosed space, a sort of sun-room, with an unobstructed view of the sky. And there the Wigleighs, papa, mama, and Gwendolyn sat at breakfast.

We were flying very low and slowly as we passed. Gwendolyn looked up, and I think she saw me. In an instant my mind was made up. I would show her the kind of a lover I was. I would be reckless. I would plunge!

Reassured by my very rational conversation, Hyde was beginning to think that I had been drunk the evening before and was not really insane. So when I asked Auguste to circle over the

sun-room again Hyde suspected nothing.

As we turned about, I drew out my handkerchief and very nonchalantly blew my nose. I let the handkerchief slip from my fingers, and in attempting to recover it, I leaned too far, and out I tumbled.

The whole manœuver I had calculated with a scientific nicety of which I felt justly proud. I fell over an open space



"We flew low and passed over many interesting buildings"

where the glass had been removed to admit the fresh morning air. Directly beneath this opening was a large, soft-looking couch where I presume Mama Wigleigh took her daily sun-bath. I would have made a clean drive through the opening and landed squarely on this couch if Hyde had not tried to rescue me. His frantic clutch at my departing left leg deviated me from my well-chosen course just enough to make me side-swipe and smash a huge pane of glass, which clattered down with me to the floor, though I did manage to keep partly on the couch.

I was sorry for the fracas, as I had no desire to wreck the Wigleigh home or antagonize papa while making my morning call.

As I fell I heard Hyde shouting: "Oh, my God! he's done for! They'll fine him a million bucks for that."

Although somewhat shaken by my rapid flight and cut up by broken glass, I was not really injured; but I decided that the thing to do was to appear unconscious. So I rolled to the floor and made myself comfortable in the debris.

In an instant Gwendolyn, who had arisen with a little cry of sympathetic horror, which made my heart beat faster with keen delight, was on her knees and bending over me. Mama Wigleigh was on her feet calling loudly for menials. But the baron never moved.

I heard him say, without any interest in his tone:

"Is the beggar dead?"

Gwendolyn murmured:

"Poor Smithy! He's all cut up."

I felt her soft, warm hands on my head, and her handkerchief at my temple. I trembled.

"He's moving! He's alive!" she said with evident relief and thanksgiving. I could feel her breath, and a stray lock of her intoxicating hair tickled my neck. I had an almost irresistible impulse to come to and kiss her, but I mastered it and remained supine, with eyes closed.

Mama was giving orders in stentorian tones to have me and the rest of the "frightful mess" removed to the lower regions of the establishment.

Papa said:

"Leave the boulder to the servants, Gwendolyn. Another cup of coffee, Rogers. There's ground glass in this."

Then I was lifted up by two men, who started to carry me out. I opened my eyes and I looked for Gwendolyn, to whom I appealed mutely. She smiled at me encouragingly.

"Take him to the blue room and send for our doctor." My carriers paused.

"The blue room? Don't be ridiculous, Gwendolyn!" said her horrified mama. "Take him to the servants' quarters."

"Send him to the public hospital," interposed the baron, "and place him under arrest."

"O Papa, don't be cruel! Please let me attend to him!"

"Gwendolyn!" shrieked mama.

Papa merely stirred his fresh cup of coffee, adjusted his monocle, and said:

"Phæbe, your daughter appears to be more and more of a catastrophic reversion to type each day."

"Well, it is n't *my* fault," bellowed the baroness.

"Thank goodness, there's one member of this family with decent human feelings!" said Gwendolyn, hotly.

The baron sipped his coffee.

"Don't raise your voice, my dear. Your feelings are distressingly atavistic."

At this juncture a flunky entered, and bowed low to the baron.

"Hexcuse me, your Lordship, a person is houtside. 'E says as 'ow this person dropped hout of 'is hairplane, an' 'e 'll take 'im awye."

Papa Wigleigh waved a hand wearily, indicating that I be removed forthwith. And thus ended my little visit to Gwendolyn and her family.

The baron had not recognized me; he had scarcely looked at me. To do so would have been to evince some interest in my existence. From first to last I had been merely an annoyance, an unpleasant disturbance. If Hyde had n't sent for me, Gwendolyn might have won her point, and then I might have enjoyed the exquisite bliss of several hours of her company. I could have murdered Hyde.

When I was stowed away in the machine, and we were flying back to the Hohenzollern, I began to laugh. Hyde thought I was delirious and told Augustine to hurry.

"Some of the scrambled glass got mixed up with the baron's breakfast," I explained to him. "That was your fault," I added.

"My fault!" Hyde looked pained.

"Yes. If you had n't pulled my leg, I'd have made the couch. I was aiming for it."

"You did n't jump on purpose?" he demanded, with growing horror.

"Certainly. How else could I see the inside of an Aristokian's house? If you had n't come for me, they were going to take me to the blue room. And *she* was going to nurse me. Now I must continue my search for my jewel."



"I was sorry for the fracas, as I had no desire to wreck the Wigleigh home"

"You 'd better not talk, old man. We 'll be at the hotel in a moment. Does your head ache very much?"

"No. There 's a song of victory in my heart."

Hyde shook his head sadly, patted me on the hand, and murmured little, soothing things to me.

When we reached the hotel, they carried me to my room, put me to bed, and called a doctor, with whom Hyde had a mysterious consultation in whispers. The doctor dressed my scratches, for that 's all they were, and said I would be as well "*as ever*" by the next day.

Hyde did not want to leave me, so I pretended to fall asleep, and then he tiptoed out of the room.

A little later a man came up and put wire netting in all the windows. As he passed the bed he gave me a funny look. I winked at him, and he fled.

In the evening I dined in my room. Hyde came in. He seemed very troubled. He said he had had a wireless calling him back to America. He did n't like to leave me, and wanted to know if I did not think I had had enough of Aristokia. He would be glad to take me back to my people.

Poor fellow! He was a real pal with a big heart. I was conscience-stricken, and tried to reassure him as to my mental condition. I don't think I succeeded, however, for he said good-bye sorrowfully, with many unspoken misgivings. I vowed then and there that on my return to America I would in some way try to show my appreciation for his great kindness to me. I thought of the baron. After all, there was something to be said for the brotherhood of man.

CHAPTER V

AT about nine o'clock, shortly after Hyde had left me, there was a knock at my door. I opened it, and there stood *Fräulein*, the chaperon. My heart jumped.

"Is she with you?" I cried.

"Ach, nein! Lady Gwendolyn she cannot come to hotels."

I asked her to come in, and closed the door. She handed me a very lovely bouquet of flowers and a note.

"Smithy dear, it was a mad, wonderful thing to do. You frightened me terribly. I am in disgrace with papa and mama for showing any interest in you. But I convinced papa that it would be an awful bore to try to convict you for upsetting his breakfast. Now I *know* you really want to see me. If you are well enough, come to the little iron gate at the east end of our garden to-morrow night at moonrise, *Fräulein* will let you in. I do hope you are n't badly hurt, Jack. *Now* do you see how useful the lady in black is?

GWENDOLYN."

I could have kissed the lady in black for bringing me this note. While I wrote an answer to it, *Fräulein* found a vase, filled it with water, and arranged my bouquet for me.

I do not know how I lived between then and the rising of the moon the following night. I cannot remember anything I did; and yet at the same time the twenty-four hours seemed an eternity in passing.

But at last the endless waiting was over, the little iron gate had closed, and I was standing with Gwendolyn in the garden. She led me around by a narrow pathway to a bench on the opposite side of the lake. There we sat and watched the moon come up and touch the world with silver and drip molten silver across the lake.

We spoke in whispers; why, I do not know. The wind rustled softly in the trees, and the garden was filled with ghostly fragrance. Occasionally the murmuring silence was broken by the whirring purr of a motor as man on his wings rushed across the face of the moon. She was dressed in shimmering white and sat close to me. On the other side of her, on guard, alert, was the faithful chaperon, an angel in black, absorbed by the night.

Gwendolyn touched the scratch on my forehead. I held her hand and I kissed it. That was all. We did not speak of love, but of a thousand things which we two beings from different worlds found we had in common.

In the silence I caught myself thinking, was this I, Capsule Smith? Could this be the end of the twentieth century? How remote the age's turmoil

and materialistic achievements seemed to me in this old terraced garden of mysteries!

Perhaps I could have induced Gwendolyn to fly with me to America. How quickly I would have agreed had she even intimated her willingness to adopt such a course! I might have kissed her and made ardent love to her, or she might have taken such steps herself. But if we had, what a lot of romance, adventure, and supreme happiness we would have missed! How much less would be our store of memories now!

Our modern speed is a curse; our modern sexual relations are a curse. Life for us has lost the unutterable beauty of unfoldment. Our present-day standards have robbed most women of the charm that was Gwendolyn's. She never yielded except what was asked, and then not always. She was coy. It is a word we do not understand any more.

This night was only the beginning. We had many more such meetings, some by moonlight, some in the blazing sunlight of noon, at twilight, in rain and wind, and on black nights under gold-besprinkled skies.

In all this time we did not speak of love except in the abstract. Instead we talked of life and of men and the ways of men in her world and in mine. We came to know each other with that subtle understanding which makes for real companionship.

At first we had flirted consciously, but that stage passed quickly. One does not flirt except casually, and we could no longer be casual. Each became interested in the other as the symbol of an antipodal idea. She was Aristokia; I was the Universal Proletarian Republic. From discussions in the abstract and descriptions and criticisms of our respective worlds it was only a step, and a very natural one, to set forth and propound our ambitions.

Gwendolyn wanted to reform Aristokia. She purposed to retain all the beauty, culture, art, and fineness of that strangely esthetic and fastidious land, and to rid it of its obsolete customs, its arrant absurdities, anachronisms, and formalisms. She longed to free it from the inertia of accumulated tradition.

Gwendolyn had not the remotest idea how she would accomplish all this, but she knew it to be her destiny, though at that time women in Aristokia were better off in respect to political power than they had been in the world at large before the Great War.

My ambitions were analogous, but on a much vaster scale. I aimed at nothing less than the absolute overthrow of the



"Take him to the blue room and send for our doctor"

existing social order, with its iniquitous tyranny of labor. Gwendolyn always maintained that she would achieve some measure of success, but that I was doomed to failure.

One evening we stood by the lake in her garden. The reflected fires of the setting sun smiled up at us. We were tossing small pebbles into the water, watching the picture shatter in a sudden splash of color like a broken stained-glass window, then undulate and reform.

"How many years was capital up and labor down?" asked Gwendolyn.

I started to answer this with facile levity to the effect that until the Great Revolution labor had always been down; then I thought an instant. Gwendolyn

was thinking of capital and labor in the industrial phase. Men had been slaves and serfs for centuries, but capital and labor in the modern sense were the twin offspring of the union of coal and iron.

"One hundred years," I said. "From the Napoleonic wars to the Great War."

Gwendolyn looked up at me with one of her sudden smiles.

"Then, Jackie, you will be eighty years old before you realize your ambition. You have fifty years to wait."

Would the tyranny of labor last one hundred years, I wondered. I threw a pebble into the lake and watched the chaos of color gradually through successive rhythms give place to the ordered, symmetrical quiet of a reflection identical to the one we had seen before I threw the stone.

"After each great war in the world's history that has happened," I said, pointing at the swirl of color: "everything has gone into the crucible, and it has seemed as if something better must form afterward. But mankind has slipped back just as that reflection is slipping back, slowly, rhythmically. 1919-20—what an opportunity they had! But man was lymphatic, and the gods played a joke on him. They threw more pebbles." I dashed a handful of gravel into the lake.

We were both silent for several minutes; then Gwendolyn suggested that her world and mine might have to be thrown together and fused again in some mightier cataclysm.

In such interchange of ideas and opinions we spent our time together. All discussion of our present and future personal relationship was, by an unspoken understanding, taboo. I think we both felt instinctively that once love and passion entered into our relations, they would preclude all other emotions.

Slowly at the time, and with uncanny rapidity in retrospect, the summer passed.

Of course all was not smooth sailing. Two people could not meet clandestinely in a country where such meetings were illegal without running obvious risks and encountering hair-breadth escapes. We had many such, one of which was especially noteworthy and un-

forgettable. As a result of it I became at first an involuntary, and then an all too willing, inmate of Wigleigh Hall.

We were in the garden one evening at the end of an excessively hot day. An uncanny stillness enveloped us. The air was torpid. Every now and then the leaves on the trees about us shivered in anticipation of the storm which was slowly approaching, with long, ponderous reverberations of distant thunder and fitful flashes of lightning. We sat and watched the tempest's almost measured tread toward us. Steadily the thunder grew louder, the lightning more brilliant. It was like the coming of a vast Juggernaut with rolling drums.

We had caught the spell of the drowsing garden, and were unusually silent. Something had been said about the advisability of my taking my departure before the storm broke, but nothing had been done about the matter.

For nearly two hours we sat in fascinated contemplation of the storm's relentless oncoming, until it seemed to us that so it must continue, like some titanic treadmill, approaching always and arriving never. Gwendolyn gave expression to that thought, but the literal-minded chaperon said something to the effect that storms which kept coming eventually came.

No sooner had she spoken than nature proved her a prophet. A few big drops fell like hot tears from some giant, a sudden gust of wind, a wild splash, and then the deluge.

We ran frantically up the path and entered Wigleigh Hall. As we stood in a group and talked about our escape from drowning, a puddle formed on the floor.

From the very first Gwendolyn and I had agreed to observe the reasonable caution of meetings always in the garden and never in the house. So this was the first time that I had set foot under the baron's roof since my airplane visit.

As I was already in the house, Gwendolyn decided that I might as well stay there until the storm had passed, for mama and papa were at a dinner party at Prince Romanoff's, from which Gwendolyn had excused herself by

feigning a headache in order to spend the evening with me.

When Gwendolyn went to her room to change her dress the chaperon led me through a maze of corridors to one of the servant's rooms. There a frightened young man who was pretending not to mind the storm was told to lend me some clothes. The young man asked no questions. I volunteered no information.

When I had changed, the chaperon, who had waited for me somewhere in the neighborhood, reappeared, and conducted me to Gwendolyn's boudoir. I was thrilled. My heart beat faster than was its wont, and I felt a strange elation, an inexplicable exhilaration, which gave a touch of unreality to all I saw, heard, did, and said. From that moment I understood the phrase, "Walking on air," which I had encountered often in romantic literature and had thought rather silly or at least over-fanciful.

The boudoir was indescribably beautiful. It seemed somehow to be permeated with Gwendolyn's personality. Every chair was comfortable, the colors were harmonious, the lights soft, low, restful. Yes, it was Gwendolyn, but a new Gwendolyn, a Gwendolyn in a fascinating negligée, intimate, appealing, entrancingly feminine, and with a suggestion of mystery about her.

I thought myself speechless, but suddenly I became aware of my voice saying, "Your boudoir, how wonderful!" and in some vague way I knew it was not the first time that I had said it. Gwendolyn was laughing, but not so much at me as with me.

"What 's the matter, Jackie?"

"You 're—you 're so different—here," I stammered.

"That 's rather a questionable compliment."

"Not at all. I knew the first time that I saw you that you would be wonderful in a thousand different ways, but how could I tell just what the wonders would be? Now I have been vouchsafed acquaintance with yet another wonder."

"It is n't I." She laughed softly again. "It 's the lighting, Jackie dear. I 'm glad you like my boudoir," she added pensively. "It 's the only com-

fortable room in the house. As long as you 're here now, I ought to take you for a tour of the establishment. You may never have another opportunity. Mama and papa won't be home for hours. The Romanoffs always have stuffy dinners. Besides, mama and papa can't possibly fly back in this storm."

I wanted to stay in the boudoir, but I knew that if I did, I would surely make love to Gwendolyn. And then, too, I was curious to see the mansion.

Gwendolyn read my thoughts, I think, for she said with an enigmatic smile:

"We can be cozy when we come back. It won't take long."

And with that she led the way. I followed, and behind us trailed the chaperon. Did n't the poor woman ever get tired of following Gwendolyn about, I wondered.

"First we 'll visit mama's apartment, very gorgeous, Louis Quatorze. After you see it and realize that mama *lives* in it you 'll understand her better."

"It 's a room in a museum," I gasped as we entered. "She does n't sleep in that bed, does she?"

"Yes. Does n't this make mama clear to you, Jackie?"

"No. It only makes you more inexplicable than ever," I replied.

"This is mother's boudoir," announced Gwendolyn as we entered a slightly smaller room done in the same stupendous manner. "This door leads to papa's sanctum sanctorum."

Never was contrast more abysmal. Papa's den was utterly English; heavy, dark mahogany, rich, eternal. There were books; the man actually read! And everywhere were framed engravings of notable coats of arms.

"Father's hobby is heraldry," said Gwendolyn.

A door was open into an adjoining room.

"That 's his bedroom." She pointed through the door.

I walked in. I had hardly glanced about when the chaperon emitted a noise which was the result of a groan turning into a squeak. I turned. Gwendolyn turned. The chaperon was white and trembling visibly. In the study

from which we had just come stood the cause of her agitation, the baron!

"*Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*" the chap-eron repeated helplessly.

Now we were in for it!

"Quick!" said Gwendolyn, and running past me she seized one of my hands and dragged me toward the door at the opposite end of the room.

As we crossed the bedroom I remember thinking that this would be one charge that the baron would press and one arrest that he would see through to the end. I tripped over a rug.

"That you, Jenkins?" the baron called out.

We reached the door; Gwendolyn pushed me ahead of her. But it was too late; the baron was in the room.

"*Fräulein*, what are you doing in here?" he asked. "Gwendolyn my dear—who 's that?" "That" meant me. My mouth opened and closed. Not a sound emerged. But it did not matter. The baron went on talking. "How 's your headache, my dear? Much better, of course. Extraordinary headaches you have lately. They come and go with precision. Where 's Jenkins?"

He paused. The jig was up, I told myself; he suspected Gwendolyn. He had come home on purpose.

I caught sight of the chaperon. She was petrified, like a little stone image of some pagan god. Her face was ashen gray. I looked at Gwendolyn. She was quite composed and smiled reassuringly.

"*Khat-choo!*"

I almost jumped out of my skin. The baron was sneezing violently.

"Got caught in the beastly storm," he said as soon as he had stopped sneezing. "Soaking wet. Must take a hot bath or I 'll die of cold. Silly way to die, that." Suddenly he looked at me and took a step toward me. "That face, that face!"

Instinctively my hands went up to hide the offending physiognomy.

"What 's the matter with it, Papa?"

"Familiar, damned familiar! Where 's *Jenkins*?"

Gwendolyn ignored his question.

"Naturally his face is familiar. You 've seen him before."

"His clothes look like Jenkins, but his face does n't," said the baron.

"I looked at myself askance, and for the first time realized that I had on a valet's outfit, and was therefore reasonably safe unless the baron remembered me.

"Jenkins has left," Gwendolyn was saying. "This I presume is Smith the new man you engaged. I came in to look for a book, and found him here."

The baron looked at me sharply.

"I engaged him?"

"Why, yes, Father; yesterday."

"Yesterday! Yesterday! Beastly bore; can't remember. Face is familiar." Another violent fit of sneezing gave a new direction to his discourse. "Daughter, *Fräulein*, get out! Man—whatever your name is—"

"Smith, sir," I interposed.

"Your Lordship," whispered Gwendolyn.

"No, no; not Smith," continued the baron. "Draw tub, lay out pajamas, take off shoes. Good night, Gwendolyn."

The poor little chaperon fairly fled from the room, squeezing past Gwendolyn, who had turned in the doorway.

Gwendolyn smiled at me with her eyes and said:

"Good night, dear."

Papa thought of course that these bounties were meant for him, and repeated vaguely:

"Good night, good night."

He sat down, and I prepared to remove his shoes. The door closed. I was alone with Baron Wigleigh. I heard Gwendolyn laughing as she went down the corridor. I was far from laughing. What I did not know about the art of being a valet would have made an interesting university course.

"So somebody called Smith begat you, and now you have to go through life with a name that has become the symbol of a class. Too bad!" said the baron as I removed his right shoe.

I wondered if menials thank barons for sympathy.

"I sha'n't call you Smith."

"What would your lordship like to call me?" I asked in my best valet manner as I removed his left shoe.

"I shall name you something appropriate after I know you better. A man's name should fit him."

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Are you just agreeing or do you really think so?"

"I really think so, your Lordship."

"You think! How extraordinary!"

After a little rummaging in drawers I found his pajamas. I placed them on the bed. In a closet I discovered some slippers. Thank Heaven that barons did not differ from most mortals when it came to these matters! I put the slippers on his feet, then I went to the bath-room, a vast place in which the "tub" was a small swimming-pool sunk below the level of the room. There was a shower also, and along the walls were various gymnastic instruments.

"I like my tub at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit," said the baron.

Fastened to the side of the lake he called a tub was a thermometer. Water flowed into this pool and drained out continuously, so that to keep the water at a temperature of ninety-eight was simply a matter of regulating the proportion of hot to cold water in the inflow. This I accomplished with little difficulty.

Presently the baron entered. He removed his bath-robe, which he must have found for himself, since I had completely forgotten the existence of such a thing, and stepped into the pool. He swam about, in some way contriving to keep his monocled eye dry.

I thought I ought to leave; but he seemed to expect me to stay, so I remained. I caught myself thinking: "All naked men look alike. What makes a baron?" Of course there was that glass eye. How the dickens did he manage to keep it in while he swam? I wanted to ask him, but a fortunate sense of discretion restrained me.

His head bobbed up.

"You may fix me a hot toddy," he said.

"Yes, sir—your Lordship."

What the deuce was a hot toddy? I tried to remember, but this must be one alcoholic beverage which I had missed.

"Where will I find it, your lordship?"

"You can't find *it*," he replied and began splashing about.

I thought this over. Amused, he looked at me.

"It does n't exist until *you* create it."

"I meant where would I find the ingredients, your Lordship."

"You should always say what you mean. You will find everything you require except hot water in the cellarette in my study. And over there"—he pointed to the wash-stand—"is a tap marked 'hot drinking-water.' Just a dash of lemon. I don't like it too sour."

Well, at any rate, I had discovered that the thing called "toddy" was made with hot water and had a dash of lemon in it.

I went into the study. It took me a little time to discover that a curious, cabinet-like piece of furniture opened up and contained many bottles. I looked them over. There were a lot of those things called cordials, port, sherry,



"I prefer Scotch. Thank you—Watson"

whisky, and a bottle the label of which bore many coat of arms and merely said "Scotch." I had n't the faintest idea what liquid one put into a toddy or in what proportion to the hot water. This was going to be a frightful experiment. I looked at the bottles again.

I picked up a glass and held it to the light. It was immaculate. I groaned. My career as a valet hung in the balance. Then among the bottles I spied a bowl

of granulated sugar. Anything with a dash of lemon in it must have a dash of sugar, too. Besides, had not the baron said, "not too sour"? I hurriedly dumped a spoonful of sugar into the glass. I returned to my perusal of the labels. Words echoed in my mind. "Father's hobby is heraldry," Gwendolyn had remarked. "Heraldry!" My poor brain repeated it. The bottle marked "Scotch" had more coat of arms on it than any other. I seized it quickly before I had time to weaken, and half filled my tumbler with its contents. I stirred the sugar and added the dash of lemon. Then I marched off to get the hot water.

As I passed through the bedroom the baron, now attired in pink pajamas, was clambering into bed. He looked at the glass in my hand.

"Is n't that rather a stiff dose?" he asked.

I had not the remotest idea what he meant. So I compromised.

"Does your lordship think so?" I asked.

"Well, perhaps to cure a cold—" He nodded his head. "If I become loquacious in my sleep, it really won't matter." He waved his hand at me.

I continued into the bath-room, added the hot water, and returned. I handed the tumbler to the baron, and did n't know whether to run for my life or await the results of my concoction. He sipped it, and then looked at me.

"Extraordinary!" he murmured.

I waited, certain that death-sentence was about to be passed on the new valet.

"You made it with Scotch instead of rye!"

I swallowed hard.

"Yes, your Lordship." I could think of no adequate defense.

"Ninety-nine persons out of one hundred would have made it with rye. I

prefer Scotch. Thank you—*Watson*."

"Is that to be my name, your Lordship?" I inquired, treating the matter of the Scotch with outward indifference, but inwardly blessing my luck.

"Yes. '*Watson*' is a person who interprets his master's wishes and appreciates his good taste. Good night, *Watson*. I shall go right to sleep. You may open all the windows and put out the lights. Awaken me at eight o'clock. Remind me that I must prepare a paper for the Royal Blues."

I did as he directed. As I closed the door behind me I heard the baron murmur:

"A *Watson* at last! Thank God!"

Outside in the corridor I ran into the pathetic little chaperon, who stared at me with startled eyes. I don't think she had expected to see me alive again.

"*Ach Gott in Himmel!*" she exclaimed. "Miss Gwendolyn she would know what happened."

"Tell Miss Gwendolyn that as a valet I am a triumphant success. My name is *Watson*," I added grandly.

"Colossal! *Wundervoll!*" came in tones of admiration from the slowly reviving chaperon.

We reached the chamber in which I was to spend the night. *Fräulein* bade me good night and left me.

While I undressed I decided that my days as a tourist were over. *Watson* chance had made me, and *Watson* I would remain until some *faux pas* of mine brought down on me the baron's displeasure. I got into bed and turned out the light.

Somewhere under the same roof Gwendolyn slept, or lay awake thinking of me as I was thinking of her. There was something about this thought that sent me into Slumberland more serenely and mellifluously than I had ever gone before.

(To be concluded)



Lieutenant Dauche

By GEORGES S. DUHAMEL

Illustrations by George Giguère



IT was in the month of October, 1915, that I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Dauche. I cannot recall that period now without deep emotion. We had passed several scorching weeks before Sapigneul; the Champagne offensive had been rumbling for a long time on our right, and its last eddies washed in upon our sector like the strayed waves of some cyclone at sea, the fury of which scatters itself far and wide. For three days our guns had echoed those of La Pouilleuse, and we had been awaiting, our arms at our feet, an order that had not come. We had troubled, vacant minds, still reeling from that sort of intoxication of sound which results from a prolonged bombardment. We were both relieved at not having to make a deadly assault and anxious about the reasons that had spared us from having to do so.

It was then that I was wounded for the first time. Chance, the hazard of the hospital evacuations, took me to the Château de S——, which is only a very commonplace adornment to the landscape, but which rises out of the midst of charming verdure, and from the side of its small hill overlooks the delicate little valley of the Vesle.

My wound, though not serious, was still painful. It gave me a slight fever and a strong desire for silence and solitude. It pleased me to live for long hours in the company of a physical suffering that I could endure, but that put my patience to the test, and made me reflect on the vulnerability of a constitution in which until then I had placed an obstinate confidence.

I occupied a pleasant room, decorated with hangings of Jouy and soft paintings. My bed occupied it, together with that of another officer, who walked silently about the room and showed great

consideration for my reserve. The day came, however, when I was allowed to take food, and on that day we talked together, doubtless because old human traditions lead men who are dining together into conversation.

Despite the state of mind in which I had been until then, this conversation was a pleasure for me and a resource against myself. I was given to somber thoughts and all the sadness of the period. From the beginning Lieutenant Dauche seemed to me a soul full of serenity and calm happiness. Later I saw what an admirable thing it was in him to have preserved such virtues in the midst of an unrelenting adversity that had not spared him a single trial.

Both of us were originally from Lille; this was a bond between us. The falling of an inheritance and certain business interests early in life had led Dauche to settle in the Department of the Meuse and make his home there. He had married happily, and with his young wife had two beautiful babies. A third was about to be born when the German invasion convulsed the face of France and the whole world, ruined a prosperous business, and violently separated Dauche from his children and his wife of whom since then he had had only the most uncertain and the most disquieting news.

In the same way I, too, had left my affections and my property in the invaded country. In Dauche's company I felt the strength of that solidarity which is engendered by a like misfortune. I realized, however, that my comrade was enduring much greater misfortunes than mine, and with a heart which, for all its sensitiveness, was braver than mine, as was proved to me many times.

Dauche was of a pleasant height. He had the high color and the fair hair of

our part of the country. A fine beard ornamented and prolonged a face that was full of sweetness and life, such a face as one sees in the young men whose likenesses, with a ruff at the neck and a heavy chain of glittering gold shining over a doublet of dark velvet, have often and happily been represented by the Flemish painters.

A small bandage encircled his forehead. He seemed so little troubled by it that for some time I neglected to ask him about his wound. But, then, he himself thought nothing of it. On one occasion I saw his bandage changed, and he then explained to me in a few words how in a surprise attack a fragment of a grenade had struck him. He appeared to treat this incident with the most complete indifference.

"There is nothing to take me to the interior," he added, with a melancholy smile, "and I was planning to return at once to my company; but the doctor thought best formally to oppose my doing so."

He confessed that it was not without pleasure that he looked forward to completing his convalescence in this Château de S—, which was taking on the splendid apparel of autumn.

After the second week and despite the gravity of my wound, which was in the shoulder, I was able to get up and take a few steps. Dauche helped me with a brotherly kindness, and it was due to his encouragement that I soon ventured into the avenues of the park.

"You are going out with Lieutenant Dauche?" the doctor who took care of us both said to me with some embarrassment. "Be careful not to go too far."

This doctor was a silent man. I did not ask him for more enlightenment; I had confidence in my newly found strength, and by a natural enough turn of the mind I assumed it was I who was the object of his professional solicitude.

Several days passed, days overflowing with all that ardor and eternal youth that attend the birth of a friendship. The war, among a thousand other miseries, has brought us the experience of living in the company of men whom in times of peace we should have carefully

avoided. So it was with a trembling joy that I recognized in Dauche those qualities which my nature, perhaps unreasonably troubled and hard to please, requires in order to feel affection. I believe there is a deep predestination in this; the men of to-day who can become my friends are, all over the world, marked with the same mysterious sign, but I shall not know them all, and perhaps fate will never take the trouble to let me meet my best friend.

The hours when it did not rain I passed with Dauche in long conversations on the slopes of the hill, down which straggled a luxuriant grove of beeches and oaks. My young friend saw and judged the things of nature with a candor mingled with an originality and an ingenuousness such as one seldom encounters except in children. He spoke of his scattered household with a tenacious faith, and he greeted the future with that smiling gravity one usually sees only in men unbalanced by religion or intoxicated by glory and success.

In the evening, when the approach of darkness inclines one to look back with a pitiless glance upon circumstances and upon oneself, he would gaily invite me to try my hand at checkers, and this seductive game would lead us to the threshold of sleep.

The pleasure it gave me to be with Dauche led me one day, in the presence of the doctor, into a discreet little eulogy of his character.

This doctor, a man who had reached the end of youth, tall, bald, and stooping, had in his face, which was overspread by a straggling beard, a somber expression that was full of a timid goodness.

"Fate," I said, "does not choose its victims. It's a great pity that it should attack such generous natures, but marvelous that it should not succeed in altering them more."

We were walking slowly along a narrow road, deep among hazel thickets. My companion gave a curious shrug of his shoulders and threw a glance all about him, as if to assure himself that we were alone.

"You seem," he said, "to take a great



"The hill that overlooked the plain of Rheims"

deal of pleasure in the company of Monsieur Dauche, and that is quite natural. Just the same, I have already begged you not to extend your walks together too far from the neighborhood of the château, and I must repeat this advice to you."

The tone in which these words were uttered suddenly filled me with a sort of anguish, and I did not hide my astonishment.

"Dauche," I said, "seems to me to be having a very peaceful convalescence. Do you fear anything from that scratch on his forehead?"

The doctor had stopped. With the point of his shoe he was busy scraping one of the stones in the road, and he did not raise his head.

"That scratch," he said very rapidly, "is a far more serious wound than you would believe."

A painful silence followed, and as I stood there stupidly, the doctor continued, with many hesitations and much reserve:

"We are beginning to know all about these wounds in the head. Your comrade does not know and must not know the gravity of his condition. He does not even know that the projectile which struck him has not been extracted. And even if the thing were possible—" Then suddenly the doctor rambled off into philosophical considerations that seemed to come at once easily and hesitantly, as if he were in a labyrinth that was familiar to him:

"We have done a great deal, a great deal. We have even brought the dead back to life; but we cannot bring all the dead back to life. There have been some very difficult problems. We think we have solved them, but there are some problems that cannot be solved. I'm not speaking of God. The very idea of God seems to be something apart from the great catastrophe. I'm not speaking of God, but of men. They must be told things very simply. There are some wounds that we cannot heal; when people stop making such wounds, the problem will no longer exist. That is one solution; but the men of my profession are too full of pride to suggest it to the world, and the world is too mad to listen to it."

I had enough respect for these digressions not to interrupt their course; however when silence fell again, I murmured in a low voice:

"Really, you say that this projectile—"

"It is inaccessible. You understand, Monsieur? Inaccessible. It is rather shameful for a man who is full of vanity to have to confess such things, but that at least is honest. And, besides, it's a fact. Man has placed it where it is; he is powerless to get it out again."

I felt troubled by the personality of my companion, and above all I was very much disturbed by his words. I stammered:

"However, it's possible to live with that—"

"No," he answered in a heavy voice; "there is nothing to do but to die."

We continued to walk as far as the border of the wood. The bright light over the damp meadows seemed to recall the doctor to the formalities of professional etiquette, for he said in a changed voice:

"Excuse me, Monsieur, for having forced upon you considerations that must naturally remain foreign to your personal way of looking at things. I am not sorry to have had the chance to speak to you about Dauche just now. He has not, I believe, any near relatives in the free part of France. You are interested in him; it is my duty, therefore, to warn you that he is a lost man. I shall even add, since you seek his companionship, that at any moment there may appear symptoms that will prove rapidly fatal."

I had known Dauche for only a short time, but I felt overwhelmed. A few meaningless words came to my lips. I said, perhaps, something like, "It's terrible!" But the doctor concluded his meditation with a colorless smile.

"Alas! Monsieur, you will do as I and as many others have done; you will grow accustomed to live in the company of men who still share our universe, but whom we know unquestionably to be already dead."

I could not grow accustomed to anything of the sort. This conversation

took place late one morning. I spent the rest of the day avoiding the sight of Dauche, a bit of cowardice the cause of which lay in my clumsiness in concealing my thoughts.

The night found me unable to sleep, but it was doubly welcome, for it provided me with the time to conquer my impressions, and also gave me an appearance that made it very proper for me to blame my illness for the change in my behavior.

As I was getting out of bed, Dauche proposed that we should take a walk together through the woods. I was about to refuse, but his smile was so cordial, so brotherly, that I had not the courage to use my fatigue as an excuse. Besides, the weather was radiant.

The splendor of the strong, still sunshine, the delicate colors of a landscape swathed in the mists of early morning, perhaps also some personal need for happiness and forgetfulness—all these things abruptly turned my thoughts away from that sort of abyss into which I had seen them plunged.

Dauche began to run through the high, golden grass, which was slowly withering. You would have said his laughter was that of a boy. He imitated, with all sorts of anecdotes and phrases, the games of his own children, and he stopped suddenly, full of a tender gravity, to speak of the one he had not yet seen and of the wife who was awaiting him in exile.

Nothing in nature seemed to him contemptible or unworthy of interest. He breathed in the fragrance of all the flowers, and had an eye for every object, crushed the aromatic herbs between his hands, tasted the blackberries and the nuts in the thickets. He pointed out to me a thousand things that I blushed never to have noticed before. After that he dragged me through an interminable adventure in speculation, where I was able to follow him only with a grumbling awkwardness, like an old man whirled away in a dance.

We were coming back to the château, very proud of our appetites and of the speed with which the hours had passed, when, at the turn of a path, the words and the advice of the doctor rose suddenly from the depths of my soul. It

was like the little rap of a finger, brief and imperious, on a door. I realized then that in a dull sort of way I had never ceased to think of them. But as I looked once more at Dauche, who seemed like a fair, ripe ear of corn, in the beauty of the midday, I shook my head and concluded, "That honorable doctor is mistaken," and during the whole of that day I remained happy.

The next morning, as I was taking my time about getting up, and dreamily counting the dancing flowers on the hangings, I caught the measured breathing of Dauche, who was still asleep. At once a voice said in my ear, "That man over there is going to die."

Then a desire seized me to get away, to escape from Dauche and from that château, to plunge into the din and confusion that reigned in the interior of the country.

I had lost all thought of sleep, and I began to reason with a cold lucidity. To put it briefly, I had known this charming man only for a short time, and there was nothing I could do for him. He was in the hands of skilful doctors who would exhaust for his benefit all the resources of their science. I could forget his unhappy fate all the more justifiably because at this very moment it was shared by a great many human beings who were young and worthy of interest. My presence could be no help to him, and being with him constantly would, on the contrary, contribute to depress the moral strength of which I still stood in great need.

As a result of all these considerations, that very morning, when I found myself alone with our doctor, I begged him on some pretext to hasten my exchange to another hospital.

"I see no objection to that," he said, "considering the state of your wound. It shall be as you desire."

This immediate assent was a relief and somewhat of a surprise; but when my eyes met those of the doctor, I found in them a sad and troubled expression that made me ashamed.

In fact, I was so disturbed by my weakness at the end of a quarter of an hour I went to the doctor and asked him if it was possible to change my plan

and complete my cure at the Château de S——.

He smiled with an odd air of satisfaction, and assured me that I could remain as long as it suited me.

Coming after so much indecision, my resolution brought me peace. I passed the greater part of the day in my room and found some distraction in reading. Toward evening, a comrade who had lost an arm at Berry-au-Bac came very secretly to find us and led us to the orange-house, where two musicians from a neighboring regiment were giving a concert.

I had a great love for music, while at the same time failing to perceive in it any exact intellectual significance. The fact is, I had not till then been in a position to discover with what authority a sequence of sounds and harmonies can convert to its own use the state of our souls and precipitate our emotions.

A violin, accompanied by a piano, was playing one of Bach's sonatas. They suddenly swung into an adagio that was full of poignant majesty. Several times I felt as if some person, invisible and unknown, placed a hand on my arm and murmured, "How, how is it possible for you to forget that he is going to die?"

I got up as the concert was drawing to a close and fled, the prey of a genuine torment.

"What on earth 's the matter with you?" asked Dauche, who had come out after me. "You seem ill or unhappy."

"Both," I answered in a voice that I could no longer control. "Did n't you hear what that violin was playing?"

"Of course," he said dreamily. "Nothing could be more purely joyous."

I looked at him furtively, but I could make nothing of it. Only that evening, alone in the darknes with my thoughts, did I understand that fate had reserved for me a singular share in the destiny of my friend. Dauche was condemned; he must die; he was going to die: but, in a sense, another than he was charged to endure his agony.

I deny that I am made differently from most men. The war has tried me severely without upsetting my imagination, and my wound was not one of

those that alter the normal functionings of an ordinary healthy spirit.

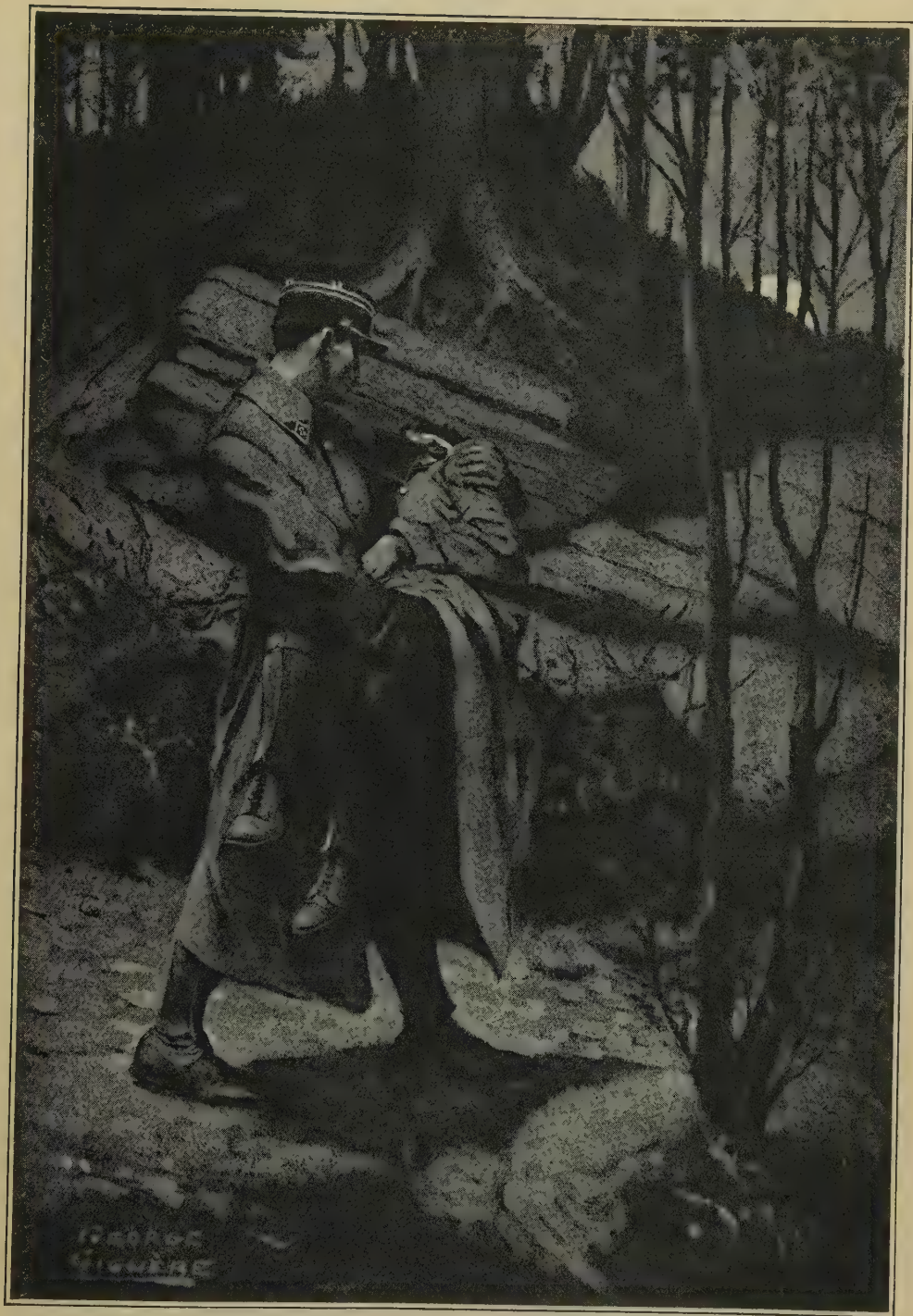
Consequently, I feel quite sure that the nervous ordeal I went through from that day forward would have overwhelmed in the same way any man who had been unexpectedly caught by the same mischance.

Despite the sinister experiences of the battle-field, I was to have a new experience of death, one that was terrible by its very length. It is hardly possible to live without being able to conceive every moment what the next moment will be like, and it is a tragic thing to carry within oneself a certainty that freezes every project, every intention at the very outset. Illness creates situations like this in everyday life; but their sadness is tempered by hope, even by one's increasing habit of giving things up. I owe to the war the knowledge of a new anguish, that of living beside a human being whom I knew, despite his strength and beauty, to be living under the threat of a terrible doom, and who had no future save that which hope and ignorance gave him.

This ignorance of our own selves is a very precious thing and makes us envy the complete unconsciousness of animals and plants. It enabled Dauche to live joyously on the very edge of the abyss. I was there to take upon myself everything dramatic in the situation, just as if it had been against the order of nature for so great a tragedy to remain unexperienced.

The first days of November had come. Autumn was fading in all its magnificence. We had not given up our walks. I found that I was ever driven to them despite myself, as if the whole spectacle of the dying year was particularly suited to express, to the point of satiation, the bitter poignancy of our friendship.

We often climbed the hill that overlooked the plain of Rheims. The fury of the war seemed, like the sap of the vegetation, to be cooling little by little, and retreating underground. The guns grumbled lazily and wearily; the leafless woods revealed the military works that they had hidden all summer under their foliage.



"I carried him . . . as one carries a sleeping child"

The autumn made me feel even more keenly the fate of Dauche, who in turn revealed to me still more cruelly the fate of all things. The idea that this man was going to die so tainted my thoughts that it destroyed all their stability, all their courage, all their efficacy. Indeed, the impotence of man was about the only thing that seemed certain to me as I contemplated the thin lines of the poplars, lighted up with their fugitive glory. And then it became almost impossible for me to look at anything without thinking at the same time, "He will never see it again."

There is a terrible page in Saint-Simon about the death of Louis XIV. The historian cannot relate any of the actions of the dying monarch without repeating, with an obstinacy that is tinged with hatred, "And it was for the last time." In the same way I would think twenty times a day, as I watched my friend enjoying the beauties of the season, "So it is for the last time!" But there was nothing in my heart save a sorrowful pity.

After long hours on our hilltop we would be making up our minds to return, when, in the direction of the battle-field, the gleam of the first rockets would light up the twilight with their pale constellations.

Dauche seemed peaceful, light-hearted, and almost happy, like a man to whom hope returns every minute. He would make plans. That seemed unendurable to me, and I came so near to being irritated that I said to him once:

"You are very fortunate to be brave enough to make plans at such a time."

The words were very general, very vague; yet them seemed to me at once barbarous and spiteful. I was wondering how I could take them back when Dauche answered:

"Is n't it making a plan merely to let your heart beat? Besides, you must defy the future if you do not wish to be driven to fearing it."

These words, which were full of wisdom, troubled me without consoling me. I was assailed by a new anxiety: did Dauche have any idea of his real condition? The burden of my secret made me so acutely sensitive that for several days this question tormented me.

To-day, when I scrutinize my memories amid the broad and yet detailed perspective that time has given me, I am able to say positively that Dauche was indeed ignorant of the blow that menaced him. In truth, I never really surprised anything whatever that allowed me to suppose he felt the least disquietude about himself. I cannot recall any words, any reference, any faltering on his part, expressions which could not have failed to escape him if he had known the truth, and which would have revealed to me the extent of his knowledge.

On one other occasion, however, I was seized with doubt. A member of my regiment, mortally wounded during one of those many little engagements which have made Hill 108 the ever-bleeding wound of that sector, was brought in dying. We went to see him on his death-bed, and I was eager to get Dauche away at once from this chamber, where he seemed to linger.

"Perhaps that man there is happier, after all," I said, to break a tense silence.

"Do you think so, do you think so?" the young man answered.

Some obscure force that was not chance made us look deep into each other's eyes, and in that clear gaze of my friend I saw a quiver, something furtive, terrified, like the sinking of a wrecked ship on a lonely ocean.

I made an effort to change the conversation, and I succeeded. With several deep breaths, Dauche seemed to turn back toward life, and before long he was laughing—a laughter in which I could not detect any false notes.

So, despite this alarm, I could not help concluding that Dauche did not suspect anything. What I had seen in his eyes that day I might have surprised in any human glance. Besides, the flesh knows things of which the soul is ignorant, and this fleeting agony in the depths of his eyes was perhaps like one of those dumb cries of the brute in us which the consciousness allows to pass without either inspiring or recognizing them.

DAUCHE'S wound was completely healed. Mine needed very little care.

But I was not in the least interested in all this: I was waiting.

I realized this perfectly when Dauche asked me one day why I stayed so long in the army zone. I made up a reply in which I dwelt on our genuine friendship and the slightness of the ties that bound me to the interior. But when I examined my heart, I saw only too clearly the real reason for my long stay at S. I was waiting for something.

The affection I felt for Dauche had not ceased to grow despite all these vicissitudes. My pity for him had added to it, and the certainty that a near death awaited him had helped to exalt it not a little. With a natural leaning toward affection, I yielded myself unreservedly to a passion of devotion. I began to experience all the apprehensions of women who care for a sick child and who interpret with despair all the slightest signs, the least really alarming incidents.

There was a tennis-court in the park where a set of moldy ninepins had been set up. Dauche often used to bombard them with worn, old balls that were rotting away with the dampness. One morning, as he threw one of these balls, it crumbled in his fingers, upsetting his balance and making him stumble. He lifted his hand to his forehead, and I had the impression that he staggered. At once I was beside him and caught him in my arms.

"What in the world's the matter with you?" he exclaimed as he saw my distorted face.

"I thought your head was hurting."

"No, indeed," he replied, smiling. "I was readjusting my bandage."

Another time, when I let slip a book which I was absent-mindedly turning over, he stooped down, with his usual promptness, to pick it up. It struck me that he hesitated a moment before straightening himself, as if he were struggling with a sort of vertigo. I leaned over at once and took the book from his hands. His eyes were veiled in a faint, red mist. Perhaps that was merely an effect of my imagination, for it passed almost instantly.

"I forbid you," I said, painfully attempting to joke—"I forbid you to abandon your rôle of convalescent."

He looked at me with an air of astonishment and answered:

"You don't want me to think I'm ill, do you?"

This answer made me realize how clumsy I had been, and I saw clearly that I must school myself to hide the anxiety I could not help feeling.

From that time on, it never ceased to torment me. I watched everything my friend ate or drank, not daring to give him advice and yet burning to speak my mind.

I hunted up and read secretly articles on medicine that were much more likely to confuse than to instruct me. I formed and rejected a thousand resolutions, made and unmade a thousand plans that would have been ridiculous or even comic if the fragrance of death had not impregnated and sanctified them all.

At night I would awake with a start and listen to the breathing of my companion, convinced, at the least pause, at the least change of rhythm, that he was going to die, that he was dead.

We had not given up our walks, but I had abruptly shortened them without advancing any reason. In like manner I had given up the game of checkers, offering as an excuse my own fatigue, which before long ceased to be a mere pretense. The time came when all these emotions had a bad effect upon my health. I was in bed for several days without being able to get any rest. I would have preferred absolute solitude, but the thought that Dauche might go off by himself and do something imprudent was intolerable to me. Yet I believed that no fatal accident could take place in my absence, inasmuch as I was waiting.

So he stayed by my side and read aloud to me to amuse me. I wished continually to stop him, and since I could say nothing of my anxiety in his behalf, I complained of my own head. Incredible though it seems, I appeared to be the man who had been prostrated, and he the man in full possession of his strength. As I have already said, I was suffering in his stead the bitterness of death.

One night during his first sleep he gave a curious animal moan, so strange

that I was instantly on my feet, and went and looked at him a long time by the glimmer of the night-light.

With the emotion which I experienced that evening there was mingled something like an intense desire for deliverance, and I discovered with horror that my sick soul was not merely awaiting the inevitable, but actually desiring it.

I was up again at the beginning of December, and our first walk was through the pine-woods that covers the sandy hilltops to the south of the highway from Rheims to Soissons.

We walked, slightly chilled, close together and silent, given over, no doubt, to those vague thoughts which cannot be put into words and which are of the very color and tissue of the soul.

A ridge of the hill sheltered and warmed us, and I suggested, when we reached the top, that we rest on the glossy stump of a beech, a bole that secreted a blood-like sap of an ocherous purple color.

I was tired, I was at the end of all desire, of all courage, indifferent to my actions, to my steps; in fact, exactly in the state of a man who has ceased to strive and gives up an agonizing struggle.

Is it really possible that such close unions can exist between two beings? Was it really I who abandoned the struggle that day?

Overcome with sadness, I had risen mechanically, and was watching, without seeing them, the hills thickly covered with trees, that fled away toward the horizon.

Was it actually an unusual sound that made me turn; was it not rather a shock, a rending of something within? Whatever it was, suddenly I knew that something was going on behind me. Then my heart began to beat madly, for it could be nothing but that terrifying and expected event.

And that it was.

Dauche had slipped down from the tree-trunk. I hardly recognized him. His whole body shook with a hideous, inhuman trembling, such as one sees in animals that have been struck down with the mallet at the slaughter-house. His hands and feet were twitching as if in a convulsive struggle.

This lasted an interminable time, during which I did not make a gesture. I let death have its way and waited until it had achieved its task. At last I slowly gathered the impression that it was stopping to breathe and loosing its victim.

Dauche's body was stiff, but inert. A feeble moaning came from his lips.

At the same moment I escaped from my trance, and despite the disorder of my mind, I set about carrying what had once been my friend away from that spot.

In order to raise him up, I made an effort that cost me great pain. He was drawn together and frightfully heavy. I had thrown my arms about his waist, and I carried him, breast to breast, as one carries a sleeping child.

Night was falling. I had to put my burden down after a few steps to rest. I do not know how I managed to get within sight of the château. As I reached the foot of the hill, at a turn of the avenue I suddenly came upon the doctor, who was taking a solitary walk. It was almost dark; I did not see the expression on his face, and I do not even remember what he said to me.

I laid the body on the ground, knelt beside it, my face streaming with sweat, and said:

"There he is." Then I began to weep.

There were cries, calls, lights. They carried away the body of Dauche and they carried me away also.

DAUCHE did not actually die until two days later. I did not wish to see him again. They had placed me in a distant room, where I remained in a semi-delirium, asking from hour to hour:

"Is it finished? Is it really finished?"

As a matter of fact, I was aware of his end before they told me of it, and I let myself slip into a black, dreamless sleep, of which I have retained, however, the most distressing memory.

It seems that Dauche was buried in the little cemetery, shut in by limbs of birches and dead fir-trees, which one sees from the village of C—— in a barren field of white sand. I could not make up my mind to go and visit him there. I bore within myself a tomb that was deeper and more actual.



"And I flopped away on a pair of what I called 'snow-shoes,' and he called 'rackets' "

Ski

By L. CABOT HEARN

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove



T all started with Elsie, and with Elsie's friend who had been in Christiania and on the Dent Blanche. He pronounced them "she." He got us both pronouncing them "she." Only Elsie took it up first and sprang it on me. Of course I had to adopt it. But I've looked it up since and have decided that it was a pure affectation. However, the man *had* done it before. That was evident. I never had.

Elsie is one of those girls who always got into any shinny game on the ice with the boys when she was twelve, and at that could sustain and return as many whacks as most of us. You could n't treat her exactly as you should treat a girl. She was too ferocious. When she was fifteen she could outskate most of the boys in Albany, and that is saying something, because everybody skates in Albany. A survival from Amsterdam, I suppose. If you're young in Albany, and don't skate, why, you're absolutely out of it in the winter. Elsie used to toboggan out at Ridgefield, too. In fact, she became a regular snow-bunting. I left the town when she was fifteen and I was twenty. I had n't seen her for ten years. Then I met her in New York in January, and she asked

me up to this place of theirs in the country for winter-sports. She also introduced me to Rodney Dean, this fellow who had done as the Christians in Christiania and as the dentists on the Dent Blanche. And that was where my trouble began.

Elsie had grown very attractive. She had lost a good deal of her snow-buntingness. She was "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," or words to that effect. She said they were all going to "she," and that I must also. At first I thought she was merely being ungrammatical.

Of course I wandered around and looked in at several places where they display the artistic creations of Messrs. Barney & Berry & Winslow, not to mention sweaters, scarfs, toques, tam-o'-shanters, and mackinaws. They did n't understand me when I asked for what I wanted, and a woman in there, who was buying a skating-skirt, thought I was trying to flirt with her. They called them "skis," of course. Anybody would.

Ash was preferable, I learned. The ash ran up as high as \$7.00. The patented bindings were \$3.50. The boots were \$9.50, the poles \$1.25, and the book \$1.50. I'm just telling you that because I want to say that it was n't

worth it to me. It really was n't. At least—

Of course Dean looked over the outfit that evening with a most superior and intolerant eye. He is a member of the

discourse, with airy references to some one named Ellefsen, and the Black Forest and Balata, whatever or whoever she was.

"That 's not a wide-welted double



"I got a silly moment, thinking of dancing instruction, and I crossed them"

Swiss Alpine Club, or something, and he never lets one forget it.

"U-m-m," he said, "the Huitfeldt binding is better."

"Yes," I returned, resenting his airs; "but how about the Dummkopf?"

"Never heard of it," said Dean, without batting an eye. Then he went into a long dissertation on heel-strap, toe-strap, long-strap, short-strap, and toe-irons. He made me try on the snaky-looking things, and the iron entered my soul as well as my toe.

He then continued his interminable

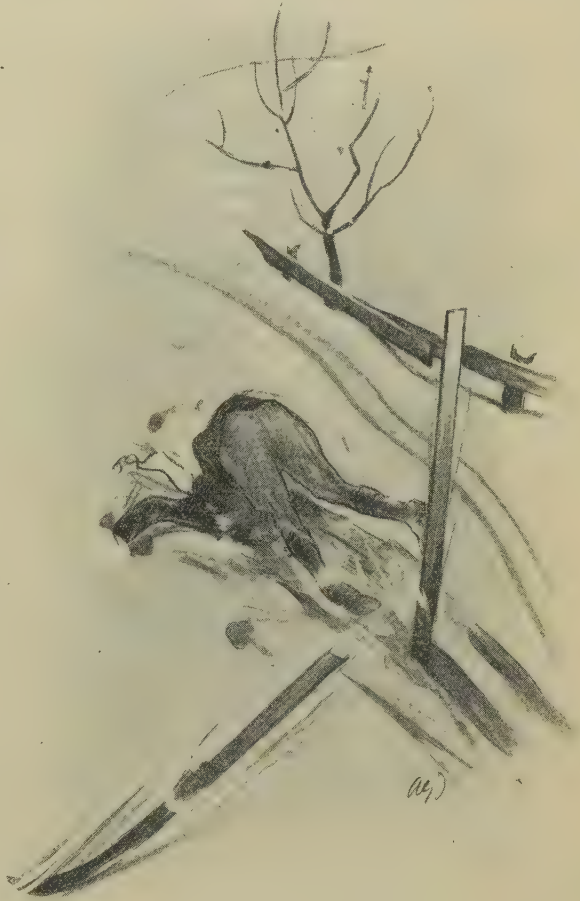
sole," he said, squinting at my expensive footgear. "It will buckle at the waist of the foot." I saw no buckles, and I had never heard before that a foot had a waist. It was getting to be as bad as mechanics. He also recommended goatskin socks and "scafe" rubber studs. Just for a moment I thought the first reference was intended insultingly, but he was so deadly serious that I decided it was a joke. Of course Elsie was simply eating him up with her eyes, and I could see that she thought he was perfectly marvelous. Then he found

something simply terrible. The color was bad and would collect snow. The grain on the soles was all wrong. Wax was essential. I did n't know wax was essential. Then he began jabbering about sealskin for the soles on mountain trips, and *Rucksacks* and ptarmigans and edelweiss and all sorts of other foreign flowers. He up-ended the frightful things, and talked about their reaching to the roots of his fingers. There again! Fingers had roots with him, and feet had waists, and souls had grains! It was perfectly ghastly. I left early. Of course he said he'd exchange them for me, and I was glad enough to leave them with him.

Well, we got up to Piny Crest. Elsie's father, it seemed, had learned how to "she" in Switzerland, and, although he was rusty at it, he was anxious to try. There was another girl, Dorothy Knowles, who seemed half-way sensible. She said she would n't try it "for worlds." But then she got away with it because she was a good tobogganer. You know, I—well, to be perfectly frank, I hate the winter, anyway. I think the "beautiful snow" is about the least rationally explicable of all God's works. I see no sense to it at all. I always get severe colds in the spring, and as for all this ruddy-cheek business out in the frigid drifts of that senseless, blinding whiteness, the merit of it quite escapes me. A club in the winter is all right on the inside. You need n't look out of the window, and the place is usually warm. Snow is merely our annual penance. It has the awful inertia of death. It simply blots out everything, covers up everything, makes one dig holes and tunnels to find anything. And yet people still like to go out and

roll in it and get it into their eyes and ears and down their necks and up their sleeves. Not a chap that I've ever had speaks well of it.

But they got me all rigged up in



"It was head-first this time"

blanket-like things and cardigans and mufflers and a toboggan-cap that made me look extremely undignified, and we started out into a sort of boreal Sahara. Dean carried my "shes," and I flopped away on a pair of what I called "snowshoes" and he called "rackets." Of course he had to call them *something* out of their name. I got quite behind the party, who all had their "shes" on already, and Dean caught me up on my pluralizing, and said that there was no "s" in the plural—just like sheep. Then

we got to the top of a slope, and he began to instruct me.

First you lay your "she"—only it sounds so Gaelic!—across the slope. I laid them *down* the slope at first, of course, and they would n't wait for me.

He need n't have been so bitter. Besides, I had had a regular bath in that accursed snow. Well, finally each of them took an arm, and I managed. But after the straps were fastened, it was as much as my life was worth to move.



"They had to dig me out; they were seriously concerned"

Dean made a swoop after them that won great applause from Elsie. But he is a dictatorial man; I soon found that out. I swear this is just what he said:

"Stand below there! Take your feet out of those rackets! Put on the lower one first, bringing the foot to it across the front of the other leg!"

Well, now, seriously, what was one to do? I tried to bring a foot to it. I tried to bring it across the front of the other leg. As a matter of fact, it would have been equally hard with either foot. I felt as if I were doing one of those old-fashioned dances. It seemed like a sort of ritual. I bowed and balanced. I got the wrong foot into the wrong toe-hold, or whatever they call it. That's all it is, by the way, just a toe-hold.

"Hold your 'she' exactly parallel!" said Dean.

I got a silly moment, thinking of dancing instructions, and I crossed them, and disappeared. Of course he was furious.

I suggested that, as I was cold, perhaps I had better leave them to their bracing winter sports and go in and mix them some toddy or something. But they scorned thoughts of toddy and insisted that I remain to make a Roman holiday.

"We'll start up-hill first," said Dean. This was mere flattery, as I was quite unable to move in any direction.

"When you back-slip, *don't* paw backward!" he enjoined me. "Stamp at right angles to the surface!"

I wonder if you ever tried to stamp at right angles to the surface with each of your feet cumbered by the sweep of a racing-shell. I did the best I could.

"You 're herring-boning!" shouted Dean. "Don't herring-bone! We 'll come to that later."

So we had already come to it! The trouble was, how to be able to forget it. My feet were wide apart, and each "she" was headed in an opposite direction. It is an intensely Inquisition-al feeling. One of the "shes" slipped, and I disappeared again.

I suppose the object of the things is to keep you on the surface of the snow, but all my experience had been this deep-sea diving. I was tired of it.

"Well, let 's try you down the slope," said Dean, cheerily, when I was righted. "Now, don't be a stick-rider. That 's worse even than a zigzag-crawler." With this admonition, and another to keep my knees close together and stand up, he started me. Of course I

crouched and leaned heavily on my stick with both hands, but it did keep me from another bath. The slope was very gentle, but at that it seemed that I had a couple of electric eels attached to my feet. On the flat he came up to me. After a piercing gaze, which I returned, he tried me across the level.

"An easy lunge," he said. "That 's the step, long and easy. Take three running. Swing the sticks forward, and push off with the third step. You 'll get a long slide."

I saw Elsie stuffing her handkerchief

into her mouth, so I suddenly straightened up and assumed a nonchalant attitude. After all, one might as well carry it off with some verve. I took the steps and swung the sticks, but I did n't get the slide. I might have known it. The things got crossed in front. It was head-first this time.

They left me alone for a while after that. I inched along, trying to "edge in relation to myself." Well, that 's what he had been talking about. Did you ever try "to edge in relation to yourself"? Well, do try it some time. Oh, the excitement of it is almost hysterical. Personally, I think it should be confined to theoretical demonstration in the classroom—or the bar.

Dean was showing Elsie how to do a kick-turn, though, from where I lay, it looked as if she could easily qualify in the Follies if she persisted. Then he came down at full speed within about five inches of me and performed a Christiania swing. He also did a "stemming turn" and "ran a trav-

erse." The man was really gifted. And he kept talking about the *telemark* as if it were the telephone. Then he and Mr. Searl, Elsie's father, began to speak heavily about jumping, both agreeing that, after all, *jumping* was absolutely the only man's sport in "sheing." And the light of life dimmed irrevocably for me.

That afternoon they got a sort of trestle erected, a kind of long platform. I thought at first that it was intended for what in golf we call "the gallery" to watch all this jumping from. They



"At full speed within about five inches of me"

had n't even invited me to jump. At first I was glad of it, and then it slightly irritated me. After all, Elsie had signified that she intended to jump. Everyone else seemed to be going to jump. They were all putting on their jumpers, or whatever you call them, and Dean was busily arranging everything. No one referred to my morning's work, although I had already put in what I would have certainly been willing to call "a day." So I had made up my mind at least to *try* the jump, when I found that one did it from that trestle business—just flopped off into the air. Could one have thought up anything more childish? I determined it was simply too infantile to take part in.

Mr. Searl and Dean were talking about all those "swings" and things. They were discussing how far one could jump, and Dean said he'd done a hundred, though I did n't know whether he meant inches or feet or yards, or how one measured it. They had chosen an abominably steep hill to put their platform on. That was the point, it seemed, because, when one came down, one ought to land on a slope that would give the least shock. I don't know how they hoped to minimize the shock of landing if one ever did land. I went to the edge of their platform, and it looked as if one would head straight for the tops of the pines across the valley. One might not reach them, but, at that, the fall would be atrocious. I began to think they were lunatics to let Elsie do it, even though she said she had done it before, on the Bernese Oberland, I think.

I will say this for Dean; he jumped first. He went back about fifteen yards, and came at it crouching. He straightened up as he whizzed over that platform, and stood out against the sky quite beautifully upright. Then he went down out of sight. Then he came out on the snow below not nearly so far as I had expected, somehow, and he was in a kneeling position. He came around with a wide sweep.

Like coasting, half of the thing is in getting back, but he went round the side, where the slope was gradual, and was with us again in a comparatively short time. He really had done it very

well. My heart was actually almost warming to him when he looked at me and shook his head.

"Better not ever try it," he said. "You could n't make it."

Probably he did n't think how it sounded. But my spirit is proud and sensitive. Just then he showed Elsie's father a point or two, and the great financier launched himself in space, with his arms out like wings. *He* went down out of sight, but he also reappeared below, though in a somewhat more tangled condition than Dean. Still, he had n't fallen. Then they argued and reargued about Elsie's trying it, and Dean began to talk volubly about the "sats." That seems to be the Norwegian expression for the take-off. If you "sats" too soon, you—oh, I suppose you break your neck; but the danger of doing that is slight. You're going so fast. If you "sats" too late, it spoils the length of your jump. But that did n't agonize me. I was sure I could "sats." You must leap erect like a jack-in-the-box at the take-off. You must n't cross your "shes," but hold them closely together and strictly parallel. Elsie soared and disappeared. I covered my eyes. They should not have let her do it. Miss Knowles agreed with me. But Elsie reappeared, with what Dean declared to be a "perfect stem." She *is* flowerlike and tall, but I thought the remark audacious.

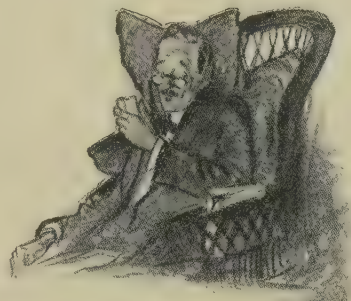
Then Mr. Searl and Dean, just to show off, of course, jumped, one after the other. Elsie was watching them from below.

"Miss Knowles," I said, "in after years do not think too ill of me. Remember that man is at best an imperfect creature. I bequeath you my eyeglasses, for I am sure I shall not want to see what I am about to attempt."

With gentle firmness I put her from me. I clomb—how poetically expressive that word is when applied to "she"!—I clomb some ten yards, somehow, behind that yawning gulf, and, with a misquoted adjuration to my Maker, crouched low upon the impedimenta of the devil and let go.

Every muscle in me was tense as I shot toward the precipice. I rose off it before I dared to spring up with that

splendidly free gesture I had intended. For a moment, as I attempted this last fatal manœuver, I saw the sweet sky spreading before me in all its virgin quality of blueness, the holy white of God's beautiful winter landscape that my evil heart had once blasphemed, the solemn grandeur of the somber pine-woods beyond. I thought of my father, my mother, my sister, my brother. I thought of a whole lot of relatives that I don't even possess. I thought of being too young to die. I thought of being too great a fool not to die.



"I really seemed to have impressed Elsie"

Oh, I thought of about everything! Then I disappeared.

I disappeared almost completely this time. They had to dig me out; they were seriously concerned. But I sat with them that evening by the fire consuming numerous hot toddies, and I really seemed to have impressed Elsie. At least she says now that it revealed my noble nature. But then she immediately turns away and puts her handkerchief in her mouth. If one may adopt the Norse spelling, is n't that the eternal ski of it?

The Cobbler in Willow Street

By GEORGE O'NEIL

Unless you knew just where to look,
You could n't find it out of a book—
Willow Street, close-walled, steep,
and still,
Short and shadowed in every nook
And hour as day goes up the hill.

The dark shapes slant to west at nine
And creep at one up to a line
Measuring eastern walls again,
And close the gloried morning vine
That they have touched enough
to stain.

The cobbler's house is half the height
That pigeons measure in a flight
From bottom of the hill to top;
And where his one doorstep is white
The cobbler sings, and keeps his shop.

Morning, he makes a bluebird tune
For dreams and things that go too soon,
And in a song he's half forgot
Of Willow Street, in afternoon,
He sings of people who are not.

Of people who no longer care
About the houses in the square,
Above the street and at its end,
Or do not see the willow bare
When rain drips from the boughs and bend.

He hums his quiet song about
The houses with their shutters out
Or folded in, of men who talked
Of plans and faith and hope and doubt,
And those that whispered while they walked.

Where houses kneel around the church
The pigeons flutter from their perch
Down the narrow, spotless street,
To strut and stand and flash and lurch,
Crowding about the cobbler's feet.

Some day the cobbler's sound will beat,
When evening threnody is sweet
With old bells shaking sprays of chime,
A song of us and Willow Street,
Tapping a heel all out of time.

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER XXIII



HE morning of arrival found every one in their natural state of excitement induced by eight days' anticipation and three thousand miles of progress toward a given goal. Napier's glimpse of Nan, hurrying out of the breakfast-salon by an opposite door as he went in, showed excitement in her, too. Despite all that had happened, he was determined not to part from her on that note of last night. Anything, the merest commonplace, rather than that, he told himself, unable to strangle a larger hope.

Not in vain he, in his turn, despatched breakfast in short order and went above. There she was on the promenade-deck, her back to him, her face to the faint, still far-off outline of her native land.

In the raw chill of that February morning the prospect appeared anything but welcoming to Napier. It was different, no doubt, for her. In the forefront of her mind she was no doubt waving the Stars and Stripes. But, Napier could have sworn, deep in her heart was the thought of him and a secret planning of one of those "meetings in New York" she had spoken of in the first days. She stood there lightly poised, a little wistful, more than a little alluring. Another man, noting the empty deck, remembering that other sea they had stood by, locked together, would have gone up to her and put an arm about the waiting figure. The scene of pretty confusion and tender yielding, the withdrawal, "Some one is sure to come!" and the hurried arrangement to meet—he saw it all. He wondered afterward what would have happened had he played his part.

When she found him at her side with

"Good morning," she turned sharply as though to fly. It was all in the convention.

"You must be very happy to-day," he said.

"Happy! Why should I be happy?"

"Well, to be so near home."

"Oh, home!" She lifted her shoulder slightly. "New York is less my home than—" she stopped short.

"Than England?" he said.

"There 's one thing, anyway," she said in her elusive way. "If I can't go back for a good while, neither can you."

He stared at her, a great hope contending with mystification.

"Do I understand," he forced himself to answer lightly, "that you refuse to let me return home without you?"

Her cheeks showed sudden color.

"The Germans refuse to let either of us, if what Greta has heard is so."

"And what has she heard?"

"That soon after we sailed the kaiser declared a blockade of England, an Atlantic war zone."

She saw that Napier had already had the wireless news before he asked:

"How does that affect you and me?"

"Even neutral ships are n't safe after to-morrow," she said, accepting with the hypnotized docility shown by so many in those early days any edict bearing the German stamp. "What I've been thinking is, you'll be over here till the end of the war, so there'll be time to—to understand—to get some things straight, anyhow." She turned to answer the good morning of one of the ship's officers.

Napier always believed that the first real shock to Nan's faith in Greta came as the passengers of the *Britannia* were about to disembark an hour later. Mr.

Vivian Roxborough, very smart in new ultra-English clothes, had been observed threading his way among the crowd on deck, plainly in quest of Miss Ellis. No sooner had he caught sight of her than he pressed forward, and no sooner was he near her than he stopped short, with his eyes intent on the lady at Miss Ellis's side.

Greta had forborne to challenge curiosity by absolutely concealing her features. But probably no one better than she understood the serviceability for disguise of a heavily figured white-lace veil. Mr. Roxborough must have known her well to be able to say with such assurance:

"Why, Greta—" and then in the rebound from that betrayal of too close acquaintanceship away to the other end of the scale: "I did n't know you were on board, Mrs. Guedalla."

Greta stared at him through the meshes of the elaborate pattern and said with her grand air:

"Some mistake, I think."

Roxborough pinched his lips.

"Oh, you don't remember me! Well, perhaps you'll remember your husband. I'm rather expecting my manager to meet me on the dock. Or perhaps it's you Mr. Guedalla is waiting for," Roxborough added with a peculiar smile.

Greta put a hand through Nan's arm and drew her near the gangway. She must have said something explanatory, for the girl turned her back with decision upon her late admirer. But her face was more than disturbed; it was shamed, frightened. A public rebuff is a terrible thing to the innocent mind.

Napier stood close behind the pair, waiting for the excuse he felt that Mrs. Guedalla would make for not going down with the crowd to confront her husband. But the lady was too entirely mistress of herself for that. Perhaps she counted on Mr. Guedalla's knowledge of the wisdom of not interfering with his wife. Straight down the gangway she walked, Nan behind her, recovering herself enough to make little signals toward a group—two ladies, a young man, and three children with flags—waving and smiling at Nan Ellis, first from the end of the crowded pier, then running along at the side, and now

waiting finally at the bottom of the gangway to fall upon the girl with their welcome.

Napier had no difficulty in deciding which of them was her mother despite the fact that Mrs. Ellis looked more like an elder sister. Yes, that must be a nice woman; but stupid, he decided, noting the cordiality, after that first motion of surprise, with which Mrs. Ellis received the lady in the baffling veil. She kissed Greta through the lace. Bah! With Nan's address in his pocket, he could afford to have her and her party in the hands of a customs officer, opening trunks on the pier.

Indeed, he had little choice, being at once appropriated by an English friend and an American steel magnate. Napier was carried away into a world about which all that he had heard had very little prepared him.

His private as well as patriotic interest in the possibilities unfolded did not prevent him from putting himself in touch with the British Intelligence Department before he dined that first night on American soil. The chief agent in New York was, or had been, as Napier knew, the British partner in an American shipping house. That he had married an American heiress Napier also knew. He was the more surprised to find Mr. Roderick Taylor installed *en garçon* at an hotel.

"My w-wife," said the long, fair young man with the strictly pomaded hair, "is in P-Paris with her sister, who is or-organizing American Hospital Relief. In any case"—his smile seemed to accept Napier as one to be treated frankly—"all sorts of coming and going is less marked in a c-cara-vansary like this."

He had run across Stein coming out from luncheon, said Mr. Taylor. Old Viennese friend of his, Stein. Had him up along with O'Leary, the Sinn Feiner, and a German-American dark horse, Bieber. "We are all dining at Bieber's to-morrow," said Mr. Taylor, and smiled as one who preserves a native modesty in full view of triumph. It was n't the smile he showed to his experimental bridge parties. "Greta von S-S—" The slight, very slight stammer gave a touch of unreadiness which perhaps

prevented the extreme competency of Mr. Roderick Taylor from being too marked. Napier noticed later that the stammer was hardly discernible when the engaging young man was off duty.

"Yes, von Schwarzenberg." He helped Taylor over the barbed-wire of the Teutonic syllables.

"Know her?" Taylor could go on glibly enough. "Rather!" And what, he asked, made Mr. Napier think the woman who had crossed with him as Mademoiselle La Farge was—

Clearly Mr. Taylor, whether in obedience to his own judgment or to the issue of some *mot d'ordre*, was disposed to take Napier at face-value; but he was far from accepting Napier's facts on the sole ground of Napier's belief in them. After the Schwarzenberg incident had been probed and sifted, Mr. Taylor sat back in his chair, gently perplexed and obviously perturbed.

"It's not that we have n't been expecting her. The chief value of one of our men is that he has hitherto been able to keep in touch with her. But if she really has left the other side, he ought to have warned us." He took up the receiver of his desk telephone, and then laid it down. "We go warily with Miss von Schwarzenberg." He got up, and opened a door at the very moment that a frail, grizzled man entered the adjoining room from the hall. "Oh, Macray, just a moment!"

The man did not stop to take off either hat or coat. Middle-aged, dyspeptic-looking, he came in, settling his black-rimmed pince-nez on an insufficient nose. He took a reporter's note-book out of his pocket and stood there, sour, hopeless, a mere sketch of a man in black and white.

"Greta Schwarz is back," said Mr. Taylor. Without a pause and in the same low voice he ran rapidly over the main facts in the story Napier had told him. "Just set them to work," he wound up. "Quickest way to get on her track." He turned to Napier. "What's the American girl's address?" Napier did not disguise his reluctance to produce that particular information.

"You understand," he repeated for the benefit of the pessimist with the

note-book, "this Miss Ellis is under the most complete misapprehension about the woman."

"Of course, of course," agreed Mr. Taylor.

Macray impassively poised his pen. Napier gave the address. Macray set down a grudging stroke or two, and then said:

"All New York knows where to find Schwarzenberg." He dragged out the information as though talking increased his affliction, whatever it was. "Just heard. Been seeing reporters all afternoon."

"Who's been seeing reporters?" Taylor demanded.

"Schwarz."

"The deuce she has!"

Macray felt in his pocket. He drew out an evening paper, damp from the press, and folded to display:

COLONIALISM IN AMERICA
ENGLISH DICTATION
IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN-
AMERICAN
ON RETURNING FROM BELLIG-
ERENT COUNTRIES

Napier stood at Mr. Taylor's side, and together they read how Miss von Schwarzenberg had not been an hour on this dear American soil before she perceived with pain that, while Germany was fighting for freedom of the seas, for human rights, America was forgetting she'd ever won hers. After a genial reference in passing to the burning of Washington by the British, the lady protested that history was n't her strong point. Would some one, therefore, kindly tell her who had given the seas to the British? Upon the eloquent pause that seemed to have followed that request, the lady illustrated the service Germany was rendering the United States in protesting against English domination. It must be very humiliating, the lady thought, for Americans to have their mail-bags opened, their letters confiscated. "Of course some of the letters are for Germany. Why not? Is England to tell you to whom you may write? Is n't America a neutral? Or is that a pretence?" She gave cases of bitter hard-

ships, German parents, old, ill, dying, whose faithful sons had long been accustomed to supply with remittances from America. In suffering British interference, America, so Miss Greta told the interviewer, was failing in dignity.

The part of the interview which occasioned most concern to Napier was the fact that it was stated to have taken place at a named hotel, "where Miss von Schwarzenberg is staying with old friends."

Mr. Taylor laughed a trifle ruefully as he threw down the sticky paper and applied a pocket-handkerchief to his long, white fingers.

"I like America, but there's no denying it's a queer country," he assured the new-comer, "and a queer people. Is n't it so, Macray?"

Macray's only answer was a faint groan. He picked up his paper and walked gloomily out.

"The very strangest mixture," Taylor went on, "shrewdness and innocence. Take their attitude toward this woman. She impresses them enormously." He disregarded Napier's "She impresses most people." "Over here they take this Mrs. Guedalla, or Schwarz, or whatever her real name is—they take her not only for a woman of education, but a woman *wohlgeboren*. They accept her account of misuse of her name. An obscure Western actress who, you are told, bears a certain dubious likeness to the real Greta von Schwarzenberg had feloniously adopted that honorable name. 'You know the stage way,' says Schwarzenberg. 'Tottie Tompkins turns into Arabella Beauchamp.' The real Miss von Schwarzenberg has naturally *never* been on the stage. She is musical. All *gebildete* Germans are musical. And that fact had been her salvation, so she tells these fatuous friends of hers over here. Being musical in the thorough German way enabled her to hold out against her proud, despotic father. When he tried to compel her to marry the dissolute Freiherr of vast possessions, Miss Greta ran away with her governess. Oh, always the scene is carefully set! And then, in order not to live on the governess, Miss Greta took to teaching music. They swallow it all! They look

upon her as a patriot. A German patriot, of course; but still laboring devotedly and legitimately for her native land."

What made Taylor's dealing with her a delicate matter was the fact that she had these powerful friends, Americans whose good faith and general decency of conduct no reasonable being could doubt. She had kept herself in close relations with these people even while she was abroad. His wife discovered that in Paris. How did Schwarzenberg keep up these useful relations? Through the one channel of organized participation in the war then open to American sympathizers, *relief*.

"Lord! the jobs put through in the name of relief!" he exclaimed.

On his second evening in New York Napier went with the Van Pelts, his hosts, to hear "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan. In a stage-box sat Miss Greta, very handsome, in green, with a silver wreath on her fair hair. The elderly lady beside her, according to the Van Pelts, was a well-known society leader with a taste for philanthropy. She had largely financed a certain branch of American relief work. That was her husband just coming into the box. But the girl—the Van Pelts could n't make out the girl. Napier could.

The next day, three tables away from him, at a men's luncheon given to Napier at a hotel, Greta again with a different party except for Nan. Napier saw the girl's face brighten in that first instance of catching sight of him. He saw her half rise, and then, as Greta fixed her eyes on Nan's, Napier saw the girl subside. From time to time she looked over wistfully. In a general movement after luncheon, emptying and refilling the great room, he was able to time his going out so that he might catch a word with her.

"You have n't forgotten where I am?" she said hurriedly after they had allowed new-comers to separate them a little from their respective parties.

No, he had n't forgotten; but he had read that *she*—he nodded in Greta's direction—was also at the same hotel.

"And that keeps you away! *That's* all you care!"

"Do you want, then," he said, with

that daring which the sense of being safely lost in a crowd will lend—"do you *want* me to care?"

"No! no! At least I ought n't to." Greta and her guests were waiting. "If I 'd known how to find you," Nan went on speaking deliberately, as though making a declaration of rights, "I should have written you. I could let you see part of a letter I 've had from Julian. He tells news the papers don't."

Napier thanked her gravely and gave a private address. As he saw her disappear with "that woman," he said to himself for the thousandth time, If only he 'd been allowed to tell Nan about that Gull Island villainy at the time, she *could n't* have gone on making her loyalty a cloak for their common enemy!

The temptation to use his knowledge now strove in him with an instinctive as well as a reasoned shrinking. The Gull Island affair could n't, he argued, still be a secret of any state importance. But in proportion as he cleared away that obstacle, the clearer yet another stood forth. It was one of the evils of a most evil time that he, Gavan Napier, of all men, had been forced to play a leading part in the violent end of a man with whom he and this gentle, sensitive girl had broken bread! Napier caught again that animal-like gleam of bared teeth as Carl Pforzheim writhed across the table for his pistol, saw again the splash of scarlet after the figure turned and met the knife. Let all that horror be hidden in the island earth and in oblivion. If Nan knew, never, never could it be forgotten.

The "news" in the letter she sent from Julian, was all of the gathering strength of the peace movement and the glorious part in it which America was destined to play. President Wilson, "the man with more power and a greater range of action than any ruler on the earth to-day"—President Wilson was the hope of the world. The rest of the page had been torn off. Nan was learning discretion, poor child!

In the intervals of business conclaves in the city, trips to Pittsburgh and elsewhere, Napier continued to cultivate Mr. Roderick Taylor despite that gentleman's refusal to lunch out or to dine

out. Not with Mr. Napier! Taylor was never seen in the company he most liked, as he said in his pleasant way. But there were private smokes and talks during which many things that had been mysteries to Napier became clear. It was the moment when Taylor and his agents were almost daily unearthing evidences of the underground activity of the pro-German propagandist. Among these moles of international mischief Taylor's weasels came upon Schwarzenberg's traces only to lose them. "Suspects of more public weight and interest, particularly men, were far more easily dealt with. These border-line women were the devil."

Napier was never wholly free in those days from a dread of hearing the name of Ellis in connection with Schwarzenberg; for always in his mind the figure of the winged messenger followed the devious ways of the German, followed like her shadow. The girl he loved was lavishing faith and service, all the priceless personal giving, as well as financing this enemy of England. It was an anguish to him.

Nothing of all this to Taylor. The sole reference to the chief ground of Napier's own interest in the situation was a carelessly expressed opinion, "Schwarzenberg must be making a considerable hole in the Ellis pockets." But, no. According to the omniscient Taylor, Schwarzenberg's spendings were on a scale quite outside the Ellis range. Taylor half closed his whitish eyelashes and regarded the end of his cigar. "I am, I believe, on the track of Schwarzenberg's new resources."

That telephone again! It was always ringing in here when Macray was out. Taylor listened, laughed, and made an appointment.

An Italian, he explained, a Mr. Luigi Montani, over here with his family. He had taken from some friends of Taylor's a furnished house in Washington. All arranged in twenty-four hours. Not a syllable in the press.

"He's just been telling me that when his servants, Italians, went down-stairs the first morning, they could n't open the front door for the mass of pro-German literature shoved through the letter-box overnight."



"What 's the American girl's address?"

The incident set Taylor talking about "the slender thread" on which may hang "the everlasting things" in international relationships. He talked of America with, as Napier thought, an understanding given to few foreigners. You could n't shake Taylor's faith in America. "But her ignorance of one entire hemisphere!"

Was it greater, Napier asked, than Old-World ignorance of the new?

No, no. Lack of mutual understanding was the common danger. To increase it was the German trump-card.

"People talk of America's largely unconscious power to wreck the world's best interests. She *won't!*" he cried with a passion that seemed alien to his nature; "but if there 's even a danger of it, it is because of innocent susceptibilities which the underground people, Schwarzenberg and her crew, are rubbing raw. If they should 'get at' Wilson, we 'd be in a bad way."

"The whole world would be in a bad way," said Napier, with a dizzying sense of the issues at stake.

"Yes, the whole world," Taylor agreed. And on his face, too, was a deeper gravity.

"I heard something last night"—Napier sat up suddenly—"that made me furious. I denied it. I want to hear you deny it. Fellow from Washington told us the President has given up receiving the British Ambassador."

"It 's true."

"My God! then Bernstorff has got him!"

"Not at all. It 's true Wilson 's given up seeing the British ambassador, and it 's true he 's given up seeing the German ambassador. Oh, a long head, Wilson's! He corresponds with the accredited official representatives and he sees the unofficial, the people he can learn from and the people he can indoctrinate. You 'll be seeing him less advantageously because of your mission, even though it 's private. But"—Taylor got up to find a match. He paused to lay a hand on Napier's shoulder—"see Wilson soon."

It was already arranged, he was told.

"Well, don't talk only munitions." Nobody better than the President, ac-

cording to Taylor, knew that the old diplomacy was doomed. "This is the hour of the unofficial envoy."

In Washington, four days later, Napier had cause to remember that dictum.

CHAPTER XXIV

NAPIER arrived at the White House some minutes before the time set for his interview. Hardly had he embarked upon a little kill-time tour through the public rooms when he heard hurrying steps behind him, and turned to confront Nan Ellis.

Her greeting was the strangest, considering all things.

"How do you do? I wanted to know—oh, have you seen Greta?"

No, he had n't. He could not forbear adding, Why should he?

"She was to meet me here." The girl turned and scanned the corridor, but in an absent-mindedness as though her thoughts could n't pretend to follow her eyes. "I expect they won't let her go. Her own embassy is immensely polite to Greta. I never knew she had so many grand acquaintances." She broke off, and then added breathlessly, "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to see—certain people. I don't need to ask what you are here for," he added.

Her eyelids winked as though he had flicked something in her face.

"Oh,"—she considered a second,—"I suppose you do know more or less, since Julian made me talk before you. Do you know what I think?"

"I 'd rather like to."

"Well, you shall. I think men are the most indiscreet people on the earth." And then, with that same suppressed excitement, she added, "All except one."

He made a movement toward a sofa—a movement she misinterpreted.

"O Gavan, *don't* go in just yet! He 's got cart-loads of people to talk to, and I have n't anybody. You see, it must be somebody that as good as knows already. There *is* n't any one but you, is there? Of course, what I came for was that I wanted to see the President. Every good American wants

to see the President. So I done it—” she laughed as she threw up her head—“like Huck Finn.”

“Not, I gather, with the *hoi polloi*?”

“Oh, the trouble I had! I wrote and I wrote. I might just as well have been in an effete monarchy, trying to approach the throne on my hands and knees. It made me mad, I can tell you. I said so, told Senator Harned so. He’s a friend of my mother’s. But Senator Harned wanted me to give *him* the papers. Imagine!”

“Julian’s manifesto?”

“Everything. As if I would! I’ve come all the way from Europe for a personal interview, and a personal interview I’ve got to have, or—well, something would have to be done.” She wagged her head.

“I see. Something with boiling oil in it.”

“Oh, they came to their senses at last, this very morning.” She shone in the refulgence of the late-risen sun. “I’ve seen a secretary, a gloomy man with a face like a clergyman who’s got a crime on his soul, and *he* took me into the presence.” She was only half laughing. “The presence and I said, ‘How do you do.’ I was almost too excited to look at him properly, now that I’d got him. But, O Gavan, *he is*, he really is!”

“H’m,” replied Gavan.

“Wait till you see! He asked me why I’d come. Melancholy man still hung about. ‘I should like to speak to you alone,’ I said. Do you think he would? No. As much a ‘fraid-cat as any king. But he looked at the melancholy man, and melancholy man went and looked out of the window. It was really as good as having him out of the room if I lowered my voice. Then I told him. I gave him Julian’s Manifesto and the rest. Yes, I had them all in the green suitcase.” She laughed triumphantly.

“Well, I would n’t advise you to carry such merchandise again.”

“I sha’n’t,” she agreed, “not in any such way as that. Babyish, I call it. But it was all right *this* time. I sat and watched him while he read Julian’s Manifesto. He read it twice. It took hold of him. I could see that. Then I found him looking at me through his glasses.

“‘What do your friends want me to do?’

“‘To save civilization,’ I said.”

Napier could see her “doing Julian” for the President.

“I was awfully excited, but I remembered some more. He listened. He listens well. He makes you do your best. I felt encouraged. I made a case. Then I told him—oh, you won’t like it, but I told him that Julian and the rest had far more backing in England than the newspapers gave the smallest inkling of. I told about the kind of men who were opposing the loss of liberty in the fight for liberty.

“‘It is a menace before every country,’ he said, in a discontented sort of way. He seemed not to want to think about it. I could see he was tired of considering me as a messenger any longer. I felt in the queerest way my best strength, my *value*, all going when I found him beginning to look at me as just a girl. He asked me questions that had n’t a thing to do with the great business. They were kind questions; oh, yes, kind, and as if he were really interested. He gave me a feeling, too, that he’d make everything all right. He made me feel very small and insignificant myself, but mighty proud of America.”

“He seems to have taken your measure very accurately.”

“What do you mean by that?” she asked, up in arms.

“Oh, we’ve been told he knows how to deal with women. He can manage even the Suffragettes.”

“Now you are a little spiteful. I know. You are jealous because *you* have n’t got a President. *You’ve* only got George.”

“I’ve come to be grateful for George,” said Napier, fervently.

“That may be, but nobody can call him exciting.”

Napier assured her that was the precise ground of his gratitude.

The assurance went unheeded. She was still simmering with the excitement of her interview.

“Now the President *is* exciting. Perfectly wonderful, *I* call him. And perfectly splendid about peace, though he *did* say”—the little pucker gathered be-

tween her brows—"he *did* say we might have to fight for it. I forgot to ask him what he meant by that. I shall be dying to hear what you think about him. Could n't we"—she hesitated, and then as Napier did not make the hoped-for suggestion she made it herself—"could n't we meet?"

"Nothing I'd like better—if you're not with—if you're here with your mother."

No, her mother was still in New York with the children. That was one reason Nan was having to go back. Anyway, Mrs. Ellis was leaving on Saturday for California.

"Father needs her, and she says I don't, now I have Greta."

"I see; you have Greta."

"Greta is dining out to-night." She scanned his face with an expression which, in the retrospect, comforted him even more than to remember her delight at the arrangement finally made. He was to call for her. "Not later than half-past seven," because she had the packing to do before bed-time. Yes, they were going to New York by the early train. Greta had to be in New York to-morrow night for a meeting.

"Hallet Newcomb's, I suppose?"

Nan opened her eyes.

"How odd you should guess! But *is* n't it fair-minded of her to go to a pro-Ally lecture by an Englishman?"

He smiled faintly as he hurried away.

ON the way out, after his interview with the President, Napier could not fail to see among the waiting crowd, composed chiefly of men, the very striking figure of a yellow-haired woman in deep conversation with a senator much at the moment in the public eye. But Miss von Schwarzenberg did not leave Mr. Napier's recognition to chance.

"Oh, here you are!" She turned her back on the important person and joined Napier with as much effrontery as though the meeting were what she so successfully gave the impression it was, a matter mutually arranged. In face of the absence on his part of the least response, she walked on at his side. "I'm the only one here in all this throng," she said in a confidential tone, "who is n't waiting to see the President."

"That's a lie!" he said to himself as he stalked on.

"I'm waiting to see you. You must bear with me, I'm afraid," she said in gentle accents. "It's about Nan. You have n't been to see her because I'm there. Is n't that a pity?"

Napier's apparent obliviousness of her presence vanished. He made no effort to keep his indignation out of his face as he stopped abruptly to say:

"I decline to discuss that or anything else with you." He turned his back on her with unmistakable finality, marched out into the corridor, and so to the columned porch, with never a look behind.

Napier had n't often betrayed in public such heat of anger as the woman's audacity had stirred in him. Much she cared! he told himself, still tingling. She would shrug her handsome shoulders and return to her senator. Presently she would be entering the sanctum Napier had just left. To-morrow, in Mr. Hallet Newcomb's audience. Newcomb was one of those Britons invited by American friends to come and correct transatlantic misapprehension and to present facts. Yet even such unorganized and unofficial efforts, so slight in sum, were not suffered by the thoroughgoing German propagandists to pass unchallenged or unneutralized. In this connection Roderick Taylor had set down to Miss Greta's credit an astute discovery. It was that, as some one put the case, "pro-Ally Americans stayed away from these meetings in vast numbers." Your pro-Ally American did n't need converting. He was occupied in other ways. What he failed to recognize was that in the absence of a sufficiently represented pro-Ally element in these audiences, Miss Greta's confederates, judiciously disposed about the hall, could and frequently did get up a powerful and "spontaneous" pro-German demonstration. By this means certain meetings convened in the interests of the Allies were turned into triumph for their enemies.

IN front of Napier, at the office desk in Miss Ellis's hotel, stood a man impressing on the clerk in an undertone the importance of a letter he had brought. Could he have a receipt for it? Could

he see the bell-boy who was to deliver it? That business despatched, the clerk was free to attend to Mr. Napier. Yes, he had been told a gentleman of that name would call for Miss Ellis at 7:30. A bell-boy was waiting to take Mr. Napier up. Side by side in the elevator they shot through story after story, to be set down near the roof. With his thumb pressing the envelop to a little brass tray, the bell-boy held in its place, address face-downward, the much-sealed packet which had been the object of so much solicitude. At the end of an interminable corridor the soft-footed bell-boy tapped at a door. Without waiting, he opened it and went in, returning almost at once with the tray empty and the words, "This way, sir." The instant Napier was over the threshold, the door was shut behind him. He stood facing Miss von Schwarzenberg. She had risen in the act of laying the sealed packet on the table. In the midst of his surprise Napier mentally registered the fact that he had never seen her in more brilliant good looks. She was wearing over her dinner dress a superb fur coat, thrown back to show her jeweled neck.

"I am too early," Napier said. "I will wait down-stairs."

"You are not too early. It is Nan who is late. She won't be a minute." Miss Greta pointed to a chair as Napier stood that instant rigid by the door. "*Don't*," she cried softly—"don't be so hard upon me! Can't you see that I'm not standing in your way any more?"

"If that is so, you have your own reason for it." He turned and laid his hand on the door-handle. These American fastenings! He turned the knob fruitlessly.

"Don't be so hard!" She had come toward him; her voice burred softly over his shoulder. "When I'm trying to keep the straight road, *don't* force me down into the dark ways I abhor. Oh, listen, Gavan! Give me a chance to explain!"

"What's the matter with this door?" he demanded.

"How do I know?" She pressed her lace handkerchief to her lips.

He rattled the handle.

"For God's sake! don't make a

scene!" she cried in a harsh whisper. "Are you so bent on humiliating me both in private and in public as you did this morning? Another woman would n't forgive you this morning. And now, again, you want to humiliate me. Before hotel servants!"

"You told that bell-boy to fasten the door."

"Hush! For Nan's sake, anyway, don't make a scandal here!"

Napier turned and looked at her.

"Whatever your motive is for this, you are wasting time."

"Not if you give me five minutes to explain. For you, too," she said with meaning, "it won't be wasting time."

His answer was to lift his hand and press the electric bell.

"Ah,"—she stepped back,—"*you* are implacable! You—you don't care how much you injure yourself if only you can injure me. Yes, you!" She broke off and turned away. For several moments she stood in that attitude, giving him ample time to relent, her meek head bent, the dazzling whiteness of her neck set off by the dark fur collar falling away from her shoulders. The silence was broken at last by a stifled sob as she carried her handkerchief to her lips and began to walk up and down. "I can't disguise it from myself any longer. You"—she stopped in the middle of the room—"you are the great disaster of my life." She waited. She gave him time to disavow the rôle. "Very well"—she folded her arms under the heavy fur—"very well," she repeated with a quiet intensity, "I shall not go out of *your* life, either, without leaving my mark. She shall make it up to me! Yes, and she shall make it up to Julian Grant for what he has given and lost. Be sure I shall see to that!" She came forward with an air of great dignity, slipped some catch, and opened the door. "Go!" she said in a penetrating voice.

Out of the elevator that shot up in response to Napier's ring stepped the same bell-boy. A last look back showed him running down the corridor, one of the long list of Greta's slaves.

The elevator stopped at the second floor. Nan stood waiting.

"Why," she exclaimed with bound-

less surprise, "where *have* you come from?"

"There has been some mistake," Napier said. "I was taken to the wrong floor."

"I should think so! I was going down to see if my message had been forgotten. Wait! Oh, come while I get my gloves."

She disappeared through a sitting-room into a room beyond. Clearly Greta had taken some trouble to achieve her brief tête-à-tête.

As Nan came back, drawing on a long white glove, Napier was aware of some one coming down the stairs at a flying pace, some one for whom express elevators ran too slowly. A moment after the terrified face of the bell-boy appeared at the open door. "Come! Come quick! She's dying!"

"Who is dying? What has happened?" Nan demanded.

"Miss von Schwarzenberg," he gasped. "Quick!"

"But Miss von Schwarzenberg has gone out!"

"No! no! She's up-stairs. Come quick, or it will be too late." He rushed to the elevator and rang. "It's coming!" he cried over his shoulder.

"Is he crazy?" Nan asked, dazed, but following Napier.

"It is probably some device to prevent your going out with me," he said as the elevator stopped.

Again the boy sped down that interminable upper corridor, the two hurrying at his heels.

"I'll wait for you," Napier said. They had come to the door which the boy had not dared to open till he was supported by the presence of others. He knocked now, opened, and stood back.

Greta, in the arm-chair, the fur coat at her feet, had flung bare arms out across the table and half sat, half lay there, moaning, with hidden face.

Nan rushed in and took the woman in her arms. Napier, full of disgust for what he looked on as a piece of cheap theatricalism, was startled as the face fell back against Nan's shoulder. That it should be so blotched, so disfigured in that short time, bore witness to the violence of whatever the feeling was that

had torn and still was tearing the woman. More than by any other sign, the fact that her heavy hair had become loosened unbecomingly, grotesquely, brought Napier the conviction that for once Greta von Schwarzenberg was n't acting. The great yellow mass of braids and curls had lurched over one ear, giving a look more of drunkenness than grief to the convulsed face. That one glimpse was enough. Napier turned away and paced the corridor for those leaden-footed minutes till Nan ran out, looking blindly up and down.

"Where are you? Oh, the most cruel, awful thing has happened! She has just had this letter. Greta's lover—Ernst Pforzheim is dead." The girl's eyes were full of tears. "Think of poor Greta running away up here to hide herself so as not to interfere with my pleasure!"

"Have you heard—any details?" Napier detained her to ask.

"Only that he died for the fatherland."

For all Taylor's professed anxiety to have Napier's report of his interview with the President, he was late. He was very late. Macray had looked in twice, the lines in his fallow face deepening as the black-rimmed glasses verified the solitary figure in the room.

Finally he came in and closed the door. He crossed the long room and stood at Napier's side before he said with that brisk familiarity that cost Napier something not to resent:

"Remember that shady Bureau de Change, Mr. Taylor told you about?" As Napier did not instantly respond, Macray went on in his bloomy telegraphese, "Suspicious boom since Schwarz's reappearance."

Oh, yes, Napier remembered *that*.

"Hahn—fellow we've had investigating—waiting for Taylor two mortal hours. Off to Chicago to-night—Hahn. 'Fore he goes, detail in bureau business got to be established. Hahn wants to go openly—one of the public—see 'f he c'n do business."

"Well, what's the objection?"

"No objection. Only Taylor's kept him waitin' such an infernal time, Hahn won't be able lay hands on anybody

right sort before bureau shuts. Wants a witness. Fellow seems think I c'n hang fishin'-line out the window and hook what he calls 'suitable witness.' S'pose *you* would n't."

Napier was growing accustomed to exigencies and odd manners. He had the man in. Once or twice before he'd seen here the clean-shaven young German-American, with his look of the typical waiter, which he was n't, overfed, under-exercised, a little scornful, with a leaden eye fixed on the main chance. One thought instinctively of tips as one's own eye, leaden or otherwise, took in his "waiting" air. He regarded his prospective companion without enthusiasm.

"You can't wear a stove-pipe hat," he said, "and you'd have to borrow a different overcoat."

Napier's instinctive reluctance was overborne by Macray's misinterpreting its origin.

"Schwarz won't be there. No fear. All same, no sense exciting remark."

Napier in his turn made no secret of the ground of his special interest in the enterprise.

"Why do you think she's behind this concern?"

Macray's curt: "Don't think. Know," decided Napier.

Two flights up, in a derelict office building on lower Broadway, they found a back room with a number on the door. It bore no business sign, no name.

The arrangement that Hahn should do the talking was initiated in the German tongue as they climbed the dingy stairs. Napier's secret uneasiness took alarm at the sound of steps behind. He looked back. On the first landing, under the flaring gas, which of itself was a sign of the outworn character of the place, a shabby old man in a fur cap was coming up behind them. Coming stealthily, Napier felt. But Hahn talked on stolidly about a hypothetical family in Karlsruhe. He knocked at the door, and then went in.

A bald head, with outstanding ears, bent over a table, reading. The gas jet, directly above, was set in a green tin reflector, and all the light in the room seemed to concentrate itself on that

corpse-white cranium; or, rather, the effect was as though the masked light, instead of being thrown on the man's head, had its origin there. A polished and luminous orb, it seemed to contain the shining like one of those porcelain globes over the old-time lamps.

"Is dis de blace where I can send money to Sharmany?" Hahn inquired.

"Yep," said the clerk. "Shut the door, will you?"

Hahn had not budged.

"Bott safe, *hein*?" he said.

"Absolute." The man got up and shut the door. It was a drafty old place, he said. "Safe?" he said, resuming his place and gathering the light to himself again. This was not only a safe way; it was the only safe way.

Hahn produced a worn pocket-book. He wanted to send fifteen dollars to Karlsruhe.

Fifteen dollars? It was a long way to send only fifteen dollars. The worst of it was, the commission was heavier in proportion for a small sum like that. It cost the company as much to send fifteen dollars as it would cost to send five hundred.

"Vot gompany?"

"This one. Who sent you here?"

"Fleischmann, Sevent' Avenue."

"Well, did n't he tell you about the company?"

"All Fleischmann tell me is de address." What he wanted, Hahn went on, was to send fifteen dollars every fortnight.

"To this—" The polished head bent over the address.

Hahn opened his pocket-book and fingered some bills. But how was he to know the money had reached Karlsruhe?

"Simple enough; we guarantee it. I give you a receipt." The man opened a book of printed forms, dipped a pen into a dirty inkstand, and wrote the date.

How long, the visitor insisted, before he would hear from his family that the money had come?

"Depends on how soon they write." The tone was distinctly superior. "Family habits in these matters are different, we find."

His family acknowledged their letters

instantly, Hahn said, if they got them. They *had n't* been getting them.

"You have been here before?"

"No."

"I thought not. Then why did you expect your letters to get through, above all if they had money in them?" The unshadowed eyes in the pudding visage rested on the three five-dollar bills Hahn still held in his hand.

Hahn wished to know how soon he might hear if his family acknowledged at once.

"As a rule inside six weeks."

What would be the longest time, Hahn then wished to know.

"Two months—"

"It is a lie!" came from a crack in the noiselessly opened door. At a child's height from the floor a fur cap was thrust in. The gray beard sticking out beyond the mangy headgear gave the old face a fierceness instantly contradicted by the eyes.

"I haf a letter," he said, trembling with excitement. "De money I send two mont' before Christmas it nefer come. De money my friend send t'ree week before dat it nefer come. You gif me my money back!" He came in, swinging his greasy coat-tails about his shambling legs. "Here is de baper to show you get my money."

The altercation went on in German, with excuses, threats. "Get out, or the police—"

"Oh, you vill not like the bolice here."

There was righteous anger on the part of the man at the desk; but a certain caution, too. Nobody could say at a time like this that in one case out of thousands something wholly unforeseen might not happen to delay—

"It is *not* delayed!" the little man screamed. "It did not come! It vill not come! Where is it? Gif it back!"

"Ah-h, I remember you now!" the unlashd eyelids narrowed. "In your case, and to an address like that—"

"Vot de matter vid de address?" screamed the old man. "Berfectly goot address!"

"I warned you it would be wisest to insure." He turned bruskiy away from the agitated figure. "I will talk to you when I've finished. These gentlemen are in a hurry."

"Not at all. No, certainly not." Hahn backed to the door. He would wait.

"Vy to insure," the old man was shrilling, "if to send by you is, like you said, so safe? *Hein?*" He leaned over and hammered the ink-stained desk with a dirty fist.

The man behind the receipt-book shifted his position. He got up, and the light in the globe he bore on his shoulders was extinguished as by the turn of a screw. Hands in pocket, he stood in a shadow above the green reflector.

"Safe money undoubtedly is in our hands," he said. "If," he repeated, "in one case out of a thousand it gets out of our hands, what then? Maybe you have heard there is a war? Maybe you can read?"

The old man gibbered with rage and offended pride; but the lines of defeat, which life had stamped on his face, deepened.

"Very well," said the other, with an effrontery that said he had marked the signs, "since you can read, you know who it is who robs the mails. Only twice since the war have they caught us, and we have sent tens of thousands of dollars. Ask the thieves of English where your money is!"

"Ai!" In the middle of the tirade the old man had turned away and spread out his hands in impotent grief.

"In war," the agent called after the broken figure—"in war it is wise to insure."

"Gone! All gone! Ai!" The quavering old voice trailed down the dingy stair.

Hahn mumbled an excuse, and the two new clients withdrew despite vigorous protests. Once outside the room, Hahn plunged down the two flights as though in fear of his life. When Napier reached the street there was no trace anywhere of either the old man or of Hahn.

He recognized their collaboration in the account given in the New York papers, a few days later, of an exposure of one of the several concerns, all, it was hinted, under one (unnamed) management which, with no capital beyond a back room, a table, a chair, and a

clerk behind a book of receipt "blanks," raked in hundreds and thousands from gullible people who thought they were helping their friends in Germany.

CHAPTER XXV

"SCHWARZENBERG and her friends will be a little straitened for a while after this," said Taylor.

The expression "her friends" grated on Napier, and Napier was already in a restless, uncertain mood. Taylor had noticed that. Significant as both men deemed the interview with the President, Napier had hurried over it to canvass and sift the Hahn adventure.

Taylor, lounging on the sofa, sipped his liqueur at his ease. How did he know the bulk of the bureau's money went into Schwarzenberg's pocket? Two reasons. First, she'd earned it. Languishing business doing a roaring trade from the moment she took hold. Second, the fellow she set to watch the rogues she'd put in charge was a rogue himself.

"Oh, we've deserved well of our country in blocking up a few of those rat-holes," Taylor concluded.

"My interest in it," Napier paused to say, "was n't pure patriotism. It's made me pretty sick to see this Miss Ellis—rather a friend of mine she is, very intimate with my chief's family—so hopelessly taken in. I had an idea this bureau business might show up—"

Taylor abandoned his lounging posture. He sat looking at Napier very steadily out of his greenish eyes.

"Oh, I quite understand," Napier went on, "the exposure is too discreet to be of any use to me."

"I should rather think so!" remarked Mr. Taylor.

"All the same, it is n't fair, leaving people like the Ellis's in the dark. The mother is off to the Pacific coast to-morrow." Napier was due at their hotel in half an hour. He was going to talk to them.

Still Taylor sat there, regarding his guest through a haze of cigar smoke.

"I thought," he said after a moment, "you mentioned that you had talked to them—to the girl, anyway."

"I said I'd told Miss Ellis what Sin-

gleton found in Schwarzenberg's box. And God knows that *ought* to have been enough—"

"Too much," said Taylor, quietly. "Of course they passed it on to Schwarzenberg."

Napier doubted that.

"You don't know the Ellis's," he said, ignoring the limitations of his own acquaintance. No, his mistake had not been in telling too much. His mistake was that he had n't told the Ellis's enough. He was going to repair the mistake to-night.

"How are you going to do that?" Taylor asked in the same careful tone.

By telling them—telling the girl, anyway—that he'd avoided telling her before—the *proved* desperate character of this woman's accomplices.

A peculiar fixity came into Taylor's green eyes.

"You can't pass on information we've put in your way here."

"Certainly not," returned Napier with some heat. "What I shall tell has nothing whatever to do with you. I sha'n't hint bureau." Again he consulted his watch. The time dragged.

"You'd mind, I suppose, giving me an idea what you do mean to hint?"

"I sha'n't hint at all. And I've come here to-night expressly to tell you, first, that I mean the Ellises to know about Gull Island and Greta von Schwarzenberg's connection with it and with the man we found there, sending wireless information to the enemy."

There was silence in the room.

"I dare say you are wondering why, in the face of the exigency, I've put it off?"

Taylor had stopped smoking, but he said nothing.

"If I'd told her what I found Carl Pforzheim up to on Gull Island, she'd have to know what became of Carl. Well, I'm now going to tell her."

"You can't do that!" Taylor had come to life. He leaned forward, blinking his white lashes as if a cinder had blown in his eye.

"Why can't I?"

"For one thing, telling the Ellis's would be as good as giving Schwarzenberg the key to the whole Gull Island business."

"Well, why not? Do her good. Put the fear of God into her, perhaps. And she can't spoil a game that's over and ended."

Taylor laid down his cigar.

"The Gull Island game," he said in his guarded voice, "*is n't* over and ended."

Napier turned sharply and stood waiting.

"We've got one of our best men there this minute, playing Carl Pforzheim." Taylor nodded in the face of Napier's stark astonishment. "Your friend Singleton. He's managed the Gull Island job from the beginning. Went up again the day after you were there. Wirelessly the German agent at Amsterdam that he'd had wind of a raid on the island. He was going to destroy every trace and get out. Singleton saw to it that the truth of that much was verified, and duly reported to the Wilhelmstrasse. He promised them—still, of course, in the character of Pforzheim—to get back to the island as soon as it was safe. Well, he has got back."

"What the devil could he tell of any use to Germany that was n't fatal to us?" Napier demanded.

"You don't yet appreciate the situation," Taylor said softly. "It's a post of special advantage just because the man in charge can choose his own time to be there. He can give important information that reaches Germany the merest trifle too late, or information that he knows they've had already from another quarter. They're fond of verifying their intelligence. And he tells them things they want to believe and can't check—things they have to take his word for, things that will throw dust in the eyes they count on seeing clearest. I tell you, Gull Island is one of the cogs in the wheel of the British machine. You won't mind if I'm frank? Well, then, you'd have hard work to commit any indiscretion"—Taylor rubbed it in—"that would serve Schwarzenberg's ends so well as to enable her to warn the Germans that a British decoy was nesting in Carl Pforzheim's place."

As he stood there, a prey to increasing uneasiness, Napier had his further

glimpse of one of the disintegrating effects of wartime. The unknown quantity in character. How that had been forced home! Taylor had seemed "one of the best." No one in the British service was more trusted, and, Napier's instinct told him, no one more justly. None the less, Napier did n't see headquarters writing "all this" from the other side.

"I suppose," he found himself saying, "I ought n't to ask you how you heard about the decoy duck on the island?"

"Well"—Taylor reflected an instant,—"after all, my instructions—yes, I'll tell you. I have it on the best possible authority. Ernst Pforzheim told me."

"Ernst! Ernst Pforzheim is in an English prison, or, rather, he was before—"

"Exactly. Before he became of such use to our side. Clever dog as that fellow Singleton is, he could n't have worked the Gull Island oracle without Ernst Pforzheim's help."

Ernst had helped Singleton! No! no! there were limits. It was, anyway, safe to say, "You must in that case rather deplore his death."

"What makes you think he's dead?" Taylor asked.

"His particular friend, Miss von Schwarzenberg, had the news yesterday."

"She had, had she? Ha! ha! The canny Ernst!" Taylor subdued his mirth to say: "Just so. Wilhelmstrasse does n't have the news. *We're* all right; and Master Ernst can go on drawing pay from two governments. Oh, he's a very practical person, Ernst. The situation is his own invention. A piece of 'war economy,' he called it. 'You English hard up for ammunition. Why waste it shooting a spy when he can give you more valuable information than anybody in the German Secret Service?'"

"You can't seriously mean we were such fools as to trust a man like that?"

"So far from trusting him, we keep him under surveillance every hour of his life. Two of our men specially detailed."

"You are n't telling me he's over here!"

"Been here six weeks."

"Then he 's a free man!"

Taylor smiled.

"A man who 's been doing the sort of business Ernst has is never a free man. Nobody knows better than Ernst how little his life would be worth if he took any liberties. And why should he? This is his harvest-time. He knows he 'll get more out of us than—"

"Than out of Germany?"

"Rather! They 'd ask very awkward questions of Ernst in Germany; he can evade them here. But there 's a day of reckoning waiting for Mr. Ernst in the fatherland. No one knows better than he that he 's safer with us, looked after by two capital fellows, till after the war. Then off to South America with a fat bank-account. And, by Jove! he 'll have earned it! The cheek of the devil! Except for one enterprise!" and Mr. Taylor chuckled as he relit his cigar.

"We 'd been wondering," he went on, "Macray and I, why the beggar had grown so content never to go out. No more music, no theater, no smart restaurants, and so far as *we* could see, no reason on earth why, with one or other of the men who stiek to him day and night, he *should n't* revisit his old haunts. Not he!" Again that pleased chuckle. "Not so long as Greta von Schwarzenberg is circulating about New York!"

"Why, he and she are, or they were, thick as thieves."

Taylor nodded.

"And it would be undeniably useful to have that relation continue. It 's where our friend draws the line. 'All very well to laugh,' he says to me, '*you* don't know the woman. I do. *Nein danke.*' So he sits and smokes and plays cards, drinks and overeats himself, and is losing his figure. I can take you round any evening, and you 'll see for yourself."

"I 'VE come to say good-by." Napier stood before Nan Ellis in the great public parlor of her hotel. More and more his most private experiences of American life had seemed conditioned by the vast restlessness of these places. He noticed that Nan, like many of her compatriots, was able to achieve an obliviousness to such surroundings that

amounted to a kind of privacy. Instead of relinquishing his hand, she had clutched it tighter:

"You are not going back to England?"

"What 's the use of my staying here?"

"The use?" She let go his hand. Napier received the impression that the lowering of her tone was less attributable to two or three other absorbed groups seated about the great room, less to that fact than to some sudden rush of feeling that clouded her voice. "You are safe here."

He looked at her for a moment. Deliberately he shook off the impression her tone more than her words had made.

"No,"—he shook his head,—"*I 'm far from safe where you can ring me up.*"

"You don't *like* me to ring you up?" He could have laughed if he 'd been less oppressed.

"It 's no use. I see I can't do anything to protect you. I might as well be on the other side of the world."

"No! no!" she protested with an eagerness that caught her breath. "Besides, you are very far from sure of *getting* to the other side of the world as things are."

His look of angry scorn for the contingency implied agitated her.

"Oh, *do* believe me! This is a thing I know more about than you do."

"It is n't a knowledge you should have," he said sternly.

She swept the rebuke aside in her alarm.

"Don't imagine," she said in that strained undertone—"don't imagine the warnings in the papers are n't serious. It is one of the things I could n't write. Why did n't you come and see me and my mother last Thursday?"

He was aware of being as little able now, face to face, as he had been that night, to paraphrase his reasons for feeling, after Taylor had bared all use of the Gull Island evidence that it was n't humanly possible to go and make idle conversation with Nan and her mother. He dropped out mumbled phrases, "Unexpected business," having "to go to Washington," and was there anything else she had n't been able to write?

Yes, yes. There was a great deal more, more than she had any right to say. But this much she must tell him: "You are n't to ask me how I know, and you won't ask me to tell you more than I've a right to. I have a right!" She flashed an instant's defiance at some unseen opponent. "Or I'll take it, anyhow. The torpedoing is going to be extended. Yes," she said as though to convince her own shrinking incredulity as much as his. "Neutral as well as enemy ships. They're going on till England is as isolated as she's isolated Germany. If England won't believe that, if England does n't *realize*,"—she waited an instant as if to give him time to throw out a life-line of hope to her proviso,—“then,” she said as she took in Napier's motionless figure and stern face—“then what's before is too horrible.”

"I am glad you recognize the horror of the German policy."

"What good will that do?" she began hurriedly; and then half to herself: "But you simply *must n't*! You did n't know, perhaps," she leaned nearer, "passenger-boats have been carrying guns."

"Really?" said Napier.

She nodded.

"It's true. And that's why the Germans say they will sink passenger-boats. So they can't be used any more by travelers, now that they're warned."

"You see it as simple as that? Germany is to tell neutrals they are not to travel even in neutral waters!"

"If we don't use passenger-boats *for* passenger-boats, they are n't passenger-boats any more." (Napier heard Schwarzenberg speaking.) "They go loaded to the guards! Yes, war material for the Allies."

"If that is so, why is it? Would you see the Allies punished, enslaved, because the Allies have n't, as Germany has, devoted the last forty years to making and accumulating arms? Germany—"

"Oh, it's *America* I'm thinking of—after you!" she threw in. "If America's part is going to be just to grow richer and richer out of this awfulness, I don't know how I shall bear it. And that's what I'm telling Julian. But

all that,"—she swept it aside with one of those quick motions of a flashing hand,—“if I *beg* you not to go—”

"It's no use," said Napier.

"Nothing I could say or *do*?"

He shook his head.

"Very well, then," she said with hurt mouth that quivered, "what is the name of the boat?"

He considered a moment. "Don't you think it would be very indiscreet of me to tell you?"

"It will be the discreetest thing you ever did in your life."

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know because"—again she bent to him—"because there's a black-list." He saw her eyes bright with terror. "You must give me time to find out."

"I see," he interrupted. "You would like me to owe my life to Greta von Schwarzenberg."

"To me, Gavan,"—the pallor of her face yielded to a sudden flush,—“if you could bear that.”

"I have n't decided on my boat," he said.

"But I thought you came to say good-bye?"

He was going on a few weeks' tour on this side, he said.

"Whereabouts are you going to tour?" When she had waited for the answer that did n't come she said: "You're afraid I'll tell. Everybody's afraid every one else will tell. Everybody's changed."

"Not Miss Greta, surely?"

"Greta as much as anybody," she flung out. And then, as though she regretted that ebullition, she added hastily: "I suppose I must n't ask you—what next, after the few weeks' tour."

"Yes, you may ask that," Napier said, the smile going out of his eyes. "France next."

They parted with no hint from him of the fact that one result of his second visit to Washington had been an extension of the highly successful unofficial mission.

He returned to New York early in May, to find the country in a state of excitement such as the United States had not known since the assassination of Lincoln. Some twenty-four hours

before, the Germans had torpedoed the *Lusitania*. Fifteen hundred lives had been sacrificed. The effect on Napier was the effect on many. The *Lusitania* dead recruited thousands.

On the afternoon of the day of his arrival in New York, Napier returned to his hotel, having engaged passage to England by the next ship.

A lady, he was told, waited to see him. He kept telling himself that he knew it would be Nan he should find waiting; but he was not in the least prepared for the Nan he found, nor for that low exclamation: "At last! At last!" nor for the shaken voice in which she disposed of his question how had she known.

"An arrangement with the clerk," she said, to ring her up as soon—

"And *that* was before!"

"Yes, before the awful news." A shuddering vagueness seemed to close about her like a mist. It shut out the moment's shining at his coming. He could see that blank horror at the tragedy obscured for the moment everything else in life.

Only Napier, it seemed, felt the added strain of this coming and going of excited people, the bringing in of telegrams, the dictating of others. The girl paid no more attention to the other people scattered about the great room, to their tension or their tears, than they to hers. As she turned to throw her trembling body down in a chair by the window, her wild looks startled Napier.

"And did you see what the papers said?"

The terrible newspaper accounts, which he had not yet found time to read, she had by heart. Behind that veil of nervous vagueness he caught glimpses of the intensity of her realization—her participation, one might say—in the scenes off the Irish coast.

"Had you any special friend on board?" he asked.

"Special fr—" she repeated in that low voice. And then her note climbed quickly to what for her was the climax of that huge disaster. "They were Americans!" So she confessed that limitation which faulty imagination set to our humanity—a limitation she had imagined she despised. "Americans

they were, and innocent. I keep thinking most of the children. There were such lots of children, Gavan, on that boat. I kept seeing them all night long. I could hear their voices growing weaker—" her own failed her for a moment. And when she found it again, it was a different voice altogether, firm and bitter. "People say to me, 'the *Lusitania* was warned not to sail.'"

Yes, Napier had heard that was so.

"As if *that* could excuse! It's what Greta says. 'They were warned,' she keeps repeating. 'They disobeyed the warning.' The little children, the babies disobeyed the German warning! Oh-h!" The small tightened fist beat upon one knee to call back the self-control that threatened to desert her. "I've had a horrible morning with Greta. She—something has died in Greta. I'd been feeling ever since—" Again she broke off and seemed to seize upon comparative commonplace to steady her nerves. "It was true about her being married. She admitted it the day she read of Mr. Guedalla's death in the paper. She got some money—it was n't her not telling us she was married; it was other things. Oh, I've been unhappy enough! But this—*this*! Gavan, I could n't get her to say it was horrible. She was n't even sorry. Oh, Gavan, she was glad!" Her locked fingers writhed in her lap. She seemed not to know that she was crying. "What do you think she said at last? 'It would be a lesson,' she said. A lesson! To torture and kill fifteen hundred innocent people. A lesson to the children! To little babies!" She turned her quivering face away a moment. "I think," she said under her broken breath—"I think I should have gone mad if you had n't come back. Oh, I'm so glad you're back!"

He simply had n't the courage to tell her at that moment he was going to sail for England the following day. He told her in a very gentle little note sent late in the afternoon. They were to dine together.

She met him with steady looks.

"I've cabled to Julian," she said immediately, "that I'm coming back with you."

The *Parnassian* was to sail at ten.

Napier had stood outside the entrance to the dock, waiting for Nan, since ten minutes past nine. At twenty minutes to ten there she was at last.

"But where is your luggage?" he called out. He had warned her not to trust it to other hands. In that second before the cab drew alongside something in the face at the window prepared him for the answer.

"That 's why I am late. I had to have everything taken off. And I tried to telephone you. Just as I was leaving—this." She held a paper toward him as she got out of the cab. She stood there while he read:

I depend on your waiting till I come sailing to-day Olympic.

JULIAN.

As Napier looked up, speechless in that first moment, she said:

"Serves me right," in an odd, strained voice. "As Greta said, I was running away." She put out her hand and steadied herself against the window-frame of the cab. "Where you 're going they shoot deserters, don't they? Well, I 've been shot. Oh, not fatally! just in the leg. Enough to stop me."

"You 'll wait for Julian?" Napier said.

"What else is possible?" She hung her head. "They 've depended on me. But when he comes,"—her breast heaved as she brought it out,—"I shall tell him."

"Tell Julian! What shall you tell Julian?"

The lifted eyes were swimming.

"That it 's *you*. That to see you go without me breaks my heart."

"Nan!" he cried, and took her by the arm. He walked her a little way from the entrance.

"I think," he went on gravely, "I *would n't* tell Julian. You see, Nan, you 've got to consider that I may n't be coming back." He hurried on. He did n't look at her. "What 's the *use* of telling Julian? Is n't there enough misery in the world without adding to it?"

"That 's what Julian and I think,"

she said, blurring her words. "Enough misery in the world without war. You never cared about that old misery as Julian did. And that 's what makes it so—so—not to be borne that you should feel you have to go and meet the new horror out there."

"Well, I do feel like that," he said.

"And yet it is n't any longer just duty. You *want* to go!" she cried. "I saw that yesterday when we talked about the *Lusitania*."

"Yes," he said grimly, "I want to go."

"Well, so do lots of my countrymen."

And Napier could n't have told whether dismay or pride was dominant in the new note. His hand slipped down her arm and found her fingers as they turned back. Napier's valet, Day, came running out of the dock-gates. He looked distractedly across the wide, open space before the slips.

"Yes!" Napier hailed him. "I 'll be there!" He gripped her hand hard before he let it go. "Don't come to see me on board. I 'll have to run for it. Good-by." On an impulse, whether mere instinct to cover his emotion or some obscurer working of the mind behind his wretchedness, he caught Julian's cable out of her hand. He held the paper in front of his misty eyes as he hurried toward the dock entrance. The hour the message had been sent from London struck him now for the first time. He halted suddenly. In a voice harsh with the effort to keep it steady he called back:

"Did Greta know that you meant to go with me?"

"Yes," came the panting answer as she ran forward a few steps. "I told her before I saw you that I could n't bear it over here any longer. And now you—you are leaving me!" She stopped.

"You 'll lose the boat, sir!" Day called out.

Napier's last vision of Nan Ellis showed the girl still standing there looking after him and sobbing openly in the street.

This cable, he knew now was no reply to Nan's. It was the reply to some message sent hours earlier by Greta von Schwarzenberg.

OLD PHILADELPHIA

Etchings by Earl Horter



ROOKERIES

THE OLD SQUARE AND STOCK-
EXCHANGE

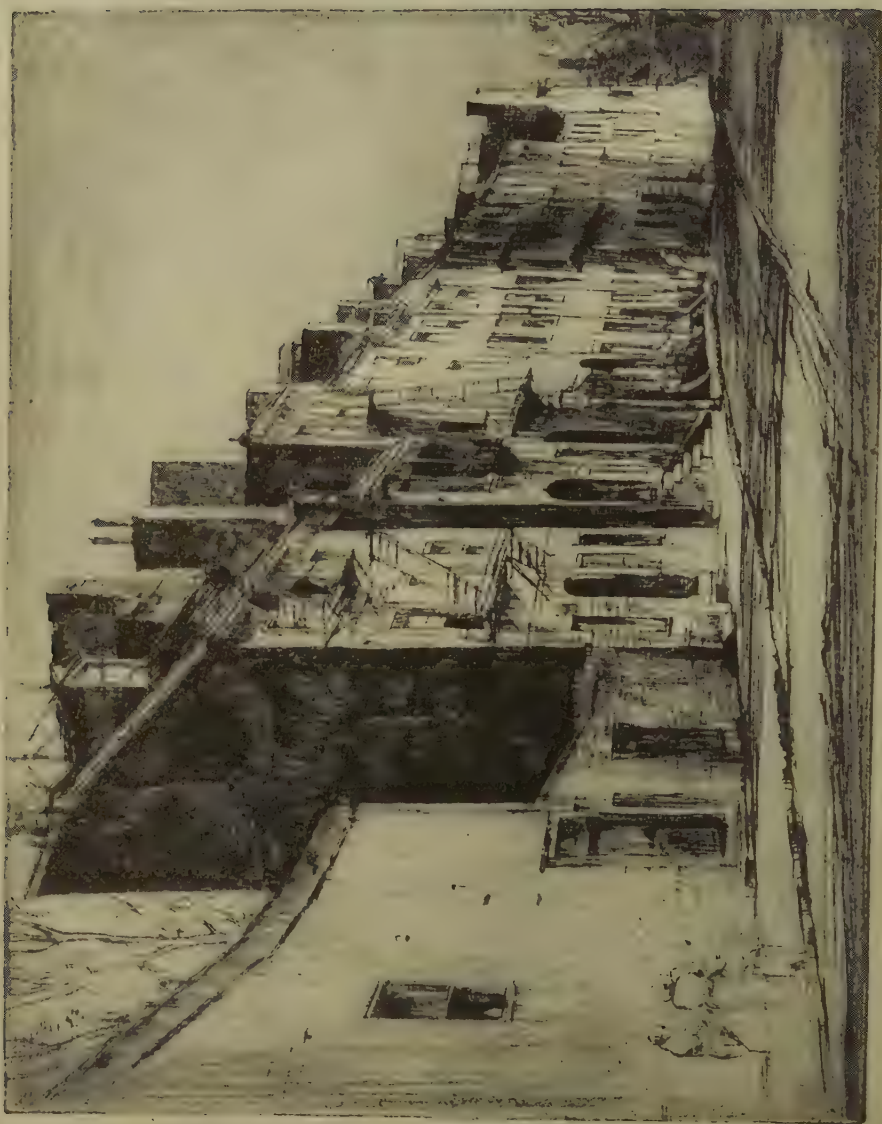
THE CATHEDRAL DOME

THE BLUE ANCHOR INN

A COLONIAL FARM-HOUSE

THE WHITE CITY

THE LITTLE CANDY SHOP



ROOKERIES



THE OLD SQUARE AND STOCK-EXCHANGE



THE CATHEDRAL DOME



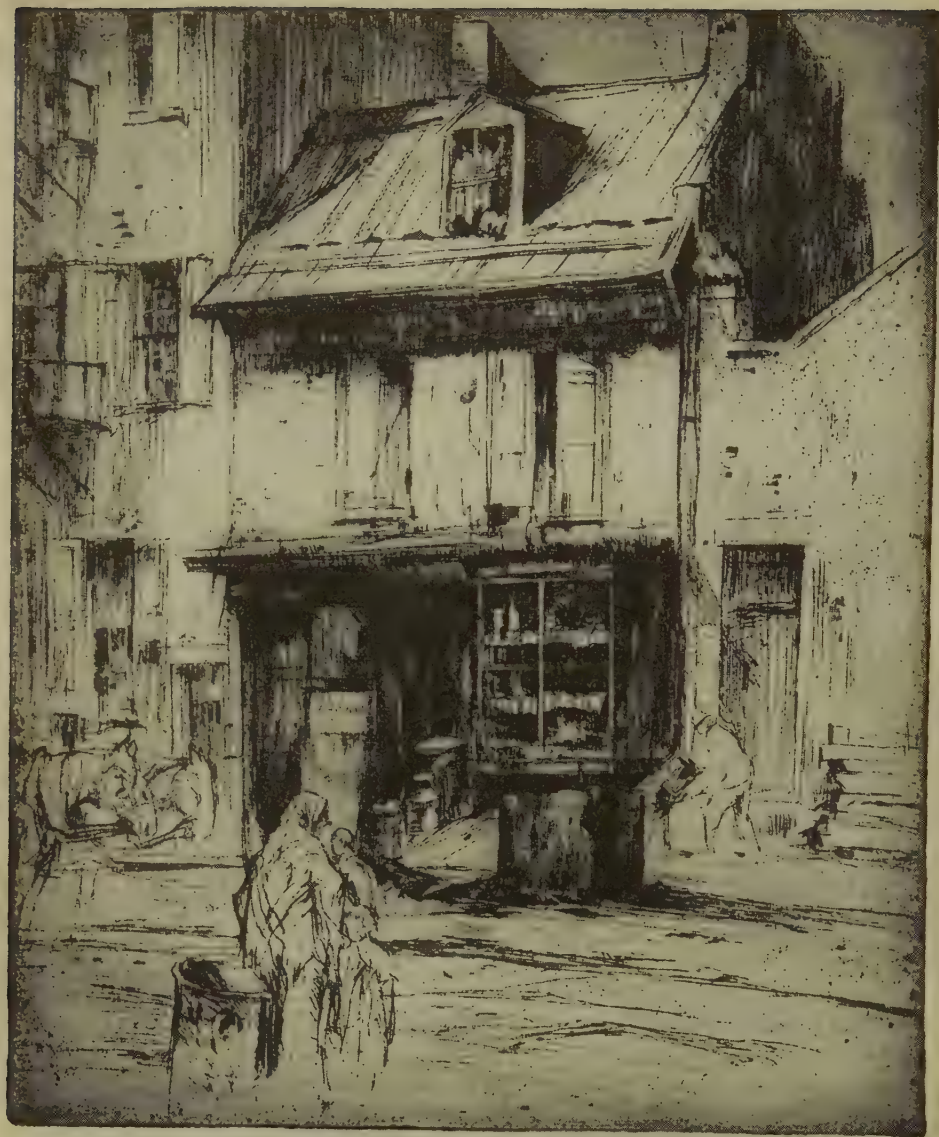
THE BLUE ANCHOR INN



A COLONIAL FARM-
HOUSE AROUND WHICH
THE CITY HAS GROWN



THE WHITE CITY



THE LITTLE CANDY SHOP

Industrial Politics

The Next Step in Industrial Relations

By GLENN FRANK

(This is the third of a series of articles in which Mr. Frank is interpreting the larger currents of thought and policy regarding the issues of business, labor, education, and other fields in which the war has either raised or made more acute problems of fundamental importance. His next article will appear in THE CENTURY for June.—THE EDITOR.)

We must see industry not simply as a process of production but as a form of association; and we must realise that the association of human beings for the purpose of industrial work involves what is just as much a problem of government as their association in the great political community which we call the State.—ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.



THE war has left the world with its face toward the dawn, impatient to crowd the progress of a century into a decade. The popular assumption, sedulously fostered by those with the greatest stake in the *status quo*, that social changes must of necessity be effected slowly, if they are to be effected safely, has been shattered. During the war men on the battle-field and in the workshop have seen how quickly the industrial standards and processes of an entire nation can be transformed when once the national will has come under the sway of a dominant and unifying motive. And men who have watched a new industrial revolution take place before their eyes within a few swift months are likely to be critical of any theory or leadership that attempts to set an unnecessarily slow schedule for progress in peace-time. If new ideas outstrip our capacity to apply them, we shall find ourselves the victims of a mischievous medley of undigested idealisms; but unless leadership abdicates in the face of its supreme opportunity, these new determinations of our time may be made the driving force of a period of unprecedented progress toward a finer

organization of our common interests and actions.

Clearly the motivating stakes of the war were certain basic principles upon the vindication of which the integrity of civilization itself hinged—the principle of right as the basis of human association, the applicability of the moral law to public affairs, and the guaranty of the weak against the lawless aggression of the strong. Regardless of the frequency with which the ghost of Machiavelli may have walked through the corridors of certain foreign offices, these were the principles that alike inspired our armies of industry and arms; these were the principles that set the tone of civilian morale; these were the principles upon which statesmen appealed to their constituencies. These principles ran through state papers and informal diplomatic conversations with the insistent recurrence of a motif, giving to the whole texture of international thought during the war the qualities of sustained and consistent purpose. A world debate ran parallel with the world war. The period of greatest distraction proved to be the period of greatest concentration upon fundamental ideas. The studied frivolities of dinner-table

conversations gave way to serious discussions of the conflict of ideas that was going on above the battle of arms. Abstract principles of political and social philosophy were turned into battle-cries, a thing crowd psychologists could have proved impossible before the war. The American people in particular were drawn into the war by an ideal rather than driven into it by an insult. And that fact will have an important bearing upon after-the-war thought and action in this country. For to awaken the war spirit of a nation with a catch-phrase that vividly expresses popular resentment to some dramatic insult is one thing; to awaken the war spirit of a nation with the lure of some fundamental principle is another thing. The catch-phrase, carried through the battle as a stimulator of morale, is forgotten in the first flush of victory; the fundamental principle has a more sustained vitality, reacting upon popular thought long after the battle and insistently demanding ultimate application. A phrase like "Remember the *Maine*" does not necessarily produce any after-war effects; but a phrase like "the world must be made safe for democracy" has in it a yeastiness that begins its real fermentation after the nation has had time to catch its breath from the exertions of war. That phrase will haunt the counsels of politics and industry for many years to come.

PLAIN PARALLEL BETWEEN INTERNATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

AS Americans begin to assess the results of their great adventure in the war and to think out the implications of the principles they helped to vindicate, a plain parallel between international and industrial relations will be recognized. Men who have had this world debate on right as the basis of human association, the moral law in public affairs, and the safeguarding of the weak against the strong, tossed back and forth over their heads as they fought in the trenches will quite naturally ask whether these principles, after being adjudged the guiding principles of international relations, should not assume similar primacy in industrial

relations. When this sense of parallel really grips the popular mind, industrial statesmanship will find itself genuinely challenged. The brevity of our part in the war may have spared us many of the depressions and robbed us of many of the disciplines of war, but the examination and discussion of the principles for which the war was fought went to greater lengths in the United States, before the war's challenge was accepted, than in any of the belligerent countries. When, therefore, Americans begin to apply to industry the political principles for which they fought, the scope and insistence of the demand for application may be greater here than in Europe, although our industrial unrest may be less dramatic and emotional.

THE BREAKDOWN OF A BALANCE OF POWER SYSTEM OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

AS a flash of lightning illuminates a landscape, the war revealed the existing systems of international and industrial relations for what they are, throwing into clear relief their essential inadequacies. Before the war many leaders both in the camp of capital and the camp of labor, from whom we had the right to expect constructive leadership, gave the problem of industrial relations but fractional consideration. They busied themselves now with this problem of wages and then with that problem of hours, but did not subject to critical examination the system of industrial relations itself. But the war has altered the attitude and widened the scope of industrial thought both in business and labor circles. And just as most statesmen have frankly acknowledged the breakdown of the old system of a balance of power and conflict of controls between nations, and asserted the necessity for a fresh ordering of international relations based upon the greatest practicable degree of coöperation, so the best brains of business and labor frankly acknowledge that the old system of a balance of power and conflict of controls between capital and labor will no more meet the future demands of peace-time than it met the demands of war-time, and that the time

has come for both capital and labor to bring high conception and courageous execution to the creation of a new order of industrial relations that will materially reduce, if not remove, the social and economic waste of the present system of competing suspicions under which labor brandishes the strike weapon and capital anticipates or parries the blow with the lock-out or the injunction, while the public plays the rôle of the harassed neutral.

THE NEW ATTITUDE OF INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP

THIS new attitude, which outstanding leaders of both capital and labor are taking toward the problem of industrial relations, is marked by certain gratifying features. A fundamental reorganization of the present system of industrial relations is looked upon as an essentially conservative measure, not as a radical experiment proposed by doctrinaires detached from profit and loss responsibility, not as the organized demand of class cupidity; but as one of those normal changes in method to meet changed conditions which intelligent administration always effects. The parallel between international and industrial relations holds good in this particular. A new international order based upon a coöperation of power rather than on a conflict of power is the only way that lies open, to those interested in sanely ordered progress, to control and administer the complicated interdependence of the modern world; it is in that sense a conservative proposal rather than the radical adventure in political knight-errantry that certain statesmen, who persist in looking wistfully over their shoulder at George Washington, contend. In international relations the choice is between clear alternatives, competition and drift or coöperation and control. In industrial relations leadership is confined to a choice between the same alternatives. Political statesmanship must choose between international association and international anarchy. Industrial statesmanship must choose between a fundamental reorganization of industrial relations upon a more democratic basis

and an intensified class struggle, with revolution as a probability to be reckoned with. The former means for society economy and conservative progress, the latter means costly radical excess.

Another gratifying feature of this new attitude is that its adherents are not wasting their energy and further complicating the situation by abusing either organized capital or organized labor; they are concerned with the using of both in the structure and processes of the new order. That capitalists have in certain instances abused the power of the lock-out and the injunction is granted. That labor leaders have in certain instances abused the power of the strike is granted. But it is beside the mark to try to correct such abuses by bitter arraignment either of the anti-social capitalists or the anti-social labor leaders in question; both are the inevitable and logical product of an anti-social system of industrial relations. And the average American who criticizes them would act exactly the same were he in their position, with their responsibility to their fellows, and their limited choice of instruments of influence under the prevailing system.

WHY HALF-MEASURES WILL FAIL

THE most important thing in the whole intellectual approach, on the part of the leaders of business and labor, to this problem of industrial relations and social unrest is to see that what is at issue is the fundamental reorganization of a system, not the haphazard patching up of an old system. Whether it meets our wishes or not, the time for half-measures is past. Half-measures may delay, they cannot prevent, the social revolution toward which the present "armed-camp" system of industrial relations is inevitably working. The advocate of the half-measure is only a slightly less effective ally of the revolutionary than is the blind reactionary. This holds true even in the case of those willing to go far in the matter of repairs. There are on all hands men who say: "This is a time of unrest. The workers are everywhere becoming

articulate, demanding their place in the sun. If our businesses are to succeed, we must adjust our methods to this fact, just as we change the weight of our clothing when we go into a milder or more severe climate. We may be obliged to make some rather costly concessions, but it is inevitable, and we might as well be sportsmanlike about it." Such an attitude is a good long step beyond the attitude of the blind reactionary, but its fault is that it is determined upon the basis of concessions instead of frank and courageous reconstruction. Such an attitude ignores the plain fact that it will not be enough simply to bow gracefully to such

industrial readjustments of policy and administration as the war has proved to be of greater economic efficiency, to institute by careful economy of concession such reforms as may prove essential to a smooth return to normal industry, to patch up the patently weak spots which the war has revealed in our economic organization, to speed up the machinery of production, and to effect something of a new deal in the distribution of the increased output, so that all classes will share to some degree. Concession, even when going as far as all this, will fail to meet the situation for certain entirely clear reasons.

The Birth of the Modern Labor Problem

THE WORKMAN'S STATUS IN THE HANDICRAFT SYSTEM

FOR one thing, such a policy of concession overlooks or affects to ignore the fact that the central significance of the current unrest, with its resultant programs of aspiration, lies not so much in the extent as in the character of the unrest. The one thing that a patchwork of palliatives and concessions does not touch is the one thing that lies at the heart of the modern labor problem and gives to the modern labor movement its sustained and vibrant purpose, and that is *the status of the worker in industry*. This question of status has been a question of increasing moment ever since the introduction of machine power in production and the rise of the factory system. Before that time industry was a relatively simple affair in the matter of its mechanics and in the matter of its human relations as well. The man who was master of a handicraft produced his wares in his own home, where he associated with himself a few apprentices and journeymen. He and his workmen dined at the same family table. There was little, if any, social cleavage between the two, master and workman. The workman married the master's daughter, and pursued his labor as a scholar pursues a study, looking upon his labor as a process of education that would in time

make him a master and secure for him the civic privilege of a freeman. The master owned his simple tools. He was master of his own profits. His customers were his neighbors,—a fact that made good work a matter of personal pride and responsibility. The simple regulations of his gild and of his city safeguarded his trade. The men of this era of simple processes and intimate relations lived simply. Even the limited luxuries of the modern poor were unknown to many of the masters of that day. But the simple system had certain compensating advantages which have been lost and which it is the function of industrial statesmanship to restore in modern industry. These advantages, while clearly evident, merit a brief summarization, which it will be valuable to throw into contrast with certain features of the present system of industrial relations, for out of that contrast will arise a clear definition of the ultimate labor issue. In the simpler days of industry, before division of labor came with its far-reaching possibilities of blessing and blight, the workman was able to keep his spirit fresh and his eye alight with a creative and personal interest in the article he was producing, he was able to go his way with little of the fear of insecurity or the deadening sense of dependence, and he was lured by hope; the ladder that led from apprenticeship

to mastership was not a discouragingly long ladder.

HOW MACHINE-PRODUCTION CHANGED INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

THEN the machine entered, and the simple processes and intimate relations of the handicraft and small-scale production order of industry began rapidly to disappear. The race of masters of small shops from that time was a passing race. They could not buy the expensive machines as they had bought their simple tools, as they had bought their hand spindles and hand looms, for instance. Production forsook the home for the factory. The concentration of production in factories involved the concentration of workmen about the factory, impetus to the forces making for the crowded city. At first workmen showed spirited resistance to the introduction of machine power in production, which in the period of transition threw masses of workmen out of employment; factories were mobbed and machinery was wrecked. But the men who owned the machines had a telling way with legislators. England placed the death-penalty on the wrecking of machinery. The old masters began by breaking the machinery; they ended with having their own spirit broken. Men who had been masters of tools became servants of machines, and for the first time the world of industry was cut in two,—capital and labor,—and from the agonies of the displacement a legacy of class hatred hung over the new order. Machine production made for the steady disintegration of the three outstanding advantages of the hand-production system as mentioned above. It became increasingly difficult for the workman to maintain a creative and personal interest in the article being produced, when the only part he played in its production was the tending of a machine that with every click monotonously turned out one small part of the article, the workman in question never seeing even that small part fit itself into the finished whole. With every year industry became more and more specialized, so that pride of craftsmanship found itself subtly disinte-

grated under the growth of a system of production which sentenced the average workman to devote the major part of his energy to countless repetitions of a single act or process, but one of a hundred operations used in turning the raw material into the marketable article. With complete loss of the ownership of the instruments of production and of raw materials, the old sense of security gave way to the fear of insecurity both as to wages and to tenure of employment, and the up-standing independence of the handicraft days became dulled by a narcotic sense of dependence. For in the early stages of machine production the machines produced goods so rapidly that periodically a glutted market automatically stopped production until consumption could catch up, and that meant a work famine, with the fear it threw into the hearts of the employed. It hardly needs saying that the new order of machine production dimmed the hope that formerly lured the worker, at least the particular hope he formerly entertained of ultimately becoming a master in his own right, for clearly the elect few alone could aspire to the accumulation of wealth sufficient to own a factory.

LOST ASSETS OF MODERN INDUSTRY

HERE, then, are certain valuable industrial assets that were lost, let us hope temporarily, in the transfer of industry from the small-scale production of handicraft days to the grand-scale production of the power-machine: personal creative interest in the product and a concern for maximum output, that sense of security and freedom from involuntary dependence without which the mind cannot be free for its best work, and justifiable hope of the continuous possibility of advance. It is important to remember that these effects have been produced not by the deliberate bad intentions of men with a corner on power, but that these effects are inevitable by-products of the transfer from an industry of hand production and personal relations between masters and apprentices to an industry of power-machine production and impersonal relations between employers and employees.

I use the word "inevitable" in this connection without purposing to imply that modern industry in itself implies of necessity the destruction of the creative spirit of the craftsman and the dimming of the sense of security, independence, and hope; the thing that made the destruction of these inevitable in modern industry was the fact that when industry was transferred from the personal small-scale basis to the impersonal large-scale basis, the administrative brains of industry centered exclusively upon the mechanical problem of the transfer and ignored the human problem involved. That was left to shift for itself. And the instincts of self-defense and self-interest, rather than conscious, statesmanlike administration, have dictated and devised the policies and instruments that both capital and labor, with certain heartening exceptions, to-day employ in dealing with the issues of industrial relations.

Stripped of details and many concurrent issues, I think this affords a fairly adequate background for consideration of the modern labor problem. At least it gives us a picture of the conditions that have called into being the policies and instruments that both capital and labor now use to maintain and advance their respective interests and rights.

THE MODERN LABOR MOVEMENT AS A STRUGGLE FOR THE RESTORATION OF A LOST CONTROL

Now, one thing lies coiled at the heart of everything I have pointed out, and that is that in the transfer from hand production, or small-scale industry, to machine production, or large-scale industry, the worker lost control of the instruments of production, lost control of the raw materials for production, lost control of the conditions under which production is carried on, lost control of the profits arising from production. And the history of the labor movement, from the time James Watt, in 1769, harnessed the expansive power of steam to human use and made possible machine production down to the present, has been the story of labor's struggle to regain the fruits, if not the fact, of that lost control. To the cyni-

cal and the superficial the labor movement is a purely selfish struggle between a group called labor, trying to keep wages up, and a group called capital, trying to keep wages down; but it is essentially a competition for control, with a rich variety of meanings attached to that word. Specific demands and specific strikes for shorter hours and higher wages, aside from their immediate purpose, are part of this larger movement for a restoration of control even in those instances where the leaders of such strikes are blind to the relation their immediate action bears to the larger movement.

Before the entry of machine production and the factory system the workmen exerted a positive control over industrial processes and industrial relations. Modern industry made and still makes that impossible. Workmen turned, therefore, instinctively to the attempted exercise of a negative control over industry, at least control over wages and conditions of work. Organized labor, collective bargaining, and the strike are methods and instruments that have been evolved out of this attempt at negative control. Capital has of course countered with similar methods and instruments designed to meet in detail the procedure of labor. And thus the stage is set for the present relations of capital and labor, with the exception of certain happy variations which need not detain our analysis at this point.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF INDUSTRIAL RE- LATIONS AS A PRODUCT OF DRIFT RATHER THAN DESIGN

THE present system of regulating the relations between the parties to industry in the atmosphere of continuous class contest, latent or in action, from the public's point of view falls far short of the desirable. From the point of view of the intelligent self-interest of both capital and labor it is a costly and inadequate method of progress. It is important to remember, however, that this system was never deliberately planned as a desirable method of progress either by capitalists or labor leaders; it is the product of an instinctive

evolution under the spur of self-defense and immediate self-interest. Nobody chose strikes and lockouts as statesman-like and desirable instruments for the effecting of social advance. They have been employed because, in the absence of industrial statesmanship, no other methods lay readily at hand with which workmen might exercise some measure of control over the conditions and reward of their work, and with which capital might resist such attempted control *in toto* or provide against its running the full gamut to usurpation or expropriation. But the weakness of

the whole round of partial policies and opportunist methods used by both capital and labor at present lies in the fact that they do not drive directly at the sustaining cause of the conflict between capital and labor. It will clear the air of irrelevancies to review briefly the more important of the policies and instruments now used in the administration of industrial relations and to attempt to assess their value as an ultimate solution or a fundamental contribution toward an ultimate solution of the labor problem. These may be noted as follows:

Some Inadequate Expedients

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING, STRIKES, AND LOCKOUTS

COLLECTIVE bargaining, as we have seen, is one of the logical products of the attempt of labor to exert a negative control over industry in place of the positive control it formerly exercised, a gesture of self-defense upon the part of a class from whom former weapons of protection had been taken. It is idle to rail at the use of collective bargaining in the absence of a better and equally effective method, but if we are to arrive at a better method we must visualize the essential fault of collective bargaining as anything approaching a solution of the problem of industrial relations.

In one of Mr. Zimmern's "Round Table" articles he states regarding collective bargaining this, which I have in part quoted in an earlier paper in this series:

Trade Unions and Employers' Associations are necessary parts of the organization of a modern state, and collective bargaining is clearly an advance on the old unequal system of individual wage-contracts. But collective bargaining between large-scale organizations of employers and workmen involves a piling up of armaments on both sides not unlike that of the rival European groups before the war. At its best it preserves the peace by establishing a precarious balance of power; at its worst it precipitates a disastrous conflict; and,

in either case, whether it works well or ill for the moment, it is non-moral and inhuman, for it has no basis in a sense of common service or public duty. Hence it creates a feeling of divided interest and permanent estrangement which has been all too visible to the rest of the community during the recurring industrial crises of the last ten years.

It is quite clear that collective bargaining, however necessary it may be in the absence of a better method, cannot be considered as more than a half-way house on the road to an ultimate solution of the problem of industrial relations.

Respecting strikes little need be said beyond a statement of the fact that the strike is frankly recognized by labor as an emergency instrument to be brought into use when other available means of influence and control fail. I am not concerned here with the complex of opinions regarding the use and abuse of the strike; I am concerned only with the fact that not even the users of the strike regard it as a solution.

Respecting the lockout and the injunction, which are counter-measures that capital has used in meeting or anticipating the strike, the same may be said as has just been said regarding strikes. No capitalist thinks of lockouts or injunctions as elements of a solution; they are frankly war measures. They come into play only when a crisis impends.

CONCILIATION

CONCILIATION likewise falls short of a solution. Conciliation serves an invaluable function in adjusting differences that have their roots in misunderstandings of policy or motive. The record of conciliation in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia is the record of a highly valuable method for the reduction of the wastes of open breaks between the parties to industry. But conciliation as a matter of fact does not deal with root causes; its paramount aim is industrial peace, and its paramount temptation is to regard industrial peace as an end in itself. Too frequently it becomes industrial pacifism, with a leaning toward peace at any price. Peace at any price, when an issue of right and wrong is at stake between nations, has had its day in court, and the popular verdict has gone against it. Is it less reprehensible in a clean-cut issue in industrial relations? The peace which conciliation too frequently has in mind is the immediate peace of the community rather than a lasting peace between capital and labor. Industrial peace and international peace alike are not ends in themselves; they are means to an end—the end of freedom and self-respect. It is a commonplace that international justice does not necessarily flow from international peace, but contrariwise. Just so social justice is not a by-product of industrial peace, but the other way around. Conciliation is a valuable instrument that will always be necessary, regardless of the system of industrial relations, but it is not a solution.

ARBITRATION

ARBITRATION differs from conciliation in the fact that a third party is present with power to balance claims and evidence and pass binding judgment thereon. The practical weakness of arbitration, in making a fundamental contribution to the solution of vexed industrial relations, lies in the difficulty the arbitrator has in acting upon more than an opportunist basis of judgment. In fact, the average arbitrator jockeys

the parties in dispute toward the settlement most likely to be accepted, and that makes it very difficult for the arbitrator to arrive at a decision upon the basis of abstract justice. He must perforce balance the strength of the opposing parties and reach a decision that stands a good chance of acceptance. Frequently the arbitral award is accepted because the strength of one of the parties can afford to accept it, and the weakness of the other one of the parties must accept it. In such cases sullenness follows assent, and real industrial peace is not advanced; simply one crisis is bridged over. Just because arbitration has such difficulty in arriving at a decision upon the basis of justice, there is always the possibility that the weaker party will feel justified in flouting the decision when the posture of affairs shifts and the chance for a more advantageous settlement seems to offer itself. We have not been without examples in this country when one of the parties to industry have agreed to arbitration and award and then flouted the decision of the duly constituted tribunal. As a matter of ethics that is indefensible. It is useless to hope for ordered progress if we cannot reckon upon the sanctity of contract and agreement. But getting into a fever about isolated cases of broken agreements is of slight use. Profanity and righteous indignation cannot take the place of intelligent administration of a difficult situation. The scientist searching for a cure for tuberculosis does not damn the bacillus under his microscope; he studies it, learns its actions and effects, and attempts to devise a remedy or preventive against it. Just so it is essential that we recognize the limitations of arbitration, voluntary or compulsory, and deal with the causes which rightly or wrongly prompt organized groups to scout the method or flout the award, when really fundamental issues are at stake.

INVESTIGATION

INVESTIGATION that shall insure a putting of the full facts before the public in a labor dispute, so that public opinion may not be swayed either by dema-

gogic appeal or false sympathy, is a salutary method always. There is room for a wider and more systematic use of this agency.

But investigation is, of course, only an antiseptic. The publicity of the results of investigation can discourage, drive to cover, or prevent manifest injustice and unfairness of dealing that public opinion plainly would not tolerate; but investigation is negative and lacks the character of positive administration which is essential in any adequate dealing with industrial relations. Conciliation, arbitration, and investigation are indispensable instruments of any industrial system, but they may not be looked upon as offering adequate machinery for the total regulation of industrial relations. They deal with disputes after they have arisen; but industrial peace and progress require policies and machinery that will deal constructively with the conditions out of which disputes arise.

SOCIAL LEGISLATION

SOCIAL legislation designed to create a sense of security against unemployment, accident, sickness, old age, and kindred fears of labor realizes its immediate aim, the increased sense of security, but does not seem materially to lessen the vitality of the labor movement, a fact that might suggest that security and material safeguards are not the sum and substance of labor's aspiration. Any attempted solution or partial solution of the labor problem that proceeds upon the assumption that security is the goal that comprehends the whole round of labor aims is assured of failure. Mr. Zimmern, from whose illuminating studies of the problem of industry I am quoting at length in this paper, touches this matter in a pointed analogy drawn between the security of paternal legislation and the security of feudalism. He says:

It is constantly being said, both by employers and by politicians, and even by writers in sympathy with working-class aspirations, that all that the workman needs in his life is security. Give him work under decent conditions, runs the ar-

gument, with reasonable security of tenure and adequate guarantee against sickness, disablement, and unemployment, and all will be well. This theory of what constitutes industrial welfare is, of course, when one thinks it out, some six centuries out of date. It embodies the ideal of the old feudal system, but without the personal tie between master and man which humanised the feudal relationship. Feudalism . . . was a system of contract between the lord and the laborer by which the lord and master ran the risks, set on foot the enterprises (chiefly military), and enjoyed the spoils, incidental to mediaeval life, while the laborer stuck to his work and received security and protection in exchange. Feudalism broke down because it involved too irksome a dependence, because it was found to be incompatible with the personal independence which is the birth-right of a modern man. So it is idle to expect that the ideal of security will carry us very far by itself towards the perfect industrial commonwealth.

WELFARE WORK

WELFARE work instituted and carried on by employers does not bring us any nearer a solution of the tangled riddle of industrial relations. Percy Stickney Grant, in his "Fair Play for the Workers," which is an attempt to state the workers' point of view regarding the problems centering in industrial relations, interprets the workman's attitude toward the welfare work of employers as follows:

The working-man's great complaint today is his helplessness, and it is perfectly clear that whatever increases this sense of helplessness will really increase his outcry. Working-men don't like to have things done for them. The more that is done for them, the more they feel in the power of the person who is responsible even for their benefits. . . . Paradoxically enough, . . . some of the most serious explosions of indignation have taken place amid the fairest environment that can surround the conditions of toil. . . . Working-men say that if corporations can afford these extras, these adornments and additions to the comfort of their people, then they can afford to give better wages. Of the two methods

of distributing a surplus, the working-man prefers the latter. He would rather take his chances in an ordinary factory with higher pay and use the addition to his income as he pleases.

In other words, the working-man realizes, or, at any rate, asserts, that he himself is paying for the improved tenements, for the parks, for the libraries, for the comforts and conveniences of the superior factories, for kindergartens, for lessons in cooking, for lectures, for flower-gardens, for flower-boxes outside the windows, for baths, etc. While he is meeting the cost of these advantages, he finds the world at large praising his employer as a notable philanthropist, and in his heart he regards this as a sham. At all events he would rather be his own philanthropist.

PROFIT-SHARING

NOR does profit sharing as usually administered offer in itself a solution to industrial unrest or furnish a final basis for cordial industrial relations. Profit-sharing, when its full implications are worked out, may come nearer than any of the matters I have mentioned to a solution, but I have here in mind profit-sharing as normally conducted. Here again let me summon one who from wide experience in labor matters can speak with greater sureness and authority than I. W. L. Mackenzie King, in his volume on "Industry and Humanity," says:

As the term "profit-sharing" is generally used, it means the distribution among wage-earners of part of the net profits of an undertaking. Where the rate of return at which labor is rewarded in the first instance is the standard rate, so that the share which labor receives from the net profits is in no sense a restoration, in whole or in part, of the wages it should have received before net profits were estimated, the objection of labor to this method of rewarding effort is in large measure removed. Often, however, in estimating net profits, capital and management are tempted to regard the remuneration of labor as an item in the cost of production to be kept as low as possible. It is hard for labor to believe that this is not what is generally done, and to understand why, if

extra payments are available in the form of dividends out of net earnings, they should not be as readily available in the form of higher wages at the outset. . . .

. . . there is yet another ground on which organized labor fears profit-sharing. Trade-union effort to raise the status of labor seeks reinforcement from a growing belief among workers in the solidarity of labor. Whatever tends to weaken or destroy the class interest is apt to be viewed with misgivings as likely to lessen the possible power of organization as a whole. . . . It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, where the result of profit-sharing is genuinely such as to improve the status, and not merely the temporary earnings, of working-men, labor's opposition to profit sharing has not only been silenced, but profit-sharing has found some of its strongest advocates in the ranks of trade unionists.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

IT will be sufficient to mention one other policy which, despite the ambitious claims made in its behalf by its partisans, fails to afford a basis for the administration of industry mutually satisfactory to capital and labor, and that is scientific management. That the labor-saving devices of scientific management represent new and valuable assets to production may not be questioned. It is the reaction of scientific management upon the worker that presents a problem which the advocates of scientific management must solve before the principle can gain a fundamental foothold in industry with the full assent of labor. It tends to mechanize the worker. It centralizes responsibility for initiative in the scientific manager, and allots to the worker a chartered action which he must carry out with economy of motion. It makes the worker a better tool, but a poorer craftsman. It pushes the specialization of modern industry, which has already created a problem of cramped initiative, still further. It makes for greater centralization of management. It is met with open hostility by labor. Labor fears that the rate of wage increase under scientific management will not be in just proportion to the gains

of capital, but most of all fears a weakened status as the result of a system that, fully worked out, will have a diminishing dependence upon experienced workers. It is quite clear that scientific management, if it is not to be a disruptive factor in the labor situation, must be installed with the consent and coöperation of labor. Labor will never consent to the extreme forms of scientific management that turn a man into a machine. Far from being a solution of the central problem of the control of industry, the very proposal of scientific management makes acute the issue of labor's desire for a greater share in the control of the processes and profits of industry.

At the end of this survey of some of the outstanding policies, methods, and instruments used or proposed for the administration of industry—collective bargaining, strikes, lockouts, injunctions, conciliation, arbitration, investigation, social legislation, welfare work, profit-sharing, and scientific management—the thing that stands clear is that no one, or all of these combined, will succeed in shifting the administration of industrial relations from the present balance of power basis. These

cannot be considered as solutions; they fail to touch the ultimate labor issue—the status of the worker in industry and his relation to the control of industry. Unless the question of the workers' relation to the control of industry is cleared up by constructive thought and action in which capital shares, there is a very definite possibility that the labor movement will be captured by the extreme wing of labor thought which desires the overthrow of the present system of privately owned industry and the passing of control fully into the hands of the workers.

The adherents of the present order of privately owned industries are therefore challenged to join in a fresh, unprejudiced, and thorough attempt to find whether there can be devised methods of association between capital and labor that will satisfy the legitimate aspirations that lie at the heart of the present world-wide unrest, guarantees orderly progress, and keep industry a going concern. Now, I have not built the arguments of this paper to this point in order to launch a personal theory, but to report what some of the best minds of both capital and labor are thinking regarding the way out.

The Political Problem of Industry

WE have seen that the fundamental weakness of past attempts to bring industrial relations to a state of harmony and efficiency has been that industrial relations have been looked upon as a problem of bargaining between competing groups instead of a problem of government by collaborating groups. Industrial relations in handicraft days presented a problem of adjustment between individual men. Industrial relations under modern grand-scale production present a problem of adjustment between groups highly organized. The former was a problem of bargaining; the latter is a problem of government. To the present, however, we have persisted in an attempt to handle the new problem with the old technic. It was useless to hope for any constructive treatment of the problem of industrial relations until the leaders of business,

of industry, and of labor visualized the modern labor problem for what it is—a problem of permanent government rather than of periodic bargaining. To-day there is on all hands throughout business circles a clear recognition that only by a frank facing and constructive treatment of the problem of government in industry can industrial peace be secured. I want now to present the conception of the labor problem that is assuming a gratifying distinctness in the minds of responsible leaders of business, industry, and labor, and to follow the statement of this conception with a statement of the machinery and organization which is proposed for the handling of industrial relations upon the basis of definitely organized government in industry.

I find myself again turning to Mr. Zimmern for the clearest available

statement of the new conception of the labor problem as it is taking definite form in the minds of the leaders of British industry particularly. His statement may be taken as accurately interpretive of a growing body of British opinion. In a chapter on "The Control of Industry," in his volume on "Nationality and Government," he says:

Industry and politics are two very closely related functions. The object of politics or government is to carry on the public business of the community; to pass the laws and make the administrative arrangements which are needed in the interests of the community as a whole. The object of trade and industry is very similar. It is to serve the needs of the community; to provide the goods and services which are necessary to its existence and well-being. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the same standard should tend to be adopted in both, and that that standard should conform to the general view of life in vogue in the country. . . .

But industry and politics do not resemble one another only in their objects. They resemble one another also in their methods. Both have certain work to get done for the community, and in both cases the question arises how that work shall be organized. Both industry and politics are faced by what in politics is called the constitutional problem and in industry the problem of management. . . . In politics, so far as this and most Western countries are concerned, this problem has been decided in favor of democracy. . . . In industry, however, the problem of management is still unsolved, or rather it has hitherto

been decided in a direction adverse to democracy. . . . The problem of management, what I would call the constitutional problem in industry, the question as to how the industrial process shall be controlled, is already, and is likely to continue, the burning issue in industrial policy.

Industrial democracy . . . does not mean handing over the control of matters requiring expert knowledge to a mass of people who are not equipped with that knowledge. Under any system of management there must be division of labor; there must be those who know all about one subject and are best fitted to deal with it. Democracy can be just as successful as any other form of government in employing experts. Nor does democratic control, in the present stage at any rate, involve a demand for control over what may be called the commercial side of management—the buying of the raw material, the selling of the finished article, and all the exercise of trained judgment and experience that are brought to bear by business men on these questions . . . at present at any rate the workers' demands for democratic control is not a demand for a voice in the business, but for control over the conditions under which their own daily work is done. It is a demand for control over one side, but that the most important side because it is the human side, of the industrial process.

Elsewhere he summarizes his thesis by saying that between the extreme forms of state socialism and the extreme forms of private capitalism there exists an intermediate region of industrial self-government. Let us now examine this intermediate region.

England Moves Toward Industrial Government

ALL this might be readily dismissed or listened to with a tolerant courtesy were it simply a publicist's notion; but in England this conception of the labor problem has given rise to a definite program that is supported by many of the most responsible and conservative leaders of business and industry, and that the Government has adopted as an official policy and made a measure of practical politics. An illuminating and abundant literature has grown up in

this field, an interpretive digest of which would afford effective stimulation to American thought upon the problem of industrial relations. Instead of attempting that, however, I desire to treat here of the one official documentary formulation of the proposal for industrial government which has served to crystallize English opinion and afford a basis for practical action—the Whitely Report. The main points of the report may be summarized as follows:

THE WHITLEY REPORT

A COMMITTEE of expert students of industrial relations, under the chairmanship of the Right Honorable J. H. Whitley, M. P., Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, was appointed in 1917. The terms of reference to the Committee on Relations between Employers and Employed, as the Whitley committee was called, were:

1. To make and consider suggestions for securing a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen.

2. To recommend means for securing that industrial conditions affecting the relations between employers and workmen shall be systematically reviewed by those concerned, with a view to improving conditions in the future.

With all promptness consistent with thoroughness the committee prosecuted its investigations and formulated its suggestions which appear in the First (interim) Report on Joint Standing Industrial Councils, under date of March 8, 1917, together with three later reports representing supplementary and more detailed considerations. The report gives plain evidence of certain general considerations that dictated the specific suggestions it makes. It will be of value to indicate these general considerations.

BASIC PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH WHITLEY REPORT IS BASED

THE report is based upon the belief that the most workable solution of the problems arising out of industrial relations is likely to come from the voluntary coöperative action of employers and employees rather than from the arbitrary imposition of government regulations; that the system of industrial relations springing from such a voluntary collaboration, as the faithful expression of joint thought and agreement, will be more likely to prove permanent and effective than an even better system shoved down over recalcitrant groups by executive order. This is clearly expressed in a letter, under date of October 20, 1917, that the minister of labor addressed to Employers'

Associations and Trade-Unions. In answering certain questions raised in communications to the ministry of labor, he said:

Fears have been expressed that the proposal to set up Industrial Councils indicates an intention to introduce an element of State interference which has hitherto not existed in industry. This is not the case. The formation and constitution of the Councils must be principally the work of the industries themselves . . . the success of the scheme must depend upon a general agreement among the various organizations within a given industry and a clearly expressed demand for the creation of a Council.

The report is further based upon the assumption that a satisfactory system of industrial relations can be more easily created and more effectively administered if there is complete and coherent organization of both employers and employees in all industries. On this point the report reads:

An essential condition of securing a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and employed is that there should be adequate organization on the part of both employers and workpeople. The proposals outlined for joint coöperation throughout the several industries depend for their ultimate success upon there being such an organization on both sides; and such organization is necessary also to provide means whereby the arrangements and agreements made for the industry be effectively carried out.

It is interesting to see big business men in England arguing for the complete organization of labor, in view of the pronounced attitude of many business men in this matter.

A further assumption underlying the report is that there is imperative need for machinery that will bring employers and employees together for continuous consultation upon matters of mutual concern other than matters in dispute; that there is a serious gap in an industrial organization that provides for conference only when one of the

parties has a grievance. On this point the report states:

The schemes recommended in this report are intended not merely for the treatment of industrial problems when they have become acute, but also, and more especially, to prevent their becoming acute. We believe that the regular meetings to discuss industrial questions, apart from and prior to any difference with regard to them that may have begun to cause friction, will materially reduce the number of occasions on which, in the view of either employers or employed, it is necessary to contemplate recourse to a stoppage of work.

The general idea that permeates the whole report is that industrial peace and efficiency demand candid and constructive treatment of the fundamental aspiration of labor, which promises to be voiced with increasing vitality, for a greater influence and control over those parts and processes of industry that most vitally touch the workman's interests. It is refreshing to see the framers of this report go past the inadequate expedients referred to earlier in this paper and drive directly at the heart of the labor problem, although extremists contend that they betray only a Platonic interest in the full implications of the workman's interest in actual joint control. But the framers frankly state their convictions on this point in a manner that indicates a healthy appreciation that the questions of status and control underlie the more material issues of wages and hours. On this the report reads:

We have thought it well to refrain from making suggestions or offering opinions with regard to such matters as profit-sharing, co-partnership, or particular systems of wages, etc. . . . We are convinced . . . that a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and employed must be founded upon something other than a cash basis. What is wanted is that the work-people should have a greater opportunity of participating in the discussion about and adjustment of those parts of industry by which they are most affected.

The Whitley Report, then, is based

upon these four general considerations: (1) the self-administration of industry rather than governmental regulation; (2) the complete and coherent organization of both employers and employed in all industries; (3) continuous consultation instead of intermittent parleys, with the view to removing the causes as well as adjusting the issues of disputes; (4) the securing to the workmen a larger voice in the control of those parts of industry by which they are most affected.

THE MACHINERY OF INDUSTRIAL GOVERNMENT PROPOSED BY THE WHITLEY REPORT

THE machinery proposed by the Whitley Report is designed to meet, in its requirements and working, the four general considerations just summarized. The report suggests as desirable three units of organization, as follows: (1) national industrial councils; (2) district industrial councils; (3) local works industrial councils. This triple organization of national, district, and workshop bodies is designed for application to each industry separately. The scheme looks upon a factory as an industrial community requiring government, just as a municipality requires the forms and functions of a government. Unless the analogy is pushed too far, it may be said that the plan divides industrial government roughly in the manner that in the United States divides municipal, state, and federal government. Each of these bodies is made of a joint membership of employers and employed, is to meet regularly, and is to assume constructive as well as conciliatory functions. The report sedulously avoids the appearance of any attempt to impose a finished system upon all industries; it makes no attempt at a rigid standardization of forms, leaving the widest latitude of choice in the matter of the specific forms a given industry shall see fit to adopt.

The report at all points avoids the appearance of a comprehensive analysis or complete recommendation; it purposely keeps its recommendations suggestive merely. This appears in its

recommendations regarding the possible jurisdiction of these joint councils. I do not purpose, however, to go into detailed discussion at this point on the jurisdiction of these councils. That may better be reserved for a later paper, after there has been time to watch the councils in operation over a period of time long enough to warrant generalizations that may afford some guidance to American thought in this field. But it will be valuable to reproduce at this point the suggestions of the Whitley Report, which states:

Among the questions with which it is suggested that the National Councils should deal or allocate to District Councils or Works Committees the following may be selected for special mention:

(1) The better utilization of the practical knowledge and experience of the workpeople.

(2) Means for securing to the workpeople a greater share in and responsibility for the determination and observation of the conditions under which their work is carried on.

(3) The settlement of the general principles governing the conditions of employment, including the methods of fixing, paying, and readjusting wages, having regard to the need for securing to the workpeople a share in the increased prosperity of the industry.

(4) The establishment of regular methods of negotiating for issues arising between employers and workpeople, with a view both to the prevention of differences and to their better adjustment when they appear.

(5) Means of ensuring to the workpeople the greatest possible security of earnings and employment, without undue restriction upon change of occupation or employer.

(6) Methods of fixing and adjusting earnings, piecework prices, etc., and of dealing with the many difficulties which arise with regard to the method and amount of payment apart from the fixing of general standard rates, which are already covered by paragraph three.

(7) Technical education and training.

(8) Industrial research and the full utilization of its results.

(9) The provision of facilities for the full

consideration and utilization of inventions and improvement designed by workpeople, and for the adequate safeguarding of the rights of the designers of such improvements.

(10) Improvements of processes, machinery, and organization and appropriate questions relating to management and the examination of industrial experiments, with special reference to coöperation in carrying new ideas into effect and full consideration of the workpeople's point of view in relation to them.

(11) Proposed legislation affecting the industry.

I have taken the trouble and space to present this analysis of the Whitley Report, which stands at the center of British policy with regard to the labor problem and social unrest, because even as important a document as this report is slow in getting to our reading public. I have therefore thought it important to present its general character and some of its implications in this paper.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE WHITLEY PLAN

WE should keep ourselves free, as the authors of the report have kept themselves free, from the delusion that this proposal is a panacea guaranteed to cure all industrial ills. It is frankly conceived as a practically possible step that will take us a little further along the road of reasonable progress. It is stoutly opposed by those who give no quarter to the present system of privately owned industry, who desire complete ownership and operation by the workers.

The plan is also opposed by those who fear that regular conferences in which the employees would talk face to face with the employers or managers would tend to conservatize the employees and take the fighting edge off the labor movement. Such men conceive industry as a play of opposed rather than of common interests. A pointed expression of this point of view is found in this statement made by Gilbert K. Chesterton:

My immediate advice to labor would be to stick to its strict rights of combining

and striking; and certainly not to sell them for any plausible and partial "participation" in management. I distrust the latter because it is in line with the whole oligarchic strategy by which democracy has been defeated in detail. The triumph of capitalism has practically consisted in granting popular control in such small quantities that the control could be controlled. It is also founded on the fact that a man who can be trusted as speaking for the employees often cannot be trusted for long when speaking with the employers. He can carry a message, especially a defiance; but if he prolongs a parley, it may degenerate into a parliament. The parley of partners would be lifelong; and I fear the labor partner would be a very junior partner.

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF THE WHITLEY PLAN

AS I have stated earlier in this paper, the suggestions of the Whitley Report are not the last word in industrial relations. The value of the plan lies in the fact that its acceptance will establish certain fundamental principles without which there is no hope of escaping from the balance of power system of industrial relations. The fundamental principles which the plan establishes may be summarized as follows:

(1) The plan is based upon a sound conception of what the ultimate labor issue is—the issue of representative government in industry.

(2) The plan establishes the principle of conference between equals.

(3) The plan establishes the principle of equal representation of equally strong and well organized forces.

(4) The plan establishes open diplomacy in business as a counter-measure to the suspicions and lack of confidence that mar the present relations between labor and capital.

(5) The plan establishes the principle of legislation by industry for industry.

(6) The plan marks the beginnings of constitutionalism in industry.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

THERE are two equally grave dangers

involved in the consideration of this question of government in industry. It will be dangerous to assume that labor is incapable of assuming joint responsibility in the larger matters of industrial policy and management. It will be equally dangerous to ignore the fact that men need training in the use of power, and push the organization of industrial government beyond present trained capacity in the ranks and leadership of labor. Only a middle course offers safety.

An effective carrying out of the ideal of government in industry will react favorably upon the quality of political action in the community.

A constitutionalizing of industry will mean a turning of our factories into training schools that will develop political capacity in the workman. It will not only reduce friction in industrial relations, but will make the average workman a better citizen and a more intelligent voter.

The advocates of the Whitley Report have wisely pointed out that the representation of labor in the counsels of industry is imperative not because management is unimportant, but because the importance of management is so critical that it is essential that it have behind it the confidence and coöperation of all who are affected by it. The manager of the future will see the need of the sympathetic support of the working force, and realize that his effectiveness, no less than the effectiveness of a premier and his cabinet, demands the ability to secure a vote of confidence when a critical situation arises.

But the movement toward representative government exists in industry just as it has existed and exists in politics. The question that concerns men who want consistent and orderly progress instead of revolution is whether the King Johns of business and industry will collaborate with labor or take an attitude that will drive labor to wrest from them by revolutionary methods the Magna Charta of a new order in industry. Far-sighted business leadership will follow the former course; and nothing will help so much as a careful reading of the history of political progress.



The Attitude of France toward Peace

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



URING the first month of its activities the peace conference showed unanimity only in the choice of Premier Clemenceau for president. This was more than a personal tribute to the man who led France to victory. It was the recognition on the part of the Allied nations, great and small, of the unique claim of France to first consideration in the solution of the problems of peace. Proportionately as well as actually, France is the power which has made the greatest sacrifices in blood and treasure. From the first days of the war the fighting was largely on French soil. In her hour of triumph France faces economic disaster through the ruin of her richest industrial and mining regions. Of all the warring nations, France could afford least the terrible toll in young manhood.

The peace conference has brought to Paris a host of journalists from Anglo-Saxon countries. Few of them have been in Paris before, and there is a tendency among them to pass hasty judgment upon the attitude of France toward peace. If what they write finds general acceptance in the British Empire and the United States, the effect will be deplorable. The more background one has—background of intimate association with the French before and during the war—the more one hesitates to attempt an analysis of France's state of mind in the hour of victory. But the analysis must be made in order to counteract the impression which is going abroad that the French people are hostile to the construction of a new

world on the basis of what is coming to be known in peace-conference circles as "the American point of view."

Imperialistic and chauvinistic elements are at work in France, as in all other countries, to make an old-fashioned peace in which the spoils will be to the victors. Reactionary influences are more apparent among the French than among the British and Americans. They seem to possess more power. They have wider and franker newspaper support. And one finds very few Frenchmen who are willing to champion without reservations President Wilson's program for peace.

Seeing these surface indications, many who have come to report the peace conference are filled with amazement and disgust. They are impatient with the French for not falling into line immediately with the American program. I am sorry to find so little inclination to try to get a sympathetic understanding of the French attitude, so little effort to study the problems confronting France, and to appreciate their complexity and intricacy.

And yet it is not difficult to explain the distrust, if not actual antagonism, of the French, in the opening days of the peace conference, to our idealistic program. In the first place, French mentality is different from ours. The French are less given than we to generalizations, and they do not have the Anglo-Saxon ability of self-deception. If the French are less sure of the infallibility of their judgments, it is not because they are more cynical than we, but because they are less naïve. In the second place, France views the present

situation and the peace settlement from a European-Continental point of view. America and most of the British Dominions have oceans between them and Europe. Great Britain is an island world power whose interests are largely extra-European. Since the German Navy has disappeared and the path to India is no longer menaced, Mr. Lloyd George and his associates have changed their attitude toward Mr. Wilson. The entire Anglo-Saxon world is able to view the actual and future state of central and eastern Europe with an equanimity and a detachment that no Frenchman can feel.

From sheltered positions across the seas and on an island that has not been invaded for eight hundred years, we Anglo-Saxons of Great Britain, the United States, and the Dominions could go to the peace conference with splendid ideas of world reconstruction, and could call upon the nations of the world to deliberate first of all upon the society of nations, with the disposition of Germany's colonial empire as the initial practical test of our plan. And at the same time we could calmly proceed with the rapid demobilization of our armed forces. But we should not have been surprised or aggrieved when M. Clemenceau and his associates (and the French press and nation behind them) demurred. The French delegates demanded that the peace conference put at the head of its program the imposition of terms of peace on Germany and the reestablishment of order in Russia. The entire French nation has been under arms for four and a half years. Northern France is in a lamentable state. There is economic chaos in Belgium, which threatens the stability of the Government. Germany remains strong enough to render imprudent the demobilization of the French Army. Bolshevism is spreading westward. If the Entente nations continue to keep millions under arms, and do not soon begin to center their thought and effort upon industry and commerce, serious social unrest is bound to appear. From a world point of view the French may not be logical in asking the peace conference to decide first of all the details of the settlement with Germany, and to

assume immediately international responsibility for restoring order in Russia; but from the French point of view is any other course open to M. Clemenceau and his associates?

One may say without hesitation, also, that the weakness and irresolution shown in the first sessions of the peace conference have not reassured the French regarding the possibility of creating on the spot the society of nations. By consenting to the formation of a close corporation, with several other statesmen to run the conference, Mr. Wilson has revealed the inconsistency between his words and his actions. The initial plenary meeting of the conference was perfunctory and colorless. The second plenary meeting ended in vehement protests from the representatives of the small nations, in which Premier Borden of Canada joined, against the intention of the five great powers to dictate the principles of representation and the methods of procedure. From the beginning it became evident that Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan had decided to make the important decisions in secret sessions, to which representatives of the other states would be invited only in a consultative capacity when problems affecting their particular interests were involved. China, with her four hundred millions, is a "secondary state." The eighty million Germans of central Europe, and over two hundred million Russians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Egyptians, whose interests in the decisions of the peace conference are most vitally affected, are not represented at all. The advice of neutral states concerning the organization of the world league, which they will be supposed to join, is not asked.

Is it any wonder that the French, however sympathetic with the idea of a society of nations, have little immediate interest in high-sounding phrases when they feel themselves on the edge of a volcano? Put yourself in the Frenchman's place. In one column of his morning newspaper he reads that Lille, four months after the armistice, is still without food and coal and adequate transportation for the renewal of

her industrial life. The next column informs him that Premier Clemenceau is presiding over meetings where Japan and China quarrel about Kiao-chau, and Australia puts forth claims to Samoa. The official bulletin of the peace conference announces vaguely that the future of Germany's African colonies is being discussed, but no step has been taken to establish peace between France and Germany, and the conference has postponed action on the Russian question, pending the improbable acceptance of its invitation by the Bolsheviks and other factions to a meeting in the Sea of Marmora. As for Poland, whose army of less than a hundred thousand is facing disaster through lack of ammunition and reinforcements, the five big powers have sent a commission to Warsaw to find out what is already known in every newspaper office in Paris. And the Turks keep on merrily massacring the remnant of the Armenians. This is the situation in February, 1919.

Without impugning the advisability or possibility of establishing a durable world peace through the adoption of "the American program," public opinion in France asks that questions be discussed and decisions made in the following order: (1) settlement with Germany and suppression of Bolshevism; (2) creation of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia; (3) Danubian, Adriatic, and Balkan settlements; (4) Baltic and Russian settlements; (5) liquidation of the Ottoman Empire; (6) Asiatic and African problems; (7) general world questions, including the society of nations.

There are wide differences of opinion about how these questions should be solved, but as far as I have been able to ascertain from intimate contact with all classes in France, there is unanimity in regard to order of solution. I find doubt only in regard to the order of (6) and (7). Many Frenchmen are willing to admit that decisions regarding Asiatic and African problems ought to follow the formation of the society of nations, but all include the Ottoman Empire within the sphere of the general European settlement which must precede the society of nations.

If you point out to your French friends the American belief that the solution of all debatable questions would be different, easier to reach, more satisfactory to those interested, more in accordance with justice, more permanent, if we already have our society of nations as a working international organism, they will agree with you. They will say that you are logical, and that President Wilson is voicing their hearts' desire; but they add that security is France's immediate and pressing need, and that after the experiences of the last generation no Frenchman would consent to subordinate practical and necessary measures of security to theories that might not work out. Is the French attitude unreasonable? Why interpret it as hostility to the American program? The Frenchman says, "Safety first."

In the French mind, the suppression of Bolshevism must be undertaken by the Allied nations coincident with the imposition of terms of peace upon Germany. For if we conclude peace with Germany while a state of anarchy is raging in eastern Europe, Germany will still have an opportunity to come out of the war victorious. The French are more afraid now than they were during the war of the German plan to subjugate economically, if not politically, eastern Europe. A strong Poland, and the former Baltic provinces wholly free from German influence, are regarded by Frenchmen as vital necessities for safeguarding the future of their own country. Bolshevism has already penetrated the Baltic Provinces and menaces Poland. As it seems likely that the dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire will bring about the union of the German portions of Austria with Germany, the French cannot conceive of security for themselves in any other way than by having something substantial in the East to replace the Russian alliance. No Frenchman forgets that France after the war, even with Alsace-Lorraine, will have to face a Germany twice as large in population as France, and probably more closely knit together than under the Hohenzollerns. France feels, therefore, that she cannot rely solely upon the guaranties afforded her by the projected society of nations against the

possibility of a renewal of German aggression.

It is with these considerations in mind that we must interpret the speeches of M. Pichon and M. Clemenceau to the Chamber of Deputies just before the opening of the peace conference. The members of the American commission to negotiate peace and the journalists who accompanied them to Paris were dismayed at the "old-fashioned" ideas of M. Pichon, which seemed to indicate that nothing was changed in the aims and methods of European diplomacy. They were aghast when they contrasted the statements of Premier Clemenceau and President Wilson, made on the same day. Premier Clemenceau told the Chamber of Deputies that he was still a partizan of "the balance of power," and that if the nations banded against Germany had been Allies in 1914, Germany would not have dared to attack France. He admitted frankly that he could not discuss with the Chamber the Government's ideas about terms of peace, because he had a maximum and a minimum program, and was going into the peace conference to get for France all he could. At the same moment President Wilson, speaking in England, declared that "the balance of power" was an exploded theory, that the United States would enter into no alliance which was not an alliance of all nations, and that the creation of a new world required new methods.

The apparent irreconcilability between the French and American points of view need not discourage us, for the French Premier and the American President based their conclusions upon different premises. Premier Clemenceau was thinking of the particular interests of France at the present moment. President Wilson was thinking of the general interests of mankind in the future. Once we are able to give France definite and tangible assurances of speedy economic rehabilitation and genuine security against the renewal of German aggression, we shall find Premier Clemenceau and every other Frenchman sympathetic and enthusiastic in championship of the American program for a durable world peace. We have not the monopoly of liberalism and

idealism. There is nothing new in President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses." One finds in the writings of a dozen Europeans, including several Frenchmen, everything that President Wilson has said about methods for establishing universal peace. Men as different in character and environment and epoch as Sully and Kant have dreamed of the society of nations, as Grotius and Czar Nicholas II have proposed to substitute arbitration for war, as St. Paul and Karl Marx have proclaimed the gospel of internationalism. What Americans are talking about at the Hôtel Crillon to-day was discussed in much the same manner in the same city by the Jacobins.

From the windows of the Hôtel Crillon our earnest Americans look out upon the spot where were enacted the scenes that drowned in blood the fair hopes of the equally earnest Jacobins. Just across the Seine, also within view of the guillotine emplacements, President Wilson is advancing his program in the closed sessions of the "Big Five." While he speaks, soldiers of the army of which he is the commander-in-chief are being shot down in northern Russia by men who sincerely believe they are fighting in defense of the principles President Wilson is declaring. And Czecho-Slovaks and Poles and Ukrainians are executing the American program for peace by cutting one another's throats in Silesia and Galicia. Invoking Wilson's "fourteen points," the Jugo-Slavs are feverishly drilling and equipping an army to fall upon the Italians.

The American commission to negotiate peace has to learn how to work in the Old-World atmosphere. We Americans are temperamentally impatient. We think quickly and comprehensively. The spell of the goal is upon us. It has frequently occurred in our fighting over here that an American regiment would push forward to capture a position regardless of the enemy on the right and left. Success has sometimes met efforts of this kind. On other occasions rashness and superabundance of confidence have led us into a bad hole. In our fight for the right sort of a peace the risk of failure is in following these tactics. At heart very few people in the Allied

countries are out of sympathy with the American program for peace, which none denies is the best program proposed for the solution of the problems confronting the conference of Paris; but we risk compromising the success of our cause by failing to appreciate, as our Allies appreciate them, the obstacles to be faced and overcome. Reactionary and imperialistic forces are deep-rooted and tenacious, but we have the reasonable hope of winning and keeping the support of European public opinion if we view with tolerance and treat with consideration the traditional currents of European thought. But if, inspired by particular interests or by past experience, we try to ride roughshod over the objections raised to the application of our principles, we shall run into machine-gun fire on our flanks and behind us.

Misunderstandings and fruitless controversy can be avoided by adapting ourselves to Old-World methods of approaching problems. Let us refuse to see evidences of megalomania and imperialism in the demands of the French delegates, and let us examine and weigh and discuss the French propositions from the point of view of loyal friends of France, whose first thought is to establish a peace that will rehabilitate France and safeguard France in the future. When we are sure that we understand the attitude of the French people toward peace, then we are ready to see if we cannot reconcile our world program with the real interests of our ally.

The demands of France against Germany and her allies were outlined in the first year of the war as follows: (1) punishment of those responsible for the war; (2) reparation for losses during the war; (3) guaranties against future aggression on the part of Germany and her allies. In addition to these war aims, French statesmen consistently announced the determination of France to support similar demands by France's allies, and to sign no treaty of peace which did not emancipate the nationalities subject to the enemies of France. In the course of the war the French Government entered into agreements with several of the Allies, justi-

fied as war measures that seemed necessary in order to bring the war to a successful conclusion. After the Russian Revolution the French Government promised the people to safeguard French investments in Russia. In the preliminary discussions with President Wilson and in the opening sessions of the peace conference, Premier Clemenceau declared the willingness of France to adopt the American program in its entirety, including the society of nations; but he made it clear that this willingness should not be construed as the abandonment of the threefold program, *sanctions, réparations, sécurités*. Nor could France go back upon her signature to treaties and her promise concerning Russian investments given to her own people.

The question of punishments is more sentimental than practical. Although the feeling in France is strong that steps should be taken to bring before the bar of world justice the responsible authors of the war and those who were guilty of crimes against international law during the war, France has no peculiar or intractable attitude on this question. The peace conference has appointed a commission to look into the advisability and possibility of punishments, and the French will accept its decisions, whatever they may be. France is not involved alone in the secret treaties. Great Britain was a signatory to the agreement with Italy, and the other agreements are between France and Great Britain. If some acceptable way out can be found, France will gladly forego the execution of these treaties. The emancipation of subject nationalities is unanimously adopted by all the nations represented at the conference of Paris, and the status of the emancipated races, with the exception of Syria and Armenia, will be determined without France advancing special claims and interests. French investments in Russia amount to more than twenty-two billion francs, but France will be willing to agree to whatever decision the peace conference may take on this subject. There remain the two questions of reparations and guaranties. In the solution of these one finds all the difficulties that are likely to arise between

France and other nations, especially between France and the United States, at the peace conference.

France views the question of reparations as one which is vital to the very existence of the nation. Shortly before the armistice, Premier Clemenceau stated that France would exact from Germany payment of the bill of damages to the last cent. When the Entente powers, by the memorandum of Versailles, announced to President Wilson their willingness to receive an offer of armistice from Germany, and to treat for peace on the basis of President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses," there was a specific statement about reparations. The French claim that Germany, when she solicited the armistice, accepted this important reservation in the application of the "fourteen points and subsequent discourses."

If you say to a Frenchman, "The Entente powers and the United States have assumed before the world the obligation of making peace along lines of strict conformity in every detail to the principles we have agreed upon," he will answer, "Yes, but only in so far as the application of the principles does not prevent our collecting the bill of damages Germany must pay us." The French cannot admit that, after the sacrifices they consented to make up to the day of victory, France should come out of the peace conference impoverished and unable to hold her own economically against a united and still rich post-bellum Germany. The danger of a Pyrrhic victory is real to them, and they believe that France is not called upon to waive her claims for reparations, or accept uncertain security for the payment of her bill of damages, in order to make easier the formation of the society of nations.

How is France to receive adequate compensation from Germany? When the amount Germany owes France is fixed by the commission on reparations recently appointed by the peace conference, are the French delegates justified in accepting simply a blanket assurance from the society of nations that Germany will pay fully and promptly the amounts assessed? A creditor has a

right to pass upon the nature of the securities and to safeguard amply his interests. Germany does not possess sufficient wealth to compensate France for the injuries done to France during the war, and the French point out that much of the destruction wrought in northern France has been the carrying out of a deliberate plan to ruin France industrially, and to render her for the next generation, even though victorious on the field of battle, inferior to Germany in international industrial competition. If France asks for a Lorraine frontier farther north than that of 1870, for the acquisition of some of Germany's colonies, for a favored position in Syria, and for the creation of a special régime in regard to the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine, she bases her claims on the ground of reparations. "We are not imperialistic, nor are we affected with megalomania," declare the French. "We want to have in our own hands the means of compensating ourselves for the losses incurred in the war. If we do not have these securities, the existence of France will be jeopardized."

This is France's attitude toward peace in so far as reparations are concerned. We may think that France's interests will be safeguarded and that France can be assured of equality with Germany in post-bellum industrial competition without annexation of German territory, without a special régime for the left bank of the Rhine, and without increasing her colonial domain; but is not the burden of proof on us? If we refuse to agree to the French program for reparations, must we not be in a position to offer France a satisfactory and certain alternative?

Now for France's attitude toward peace in so far as guaranties against a renewal of German aggression are concerned. Last summer, when the issue of the war was still in doubt, I was lecturing to the recruits of the class of 1919 in a Brittany garrison town. I had the honor of being accompanied by the general commanding the region. He told me that he always impressed upon the drill officers the necessity of instructing the boys in more than methods of fighting.

"We French," he explained, "are extremely individualistic. The sacrifices we are making in this war are not blind sacrifices. When we fight, we want to know not only how to fight, but why we fight. I shall give you an illustration." We were standing in the middle of a hollow square. The general looked out over the eager young faces, and told the captain of the company to call a boy from the ranks. The soldier came up and saluted. "My little one," said the general, "how many times in a hundred years has Germany invaded France?"

"1814, 1815, 1870, 1914, my General," answered the recruit.

As he looks to the decisions of the peace conference, these four invasions are present in the mind of every Frenchman. And coupled with 1814, 1815, 1870, 1914 is the fact the Frenchmen cannot escape from even in the hour of victory: there are in Europe fewer than forty million French and more than eighty million Germans. "The very reason why the society of nations will mean the salvation of France," argues the American or Britisher. But the Frenchman, while not refusing to admit the possibility of a solution through the creation of a universal league of nations, has too much at stake to put all his hopes in the reign of peace on earth and good-will among men. He has lived under the shadow of the German menace all his life, and his narrowest escape from being crushed under the iron heel occurred only a few months ago. So he says: "The Rhine must be, as it was before the nineteenth century, the military frontier between the French and the Germans. Denmark must have back her Danes. The Slavs and their lands must be freed absolutely from German domination. Otherwise, we have lost the war." We may think that France can be made secure from German aggression by some other means than by neutralizing the left bank of the Rhine and by despoiling Germany of large portions of what she has come to consider through centuries her own lands in the East; but is not the burden of proof on us? If we refuse to agree to the French program for guaranties, must we not be in a position to offer France a satisfactory alternative?

Thus it is that we Americans, apostles of the new order and convinced that we have found a remedy for the world's ills, must turn from our general principles to concrete problems, from theories to conditions. If we do not do this, we bid fair to arrive at exactly the opposite result from that for which we are striving. Missionaries of peace, we may engender fresh strife. Champions of internationalism in the best sense of that word, we may intensify nationalism. John Calvin, revolting from dogmas, created new dogmas. Martin Luther, inspired with the idea of strengthening religious faith, undermined it. We talk of making a "clean sweep," and think that the way to do it is in one great movement; but I can remember my mother telling a green servant to get at the corners first, and not to go forward until she was sure that everything was clean behind her. At the peace conference, until we have given careful and sympathetic attention to the traditional and instinctive states of mind of the peoples whose destinies we are attempting to determine, we shall make little progress toward a workable society of nations. In the meetings of the "Big Five" President Wilson may be able to wrest concessions, and the smaller nations may acquiesce; but read carefully the official bulletins, and you will notice the qualifying adjective "provisional" or the qualifying phrase "in principle." Let us not deceive ourselves!

France presents at the peace conference substantially the following maximum demands:

(1) The return of Alsace-Lorraine, in the limits of 1870, without conditions.

(2) Germany will agree to pay, in whatever manner may be specified, the amount of France's claims for reparations, as awarded to France by the commission appointed for that purpose by the peace conference.

(3) German property, public and private, in Alsace-Lorraine is to be liquidated by the French authorities, and regarded as a payment on the account of the war indemnity. The proprietors dispossessed will become the creditors of their own Government.

(4) Germany shall replace in kind,

as far as practicable, the machinery, raw materials, farm implements, live stock, and whatever else was destroyed in or stolen from northern France or requisitioned by the invading armies; locomotives and rolling stock seized; the deficit of coal France may have to claim over what the Sarre Valley produces; and French shipping sunk by the submarines during the war.

(5) France shall have a share of the German Navy proportionate to her losses and her coöperation on the sea.

(6) The cession to France of the coal basins in the Sarre Valley, the new frontier-line not to be that of 1814, but to be drawn in such a manner as to include all the coal-deposits. An estimate will be made as to the value of the coal in this region, and put on the other side of the ledger against the losses France has suffered through the occupation by Germany of the coal regions of northern France.

(7) The economic union with France, and administration by France, in coöperation with Belgium, of the remaining German territory on the left bank of the Rhine until Germany's debt to France and Belgium is paid. When this is accomplished, the inhabitants of these provinces are to be given the opportunity by plebiscite to decide whether they wish to remain in economic (and possibly political) connection with France and Belgium, or to return to their former status in the German Confederation.

(8) The permanent military neutralization of German territory on the left bank of the Rhine. After the French and Belgium claims for reparations are satisfied, France and Belgium will withdraw their armies. Whatever decision the inhabitants may then make in regard to their economic and political status, Germany, France, and Belgium bind themselves not to raise or introduce armed forces in these provinces.

(9) As much of Schleswig as expresses its desire to do so by plebiscite must be ceded to Denmark.

(10) The creation of a strong and united Poland within its ethnographical limits, but possessing, in addition, the port of Dantzig and a hinterland extending back to purely Polish territory.

(11) Czecho-Slovakia and Lithuania will receive from Germany and Austria all the territories in which they possess a majority of the inhabitants or which are necessary for their independent economic existence.

(12) Germany shall cede to France whatever portions of her African colonies France asks for, after agreement with Great Britain, Belgium, and Portugal, and renounce the advantages guaranteed her in Morocco by the agreements of 1906 and 1911.

(13) France is to be the mandatory of the powers in the organization and control of Syria, the boundaries of the said state to be determined by the peace conference.

(14) Ample guaranties are to be given to France for the integral repayment of money loaned by the French Government and French subjects to Russia, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, and for the protection of equitable liquidation of French concessions and business enterprises in these countries.

The "fourteen points" of France are not set forth by Premier Clemenceau and Foreign Secretary Pichon in opposition to President Wilson's "fourteen points." M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon are lawyers representing before the bar of world justice the interests of their client. They have both stated frankly that their first duty as advocates of France in the peace conference is to secure for France reparations and compensations for what she has suffered, and guaranties against the recurrence of the danger. During the first month of the conference M. Clemenceau said that he had sacrificed many of his personal ideas and prejudices, and had refrained from insisting upon certain things that he, as representative of France, thought France ought to have. M. Pichon is the spokesman of the *Quai d'Orsay*, and, willy-nilly, he is compelled to set forth and defend the traditional point of view of French foreign policy in every disputed question. Just as in the case of England, France has a foreign policy the roots of which were planted before Columbus discovered America, and which has developed along its original lines for five centuries. Dy-

nasties and governments have changed in France, but not the Quai d'Orsay. France has experienced invasion and defeat, but the bureaucrats in the ministry of foreign affairs have gone back to their *dossiers* to take them up again without destroying or altering a single document therein.

So we cannot dismiss with a wave of the hand France's "fourteen points" on the ground that they conflict with America's "fourteen points," which France promised to adopt as the basis of peace. We have to convince M. Clemenceau that his client's interests are not jeopardized by giving up any of the French claims. We have to convince M. Pichon that America has found a better foreign policy for France than the traditional one of the Quai d'Orsay. This is not an easy task for us in either case, but especially in the second. We think in decades; France thinks in centuries. We have no past experiences or present problems analogous to those of France. I shall have to limit myself to two illustrations.

The left bank of the Rhine. We say that Europe became an armed camp in the second half of the nineteenth century owing to annexations, or attempted annexations, contrary to the will of the inhabitants, and ask France to consider her own bitter experience of Alsace-Lorraine. The French answer that when the Rhine was the boundary between France and Germany, France was able to defend herself, and give you examples from Julius Cæsar to Louis XIV. They point out that only since Prussia installed herself on the left bank of the Rhine has France been at the mercy of the Germans.

France in Syria. We say that the liberation of subject races should not be taken as the occasion for a further extension of the doctrine of European eminent domain, which has proved to be the underlying cause of nineteenth-century wars. The French answer that Syria has been intimately associated with France since the Crusades, and that if there are Christian elements left in that portion of the Mohammedan world, it is because of the protection afforded them by France ever since the time of Francis I. The Syrians do not

want to lose French aid and protection in their hour of emancipation. If the peace conference left the Syrians without European aid, they would be as badly off as under the Turks; worse off, in fact, because they would be deprived of the protection against Mohammedan fanaticism that France has hitherto been able to give in virtue of her treaties with the Sublime Porte. And if the mandate to organize Syria were granted to some other nation, it would be a violation of France's moral right and a refusal to recognize the sentimental interests of France in Syria.

I have said that it is not an easy task for us to reconcile America's "fourteen points" with France's "fourteen points," but is it a hopeless task? No, emphatically no. It is hopeless only if we go about it in the wrong way.

During the latter half of 1917 and the whole year of 1918 I enjoyed unusual opportunities of coming into close contact with French public opinion throughout the country. In every part of France I talked with bourgeois, peasants, and working-men about the peace that should be made after the war. At the tables of *préfets* and *maires* and "notables" I discussed the coming peace conference, and what would be France's attitude toward peace after the collapse of Germany. In village cafés and the homes of peasants I tried out the ideas I was gathering in educated circles. I went to industrial and mining centers to talk with foremen, factory hands, miners, skilled and unskilled laborers. I asked the small functionaries and the railway men to give me their ideas. Except among *intellectuels*, there was little knowledge of the aims and aspirations expressed in the French Government's program as I have outlined it above. In industrial circles I found some notions, but not always accurate or fair, of the Government's intentions when the day of making peace should arrive. Nowhere in France and in no class of society did I find enthusiasm and unqualified approval of what I have called France's "fourteen points." On the other hand, in industrial circles, and sometimes among *intellectuels*, there was warm advocacy of President Wilson's "fourteen points."

Social unrest is wide-spread in France; the people are in a state of high nervous tension. The war has imposed upon them sacrifices so great in every way that they are ripe for a complete and radical change in international relations. The war lasted too long. Jingoism, chauvinism, militarism, imperialism, aggressive nationalism, the usual unlovely concomitants of victory, are manifest only in the newspapers, which fail singularly to reflect public opinion in France, and in small elements of the population whose strength and influence are absurdly overestimated. The vision of a new world, set forth in the American program for peace and in President Wilson's speeches before and during the conference, would have appealed in any circumstances to the underlying chivalry and idealism of French character. Under present conditions, the appeal is more potent than we realize.

Where, then, is the support for a peace program which seems on the surface to be a consecration of old and discredited methods of establishing peace after a war? Why did the Chamber of

Deputies give an overwhelming vote of confidence to the Government after M. Pichon's exposition of foreign policy? Why did the French nation stand behind Premier Clemenceau in the initial period of the peace conference? The answer to these questions is summed up in one short phrase, *the instinct of self-preservation*.

If we can make it clear to the French people that the society of nations will first of all protect them against the possibility of a renewal of German aggression, and will afford them certain and rapid means of recovering and holding their industrial and commercial and moral position in the post-bellum period, no reactionary forces in France are strong enough to prevent them from accepting the American program for peace in its entirety.

How and in what measure is the United States willing to aid and stand by France after the war? We must satisfy France on this point; then everything else will follow as we, and the French with us, have dreamed it, as we, and the French with us, certainly want it.



The Greater Patience

By CALE YOUNG RICE

The passionless and imperceptible drifting
Of clouds that come where no wind seems to be,
That rise as if some need of earth were lifting
Them on, to bring her fields fertility,
Is like this moving through the soul of me
Of thoughts that seem of some magnetic need
At the heart of life to come, and drop their dew,
And bring the fruitful words that men call true.

What is it you would tell me, O great skies?
That imperceptible is God intent?
Coming as if its quest were never meant,
Yet bringing forth such fruit as never dies?
This and that souls impatient ever weave
But doubt; the patient only can believe?



The Miracle of Château-Thierry

By COL. R. H. C. KELTON, GENERAL STAFF, U. S. A.



THE part which a certain number of the American divisions played at Château-Thierry, in what is very properly termed the Second Battle of the Marne, forms a remarkable chapter in the history of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. It was an initial effort, it saw the first actual functioning of the American Army Corps, it produced the army commanders who now control the American units under General Pershing, and it was essentially the battle baptism of the American fighting forces.

Eight American divisions took part at Château-Thierry, but of these only four had seen any real fighting, and only one had taken part in an offensive operation. The other four had either seen no fighting at all, or so little during their training in calm sectors that they had not yet received the classification of fighting units. But they gave so clear a demonstration of the fighting quality of American troops, even though not fully trained, that they completely restored the morale of the Allied battle-line.

Château-Thierry was an emergency; it had no part whatever in the plans prepared by the general staff of the American Expeditionary Forces or in the original French scheme for the entry of the American forces upon the Western front.

The result of the German attack on the morning of May 27 was a rude and startling surprise to the Allied headquarters. In four days, or on the evening of May 30, the leading elements of the German troops were at Château-Thierry, and on the following day the *Boche* stated in his communiqué, "We

stand along the Marne." No greater measure of self-satisfaction was ever reflected in his pompous announcements than in this. It was a big advance, nearly forty miles in four days, and included a general attack within that period.

But on this same fourth day at Château-Thierry the German troops found a small American fighting unit, the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion of the 3d U. S. Division, which had come a distance of 110 miles in thirty hours by motor transport, and the *Boche* failed to cross the Marne.

For seventy-two hours the 7th Machine-Gun Battalion successfully contested the crossing, and by the second day of June the 3d U. S. Division was in position along the river from Château-Thierry to the east for a distance of about twelve miles, and the 2d U. S. Division, which included the Marine Brigade, arriving from a point north of Paris, was in position from Château-Thierry to the west for a distance of about eight miles, and the *Boche* drive was definitely halted at this point.

Château-Thierry is a small town in the valley of the Marne about fifty miles east of Paris, once picturesque, now sadly battered; but to the American Expeditionary Forces Château-Thierry signified the whole area over which its divisions contended through ten weeks of bitter fighting, and, more than all else, it signified the fact that the tide of military fortune had turned at that point, that we had taken the measure of the *Boche*, and were no longer anxious as to the final result. We were then certain that victory was surely ours at some time in the future, though even the most optimistic did not count it possible in four short months.

In order that the reader may correctly visualize the critical importance of the Château-Thierry operations to the whole Allied cause, it will be wise to make a brief retrospect of the previous major events of the war, for only with these events, and the obvious wearing down of the Allied morale as a background, can the reader fully appreciate the wonderful change in the fortunes of the war which may well be considered as "The Miracle of Château-Thierry."

In 1914, after the first Battle of the Marne, there occurred what has been aptly termed "the race for the sea," each side, from the neighborhood of Soissons, endeavoring to outflank the other until the North Sea was reached. This resulted in a battle-line roughly resembling a slender letter "S," with Switzerland as a base, and with Verdun, Soissons, and Ypres as critical points along its curves.

In 1915 the *Boche* in the Flanders area drove for Calais and the channel ports, while the French tried a general attack in the Champagne country between Soissons and Verdun. Both attacks involved heavy losses, and neither accomplished any strategic result.

In 1916 the famous German attack at Verdun began in February and continued until July 15, when it finally subsided, due to extremely heavy losses by the enemy and to the fact that the Battle of the Somme, initiated jointly by the French and British on July 1, was calling for the strength of the German reserves.

This same Battle of the Somme, persistently and doggedly pursued until Bapaume and Péronne were in Allied hands, finally resulted, in February, 1917, in a general retirement of the German forces to the so-called Hindenburg line. In the meanwhile the French, by limited offensives in October and December of 1916, had recovered a large part of the terrain previously lost at Verdun.

Thus the year 1917 opened with the German armies on the defensive, and it was the Allies' turn to choose the time and place of attack. But unity of command, although often discussed and recommended, did not yet exist. The

French led off in April by an attack on the Chemin des Dames ridge, and only partly succeeded, at a cost so heavy that it resulted in the removal of General Neville from command.

Meanwhile the British were preparing for the Ypres offensive, with the ultimate object of clearing the Belgian coast, a plan which the British Navy had urged and demanded. In August the French, by a brilliant, but limited, offensive, recovered the remainder of the original Verdun salient on its northern face, and in October they completed the Chemin des Dames operations by taking the Fort Malmaison plateau, and thereafter the whole of the terrain of the Chemin des Dames as a result of the tactical advantage first attained.

Although the prospects of the Allies on the western front in the spring of 1917 promised a measure of success, the conditions on the eastern battle-line foreshadowed the crumbling of the Russian strength, which, beginning with the overthrow of Rumania, finally culminated in the sudden forcing of the Dwina River line to the east of the Riga bridge-head. The bear who had walked like a man was down on all four feet, shuffling painfully to the rear, and the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bukharest left the German general staff free to concentrate for a renewal of attack in the West.

The Italian disaster on the upper reaches of the Isonzo, where their Second Army gave way before the German and Austrian divisions, only added to the discomfiture of the Entente Allies, and the six French and six British divisions that were sent in record time to aid the Italian high command in a desperate effort to hold and to reorganize behind the Piave River line could not well be spared at so critical a time.

However, these twelve divisions, after a wonderful rail and marching movement into Italy, did unquestionably save the day, and no greater or more far-reaching purpose than this on the western front could have been served by them.

During October and November the British in the north continued the Ypres offensive begun in July, and little by little gained possession of the

Passchendaele Ridge from the south at Messines almost to its northern extremity at Westroosbeke. But an unusually wet autumn made this work brutally hard on the personnel, the Italian front had claimed part of their reserves, and finally, on November 21, 1917, with the task still incomplete, with no results so far as clearing the Belgian coast was concerned, with losses for the year approaching 800,000 casualties in France from all sources, and with the Russian line collapsed, so that the offensive rôle on the western front was bound to be regained by the enemy as soon as sufficient divisions could be transported from the East, the British were forced to abandon their offensive and, with foreboding for the future, set themselves to preparing for what might well be the last ditch.

The Allied possession of the offensive in 1917 had come to naught. Unity of command was still non-existent, and no strategic advantage had been gained except that the *Boche* had retired to the Hindenburg line and given up a small portion of the territory of France that he had overrun.

During the winter of 1917-18 the German high command transferred divisions to the west as rapidly as they could be released from the Russian front. The capacity of their railroads was about ten divisions a month, and they actually transferred sixty-three divisions, bringing the strength on the western front to 206, which was the reported number when the big drive began on the twenty-first of last March.

As the evidence piled up of the increasing strength of the German forces, of the scheme loudly proclaimed in the German press that peace would be forced in the West as it had been forced in the East, the nerves of the Allies became more and more strained.

In February of 1918 unity of command was finally obtained for the Allied forces in France, credit for which must be given more to the convictions and wisdom of the civilian premiers of England and France than to the war offices or the military commanders, and with this important, though tardy, advantage over previous separate control the armies in France waited with un-

happy feelings for the launching of the German attack that, according to the Ludendorff mind, was to end the war in one magnificent drive.

The success of the Germans in the big drive in the North—Picardy in March, Flanders in April—brought the Allied morale lower than before, and Sir Douglas Haig issued a general order in which he said, "We are fighting with our backs to the wall." They were, for the *Boche* was then bombing all lines of communication clear back to the channel coast from Calais almost to Havre.

The Château-Thierry drive occurred in the last week of May, and matters looked desperate. All the big industrial concerns near Paris engaged in the manufacture of ammunition and war material were moving their plants to points south of Paris as fast as available transportation would permit. All government bureaus and all banks labored with records and books, securities and cash, packed and ready for flight at a moment's notice. The situation seemed hopeless to some, serious to all.

It is of interest, now, to follow the movements of the various American divisions as they were gathered at Château-Thierry to help the French in a desperate attempt to save Paris.

A few days after the initiation of the German offensive on March 21 the American commander-in-chief proposed to Marshal Foch that the latter make whatever disposition he saw fit of the American divisions then in France. Although at that time two American divisions had completed their schedule of training, and four other divisions were actually in France, the French high command was rather slow in making use of General Pershing's offer.

At the end of March the 1st and 26th Divisions had completed their training according to the original scheme; the 2d and 42d Divisions were still in training sectors; the 32d Division was in its training area, and designated as the "Training" Division of the 1st Corps, while the 41st Division was on the line of communication as the "Base Replacement" Unit, but at that time virtually skeletonized, due to the previous demands for replacement.

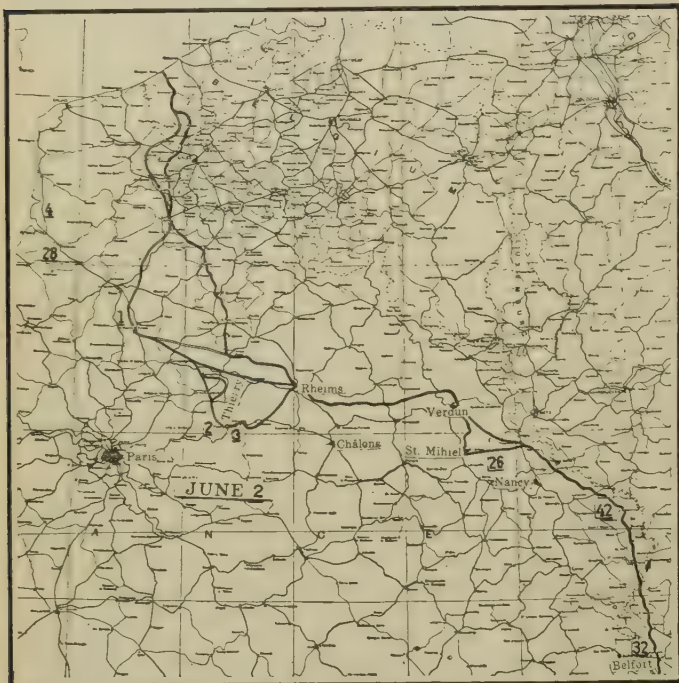
During April the increase of ocean tonnage, arranged for in March, for the transport of American troops to France was made available in part, and the 3d and 5th Divisions began to cross; but they were without sufficient training for immediate use and even without much of their equipment, as the artillery brigades had to be sent to special training centers to receive their guns,

units, the 3d and 5th Divisions, occupying their training areas, the 3d at Château-Villain and the 5th near the Vosges.

During May the rate of transport of troops to France was increased to such an extent that nine divisions started crossing in this month and completed the movement during June, while in June eight other divisions began crossing and completed during July.

Ten of these seventeen divisions were put in training in areas back of the British lines as an initial step, and afterward five of these ten were moved again to the southeast to take part in American operations, the 4th and 28th Divisions being allotted to the Château-Thierry effort during July.

Thus on May 26, on the eve of the German drive at Château-Thierry, we find the American divisions then in France widely scattered, and more than half of them outside of the geographical, and even the supply, limits of the intended American



Location of U. S. divisions which took part at Château-Thierry immediately after the salient had been formed and the drive stopped

animals, and other transport and to undergo a period of at least six weeks' intensive training in their own specialty before rejoining their divisions.

Therefore the troops that arrived during April could not be counted upon, as the French thought, before the following August; in other words, at least three months of training in France was considered essential to fit the American divisions for combat. In fact, the original scheme, according to French plans, contemplated six months, and the 1st and 26th Divisions had actually been given that length of time in training.

At the end of April, in addition to the 1st Corps phase of six divisions, there were only two other American

units, the 3d and 5th Divisions, occupying their training areas, the 3d at Château-Villain and the 5th near the Vosges.

On May 27, however, it was no longer a question as to which divisions had completed training according to any adopted schedule; it was a dire emergency, and a question as to what troops of any class were most available for Château-Thierry. The two American units nearest to that point, the 2d and 3d Divisions, were rushed without delay and by the speediest means of transport to the point of danger in order to stop the drive.

During June the 42d Division was moved from the northern edge of the Vosges to a position near Châlons and then into the battle-lines north of that place to assist the French command and to show the French troops in that sector that the Americans were actually with them. The 26th Division was relieved from the American sector north of Toul and moved to a position southwest of Château-Thierry in support of the 2d Division.

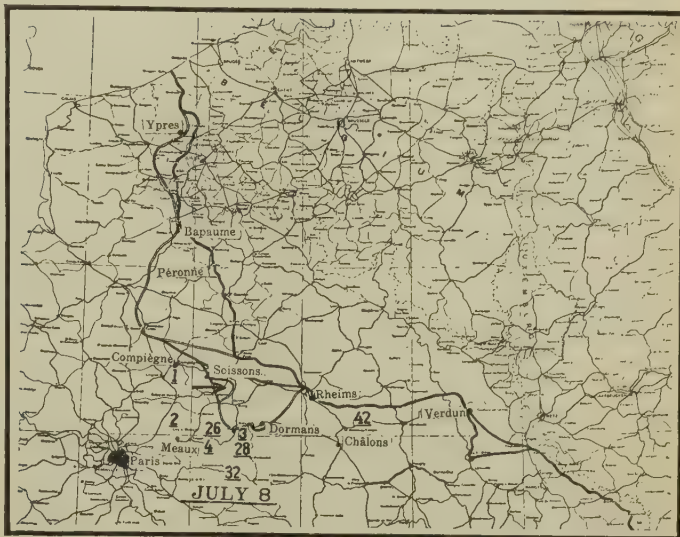
The 4th and 28th Divisions were brought from behind the British front and placed in reserve southwest and south of Château-Thierry while later in the month the 32d Division was started from its training sector in the southern Vosges, near Belfort, on its journey of over two hundred miles toward Château-Thierry.

It was also during June that the 2d U. S. Division, one Brigade of which comprised the Marine Corps regiments in France, following up its first brilliant effort of June 2 and 3, had so consistently and successfully contested all the advantages of terrain and position initially possessed by the Germans along its front that early in July, when the 26th Division took its place, the American lines were in good status for defense against further German attacks, or for an offensive movement when the opportunity arrived. No harder fighting had yet confronted American troops than that which the 3rd Infantry Brigade encountered at Vaux and Hill 204, or the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood.

By the first days of July the 1st U. S. Division, which had given a splendid and reassuring exhibition of the offensive energy and ability of a well-trained American unit in its operations against Cantigny, had been moved to a position

in reserve near Compiègne, and during the next week the 2d Division, after recording an equally fine chapter in the history of the American Expeditionary Forces, was relieved from its first-line sector by the 26th Division and placed in reserve near Meaux, where it could refit and obtain much needed rest.

Here, then, are the positions of the American divisions that played the



Location of U. S. divisions which took part at Château-Thierry just before the German attack on July 15. Arrow indicates the counter-attack of the 1st and 2nd U. S. Divisions on the morning of July 18, in company with three French divisions

critical rôle in the operations at Château-Thierry early in July, or seven days before the final offensive effort of the German forces in the present war:

The 1st and 2d Divisions in reserve to the west of the Château-Thierry salient; the 3d and 26th Divisions in front-line sectors to the east and west respectively of the town of Château-Thierry itself; the 42d Division in front-line sector to the east of Rheims; the 4th and 28th Divisions in support positions south of Château-Thierry; and the 32d Division arriving near Coulommiers from its previous station in the Vosges.

For several weeks the evidence had been accumulating of a German attack that would extend the Château-Thierry salient south of the Marne and widen it toward the east, in order finally to effect the capture of Rheims and over-

run the terrain to the southeast perhaps as far as Châlons.

Air reconnaissance, prisoners, and captured documents all corroborated this general plan. The information was reliable from its very frequency; the only undeterminable item was the date when the attack might be expected. In the latter part of June a French patrol crossed the Marne near Dormans and succeeded in capturing a German engineer officer who admitted he was reconnoitering the proposed crossings and had in his possession the data concerning the bridges which the *Boche* expected to throw across the Marne in the double bends of the river at Mont-St.-Père and Jaulgonne. The evidence was conclusive that the attack would take place from a point just east of Château-Thierry along the Marne to Dormans and probably even farther to the east, on the north side of the river.

As a matter of later history it was learned, in September, from prisoners at St. Mihiel that the Germans had also planned an attack from the west front of the St. Mihiel salient, to be carried out about August 8, which should squeeze out Verdun in the same manner that they expected, in the July attack, to get the city of Rheims, and thus draw the battle-line in a full sweeping curve from Château-Thierry to the nose of St. Mihiel itself. Such a plan would have deprived France of the whole of the Châlons area, which has always been of immense military value. This attack, of course, never developed.

The German plan to force a crossing of the Marne in the Jaulgonne bends, to capture the heights on the south side of the river, which commanded the valley of the Surmelin, and thus to debouch to the south and at the same time widen the Château-Thierry salient to the east, was so evidently correct from the point of view of terrain, in both topographical and geographical features, that no military mind could disregard the great probability of such an operation. The sought-for item of information was the day and hour it might be expected.

The French high command first assumed the probability of an attack on July 4, on the theory that the *Boche* would consider the chances of success

greater on the American holiday than otherwise, and the Fifth and Sixth French Armies, which included at this time all the American divisions near Château-Thierry, were "alerted" on the night of July 3; but nothing came of it, and the matter was treated as a dress-rehearsal.

Newly gained information resulted in a repetition of these "alerts" on the nights of July 6, 8, and 9, and from that time on the troops existed constantly under "alert" conditions.

Finally, on the evening of July 14, prisoners were captured who stated that the attack would take place that very night at midnight. Here was definite information, which, if true, had been received in the nick of time, and orders were promptly issued to start the French and American counter-artillery preparation along the whole front at twenty minutes past eleven, or forty minutes ahead of the German artillery attack. Evidence previously gathered from prisoners and captured documents indicated that the German attack would not extend to the west of Château-Thierry, and this eventually proved correct. The front of attack extended from the town of Gland, about three kilometers east of Château-Thierry, and thence east and northeast to the Montagne de Rheims. Apparently the city of Rheims itself was not to be directly attacked, though to the east of Rheims the attack was to extend from Nogent l'Abbesse as far as Suippes.

Thus it happened that the 3d U. S. Division stood in the pathway of the *Boche* at the western, or right, flank extremity of his attack, and effectually barred his gateway to the south through the valley of the Surmelin, while the 42d Division occupied the center of the sector attacked by the Germans east of the cathedral city, and both units helped largely in deciding the fortunes of that eventful day. The defense made by these two American divisions on the fifteenth day of July was of critical importance each in its respective sector, and of the two actions that of the 3d Division is perhaps the more remarkable because it had received no training in trench sectors in France, and very little even in its training area wholly

out of contact with the enemy. The Field-Artillery Brigade had only just joined the 3d Division, the first batteries arriving from their training center on the night of July 3, and marching into position together with the "alerted" infantry troops, the last batteries of the brigade arriving on the night of July 14, and getting into position barely in time to open fire before midnight. In fact, the last battery of howitzers never did get into position, but was caught and smashed on the road by the German bombardment, which began to fall at midnight.

As compared with this state of inexperience in the shock of a major attack, the 42d Division had been eight months in France and was a veteran of the trench sectors, with much successful work already to its credit.

A reference to the German "attack" map and to their "artillery-barrage" map shows that the limit of attack on the west had been accurately foreshadowed by the prisoners' information, and it will also clearly demonstrate the importance which the German high command placed on the success of their attempts to capture the Surmelin Valley and the heights to the west, known as the Le Rocq Plateau; for the attack map shows three German divisions, the 10th Infantry Division, the 36th Infantry Division, and the 10th Landwehr Division, disposed to effect the crossing between Gland and Jaulgonne, in a sector occupied by a little more than one half of the 3d U. S. Division.

The attack maps were found in large

numbers on the German prisoners and on their dead, and it appeared that they were issued so as to provide each squad-leader with a map on which could be easily marked the particular objective of his own unit. The German barrage map, of which only a few copies were obtained, was nearly three feet by four in size, and was photographed at the 3d Division headquarters under unfavor-



German Artillery-Barrage Map, showing Chateau-Thierry just on the left edge

able circumstances of light and time, and the illustration shown herewith is therefore of rather unsatisfactory character.

Before going further with the details of the fight at the Marne by the 3d U. S. Division on July 15, it is proper to state for the information of the reader that these details are given as illustrative of the morale, the fighting quality, and the stamina of young and

comparatively inexperienced American troops. They do not include incidents in other divisions than the 3d for the reason that while, as chief of staff of the 3d Division, I am well acquainted with what actually happened in the area of that unit, I know only by hearsay of the details of the fighting elsewhere on the line.

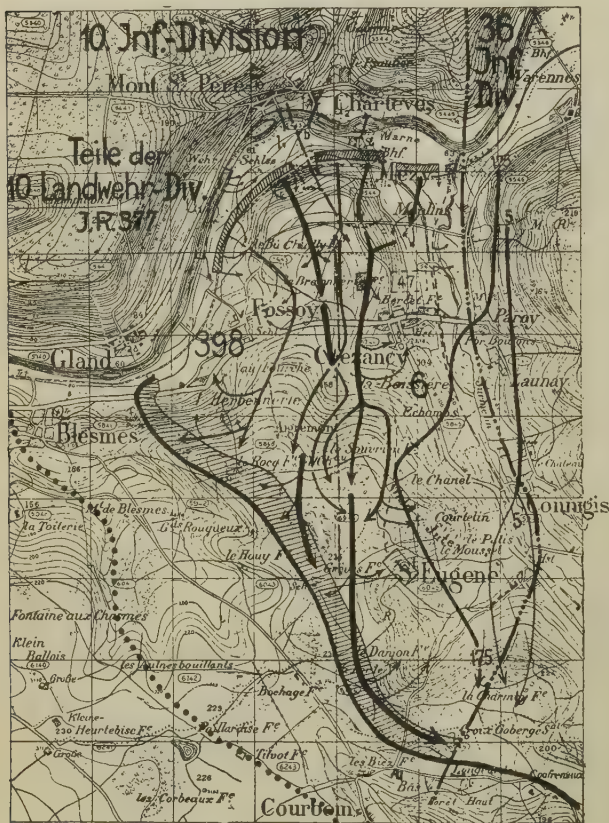
But of this one fact I am assured,

German when he attacked, or to push him back when the offensive rôle had been assumed.

A reference to the German attack map will show the main highway from Château-Thierry along the foot of the hill slopes on the south side of the Marne, and also the main double-tracked trunk railway line from Paris to Nancy following the bends of the river.

The German plan of attack for July 15, as gathered from the captured maps and orders, contemplated crossing the river by pontoon-bridges and in the pontoons themselves, under cover of darkness and an intense artillery bombardment, then forming along the line of the railroad, which manifestly could be found by their troops under any conditions of darkness or smoke or artificial fog, and from that point making the infantry attack, protected by the artillery barrage shown in the illustration already referred to.

Inasmuch as the Germans expected to use the narrow area between the railroad and the river for assembling their infantry attack, they did not want to fill it full of shell-holes, and only swept it with machine-gun fire, and their bombardment fell altogether south of the railroad line. They apparently had no thought that the Americans would remain steadfastly in their positions in this zone, much less that many of them would be met directly on the river-bank, throwing hand-grenades into the boat-loads of Germans as they crossed. Nor is it probable that they expected the intensity and accuracy of the artillery-fire with which the American brigade, assisted by the French foot and corps artil-



Erläuterung

(EXPLANATION)

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| — Endziel | (Objective) |
| ▨ Hauptwiderstandszone | (Principal zone of resistance) |
| ... Vorposten | (Outposts) |
| ↕ Übersetzstellen | (Points of crossing) |
| ☐ Sturmstellung | (Storm position) |
| ➔ Hauptangriffsrichtungen | (Direction of principal attack) |

German Attack Map, showing intensity of effort directed against the hill south of the Grezancy-Fossoy road

that in all the eight divisions that participated in the Château-Thierry fighting there was no failure to hold the

lery, covered the north bank of the river as soon as the hour of attack was known.

Prisoners admitted that their losses were frightfully heavy even before crossing, despite the fact that their officers had told them that the Americans had only a weak artillery, and this would be smothered by the German batteries massed to cover the crossing.

It is interesting to note that up to the very last minute this information given to the German troops was actually founded on fact, for the first batteries of the 76th Regiment of U. S. Artillery under Colonel William C. Rivers arrived only on the night of July 3 from the distant organization center on the west coast of France, and went into position with the prospect of a fight before morning, with no opportunity for registration or adjustment, and with the ammunition train still miles in the rear.

Fortunately, ten days were to elapse before actual realization of the *Boche* attack, and barely within this time limit the whole divisional complement of seventy-two guns arrived and got safely into place, except the last battery of howitzers, already mentioned as having been smashed on the road.

Time was too short for any artillery plan except the grimly simple idea of smashing the German at the river, when he should attempt to cross, and of leaving entirely to the infantry and to the machine-guns the task of accounting for those who succeeded in reaching the southern side.

How well the untried artillery brigade under Brigadier-General William M. Cruikshank carried out this plan was shown in a remarkable set of airplane photographs of the whole line of the river from Gland to Jaulgonne, taken from low altitudes on the second day after the fight, in which the multitude of shell-holes along the north bank and the wreckage of boats and bridges in the water clearly demonstrated the efficiency of our gunners. In these same photographs there could be seen, even without the use of a reading-glass, the hundreds upon hundreds of German dead that lay near the river on the south bank, waiting burial; for Fritz was still in position on the north side, and burial-parties were *verboden* to his savage mind immediately after a stinging defeat. Without question the

infantry and the machine-gunners had done their work equally well with their artillery mates.

The defense plan adopted in this critical foreground by the 30th and 38th Infantry Regiments and the 9th Machine-Gun Battalion consisted of an arrangement of combat groups, presenting no regular alinement, but located with regard to accidents of terrain and availability of concealment; and although in the course of the German attack many of these combat groups were overwhelmed, none of them left their places before the fighting became general in all directions, and then such shifting as took place consisted in concentrating at the stronger positions and at those points where the attacking forces seemed to be arriving in largest numbers.

The German schedule of attack provided for crossing the river at daylight, launching the infantry attack from the line of the railroad about six o'clock in the morning and attaining the designated position across the Le Rocq Plateau before noon of the fifteenth of July. This operation involved a penetration into the 3d Division area varying from a short distance at the western limit of attack to more than ten kilometers in the neighborhood of Condé.

It will suffice to say that at dark that night no German had crossed the Fossoy-Crozancy road except as a prisoner, of which we counted five hundred and ninety-six, and no Germans except the dead remained in front of the 3d U. S. Division on the south side of the river. Six days later we had buried nearly five thousand of them.

The forward companies of the 38th Infantry and the machine-gun support from the 9th Battalion, situated in a triangular position at the mouth of the Surmelin River, with the short side of the triangle along the Marne and the long sides extending toward the Surmelin Valley, never left their positions throughout the whole of that memorable day, and fought for the major part of the time in three different directions. The battalion of the 38th Infantry on the extreme right, based on the forward slopes east of Moulins, and which had been disposed to resist an attack from

the northwest, had to be rearranged during the early morning hours of the fifteenth to resist pressure from the east, and fought in that manner, with the *Boche* on two sides of them, for twelve or fourteen hours.

No finer example of control by a regimental commander, or of the confidence of the men in the wisdom of his instructions, can be conceived than this performance of the 38th U. S. Infantry on July 15, 1918, and it may be very justly said that Colonel U. G. McAlexander was the rock of the Surmelin Valley, just as General George H. Thomas was at Chickamauga; nor is there any finer example of soldierly coolness and courage under fire than the action of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Adams of the 38th Infantry, who personally directed the change of front on the extreme right flank, and thereby won his Distinguished Service Cross.

If to this performance is added the action of this regiment when, without having left its field of battle for rest or refit, it crossed the Marne on the night of July 21 in the face of the enemy and advanced directly to the Jaulgonne Gorge, and the fact that in the ten days from July 15 to July 25 it captured prisoners from nine different German regiments, we may well appreciate the record in General Pershing's report where he refers to a regiment of the 6th Infantry Brigade as having written one of the finest chapters in the history of the American Expeditionary Forces.

But the other regiments were close behind the 38th in exhibition of valor. The 30th U. S. Infantry held the hill crowned by the Bois d'Agramont, the key to the Le Rocq Plateau. The heaviest bombardment and the greatest density of infantry attack were directed against this point, but though no German ever reached it, the German artillery-fire took the heaviest toll of American lives in this gallant regiment, and its casualties exceeded twenty per cent. on the one strenuous day.

The 7th U. S. Infantry, next in line to the left, not only maintained its forward positions intact, but also gave splendid assistance to the hard-pressed 30th Infantry on its right. At Fossoy it blocked all crossing of the river,

pinned the German attack to narrow limits on its western side, and prevented all efforts at infiltration. Its losses were only slightly fewer than those of the 30th Infantry.

Finally, the 4th U. S. Infantry on the extreme left flank of the division sector, although itself outside the sphere of destructive artillery fire on the fifteenth of July, sent a battalion in support of the 7th and 30th Regiments, and when the Germans, after July 20, began to withdraw from Château-Thierry, the 4th, with part of the 8th Machine-Gun Battalion, was the first to cross the river. Sweeping along the northern bank of the Marne, from Blesme to Gland and then to Mont-St.-Père, it enabled the whole division to cross, and begin the struggle for the hill-crests on the northern side. On July 25 the 4th Infantry captured Le Charmel from the west after four days of bitter fighting, and then rushed the enemy for a six-kilometer gain during the day of July 26; so that by four o'clock in the afternoon of that day the 3d U. S. Division was in control of the head-waters of the Ourcq River. But I must not go beyond the subject I have attempted to present in the miracle of Château-Thierry.

The defeat of the German attack on July 15 along the Marne and to the east of Rheims forms the first part of this event, and the magnificent counter-offensive drive initiated on July 18 by those five heroic divisions, two American and three French, may well be called the demonstration of the miracle, for in those three days the morale of all the Allies had been born anew.

The defeat of the Germans had been complete. True, they had gained a few kilometers at some points, but though parts of the Allied line had sagged a little, it did not break. No troop operations were needed anywhere to stop a gap, and when Marshal Foch was assured of this fact on the night of July 15, the anxiously waited opportunity was at hand.

The German high command was bewildered; they had counted it an easy step in their operations toward Paris and ultimate victory. Hertling, the German chancellor, three days before

his death stated that he was convinced on July 1, 1918, that the Allies would propose peace before September. He said: "We expected grave events in Paris before the fifteenth of July. But on the eighteenth even the most optimistic among us knew that all was lost. The history of the world was played out in those three days."

There is no better epigrammatic reference to the character and the result of the fighting on July 15 than Frederick Palmer's remark that "We did not dash the cup of victory from his lips; we smashed it into splinters in his face."

When the counter-offensive had been started, all the divisions, French, American, British, and Italian, from west to east along the Château-Thierry salient, followed suit in a splendid effort to crush it out, and the miracle of Château-Thierry was complete.

From that time there was no turning back. The British counter-offensive began on August 8; we romped through St. Mihiel on September 12, and accomplished in thirty hours what we expected would require three days. But this operation had long been planned for the American forces; it was in our own sector, and the means were ready to the desired end.

Finally, on September 26 the Allied attack blazed up from Verdun clear to the North Sea, and in six weeks' time the German general staff acknowledged defeat.

Before closing I shall try to show what I conceive to be an explanation of this miracle of Château-Thierry, even though miracles are not supposed to be explained.

The French and British both knew that the American program was amply sufficient to help them achieve victory when it should finally reach France and become available for the battle-line, but as the months of 1918 passed by, and only six divisions were in France when the German offensive opened, the opinion was often expressed and repeated, "the Americans are too late," and hope was almost gone.

Even when the increased troop movement during May and June landed seventeen divisions in France, the morale did not revive; for what could green, unseasoned troops be expected to accomplish?

But when on July 16 the news was spread that green American troops had succeeded in administering a crushing defeat to massed German attack, the Allies suddenly found that instead of merely a promise for the future, they had ready at their side the reality of the American military strength.

If unseasoned American troops could fight like that, then twenty-five divisions were available instead of only five, and the hope of victory and the will to conquer burned again with an unquenchable flame, for the war could still be won.





The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

XI. THE UNHAPPY FRONTIER LANDS OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS



REAT and certain of a glorious history appeared the Empire of the Hohenzollerns in 1914, despite its conservative Junkers in Prussia, its arrogant officer caste, its rapacious great capitalists, and its muttering, disruptive, and impractical socialists. Of course its statesmen were facing the usual number of problems in finance and social reform common to every civilized state. They were also holding at arm's-length a very disagreeable demand for greater political liberties. Yet the material success of the empire was so great, and so marked was the ability of the Hohenzollern dynasts to justify its power by the efficient government, physical well-being, economic expansion, and national prestige which it had brought their subjects, that one could fairly say that the system which Bismarck had initiated in 1871 seemed in little danger of serious modification forty-three years later. In 1914 it was confidently lauded by its champions as a brilliant success, while the people committed to its fostering care were advancing economically from strength to strength. Even outside the empire, in the democratic lands of France, England, and America, it was regarded with a kind of bewildered admiration—this system that appeared such a contradiction to all the theories of democracies, and which, nevertheless, seemed more efficient than they. How much better were the Germans' commercial methods than the English, their army mobilization schemes than the French, or their city governments than the American! For the solution of almost every material public problem Ger-

many presented herself as the schoolhouse of the world. A foreign community almost automatically sent a commission to Germany to learn its approved methods, whether the question was that of establishing a municipal piggery or a college of music.

Nevertheless, there was certainly *one* matter in which the fatherland gave no lessons to the rest of humanity. Along its northern, eastern, and western frontiers there were large and populous districts whereof the inhabitants were bitterly resentful of Berlin rule, and if a great war should break out, they could by no means be relied upon to pray for German victory.

It is a nice question for political theorists to settle when a barbarous or imperfectly civilized people has reached such a stage in its upward development that the tutelage of a civilized power should cease, and the subordinate people be left more or less to walk upon its own feet. All great nations, excluding Austria, but including America, had colonies in the tropics calling for considerable administration of the natives. But it is only a dealer in quiddities who claims that there is ordinarily the same resentfulness of outside political control in a Malay as in an Anglo-Saxon. In 1914 it was at least not supposed to be the proper thing for white men to deny large rights of self-government to other white men. It is true that this theory was often imperfectly developed. In Austria there was a regular complex of minor races jangling with the predominant Germans and Magyars and crying out lustily against real or alleged deeds of oppression. But Austria was not a nation, but a conglomerate. There could be no real hope, despite German and Magyar ambitions, of reducing all her peoples to one fixed type and mold.

The friction between her races was only the inevitable heat engendered by the painful process of finding some system of federation which would be reasonably just and satisfactory to all parties. There was also the great fraction of Poland and the whole of Finland grasped in the clutch of Russian czarism and often brutally threatened with violent Russification. But this again was merely one phase of that whole outrageous system of "despotism tempered by inefficiency" that was paving the way for the Russian Revolution of 1917. The Poles and Finns suffered differently, but hardly more grievously than did all the liberal elements of native Russians who felt the heavy weight of Nicholas II's blundering machine. Once more, there was the case of Ireland, which certainly had been sorely tormented by its British rulers in the past, and now was clamoring for deliverance. But British public opinion had already resolved on extending to Ireland every kind of good gift and favor even to the point of almost complete self-government. The only real difficulty had been that twenty-five per cent. of Ireland (Ulster) had angrily refused the boon which the other seventy-five per cent. demanded, and threatened civil war if home rule were thrust upon it. None of these cases constituted a serious refutation to the general proposition that no European nation had the right to oppress the people of another European nation. As for France and Italy, there were no dwellers in those countries who did not wish to be counted Frenchmen or Italians, although just over their respective borders there were less happy districts that would probably have been very glad to transfer their allegiance to Paris or Rome. But incorporated within the German Empire were no fewer than three populous areas, inhabited by civilized Europeans, who detested the German rule and wished heartily for some different political connection. The Berlin Government had tried cajoling these people into becoming "good Germans," and it had failed. It had tried coercing them; it had still more completely failed. At least two of these national groups were seemingly less loyal and happy in their relations to Germany in

1914 than they had been, let us say, in 1884. This was a very serious problem, for it affected the physical integrity of the Hohenzollerns' empire. The inability of the kaiser's ministers to solve it was a proof that all the Prussian science, discipline, system, and efficiency could not meet vital human questions.

The three regions that looked angrily away from the rest of Germany were Schleswig-Holstein, the Polish provinces on the east, and Alsace-Lorraine. It is best to begin with the first, because it was the least important.

In 1864 Prussia, in alliance with Austria, had taken from the King of Denmark the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, which had formerly been united by a kind of personal union with the Danish crown. In 1866 Bismarck, having defeated his late ally Austria in war, caused these countries to be annexed entirely to Prussia. Holstein had been an almost purely German land. Danish rule had not been popular. The region soon settled down under its new government, but the case of Schleswig was very different. The population contained no fewer than 200,000 Danes, occupying nearly all the northern portions of the province. They had not the least desire to become Germans and were proud of their Northern language and robust type of civilization. In 1866, when, after Sadowa, Austria agreed to retire from all activity in German affairs, her statesmen had the grace to require that a clause be put in the treaty with Prussia specifically providing that "the population of the northern district of Schleswig, when by a popular vote it shall have expressed its wish to be incorporated with Denmark, shall be surrendered to that country."

This clause never remained more than a pious wish. There was strong feeling in Germany at the time that the forcible incorporation of the Danes was by no means advisable. "It would be a wise and statesmanlike act to renounce North Schleswig voluntarily," declared the "*Kölnische Zeitung*," one of the most influential papers in Prussia, in 1866. But Bismarck seldom relaxed his grip on anything. In his speeches he said

that the treaty must be fulfilled, but that the vote must come only after time enough had elapsed to make sure the Schleswigers really wanted to secede, and that their action was "independent and voluntary." But this happy time, when the region could be trusted to settle its own destinies, never arrived.

If government mandates from Berlin could have solved the Schleswig problem, it would have vanished speedily. A ministerial order commanded all school children in the region to learn by heart twenty songs from the official song-book. Of these twelve were German national or war songs, and one of them was the famous "Preussenlied," with its refrain, "*Ich bin ein Preusse.*" As for local history, schoolmasters were forbidden to teach their charges anything of the annals of Denmark or even anything of those of Schleswig prior to 1864, the date of the conquest. Only strictly German history prior to that time could be taught, and that, too, in text-books wherein the rulers of Prussia were extolled as patriotic demigods whose sole end was the good of their people, and who had rescued poor Schleswig from the tyrannous clutches of Denmark. Where the text-book failed, the schoolmaster's rod theoretically completed the process. Children who spoke Danish in the school or on its playground were subject to punishment.

By such means no doubt outward obedience was often maintained, but the stolid, unbending Northern farmers continued proof against this type of petty persecution. They were without hope of rescue by weak Denmark, and the Prussian Juggernaut might grind over them, suppress their papers, silence or banish their native pastors, flog their children, but it could not make them Prussians or make them wish to be Prussians.

The Danish problem was bad, but, after all, the Schleswig malcontents reckoned, possibly, barely .25 per cent. of the whole population of Germany. It was wholly different with the Polish problem. On the eve of the Great War over 3,800,000 subjects of William II

called themselves Poles instead of Prussians, and the question of their Germanization and loyalty was one of the weighty questions for the fatherland. The third and last partition of Poland had taken place in 1795. In 1815 there had been a redistribution of the divided land between the three spoilers, Prussia, Russia, and Austria, but no restoration of the Polish kingdom. The joint crime of Frederick the Great, Catharine of Russia, and Maria Theresa¹ and her descendants had never been punished. It is true that during its independent days Poland had been afflicted by one of the craziest and most unworkable systems of government ever possessed by a so-called civilized country—an elective kingship, with only nominal powers for the ruler and with an unlimited opportunity for lawless nobles to do that which was right in their own eyes. True again, the oppressions of the peasantry by their noble lords had been so great that when the foreign conquerors entered the land, the patriotic upper classes could not get enough support from the lower classes to make Kosciuszko's last resistance more than brave, but hopeless, heroism. True likewise that economic and agricultural conditions in independent Poland had been utterly primitive, as bad as in medieval Russia, with few towns, fewer roads, squalor, poverty, and superstition everywhere. Nevertheless, the forcible dismemberment of Poland late in the eighteenth century had been one of those great crimes against the justice of history that surely will return and plague the offending empires. It certainly returned to plague Prussia.

Shortly before 1914 there were about 21,000,000 persons speaking Polish, and all of them willing candidates for citizenship in a revived Polish kingdom. Of these about 3,800,000 were in Germany, 5,000,000 in Austria, and 12,000,000 in Russia. The czar thus grasped the largest fraction of the unhappy race as well as Warsaw, its old capital. The Poles did not love their Russian masters. They were Catholics; the Russians were "Orthodox," and were not at all tender in the means whereby they prop-

¹ In fairness to Maria Theresa it should be said that the original plot to dismember Poland originated with her mighty "brother" and "sister," and she entered only reluctantly into their schemes for spoliation.

agated their type of Christianity. The czars, especially since the abortive revolution of 1863, had stamped out almost the last vestige of local liberty for the Poles, had exiled and imprisoned their leaders right and left, had induced Russian adventurers to settle in the land and given them office and preferment, had discouraged the Polish language; in short, had generally played the irresponsible tyrants. The condition of the Russian Poles was therefore bad. But it was not hopeless. They lay on the edge of Russia, and were only on paper an integral part thereof. Russian officialdom was often brutal, stupid, and corrupt; but it was usually also inefficient. It was sometimes a long way from publishing a czar's ukase to enforcing its harsh details in a Polish village.¹ The better type of Russian officials were more urbane, tactful, and more complaisant than their companions just across the Prussian border. Above all, every intelligent Pole knew that the old régime in Russia could not last forever. When it went down, the Russian liberals could not belie themselves by refusing decent justice to Poland. The Russian fraction of the Poles therefore often lived most uncomfortably, but they lived in hope.

Likewise the Austrian Poles had their consolations. They were subject indeed to the Government at Vienna; but in the distracted Dual Monarchy, where every possible helper was needed to aid the Germans and Magyars to hold their own against the jealous lesser peoples, the Poles were able to get a good price for a steady support of Francis Joseph's ministers. In return for the pro-German votes of their deputies at Vienna, they were able to extract local liberties and the free use of their language in education, etc., to an extent never enjoyed by the other two fractions of their race. For the time they submitted fairly cheerfully to Austria. They knew that the Hapsburg monarchy was an utterly artificial consolidation; at any moment it might transform itself and leave them their freedom. Till then they were respected in their language, religion, and institutions. No thorough-

going attempts were made to render them Germans. They also could bide their time.

But the hopes of the Prussian Poles were much less certain, and their present lot much better. After all, Russian and Pole had one great common tie: both were Slavs. Austrian and Pole at least shared the common lot of being Catholics. Prussian and Pole found themselves opposed alike as Protestant against Catholic, and Teuton against Slav. The religious chasm was in any case serious. Before the partition the Poles had not always been extremely zealous Catholics. In the sixteenth century a large fraction of the nation had seemed about to become Presbyterian, although the old religion had presently regained the upper hand. But now the mere fact that their Prussian masters represented an extremely conservative and aggressive type of Protestantism made the Poles cling to their religion both as a matter of patriotism and of faith. Deprived of their own governors and kings, they rallied around their priests and archbishops as the visible heads of the nation. This of course aroused the religious ire of the Protestants. In 1914 the eastern provinces of Kaiser Wilhelm were some of the few places in the civilized world where the old religious feuds, which had once everywhere arrayed Christian against Christian, still burned hot, and intruded into politics. There was no hope of stilling the issue, because it had become one of race loyalty.

The Iron Chancellor set himself like flint against any proposition to restore Polish independence. "Any arrangement," he wrote, "likely to satisfy Poland is impossible without the breaking up and decomposing of Prussia." The proposed remedy was therefore gradually to grind down and Germanize the Poles by a wholesale introduction of Teutonic colonists for whom lands were to be provided by the public exchequer. A land commission was set up. Small farms were to be purchased and parceled out to German colonists on extremely convenient terms. It was relatively easy for Bismarck to get his

¹ The very corruptibility of many Russian imperial officials made it possible often to abate the workings of the severest mandates by a little well placed bribe-money.

scheme for an eastern land commission and a liberal appropriation through the Prussian parliament. It was entirely another matter actually to get the land itself. The Poles, who had hitherto been somewhat dormant in their patriotism, now rallied generally to meet the common danger. Against the government subsidies and grants they pitted their private loan and self-help societies and banks, in which great Slavic noblemen invested liberally, to enable their peasantry to hold their own. The Pole who sold land to the Prussian land commission had to face the anathema of the parish priest and the boycott of all his neighbors. What land the commission *could* buy usually came from great German estate-holders in the region who, getting anxious and disgusted at the situation, were glad to sell out and move away. The Polish private land societies took advantage of this condition to buy German land themselves in districts next to their own, thus extending the holdings of the Polish peasants. Only about thirty per cent. of the land the government commission was able to purchase came from Poles; the rest came from Germans. It had been robbing Peter to pay Paul. In 1911 it was estimated that the whole result of this competition had been the net *gain by the Poles* of some 240,000 acres which had enjoyed German ownership prior to 1896 or earlier.

The struggle was intensified in 1902 when Chancellor von Bülow introduced a bill in Prussia to give teeth to the powers of the land commission by the *compulsory expropriation* of the lands of the Polish peasants. The results, however, were still unsatisfactory. Even Prussian officialdom could not coerce German farmers to quit comfortable estates elsewhere in the empire and settle in a land where they were at sword's points with all their neighbors, were without congenial associates, and sometimes needed police protection. The Polish villagers clung in desperation to their traits and their language, and their unwelcome guests had perforce to assimilate themselves to have the least companionship.

Against this tenacious use of their native vernacular the Prussian régime fought with the same soldiery it had mobilized in Schleswig—the schoolmasters. Up to 1872 Polish studies had not been entirely taboo in the annexed provinces, but in that year German was made the sole language in the elementary schools, save only that instruction in religion¹ was at first permitted, at least in the lower grades, in the native vernacular. But speedily even this privilege began to be curtailed. As fast as children learned enough German in the lower grade secular studies they were transferred to the German "religion classes." Inasmuch as religion and national patriotism, to a Polish mind, were closely intertwined, this measure was likely to produce the maximum of resentment. The clergy sided with the people against requiring the children "to learn the sacred religion in the hateful German language." It was branded as merely a clumsy attempt to inculcate Protestantism. The lot of the German-speaking priest commissioned to teach the most precise kind of Catholicism, but in the hated tongue, was no happy one. His authority was constantly defied in every possible manner.

At last in 1906 came the famous school-strike. In over 1000 schools in Posen and West Prussia some 60,000 scholars, under instructions from their parents, refused to answer questions in German on the catechism or to learn German hymns. The Polish press and clergy egged them on and applauded. The enforced use of German was styled "a sinful desecration of the Catholic religion" and "a tyranny over the conscience in which only the devil in the gorge of hell and the Prussian Government could find satisfaction." The children, under such pious urgings, greeted their unlucky "religious teacher" with Polish songs and execrations, or strewed the roadside with fragments of their German catechisms. The Prussian Government of course retaliated by every means in its power. Children who proved non-pliable were refused promotion. Parents who encouraged them openly were fined; if they took them

¹ That is, of course, the rudiments of the Catholic faith taught by a priest, albeit under government license and supervision.

away from school outright, the parents were sent to prison. But as a most effective measure of all the Government appointed additional teachers to the staffs in malcontent villages. The salaries of these extra instructors of course fell directly on the little communities. These increased taxes broke the back of the mutiny. By Easter, 1907, it was ended, but leaving a heritage of hatred in all the Poles of the rising generation. It was a decidedly Pyrrhic victory for Prussia.

The Polish problem, therefore, was much like the Schleswig problem, only larger, more bitter, and much more dangerous. But still more dangerous was that of Alsace-Lorraine. Schleswig had only a very weak country to sympathize with its troubles and to dream of its rescue. Prussian Poland had no friend among the independent nations at all, for all its brethren were in other houses of bondage; but Alsace-Lorraine had a mighty friend close at hand, who never let the story of its troubles sleep.

Gambetta had adjured his French countrymen, concerning the loss of the two provinces, "Think of it often, speak of it never!" But an injunction to such heroic silence was not always obeyed by a great, but sometimes voluble, nation. Every fourteenth of July, the Bastille national holiday, a solemn procession moved through Paris to place a wreath of mourning on the statue personifying the genius of Strasburg. The remembrance of the disaster of 1870-71 was kept alive by every veteran of Sedan and of the great siege. It was sometimes hard for responsible statesmen to keep expressions of national resentment within bounds and to prevent a serious affront to Germany; for French military men knew perfectly well the excellence of the kaiser's war-machine and that in any new duel in which France fought without allies her cause might seem good, but her case would be desperate. As time went on, as material prosperity returned to France, as a new generation with new interests arose, the memory of the original loss became a little less keen. Indeed, shortly before 1914 there were those who argued that sensible French-

men realized that the lost provinces were lost forever, and had only an academic interest in their problems. However, the instant war was declared that year, it was as plain as day that the Alsace-Lorraine question was one of the very first issues in the great debate.

Possibly if the lost provinces had seemed reasonably contented and happy under their new rulers, Frenchmen would not have been reminded of their disaster so often. But to provide tactful masters did not lie in the German genius. In 1914 Alsace-Lorraine was barely, if any, more reconciled to its fate than in 1871, when the tearful deputies of the two regions quitted the despairing National Assembly at Bordeaux which had voted them away. The poet Schiller, whose precepts have been called oracles by his countrymen, once asserted, "The noblest sign of culture (*Bildung*) is respect for other peoples' liberty." Such a sign of culture was never given by Prussian *Kultur*.

Of course the annexation was a direct act of physical violence by the victor. Bismarck, as has been explained, had hesitated about taking all the land which Moltke and the military camarilla demanded. "As you see, we are keeping Metz," he told an English journalist, "but I confess I do not like that part of the arrangement. Strasburg is German in speech, and will be so in heart ten years hence. Metz, however, is French, and will be a hot-bed of disaffection for a long time to come."¹ Bismarck was right about Metz. He was grievously wrong about Strasburg. In 1914 the Germans had to take almost as many precautions against sedition in one city as in the other.

Unfortunately the conquerors had never learned the sage proverb, "The more haste, the less speed." If loyal subjects of the kaiser could have been made by ministerial edicts from Berlin, the Alsations would have been instantly contented and happy; but they were not Brandenburgers. Their lands had been trampled over by invading armies, their homes had often been desolated, Strasburg had been ruthlessly bombarded, while up and down the whole land they were still mourning their dead. On Sep-

¹ "Conversations with Prince Bismarck," collected by Von Poschinger, English translation, p. 86.



tember 30, 1872, the new Government, however, enforced its edict, compelling all the people to decide whether they wished to be Germans or Frenchmen. If Germans, they must submit to the new régime. If Frenchmen, they must prepare speedily to quit the land of their fathers, wherein they were now

counted as alien interlopers. As a result, at the very least 45,000 persons, in the main among the most intelligent and promising young men in the land, deliberately took the sorrowful road to exile. Almost simultaneously the teaching of the French language in elementary schools was forbidden. Under French

occupation a certain mongrel type of German had always been spoken in the Alsatian villages.¹ The French had never troubled about this. It had not prevented the Alsatians from being zealous patriots. Now, by a natural reaction, many a Teuton-speaking Alsatian prided himself on chattering also a little bad French.

But what drove the annexed population to peculiar wrath was the almost instant enforcement of the German military conscription. Their slain brethren in the French uniform were hardly cold and buried before the youth of the two provinces were commanded to don the spiked helmet and follow the Prussian drill-sergeant. Vain were protests. Twelve thousand Alsatian young men at that time fled from their homeland merely to escape the kaiser's livery, and entered the French army. The rest submitted outwardly, but with a sullen spirit that made them of most dubious value as soldiers.

The conquerors had, in fact, adopted a relentless policy of "thorough" and held to it with native tenacity. Under the French régime, whatever the government at Paris, the Alsatians had enjoyed pretty complete local autonomy. The French prefect had usually been a lax, good-natured functionary, only meddling in serious cases. The Government had no doubt been haphazard, unscientific, somewhat inefficient—and popular. Now everything was changed. A swarm of officials with all the Prussian characteristics, plus even greater rigidity, thanks to feeling themselves on the defensive and to being charged with the propagation of *Kultur*, was turned loose on the land with autocratic powers. Down to 1879 the two provinces were ruled virtually by a military dictator sent from Berlin. In that year an attempt was made to set up a simulacrum of constitutional rule. The provinces were henceforth to be a *Reichsland*, a dominion held by all the empire in common, not by Prussia merely, but with the kaiser appointing the governor-general and otherwise exercising pretty complete sway. There was to be a local elective diet and other forms

of political freedom, but the powers of the governor-general and his council, appointed by the crown, were such that voters could do little more than register public protests by their ballots at one governmental act after another. The Berlin rulers did indeed make a serious attempt to conciliate local opinion by sending down for once a really humane and enlightened governor, Baron von Manteuffel.

Manteuffel won the personal good will of the people he was sent to govern, but his very condescension raised against him enemies at home. He was accused by his fellow Germans of "negotiating with the enemy" because he adopted mild measures; and the horde of lesser officials who had swarmed into the new province, greedy adventurers,—“carpet-baggers, Americans would call them,—anxious only to seize on every public post, tyrannize, and grow fat, denounced him as little better than a traitor. In 1887 he died. The Alsatians mourned him, but he had not convinced them their new masters were anything but despots.

The small-fry officials felt that their time was now come. Kindness had failed; “proper severity” should now teach these returned, but ungrateful, sons of the fatherland to appreciate their blessings. What happened soon after is thus summed up by Paul Hyman, a native Alsatian:

Within a few months Alsace was subjected to every kind of German brutality. Deputies were expelled, and Alsatian societies were dissolved. Political prosecutions took place on every side, for offenses such as seditious cries or emblems, membership in the “League of Patriots,” high treason, etc. To guard the Alsatians against “intimidation” by their French relatives, intercourse with persons beyond the frontier was made impossible by a regulation prescribing the use of passports.

There was even a report that Bismarck wished there would be an insurrection, in the hope of crushing disaffection once for all in blood.

The natives were too wise for such

¹ This was true especially in Alsace. Lorraine had been pretty strictly French in speech as well as in sympathies.

folly. They offered the passive resistance which is always exasperating to a government that demands inward submission as well as external obedience. Of course all important government offices were retained by Germans from across the Rhine. Immigrants were sent in from Prussia to take the farms of the exiles who had gone to France, just as other colonists had been sent into the Polish lands. The newcomers naturally were treated as pariahs by the natives. In all about 300,000 Germans thus settled in the Reichsland; but they remained a mere army of occupation among the 1,550,000 odd natives, who longed to see them go. They were only so many untactful provocatives to friction and a new disloyalty.

After William II had ousted Bismarck, there was a partial relaxation of the worst of the régime of petty officials that had followed Manteuffel. William, however, by his speeches gave small encouragement to the hopes of the Alsations for a revocation of the deed of 1871. "We would rather," said he in an oration, "sacrifice our eighteen army corps and our 42,000,000 inhabitants on the field of battle than surrender a single stone my father and [his generals] . . . have gained."

From the beginning of the third emperor's reign down to the eve of the great conflict matters did not better themselves. Sometimes it was a case of petty persecution, sometimes of grievous invasion of ordinary human rights. The police played a kind of game with the French press of the two provinces, suppressing it on every pretext possible. By passport regulations they did their uttermost to prevent Frenchmen from visiting Alsace and Alsations from visiting France. When a historical drama was offered in Strasburg which required a display of the tricolor in one scene, the Government forbade the use of the offending banner, and then comically compromised the issue by allowing the use of the *Dutch* flag, wherein the red, white, and blue strips run horizontally instead of vertically.

Finally in 1911 the German authorities conferred on their Reichsland a

moderately complete autonomy, with a real local constitution, putting it somewhat on a par with the other German states, although the governor-general was still sent down from Berlin, and there were other unpleasant evidences of servitude. This long-delayed benevolence produced no happy results.

When the European conflict began, it was clear enough that the German attempt to assimilate Alsace had failed utterly. "In Alsace-Lorraine we are in an enemy's country," a Prussian statesman is quoted as saying, and the kaiser's forces were sent through the country with a healthy anxiety lest the first defeat make the whole region blaze up in revolt behind them. Many of the "needful severities" the Germans inflicted on Belgium were explained as being absolutely unavoidable, because the experience of Alsace-Lorraine had demonstrated that a policy of "leniency" was useless for a conquered population. The fact, of course, was, as an American writer has well put it, that "begotten as the Prussian system had been under conditions where iron discipline was a requisite for success, thoroughly convinced of its own efficiency, it knew no law but that of force, and failed in those peaceful contests where victory must be won by conciliation."¹

XII. THE BALKAN KINGDOMS AND THEIR REVOLUTIONS

AFTER the ink had dried on the signatures to the Treaty of Berlin, the several diplomats of the great powers went home, England and Russia disarmed, the world breathed easier, and the chart-makers prepared a new map for the Balkans. Rumania and Serbia speedily signalized their new independence by causing their rulers to be proclaimed kings, but Nicholas of Montenegro contented himself with the more modest status of prince for some decades longer. For a while none of these countries had more than occasional mention in the Western newspapers, although Montenegro had much friction with Turkey before she secured the boundaries assigned her by the Berlin settlement. Rumania's problems were

¹ Fife, "The German Empire between Two Wars," p. 227.

mainly those of internal development, save for a standing difficulty with Bulgaria over the unsatisfactory frontier given Rumania in the Dobrudja. Serbia watched the appearance of a Christian neighbor on her eastern flank with ill-disguised concern. She had expected to be the reversionary heir to a large part of the Balkans as the Ottomans perished, and, lo! here was Bulgaria, a certain rival, crowding up against her. Nevertheless, for many years it was not on Belgrade or Bukharest that European eyes were turning. They gave a fleeting glance upon Bosnia, which was not occupied and "pacified" by Austria until after bitter resistance by the Moslem element among the natives and some really desperate fighting, but they were soon steadily fixed upon Bulgaria. Here was a new state in Balkan politics, and an unknown quantity is always perplexing and interesting. In 1870 hardly any western European knew where the district of Bulgaria was. In 1880 its affairs were discussed even in obscure journals in distant America.

Bulgaria had been kept small and subdivided because Disraeli had expected that the new country would be almost as completely under the czar's influence as Finland or Turkestan, but Great Britain and Austria had not been able to deny to Russia the task of organizing the country preparatory to setting up its new government. The Bulgar peasants were at first grateful to their liberators from Muscovy, but soon began to complain how the czar's commissioner filled up all the public positions with Russians and otherwise showed that he felt he was over a kind of subject province. His intention was to tie Bulgaria to her great protector in the closest possible manner. A parliament, elected by the people, was set up, and this Sobranje was endowed with very great power, although the prince was permitted decided latitude in interfering with its workings. The commissioner firmly believed that the prince and the Sobranje would be perpetually quarreling, and that the prince would have to lean steadily upon the advice of the czar in order to keep down his subjects. What the Russian never reckoned upon was that the new prince and

the new popular parliament, refusing to quarrel, might unite against their "protector" in the North. This was precisely what was to happen.

Under these auspices, and with decided Russian concurrence, the Bulgarians found themselves selecting Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a son of the Prince of Hesse and a nephew of the czar, as their first ruler (1879). He was only twenty-two years old when proclaimed, but he had already served as a cadet at Plevna and still later as a Prussian lieutenant.

Alexander began by governing with the aid of the extreme pro-Russian element among his subjects. He soon found himself at odds with the Sobranje, wherein the so-called Nationalists (anti-Russians) were in the majority. But the prince was soon disgusted at the way the czar's generals thrust themselves into Sofia, monopolized the ministries, and treated the prince not as their master, but as their tool. Alexander was a German and he did not mix well with the Russians. In 1883 he suddenly restored the suspended constitution and sent the two chief Russian ministers out of the country. From that moment it was evident that Bulgaria was *not* about to become a Muscovite satrapy, and there was a great revolution in European opinion. Czar Alexander II was now dead. Czar Alexander III branded Prince Alexander as an ingrate and quasi-traitor to Russia, to whom he owed his crown, and began at once to undermine his authority. But in England the feeling soon developed that Bulgaria was not likely to be such a peril to British interests as had been feared. She was henceforth a principality to be encouraged, not crushed.

Meantime, that purely artificial segment of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, which had been set off as an "autonomous province of the Turkish Empire," had naturally used its partial freedom to develop hopes for a complete union under its true government at Sofia. On September 18, 1885, at Philippopolis, the capital, a band of Christian officers forced their way into the pasha's palace and informed him that his rule was at an end. The sultan, taken by sur-

prise, for an instant did nothing. All eyes were turned toward Prince Alexander at Sofia. The prince hesitated to defy Turkey and very likely Russia, but his ministers gave him the choice of advancing to Philippopolis or retiring to Darmstadt. The prince went straight to Philippopolis, and the Sobranje at once approved the union. Europe was thus confronted by that most disagreeable thing to explain away—an accomplished deed.

English diplomacy realized that a strong barrier state between Russia and the remnant of Turkey in Europe would be a great hindrance to the czar, and the latter had played straight into the hands of London by alienating the Bulgars. Acting mainly under British pressure, Sultan Abdul-Hamid did not resist the union of Eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria. A notable change seemed to have taken place on the map of the Balkans without a shot being fired.

Alexander of Russia had hesitated to coerce Bulgaria directly through fear of a world war; but there was a much weaker ruler than he who was jealous, angry, and irresponsible, King Milan of Serbia. Very probably Austria now egged him on. Doubtless personal ambition impelled him also. In any case it was easy to tell the Serbians that "the balance of power in the Balkans" had been destroyed, and that they must expand their boundaries at the expense of Bulgaria, which was waxing too fast. On November 14, 1885, Serbia suddenly declared war on Bulgaria. All the cards seemed in Milan's favor. The Bulgar army was a wholly new creation, untested in battle. The czar suddenly recalled all the numerous Russian officers who had acted as its instructors, and military Europe imagined Prince Alexander as left utterly in the lurch, for the Serbians were experienced veterans of the wars with Turkey.

The war lasted only fourteen days. "Bulgaria had gained from Serbia neither territory nor money; neither Pirot [a disputed town] nor pigs," but she *did* gain recognition of her right to Eastern Rumelia, and better still a consciousness of her own strength and powers of achievement.

One might have imagined that this victory would have assured Alexander of his throne, but in a very few months he was actually to lose it. After the Battle of Slivnitsa the prince failed to reward certain officers according to their deserts which they themselves considered their due. These discontented men speedily became conspirators under Russian influence. After some preliminary intrigues, on the night of August 21, 1886, a regiment of disloyal troops suddenly mutinied at Sofia, surrounded the princely palace, and the arch-conspirators forced their way into Alexander's bedroom. The prince escaped into the garden, but was chased back with bayonets. The leading rebels tore a sheet out of a visitor's book on the table, scrawled a few words announcing an abdication and forced Alexander to sign. He was then hustled into a carriage, and driven at full speed to the Danube, on reaching which he was thrust upon his own yacht, and her bows were pointed toward Russia.

There was a celebration by the mutineers in Sofia, and even a *Te Deum* in the cathedral over "the liberation of Bulgaria from Prince Battenberg"; but from the outset many officers in the garrison had held aloof. Above all, Stambuloff, the most powerful of the ministers, set his face against the conspiracy. In an amazingly short time a revulsion of popular feeling swept the mutineers out of power, and enabled Stambuloff to telegraph to Alexander to return to his people.

The prince had been landed in Russia, but the czar's government had not dared actually to detain him. He now returned in triumph, amid the plaudits of all Bulgaria. Had luck favored him he could have resumed his government amid great popularity and the sympathy of nearly all non-Muscovite Europe, but he ruined his position by a grievous blunder. While returning to Bulgaria he telegraphed to the czar in a vain attempt to propitiate his mighty protector, "Russia having given me my crown; I am ready to give it back to its sovereign." Magnanimity, however, was no quality of the cold and ungenerous Alexander III. He took his unlucky namesake at his word. Instantly

the czar published in the official paper at St. Petersburg, "I cannot approve your return to Bulgaria, as I foresee the sinister consequences that it may bring on that country, already so much tried . . . your Highness will understand what you must do."

The prince was received with frantic joy in Bulgaria; but to the great grief of his subjects he at once called his faithful officers around him and announced that he must again abdicate. His word was pledged to the czar; besides, he felt the whole safety of the new Bulgarian state would be compromised if he endeavored to hold his position in the face of the enmity of his mighty neighbor. The decisive factor may well have been the attitude of Germany. Bismarck was throwing all his influence against the prince not because of personal dislike, but because he feared an attempt by Russia to eject him by force would precipitate a general European war, and since 1870 Bismarck, after his lights, had become a zealous friend of peace. It was best for the prince to go quietly, and he went.

Alexander left Bulgaria on September 7, 1886, amid the open lamentations of his people; but it was a Pyrrhic victory for the czar. Austria and England alike served notice on him that he would not be allowed to compromise the freedom of Bulgaria or to dictate its internal affairs, and Stambuloff, as head of the Bulgarian regents, flatly refused to be bullied.

For the next eight years Stambuloff, the son of a poor innkeeper, was the uncrowned ruler of the principality. The Russophile intrigued incessantly against him, but he had taken their measure: the czar would threaten, but he dared not fight, and so Stambuloff went on his way.

For six months after the exit of Prince Alexander the Bulgarian crown was hawked around Europe for some eligible prince to accept. So long as the czar refused to recognize the candidate elected by Stambuloff's government, the princely crown had only a very uncertain value. But in December, 1886, a man of hardihood was found—Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, a German

prince who, however, had also the advantage of descent from Louis Philippe, one-time king of the French. He was, in addition, a relative of Queen Victoria.

The new prince had of course to face from the outset the formal protest of Russia at his accession, but no great harm was done by this save that the czar had, as a consequence, no diplomatic representative at Sofia. For a long time the government was conducted by Stambuloff, while Ferdinand slowly learned the situation and felt his way. The great minister did a notable work for Bulgaria, but in the end he overplayed his part. The prince, who had been cannily gathering the reins into his own hands, and who was now sure of his position, was able to dispense with his too formidable vice-regent. In 1894 he forced Stambuloff to resign, and all the fallen minister's enemies rejoiced over him. They were not content merely to drive him from power; in 1895 he was set upon by three assassins and murdered with great brutality, while the Government hardly lifted a finger to avenge him.

For the next ten years the Western world heard comparatively little of Bulgaria. It was impossible, despite the outward reconciliation, for Ferdinand of Bulgaria ever to be very friendly to the Russia of the czars. Russian dominance of the Balkans implied death to the hopes, ever developing more clearly, that Bulgaria should become the preponderant Balkan State. Besides, the relations of Germany and Russia grew steadily less cordial, and Ferdinand was, after all, a German prince, sent on his adventure with the good wishes of Berlin. Not until 1908, however, was he to begin to show his hand; then the "prince" proclaimed himself to all the world the independent and sovereign Czar of Bulgaria.

While Bulgaria thus seemed to be developing a solid and advancing prosperity, and was receding from the unwelcome lime-light, her western neighbor was far less fortunate. The annals of Serbia are almost as gory and troublesome as those of medieval Scotland. The country was small, poor, and often unmanageable; yet it was evident that a

naturally gifted, intelligent people was struggling upward to the light, although handicapped earlier by the direct tyranny of the Turks, and hindered in great measure later by the absence of any seaport and by its complete dependence on Austria for every kind of commercial outlet.

King Milan was no man to free his country from this bondage. A throne to him was not a trust, but an opportunity. His queen, Natalie, however, was a Russian lady of strong anti-Austrian tendencies. This split the court asunder, and upon these national antipathies came personal scandals and finally a divorce, which horrified all the prudes in Europe. The defeat by Bulgaria in 1885 of course undermined Milan's popularity. He granted a liberal constitution in 1888, but could not make the people love him. In 1889, disgusted with the burdens of his inglorious royalty, he abdicated.

In his stead ruled his son Alexander, only thirteen years old when he began his reign, and consequently at first represented by three regents. In 1893 Alexander suddenly threw off the restraints of boyhood and invited his three regents to a dinner party, where he smilingly arrested them; then he issued a proclamation declaring himself of age, and assumed the actual government. In 1894, by another stroke, he defied the radicals by abolishing the liberal constitution of 1889 and restoring the autocratic one of 1869, and for the next six years he ruled with a high hand.

In 1900 Alexander proceeded to marry a waiting lady of his mother, a certain Mme. Draga Mashin, "the widow of a Bohemian engineer" and herself of "Bohemian tendencies," which Belgrade gossip at once exaggerated. No heir was born to this union, and quickly rumors spread that the new queen was busy arranging that one of her own brothers should be declared successor to the throne. The king and queen became intensely unpopular. All the cafés and officers' messes in the Serbian capital developed into hotbeds of intrigue. Alexander felt that his position was becoming undermined and made vain efforts to save himself. He

restored the suspended liberal institutions; then, seeing this brought no love from radicals, suspended them, then restored them again, with drastic revisions, however, in favor of autocracy. On the night of June 10, 1903, the king and queen were assassinated.

A national assembly was convened and proclaimed Prince Peter Karageorgevich, an elderly gentleman who had spent most of his life in Geneva in exile. Whether the new ruler had been cognizant of all the conspiracy is not certain; assuredly he was innocent of the murder. However, he had to face his bitter troubles. He was at first the mere puppet of the regicides and dared not punish them. The great powers all eyed him with utter suspicion, but little by little King Peter won back the good graces of Europe. He took oath to rule as a liberal constitutional monarch, and he held to his promise, while he gradually developed firmness enough to remove the regicides from power (1906). From that time till the outbreak of the Balkan wars unlucky Serbia entered upon a period of comparatively peaceful economic development, and the little country receded from the public eye.

Meanwhile Greece was showing the world the melancholy example of a small nation carried away by the memories of a great past and by a keen ambition for the instant realization of its just hopes.

Greece had been grievously disappointed that she had not been awarded a greater part of Thessaly and Epirus, following the Berlin Congress. She had kept quiet during the Russo-Turkish War on the strength of repeated assurances from the powers that she could get more by keeping still and trusting to their generosity than by drawing the sword. These promises had been very poorly kept. Crete, a large island close to Greece, and with the majority of its inhabitants strongly Christian and Hellenic in their sympathies, had been left to the misrule of the sultan. Between the Christian majority and the Moslem minority of the Cretan population there had been almost chronic civil war.

In 1896 the insurgents were more than ordinarily active, and their kinsmen in Greece seethed with anxiety to rescue them and to annex the island.

Most of the great powers, especially England, sympathized platonically with the Greek demand for the ending of Turkdom in Crete; but Germany, already drawing nigh to her Ottoman friend on the Bosphorus, set her face like flint against any scheme to dismember the Turkish Empire, and there was no unity among the other powers. Therefore with united voice the foreign ministries warned King George of Greece to restrain his people from drawing the sword on Turkey.

Unfortunately, it was not in the power of King George to wait. In Athens ardent patriots utterly despised the fighting power of the Turks, and courageously ignored the feebleness and lack of organization of the Greek Army. The king's hand was forced. He had to choose between yielding to popular clamor or losing his throne, and he preferred to keep the latter. In February, 1897, a Greek torpedo flotilla and a small body of troops were sent to Crete. The war-ships of the great powers prevented them from expelling the Turkish garrisons, but this only made national feeling burn the hotter. King George understood the situation perfectly, but his people had not drawn the sword since 1829 and were arrogant in their confidence of victory. Checked in Crete, these overzealous patriots began raids in Macedonia. Abdul-Hamid could restrain himself no more. He knew that his army was superior, that Germany would befriend him in case of any mishap, and accordingly the "Thirty Days' War" followed.

Turkey declared war April 17, 1897. Instantly the Greek bubble burst. Edhem Pasha promptly broke the Greek lines in northern Thessaly, and sent the army of Crown Prince Constantine back in headlong rout to Larissa, which they were fain to evacuate. The defeated Hellenes rallied and fought again, more stoutly, but equally vainly, at Pharsalos. A third defeat at Domokos forced the defenders to retire still farther south, and take their last stand at the classic Pass of Thermopylæ.

When the news of Domokos reached Athens there was panic in the capital. Popular clamor accused the innocent

king of betraying the national cause. Yet there was nothing for it but to confess that the case was desperate and ask for an armistice. On May 20, 1897, the Turks were compelled to give one. Even Germany could not risk the complications if Abdul-Hamid seemed too triumphant. The powers, however, compelled the Greeks to pay for this gallant, but ill-advised, attempt to rescue their Christian brethren in Crete by tasting all the dregs of defeat. Certain strategically located villages in Thessaly were ceded back to Turkey by the final treaty of peace, and Greece had to submit to a war indemnity of about \$20,000,000, a heavy burden for so small a nation.

Nevertheless, the efforts of the Greek patriots were not wholly vain. The conditions in Crete were intolerable. Germany and her satellite Austria openly washed their hands of the business and declared they could do nothing that might displease the sultan, but the other four great powers were less squeamish. Actually eject the Turks from Crete they would not, but in 1898 they set up what amounted to an autonomous government in the island, with all the preponderance granted to the Christian majority, confined the Turkish garrison to an islet in Suda Bay, where alone the sultan's crescent flag was to be kept flying, and, last, but not least, appointed Prince George of Greece to the post of "High Commissioner of the Powers, under the suzerainty of the sultan." The mere selection of such a governor-general was of course tacit admission that the claims of Greece to the island were well-founded.

The results of the change were soon evident. An efficient gendarmerie under Italian officers restored peace to the afflicted island. Many of the Mohammedans, now that they had ceased to be the governing class, emigrated quietly to Asia Minor, thus simplifying the religious situation. Crete became a reasonably prosperous and well-ordered petty republic, although the desires for final annexation to Greece never died away, and on the eve of the Balkan wars were to blow up again to white heat.

Literature and Morals

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

By GEORGE MOORE



MOORE: On an autumn evening by the fire thinking is pleasanter, more soothing than writing; but talking, estheticizing, with one's feet to the blaze, is delightful after a long day's work, when the brain is a little weary. And to this pleasure I can look forward, for at five o'clock Balderston, a young American whom I met some months ago in a house in the King's Road, among some American Quakers, is coming to see me, and that will be pleasant. It would be pleasanter still if he were a painter instead of a writer, for any young American between the ages of twenty and thirty carries my thought back to the years long ago in Julian's studio in the Passage des Panoramas, Galerie Montmartre, I think; for the first gallery on the left-hand side is Galerie des Variétés. With what strange vividness we remember the places we frequented in our youth! That studio in its every detail is forever before my eyes: the staircase leading to it, with Julian's kitchen on the first landing, and the old woman, popping in and out, who used to turn on Julian fiercely if he looked to see whether his coat had been brushed. The years gone by and the things thereof are not dead; the smell of that staircase and that of the kitchen are still distinct in my nostrils, and in the eyes of the mind all the many Frenchmen: Boutet de Monvel; and the fellow with the red beard, Renouf,—he used to get his flesh tints too red; Monvel got his too violet,—Delicate Ducet, Lefebvre's great pupil, who came to naught despite his efforts to escape from what he had been taught; Lizzie Gardiner, she who married Bouguereau, must be a very old woman if she is alive. And what has become of the fair-haired girl who

married the old naval officer? And her friend, the Creole, who spoke classical French and married Ducet? There were others. Faces look at me through the crowd—faces that appear and that go again; but I can see Chadwick more distinctly than ever, tall and elegant, a finely cut profile, a pale, perplexed eye,—not eyes, for I see him in profile, which is not strange, so clear-cut and distinguished was the profile,—and he was possessed of such distinguished and refined manners that he drove out all my preconceived notions of Americans— notions derived from Dickens, from the types described by the Britisher when he walked down the gangway on the other side.

It is a weakness of youth to believe traveler's tales, and the remembrance of my surprise at finding the Americans to be gentlemen and ladies amuses me still though forty years have passed over. Now, where are all these people? Mostly dust and ashes, no doubt, a camp that has passed away like the camp that read Dickens in Bret Harte's moving poem. Not one has returned into my life, only Chadwick, and he only for a few hours. He took a chair opposite me some five or six years ago in a Bouillon Duval. We looked at each other; I said, "Chadwick."

Maid: Mr. Balderston, sir.

Balderston: I've not awakened you from a doze, I hope.

Moore: No, I was not dozing, only thinking that I was fated to have American friends; and, what is stranger still, to have kept them all. I've had many quarrels with my English, Irish, and French friends; but never with an American, not even with an American publisher, unless, indeed—

Balderston: Don't try to remember a half-forgotten misunderstanding, for I judge from your manner that it is no

more. Let it be as you say; you have never quarreled with an American friend, and I hope I shall not be the first. You have many good friends in America.

Moore: I know it.

Balderston: And if I 'm not mistaken, the conversations with Mr. Edmund Gosse will be appreciated by your readers. But do you not think that you were unjust when you said that prose narrative was not within the reach of the Anglo-Saxon genius?

Moore: I 'm afraid that I barely apprehend the word in this connection—"unjust." Will you mention a reasonable narrative, a serious prose narrative.

Balderston: I do not know why you limit your indictment to prose. If we except the Iliad and Odyssey, we shall seek the world over for a human narrative in verse.

Moore: I had not thought of that; but I suppose you 're right. It would seem that of all the arts narrative is the most difficult. Be this as it may, there is very little in the world.

Balderston: No race has produced so much prose narrative as the Anglo-Saxon, and because it has never succeeded in producing a good one, you infer that prose narrative is alien to the genius of the race.

Moore: I thought I had made that point clear in my conversations with Mr. Gosse.

Balderston: You did indeed; but the reason you gave was that the English novelist's first thought was how he could make most money. But all Englishmen cannot be mercenary. We know that in the art of painting they are not.

Moore: Pray let me have the benefit of your thoughts.

Balderston: We know that young men think a good deal about sex. I do not say they should not and I do not say they should. I hold no brief for either side; I am merely stating a fact. We know that in life they do think a good deal about sex; but in the English novel a young man never attempts more than a kiss, and repents profusely. We know, too, that in life he does not repent, and goes unpunished very often;

but the law over the novel is that he must repent and be punished. You will see my point in a moment, which is not that a measure of sordid intrigue is essential in a novel, but that an obligation to falsify in one direction brings in its train other falsifications. In your conversation with Mr. Edmund Gosse you did not mention the pressure that the libraries put upon authors, and it is the censorship that libraries exercise that—

Moore: That accounts for a singular lack of masterpieces. No, I 'm not sneering. Circumstances play a bold part in our lives even if they do not altogether make our lives. The three-volume form, the only one in which fiction was issued in the eighties, allowed the libraries to dictate what might and might not be written. Smith took twenty-five and Mudie fifty copies of my first novel, "A Modern Lover." And these few copies were withheld from customers. The book did not reach the public at all. And the strangest part of my story is that the libraries were not to be moved out of the opinion they had formed by the press. "The Spectator," then edited by Hutton, one of the great Victorian editors and one of the great moralists, reviewed the book in two columns of praise. "The Fortnightly" singled out the book among modern novels for review, a rare piece of good fortune to happen to an author's first book. "The Fortnightly" was then edited by John Morley, now Lord Morley, and it will hardly be contended that he was given to reviewing pornographic literature. The writer of the article was Sir Henry Norman, who also bears a record as spotless as his editor in the distant eighties. But the libraries did not dare to admit they had made a mistake, and if I had not had the Irish peasant at my back, I should have had to write conventional literature. My circumstances permitted me, however, to write "A Mummer's Wife," and to issue it to the public at a popular price of six shillings. At six shillings "A Mummer's Wife" reached the public, aided largely by the press. All and sundry praised the book, which is not to be wondered at, for though many odds and oddments turn up from time to time, it is not easy to believe that a

man exists who would say, hand on his heart, "I believe 'A Mummer's Wife' to be an immoral book." It is not, however, reason, but prejudice, that rules the world, and the united assurance of the entire press that *Esther Waters* was an amplification of the beatitudes could not move Smith out of the absurd position his libraries had placed him in. And it was not till Mr. Gladstone spoke that the blockade was to some extent raised. It is worth while to record the librarian's name, Mr. Faux, for while telling authors that he could not circulate their books, he entertained them with the filthiest stories I've ever heard. A filthy-minded man, no doubt, who distinguished between the spoken and the written word, and deeming himself virtuous when he told the reporter that because of certain Preraphaelite nastiness in the narrative he could not circulate the book—a book, I would have you remember, that has done more to awaken Christian virtue in the heart than any other book written, shall we say, within the last fifty years. There is an *Esther Waters Home for Girl Mothers*, and the name has become so synonymous with goodness that it cannot be pronounced without causing an uplifting of the spirit. You think I cannot advance proof? Listen to this. A friend sent it to me not many days ago, a page torn from "The Shaftesbury Magazine" containing an article by Miss Kingsford about "The Fallow Corner Home for Homeless Children." She begins the article with this sentence, "In 1898 a hospital nurse who dearly loved children read 'Esther Waters,' by George Moore, and thereupon determined to forego the dream of her life—a convalescent home of her own for little children, and made up her mind instead to start a home for the infants of unmarried working mothers, for whom practically no one seemed to care."

Balderston: What do you think Mr. Faux meant by Preraphaelite nastiness?

Moore: I don't suppose he attached any real meaning to the words; a ready-made phrase which came to his lips, whereby he might excuse himself for refusing to circulate an original book.

Balderston: "Esther Waters" was your first popular success. But do you not think that if it had been preceded by other popular successes the libraries would have had to give way?

Moore: It is probable that they would, but it is not likely that any writer whose aim is art will ever write many popular successes.

Balderston: Walter Pater regrets in the letter which you publish in your preface to Heinemann's edition of "The Confessions of a Young Man" that you cut yourself off from many readers by what I think he defines as your Aristophanic joy of life.

Moore: Pater cut himself off from many readers by his unfailing sense of beauty. I can imagine the embarrassment that would have been aroused in his face if I had warned him that he was cutting himself off from many readers. A certain unfailing sense of beauty not readily apprehended by the masters.

Balderston: You would have it that even Pater sometimes wrote sentences that he had not considered sufficiently.

Moore: I believe that to be the case; but in the interest of the present conversation it would be well to attach ourselves closely to the folly of the Anglo-Saxon, that the moral conduct of his race is dependent on the last novel published.

The Anglo-Saxon race cannot understand that man's sexual conduct has not varied during the centuries and cannot vary. On all other subjects the Anglo-Saxon minds are reasonable enough.

Balderston: Shakspeare, his predecessors, and contemporaries were free from the strange belief. It was Jeremy Collier who pointed out in the eighteenth century that shocking effects would follow if writers did not cease to produce comedies in which the husband was laughed at.

Moore: Jeremy Collier! I'd forgotten his name. He attacked Congreve, who answered somewhat feebly, that if vice was condoned during the course of the play, virtue was always exalted in the concluding lines. Jeremy Collier's pamphlet was soon forgotten, and things went on very much as before, Sterne, Smollett, and Byron writing as

they pleased. Byron's "Don Juan," it is true, provoked some protest from the editor of "The Grandmother's Review, the British." The disease was gathering strength, and in the nineteenth century Zola's novels were prosecuted under the acts forbidding the sale of pornographic publications, and Henry Vizetelly, a man of letters, the author of several historical works, was put in prison. I have always looked upon Henry Vizetelly's death as a judicial murder, and you will apprehend how false and hypocritical the agitation was when I tell you that Zola was received as a hero two years later in London, entertained by public bodies, and invited everywhere without the Vigilance Society, which had instigated the prosecution against Henry Vizetelly, uttering a word of protest.

Balderston: But the welcome accorded to Zola virtually admitted that an injustice had been done to Vizetelly.

Moore: It did indeed, and I've often wondered if the members of the Vigilance Society ever woke in their beds, asking themselves if they were murderers. But while I'm telling you of the Vizetelly case, you may be asking yourself of what significance can this prosecution of long ago have for me to-day. I answer you that some things are for all time and never lose their significance, being part and parcel of humanity. I believe the Vizetelly case to be one of these, so packed is it with subterfuge, evasion, lies, hypocrisy, cunning, an ill-smelling midden, humanity at its very worst. It will surprise you to hear that this poor old gentleman, in the seventy-third year of his age, could not find a lawyer to defend him. If he had poisoned half a dozen nieces and nephews, brothers or sisters, he could have had the best advice of the bar to prove him an innocent man; but because he published Zola's novels, he could find nobody. The counsel he employed took the fees, but the counsel was a very pious man, who said that he could not go on with the case because to do so he would have to read the books, and he persuaded Mr. Vizetelly to plead guilty. Vizetelly removed the passages that were said to be objectionable, and the

books were published without them. New passages were, however, discovered; he was prosecuted again, and again he could find no counsel to defend him, and was advised by those who took his fees to plead guilty. And the old man, at his wit's end, in the seventy-third year of his age, enfeebled by illness, consented, and was sent to prison. I visited him in prison, and he said to me, "There was a good jury, and I should have been acquitted if the counsel had gone on with the case; but they advised me to plead guilty, and I was in great bodily pain and mental pain as well, and thought that all the world was against me and that I had better give way." Those were the words he spoke to me in Holloway Gaol. A few weeks after this he was dead.

Balderston: Without doubt a painful story, and I can see it made a great impression on you.

Moore: An ineffaceable impression.

Balderston: In every court reformers who prosecute books present the same argument, and they are familiar to every one. Can you suggest how a book should be defended in order to show the jury the fallacy of the belief that morality depends upon literature, and at the same time expose the inconsistency of the crusaders in not attacking classics as well as new novels?

Moore: I am not a lawyer, but I always had a taste for the law, and were I not the only Irishman living or dead who cannot make a speech, I should have no difficulty in getting a verdict of acquittal from the jury. I should have said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, certain passages have been read to you from a book which the prosecution declares to be an immoral work, and if the charge can be established to your satisfaction, the judge will be obliged to order the destruction of the book and to punish the publisher. The contention of the prosecution is that man's moral nature and conduct are not only swayed, but may be undone, if certain societies do not keep strict watch over the latest publications, though it might seem more natural to believe that man's moral nature and conduct have come down to us generation after generation from the cen-

turies unaffected by passing prejudices and conventions, as are the commotions in the air, the tides of the sea, and the seismic disturbances under the earth.

"My first point is that the acts under which this book is published were not intended by the author of the acts to apply to literature, but to pornographic publications, which are quite distinct from literature. It is not true, as the prosecution implied, that pornography and literature overlap, and that the frontiers are indistinct. On the contrary, the frontiers are extremely well defined, so much so that even if all literature was searched through and through, it would be difficult to find a book that a man of letters could not instantly place in one category or in the other. The reason of this is that real literature is concerned with description of life and thoughts about life rather than with acts. The very opposite is true in the case of pornographic books. It is true, however, that in real literature a good deal of license is asked for by the author. He must write about the whole of life and not about part of life, and he must write truth and not lies. I think everybody will agree to concede this point to me; but with it goes the corollary that a book is not to be condemned because it contains a coarse passage. If this be denied, all literature would have to be prosecuted. I also contend that a book cannot be judged by a carefully selected passage. It would be impossible to judge of the literary value of a book by a few passages; how, then, can you judge of the morality of the book by a few passages? I shall have to maintain, in the interests of the case I am defending, that a book cannot be judged by certain passages, and availing myself of the ruling of a great number of learned expositors, who have always held that if portions be read from a letter, the opposing counsel is entitled to have the whole letter read to the court, I shall read you this book in its entirety, and afterward I shall meet the charge that these isolated passages upon which this prosecution is based are impermissibly broad by reading you extracts from books which are by common consent among the classics of our language.

"I 'm very sorry to be obliged to keep you from your homes while my assistants and I read to you representative selections from all periods of English literature, but this case is of the utmost importance, of far more importance than any trial for murder, involving, as it does, the moral and intellectual vigor of our race. The case which you are asked to try has never been tried before. In the case of *Vizetelly* every effort was made on both occasions, and was made successfully, to induce him to plead guilty. He was told that the jury selected were small tradesmen who could not understand literary questions and would surely convict him. But I 'm not of the opinion that small tradesmen cannot try a case of this kind if one condition be complied with—that the case be laid before the jury in its entirety. We cannot get any kind of fair verdicts if shreds of cases are laid before juries, and that is what the prosecution proposes to do—to judge the book by extracts. My intention is to get the whole of the case before the court, and I can do this only by reading the book to you from cover to cover, and reading to you passages from authors of established reputations—authors with whom everybody is supposed to be acquainted. If your finding be that my client has exceeded the license that has been tacitly granted by common consent to English literature, you will be bound to condemn his book to be destroyed and himself to be punished for having issued it. If, on the contrary, you find that he has not written with more license than the authors of the Bible or Shakspeare and the other Elizabethan poets and dramatists, the Restoration dramatists, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Byron, Shelley, Swinburne,—the list of names I have pronounced is by no means exhausted; I merely state those that rise up in my mind at the moment of speaking and do not pretend that I might not have made a much better selection,—you will be obliged to acquit him. It cannot be maintained that there is anything in the book I am defending that exceeds the freedom of speech of certain passages which I shall read from Shakspeare and from other great writ-

ers. After reading each passage I shall challenge my learned friend to deny that it is coarser than those of which he complains, and if he cannot do so, it seems to me you must acquit my client of the charge of publishing a book that will damage the moral currency, one that is harmful to the health of the race, unless, indeed, it be your opinion that everybody has written immoral books who has availed himself of a license of speech that would not be permitted in the polite society of, shall we say, Puddleton-on-Blink. If this be your opinion, then, gentlemen of the jury, as honest men, you will have to bring in a rider advising the society that is prosecuting this book to prosecute also the publishers of the Bible and Shakspeare. If the book before you goes, all that I shall read to you must go, too. You see the dilemma in which this prosecution has placed you. A verdict against my client involves a condemnation of the Bible itself.

"And here is another point which, perhaps, has not been considered by the members of the Vigilance Society, that the literature of all the world is to be found in the libraries founded by the state or by Mr. Carnegie. The Bible can be obtained in these libraries; all of the Latin and Greek writers are on the shelves in their original texts and some in translations, and can be had for the asking. Chaucer, Suetonius, Rabelais, and Shakspeare unexpurgated—Think of it, unexpurgated!—and the Elizabethan poets and dramatists! What dangerous places are our libraries, what horrible snares Mr. Carnegie has set for the feet of our children! Plato and Horace must go, although we compel our children to read them in our schools. All ancient authors contain passages coarser than those complained of in this book, and if my client's book be condemned, you are all accessories after the fact, for you pay taxes for the purchase of Homer, Aristophanes, Catullus, and in our own time Balzac, Flaubert, Gautier, Hugo, Zola. The works of all of these have been purchased with your money. Out of your pockets came translations of "Don Quixote," which contain many coarse passages. You shall hear the

scene in the inn, gentlemen of the jury, you shall hear it, and you will be able to say then if my client has written anything exceeding the tale of the servant-girl who goes to meet the waggoner and slips by mistake into *Don Quixote's* bed. And many are the passages in Goethe and in Heine that you shall hear, every one of which are likely to bring down with a crash our whole social fabric. You shall hear, too, some stories from Boccaccio, and if you do not weary, some from Brantôme. A passage or two from Plato may throw some light upon this matter, an ode or two from Horace. But we will not anticipate. Now, gentlemen, listen to some passages from Chronicles."

Balderston: "Objection! As attorney for the prosecution, I object to the dragging in of other books as immaterial and irrelevant. We are not discussing the Bible or Shakspeare or Don Quixote, but the book in the dock, and you must conduct this case according to the rules of evidence."

Moore: "My Lord, there is no accepted standard as to what should be printed or published; no two men think alike on this subject, and no man thinks the same for any two days together. It is impossible, therefore, to try these cases as you would judge a case of theft. A man takes a pocket-handkerchief that does not belong to him, and everybody is agreed that he shall be punished, but nobody can know what shall be printed or what shall not be printed unless a standard measure can be found. Hitherto the laws under which this case is being tried have been applied capriciously and without regard to any standard; but there is a standard by which they ought to be applied, and the standard is English literature. It is a standard based upon the practice of dozens of generations, and shall these twelve men judge my client without a knowledge of the standard? Trials at law can be judged only by precedent, and every book that by common consent has passed into English literature has gone to make up the standard of what is permissible and is a precedent in this case. If, for instance, a really indecent book were prosecuted and the jury should acquit the defendant (the jury

might be composed of men without regard for public morality), the book could be sold on a barrow in the streets next day, a miscarriage of justice so shocking that the verdict of the higher courts would have to intervene, and the plea would be that books of this kind can be judged only upon precedent. Now, my Lord, I submit that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that you must permit this book to be judged upon precedent."

Balderston: "But, my Lord, even if this book does not exceed in license books written in the past, because a crime was committed in the past with impunity it does not follow the crime should be allowed to-day. We are dealing not with the past, but with the present."

Moore: "My Lord, I submit that there is no past in literature till it ceases to be read, and books I have mentioned are being printed and sold and people are reading them."

Balderston: Your cross-examination of the secretary would be amusing.

Moore: Thank you, Balderston, for your good opinion of my forensic talents. On direct examination he would have expressed his horror at the passages complained of, and when I took him in hand I would have him tell me why he disapproved of them, leading him to exaggerate their importance; and when I had got him to say he had never seen their like in print before, I would ask him if he had read the Bible, Shakspeare, and Plato. He would say he had, and then it would be my pleasure to read passages from Deuteronomy, the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Symposium," and to ask him if the passages I had read did not exceed in license any in the prosecuted book. "Don't try to wriggle," I should say; "answer yes or no."

Balderston: If you have cast me for the rôle of the secretary, I answer, "They do."

Moore: "Why, then, do you not prosecute the publishers of these books?"

Balderston: "They are great literature, their authors write better than your client and according to the taste of their time."

Moore: We are not here to discuss esthetics, Mr. Balderston, but morals, and I ask you whether you agree that if a book be harmful, it should be stopped, no matter how well it is written?

Balderston: If they can be proved to be harmful.

Moore: But the Bible and Shakspeare have not proved harmful, for they are well written. That is your contention. "Then, my Lord," I should say, turning to the judge, "the witness's admissions seem to me to entail a change in the pleadings. The pleading will have to be altered that on esthetic grounds my client's book must be condemned; but there is no law whereby a book may be burned and its publisher punished because it is not sufficiently well written. It might be well if such a law were in existence, but I submit that no such law is in existence.

Balderston: I think the judge would here take the case from the jury and throw it out of court. But if the society won and suppressed the book in question, I am sure your cross-examination would prey upon the conscience of the secretary and lead to attacks upon the publishers of classics.

Moore: Let us see where logic will lead the crusaders if they be sincere. We will suppose them to be prompted by the conviction that all literature containing passages such as abound in the classical writers should be condemned, and that after becoming conscientious objectors against the payment of taxes to support libraries where people can read Boccaccio, they have been fortunate enough to secure juries willing to condemn all the writers that the world has hitherto been in the habit of regarding with reverence, and at length had finished literature off, leaving only Miss Austen. But there are some coarse passages in Miss Austen, and novels should be written in accordance with the most susceptible conscience. So away with her to the burning. Even then the beginning of the end will not be in sight. Our crusaders will have to proceed against all the newspapers that publish stories of the unhappy marriages the divorce court dissolves. But the suppression of the Sunday papers

will not complete the task; it is possible that the most energetic, the whole-hoggers, if I may express myself so, will think that to look upon the Hermes of Praxiteles will tempt a woman to leave the spouse whose shoulders do not rise to the level of her aspirations. We must therefore, so they say, proceed against public art galleries, break up many statues and burn pictures, for nobody can deny that some of the greatest of all paintings which hang unmolested in art galleries to which admission is unrestricted depict mythological subjects—the Jupiter and Antiope of Correggio in the Louvre for example—which could not be described in English literature with the same fidelity without drawing down upon the author immediate prosecution. Yet surely to describe an action in words is one degree further removed from nature than to portray it in paint, and it would be difficult to make plain to a jury that illicit emotions may be stirred up by a written description of a statue and of a picture, whereas the picture and the statue do not awaken any such thoughts in the beholder.

But after the closing of our public galleries of paintings and sculpture, much work still remains for our reformers to accomplish. They must go into the theater, and every skirt must descend to the ankle of its wearer; and then they must go into society,—disguised as waiters, perhaps; but they will have to attend evening parties,—so that they may inform themselves regarding the modesty of the dresses that are worn. In society ladies wear their dresses cut low, and when these are brought into court, it would be very difficult to convince a jury that the ladies wearing them are not influenced by a desire to attract the opposite sex. But whether dressed or undressed, a woman's eyes as she looks across the table make a more insidious appeal than a library full of books. So glances must be controlled. Drink and meat inflame the passions, and will have to be rationed. The crusaders will have to give ear to table-talk, and produce their short-hand notes, jottings taken down as they hand the dishes. And when the danger of champagne and talk is re-

moved, there will remain a danger that I fear the crusaders, however vigilant, will find impossible to remove—the spring days.

Balderston: Truly a grave danger, and one from which there seems to be no escape; so with your permission we will return to a subject easier of elucidation than what is to be done with the spring days—the motives actuating our social reformers. The word blackmailer was pronounced by you, but you do not believe them to be all blackmailers, persecutors, hypocrites?

Moore: I do not remember using those words, but I may have implied them; therefore I hasten to say that there are many sincere people among the crusaders—sincere, but misguided, possessed, once more I say it, by the absurd idea that morality depends on the last novel. No doubt there are many dupes among our social reformers, but they are not all dupes. It is difficult to believe that the secretaries and treasurers of these associations who circularize the public when they succeed in getting a book condemned are dupes. The tone of the circular they issue betrays them to those who can read between the lines, and I believe it to be important to morality as well as to literature that publishers should combine against the blackmailer. The word slips out, so inherent is it in the subject, for blackmail plays a part in the crusade, though perhaps not a very large part. The deepest motive of all is the desire to persecute; far commoner I believe this to be than the lust of gain. The desire to persecute is in us all. I should like to persecute the Post-impressionists, and am glad the means are not at my disposal. I like to think I have sufficient will power to withstand the lust even if the ways to gratify it were open to me.

Balderston: Who can say that we can withstand the temptation? Increase the temptation sufficiently, and every man is a sinner.

Moore: Persecution in the name of morals is becoming as common as persecution in the name of religion was in the past. The moralist desires the sin to be committed so that he may have the pleasure of bringing about the punishment of the sinner.

Balderston: There is even cause to suspect that the punishment of the sinner affords more pleasure than the knowledge that the district is without sin.

Moore: Mere goodness is not sufficient for the moralist. He demands repentance, and punishment as implicit in repentance. The text on which this somewhat degenerate doctrine is based smacks of a second-century bishop.

Balderston: The text you refer to that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance is to be found only in Luke.

Moore: And it is unlike Jesus, altogether unlike Jesus, a wholly unacceptable text. I suspect a bishop. But let us return to the Vigilance Society at the time of the Vizetelly prosecution, for it provides us with an exemplar that will never be surpassed, one before whom Molière's *Tartuffe* sinks into significance—Captain Vernay. Of the captain's personal appearance a record is kept, no doubt, at the Old Bailey, but I have not asked to see it lest it should not conform to the image I have in mind—a tall, thin man, with somewhat high shoulders, breaking out into short sentences occasionally. A slightly pompous man he must have been, for a certain pomposity was necessary to win the admiration and allegiance of the entire society of which Captain Vernay was a prominent member, very much looked up to by all, especially by the ladies, and it is interesting, indeed instructive, to imagine the little stir that animates the committee when he enters the office and takes a chair at the long table. The members might be waiting for their secretary, who has gone to fetch a number of books in which the captain has marked doubtful passages—passages regarding which he would like his committee to express an opinion. It is pleasant to imagine the views of the ladies and gentlemen murmuring among themselves: "How very shocking! Yes, very shocking! Would you care to look at this Mrs. A——, and when you've read it, will you pass it on to Mrs. B——, who is anxious to see it. She has heard the book spoken about." Mrs.

B—— agrees with Mrs. C——, and all look up approvingly at the secretary, a short, thick-set man with a beard, and a devout expression in his eyes as he handles the suspected books. His voice, we cannot imagine it otherwise than as subdued when he tells that the unbiased opinion of the committee regarding the sad necessity of a prosecution would be of great value. To examine all the passages, to read them aloud in hushed tones, to discuss them, occupies a great deal of time, and nothing is settled definitely until Captain Vernay, turning the pages quickly, murmurs, "Shocking, shocking, quite shocking." Then everybody knows there is to be a prosecution, and faces brighten. But Captain Vernay seems perplexed and restless, and it is not long before he takes out his watch, and the thought passes round, "He has an appointment," which is indeed the case.

"I regret it," he says, "but I must leave you. There is not much more, and we are all agreed, I think, upon the painful necessity of stopping the circulation of this filth. You have my marginal notes, and if any difficulty should arise, I shall be here to give my opinion, whatever that may be worth, next Friday. I'm sorry to have to leave you." He looks at his watch once more. "As it is, I shall be a few minutes late, but perhaps by taking a cab and driving quickly I may arrive in time." At these words Captain Vernay goes away to keep an appointment with a lady who had many acquaintances among young nursery-maids aged from sixteen to eighteen years of age. And one day the news arrived at the office of the Vigilance Society that Captain Vernay has been charged with the abduction of a young cook. "It appears he took her to Paris," the secretary murmurs in reply to questions, and the sisterhood claimed that it must be a cleverly arranged plot laid by those who would obstruct us in our work; or it may be a mistake.

"Do you not think so, Mr. X——?" The secretary shakes his head.

"I fear it is only too true," and a few days after the magistrate sent Captain Vernay for trial. The story I'm relating came to pass not later than five and twenty years ago, and never a year goes

by that I do not ponder on the psychology of the extraordinary Captain Vernay, asking myself vainly how he justified himself to himself in the middle of the night when sleep was far from his eyelids. It is easy to answer that he did not try to justify himself, but it is hard for me to imagine a man leading a double life without trying to come to terms with himself, if I may so word it. A hundred times I have asked myself from what point of view he started on his extraordinary career.

Balderston: But is not your curiosity tempting you into the very sin that you deplore—taking pleasure in the punishment of the sinner, if not in the punishment, in the psychology; for in doing this are you not congratulating yourself all the while that you are not as he is?

Moore: It has been said that nothing that is humanity should be alien to us, but this man seems further from us than anybody in history. It is true that no man knows another man, no more than the beast that he tracks in the forest or the beast that leaps on his knees as he sits by the evening fire, and that is why justice is a delusion of the imperfectly educated. I'm sorry, *Balderston*, if any note of jubilation appeared in my voice when I spoke of Captain Vernay's downfall. If there was, I apologize to his shade. All the same it is a terrible thing that a society that counted at least one Captain Vernay among its members was allowed to do to death poor old Henry Vizetelly.

Balderston: But is there no book you would condemn, not even such as certain are given to collecting?

Moore: We are discussing literature, not indecency, and as I have already said, there can be no excuse for mistaking one for the other. Literature cannot become pornographic, for the subject of literature is the normal life of man, the commonplace, which, when enlightened by genius, becomes the universal; and there are twenty other reasons why art is never pornographic.

Balderston: But, tell me, do you deny that literature has any influence upon conduct?

Moore: Life is but influences. We are influenced by all we see, hear, or

smell. The touch of a hand, a flower may influence our conduct; but not literature, or rarely. The appeal of literature is mainly intellectual.

Balderston: You have mentioned that our public libraries contain all modern and classical writers and yet remain unmolested by the crusaders, and you know, of course, that these books in their original languages are invariably displayed openly on the shelves, together, perhaps, with bowdlerized English translations, while complete English renderings are kept in locked cases and doled out at the discretion of the librarian to persons thought qualified to read them. If books ought not to be read in English, ought they to be read by persons of superior education, when, as Gibbon remarked in pre-facing a Greek foot-note on the behavior of the Empress Theodora, they are "veiled in the obscurity of a learned language"?

Moore: The argument put forward by our crusaders is that licentious literature (I use the word "licentious" in its literal sense) appeals to the passions, inflames them, and undermines the health of the nation. If that be so, why should these books be lent to educated people and not to the uneducated? Are we to assume, then, that education does away with the passions? Sappho did not lack education, nor did George Sand, and how many more might be mentioned? Every *Don Juan* will tell you that the only women worth while are learned women. The question we are discussing is beset with prejudices, conventions, subterfuges, and obtusities. You spoke just now of bowdlerized versions, but bowdlerized versions of the Bible, of Shakspeare, of Plato, are unacceptable, and will always remain unacceptable, for nobody is agreed as to what should be left out and what should be retained. There is no agreement among the amendators themselves. If they were locked up in different rooms, they would produce different versions of Plato, Shakspeare, and the Bible and be at quarrel the moment they were let out; and the locking up of books in the libraries to be doled out to persons qualified to read them calls up to my mind an amusing scene of a librarian ques-

tioning a girl as to her age and the education she has received, and looking into her face, trying to determine from the profile as well as from the full face whether she is qualified to read Sterne in an unexpurgated version—different expurgations set for different ages; one for fifteen, another for eighteen, another for twenty-one, and putting the same questions to a boy who saunters up while the girl is at the counter. Are boy and girl to be called upon to affirm upon oath that they are not actuated by desire to read spicy passages, but are merely anxious to acquaint themselves with the literature of a certain period? How can the girl or boy take such an oath? They do not know why they wish to read these books. Motives are complicated things; we are not governed by one motive, but by many. After scrutinizing the boy's face and the girl's face and asking himself again and again, "Is this one qualified?" the librarian hands "Roderick Random" to one and the "Sentimental Journey" to the other, and retires to his desk to become a prey soon after to scruples of conscience. Was there not a look in that girl's eye which should have made it clear to him that she was not a person whose temperament allowed her to read "The Sentimental Journey"? And the boy? Hours later he wakes up in bed with the cry: "I was wrong; he was not qualified. I must get that book back in the morning!" The librarian himself does not know why he reads certain books; his motives are mixed, as yours or mine are. Only God can see into the heart. My dear friend, John Eglington could look at an applicant forever without being able to decide what his motives were. The librarian need not trouble himself about motives as long as the applicant is content to read Boccaccio, Brantôme, Rabelais in the original. On the relation of literature to morals one can unwind forever coming to the end of Folly spool.

Balderston: In New York City the Anglo-Saxon attitude with which you are familiar exists side by side and on perfectly good terms with Continental tolerance. We have in New York two millions of people who read and speak and hear in their theaters their own

language, and we let them read what books and attend what plays they like without the slightest regard for the Anglo-Saxon laws of the land, so long as they leave the English language alone. While vigilance societies prosecute new novels in English more stringently in New York than in London, there is no book in any other language that cannot be openly displayed for sale, whatever its character, without risk of interference.

Moore: I never heard of a prosecution being brought in London against a book in a foreign language.

Balderston: The vigilance societies in New York guard that other palladion of the Anglo-Saxon race, the sanctity of the Sabbath, as closely as they preserve morality by watching over new novels in English. No Broadway theaters are permitted to give plays on Sunday, and not long ago, when a stage society tried to put on a serious play for its own members only, on Sunday evenings, the only night when theaters and actors were available, the police at the instance of a vigilance society prevented the performance.

Moore: Nothing surprising in that.

Balderston: Only this, that in the foreign quarter of the city, as on the Continent, Sunday is the biggest theatrical day of the week. Two performances are given in German, Yiddish, and Italian of plays by leading European dramatists which, if presented on Broadway even on week-days, would land the managers in jail or alternatively in bankruptcy, and the vigilance societies never object. It follows that what desecrates the Sabbath on Broadway does not desecrate it on the Bowery. Not only does morality, as you have said, seem to depend not upon literature, but only upon literature in the English language, but our vigilance societies also seem to be of the opinion that the Sabbath can be desecrated only in the English language.

Moore: The smut hound gives tongue at all kinds of game; an utterly undependable cur. At this moment he is baying in the coverts, at what, rabbit or fox? "Hard to, Priapus!" cried Mudie. "At him, Libertine!" shouts Smith. A mised pack, Balderston.

Adria, The Troubled Sea

By LOTHROP STODDARD



BETWEEN the land-masses of the Balkans and Italy the Mediterranean thrusts a long arm, reaching well toward the heart of central Europe—the Adriatic Sea. It is a stormy water. Down the grim limestone crags that bound its eastern shore rushes the terrible *bora*, the mighty wind that sweeps belated travelers from the heights like leaves before the blast, and drowns the unwary fisherman in the roaring waves below. Up from the south comes the dread *sirocco*, the parching breath of which shrivels the vegetation and abrades the nerves of men.

Yet wild as is this turmoil of the winds, it is no fiercer than those human battles waged for the mastery of the waters. Marked out by nature to be the highroad between central Europe and the opulent East, the Adriatic has ever beckoned the way to riches and to empire. But so narrow are its waters, so constricted the Strait of Otranto leading to the broad Mediterranean beyond, that the Adriatic cannot serve two masters. Wherefore the many races which have dwelt upon its shores have ever fought for the lordship of its waves, their strivings broken only by the coming of yet other races pressing down from the vast northern and eastern hinterlands. So it was in the dawn of history, and so it is to-day, for the bloody struggles of the last four years and the present embattled array of Jugoslav against Italian are merely the latest phases of the age-long struggle for the mastery of the Troubled Sea.

Excluding such minor aspirants as the Albanians, whose internecine blood-feuds nullify their latent strength, or the Greeks and Magyars, too few in

numbers to grasp the prize save as the auxiliaries of mightier friends, three races strive for Adriatic dominion. These chief protagonists are the Latin, the Slav, and the Teuton. The struggle is very old. Long before the Christian era, Roman armies were fighting among the Dalmatian and Albanian hills. Under the Emperor Augustus the stubborn Illyrian aborigines were finally broken, and Latinism reigned supreme on every Adriatic shore. Italian colonists peopled the whole eastern littoral, and stately Latin cities hung like a string of jewels along the rocky coast. Here the Emperor Diocletian built his palace-stronghold of Spalato, so vast that even to-day ten thousand souls find shelter within its crumbling walls. Thus century after century the long littoral slept peacefully beneath the shadow of its protecting mountains, and it seemed as though the Adriatic were destined to be forever a Latin sea.

But in the seventh century of our era a change came. The mighty Slav ocean which had just inundated the Balkan hinterland brimmed the mountain-crests and rushed, a human *bora*, down to the sea. Before the innumerable Slavonic swarms Latinism almost disappeared. Only behind the strong walls of the coast cities or upon the isles and headlands did the Latin population survive. And so things remained. No real fusion took place between the hostile races. The Slavs, despite their superior numbers, were too barbarous and disunited to drive the Latins into the sea, the Latins too few to force the Slavs back over the mountains. Indeed, both sides soon lost all pretense of mutual solidarity, and the eastern Adriatic shore became a welter of jarring city-states and warring Slavonic tribes.

Into this dismal chaos presently came Latinism's second bid for dominion. At the northern extremity of the Adriatic, Venice was rising among her lagoons, and by the tenth century she put forth her youthful strength upon the neighboring coast lands. The near-by Istrian peninsula was soon subdued, and the Venetians then began garnering the isles and cities of the Dalmatian littoral to the southward. The Slavs were too disunited to offer much resistance, but a new rival of Latinism now appeared, the Magyars, or Hungarians. The powerful monarchs of medieval Hungary had obeyed the inevitable urge of every state which arises in the Danube hinterlands to break a pathway to the Adriatic Sea. The struggle between Venetians and Magyars lasted more than two hundred years, and ended with the triumph of Venice. The Magyars, it is true, managed to hold the stretch of coast lying between the Istrian peninsula and the Dalmatian salient, especially the port of Fiume; but the Magyar power was ebbing, while the might of Venice was in full flood. Controlling as it then did the one medieval trade-route to central Europe, the Brenner Pass, Venice was the indispensable middleman between East and West. The vast wealth accruing from this enviable lot was freely used by the republic to rivet its Adriatic dominion. And the triumph of Venice was the triumph of Latinism. At the close of the Middle Ages the Adriatic was almost as much a Latin lake as in the Augustan age. From Apulian Bari to Venice, from Venice to Triest, from Triest to Corfu, Italian speech and Italian culture reigned without a serious rival. The map-makers of that day wrote the Adriatic, "*Il Golfo di Venezia*" ("The Gulf of Venice"), or, more significantly still, "*Il Golfo*."

Until a century ago the Adriatic remained a Latin lake. Venice, to be sure, gradually sank from her proud estate into bankrupt senility, yet no rival strode forward to displace her. The reason was that, for the first and last time in its history, the Adriatic had, temporarily ceased to be a great prize. The entire shift in trade-routes which followed the discoveries of Vasco

da Gama and Columbus had turned the Adriatic, for the nonce, into a backwater. The Brenner was deserted. "In the realm of the blind, the one-eyed man is king," and in an Adriatic which had ceased to count no one found it worth while to wrest the eastern littoral from Venice's palsied grasp. It needed the alien sword of Bonaparte to give the republic its death-blow.

The year 1815 ushered in the modern crisis of the Adriatic question. The Congress of Vienna did some momentous things, but nothing more momentous than the political transformation which it effected in these regions. At the close of the eighteenth century the Adriatic had been a Venetian sea; in 1815 it became an Austrian lake. The Congress of Vienna assigned Venice itself and all its great Adriatic heritage, save the Ionian Isles, to the Hapsburg Empire. Furthermore, those portions of the Adriatic coast not Austrian outright belonged to the Papal States or to the Kingdom of Naples, both lifeless political entities, virtually Austrian protectorates.

And this transformation was not merely political; it was ethnical as well. For if Venice had meant Latinity to the Adriatic lands, Austria spelled Germanism. True, the Teuton had long since appeared upon those shores. Away back in the Middle Ages the Isonzo Valley, at the northern head of the Adriatic, had fallen under Austrian rule, while in 1382 the annexation of Triest had given the Hapsburgs a firm frontage on the sea. Nevertheless, these early acquisitions had lacked immediate significance. Triest was severed from the Danube hinterland by a block of tangled mountains impervious to medieval roadcraft. Accordingly, Triest vegetated in half-forgotten obscurity while the tide of world-trade continued to flow through its queenly rival of the lagoons and over the Brenner Pass. But before the nineteenth century was many decades old the railway came into the world, and far-sighted Teutons began to dream great things from the neglected port by the Southern sea. For Austria as well as for Germany the Revolution of '48 broke the sinister lethargy of the Metternichian trance, and the Pan-Ger-

man prophets of that day already acclaimed Triest as the south portal to power and greatness. Before many years had passed Teutonic capital was flowing into the Adriatic provinces, Teutonic goods were lining Triest's wharves for transport by Austrian shipping to the outer world. The Teuton's Adriatic hour seemed at hand.

But the race which had twice made the Adriatic its lake was already girding its loins for battle. Before ever the German thinkers of '48 had begun dreaming of Triest, the breath of the *risorgimento* was sweeping over Italy. Its war-cry was "*Fuori i Tedeschi!*" ("Out with the Germans!") and its purview embraced not merely the Italian peninsula, but also those Italianized eastern coast lands significantly termed *Italia Irredenta*, "Unredeemed Italy." In 1866 the young Italian Kingdom boldly challenged Austria's Adriatic supremacy. The humiliating defeat which ensued convinced Italian statesmen that their country was not yet in a position to strike for Adriatic dominion. Wherefore, seeing that Italy must be either Austria's friend or bitter enemy, they bowed to Austria's present Adriatic supremacy by becoming her ally, the while secretly reserving the future. Italy, they thought, could afford to wait. The east Adriatic shore was too thoroughly Italian ever to be Germanized. Meanwhile, *pazienza!*

However, this optimism was not of long duration. Latinism presently discovered that its Adriatic hopes were menaced by a new foe, or, rather, by a very old one. This foe was Slavism. Ever since the Slavonic wave of the seventh century had broken in tribal anarchy, the Adriatic Slavs had been despised rather than feared. Thoroughly subjugated by the soldiers of St. Mark, the clever Venetian administrators had known how to perpetuate this subjection. In sharp contrast to the cultivated Latins of the coast towns, the Slav peasants beyond the walls had from the first been ignorant boors; and, ignorant boors the Venetian governors resolved they should remain. Every glimmer of enlightenment was rigorously kept from these Slav populations. The bolder spirits were systematically

drafted into the Venetian fleets and armies, and were sent to die on distant lands and seas. Only the very few who showed themselves whole-hearted converts to Latinism were given cultural light, of course through the Italian window. He who dared finger the Slavonic lattice ended in the dungeon or upon the scaffold. The result was that, whereas Slav civilization bloomed in the neighboring Serbo-Croat lands beyond the mountains, the narrow east Adriatic littoral remained culturally almost unmodified Italian. At least the towns so remained. As to the Slavs *extra muros*, rather than accept Latin culture they preferred to have no culture at all. With the dogged obstinacy of their race they clung to their mother tongue and vegetated in benighted rusticity. So things stood until well into the nineteenth century.

The nineteenth century was, however, the "Era of Nationalities." The breath of this new spirit early touched the Slav peoples, and at length it passed down the Adriatic, as gentle at first as a summer breeze, but presently blowing with the elemental fury of the *bora*. The Italians took fright at once, and with good reason. In Istria they then held racially the entire coast and comprised fully half the total population; but in Dalmatia they numbered barely ten per-cent., concentrated in the towns and scattered in the thinnest of fringes along the isles and headlands, a broken string of Italian beads upon a solid Slav mantle; or, to use the homelier Slavonic saw, "the buttons on the Slav coat." The Italians had, it is true, all the advantages of wealth, prestige, and culture. They were the intellectuals, the professional men, the landlords, the merchants; in fact, all the "civilized" people. They prepared to fight bitterly the Slav awakening. In the old Venetian days, with the Government behind them, they might have done much; now they could accomplish little. The Government was Austria, and Vienna well knew the secret hopes of Italianism. It could not fail to welcome this body-blow at Adriatic Latinity. Accordingly, Vienna allowed and encouraged Slavism to work its will.

The struggle has been going on now

for about forty years, and the results are very significant. Dalmatian Italianism is virtually dead. The Italian-feeling population of that province has shrunk from ten to three per-cent. The Slavs are no longer the illiterate rustics of half a century ago; they form a considerable portion of the upper classes. And this, be it noted, not merely through arrivals from below, but by upper-class converts as well. In the old days, to be a *signore*, a gentleman, one had to be an "Italian." Accordingly, many of the Dalmatian "Italians" were really Italian-veneered Slavs. To-day nearly all these persons have discarded their Latinity and have resumed their natural ethnic affiliations. Political power has of course long since passed to the Slavs. In recent elections only one Dalmatian municipality, Zara, has remained in Italian hands, and even here the Slav minority has grown till Zara's fall has been awaited from year to year.

In Istria, Italianism has also been treading the downward path. The numerical balance of the province, taken as a whole, already inclines to the Slavs. Trieste, the center of east Adriatic Latinism, is still consciously, aggressively Italian. Yet Trieste is close beset, as I myself observed six years ago. A half-hour's trolley-trip brought me to the noted lookout point over Trieste. The spot bore a most un-Italian name, Opvina. Below, in the heat-haze of afternoon, lay the great Latin city, with its Italian bell-towers and its broad *piazza* whereon the newsboys were even then vending "*Il Piccolo della Sera*." Yet behind me passed Slovene peasants, and when I put them a query in Italian, they affected not to understand.

It is easy to realize the despairing rage which this losing death-struggle arouses in Italian hearts. In their eyes these eastern coast lands are as much Italian as is the western shore. It matters not that a majority of the inhabitants are Slavs. To Italians these are misguided rustics who would quickly become good Latins under Italian rule. But, above all, time presses. Delay will be fatal. Unless these regions are annexed, recently admitted the noted Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero, "with-in fifty years every memory of Italy

will fade from those lands, which since the days of Augustus have always been Latin. It would be like unmaking the history of Italy." It was this which did so much to determine Italy's decision to enter the late war. It accounts for the rejection of Austria's proposed cultural guaranties to her Italian subjects, made to the Italian Government during the final negotiations of April, 1915. Italy knew that no cultural guaranties could save the situation, that east Adriatic Italianism would die of cultural liberty if the Slavs had it, too. What was needed was a return to Venetian days, the forcible subjection of Adriatic Slavism to *Italianità*. Anything less than this, and the east coast was lost to Latinism forever.

This may at first sight seem pure sentiment. In reality it is also a highly practical matter. In the race for trade and naval predominance the Adriatic shores have a most unequal value. The Italian side is low and silted, the eastern coast is bold and rocky, screened by islands and rich in splendid havens in the deep waters of which can float the largest ships of peace or war. In our age of dreadnoughts Italy can no longer dominate the Adriatic from her own side. Were the whole east coast to pass to a single rival, the Italian flag would disappear from waters which Italy considers peculiarly her own. The tide of world-trade would pass her by.

The vastness of the stakes involved in Adriatic mastery showed clearly from the first moment of the European War. In 1914, a victory of the Teutonic powers signified Austria's annexation of the entire east coast right down to Albanian Avlona, the magnificent harbor which dominates the narrow Strait of Otranto. Conversely, the triumph of the Entente Allies (Italy remaining neutral) spelled the seizure of this same coast by the united Slavs of the hinterland, by a virile "Jugoslavia" twenty millions strong, backed by Russia, then unchallenged leader of the Slav world. For Italy these were equally terrifying prospects. They go far to explain her subsequent policy. Not until Russian disaster had humbled Slav hopes did Italy strike the Teutonic enemy. Not until hard necessity forced the Entente

to sacrifice the Serb ally by promising Italy Adriatic domination did Italy cast her sword into the wavering scales.

Dark and inscrutable appears the world's destiny at the present hour, yet nowhere is that darkness deeper than over the waters of the Adriatic Sea; for here the only light upon the sky-line is the lurid glow of clashing race-imperialisms irreconcilable thus far throughout history. True, one of the old race-rivals appears to be out of the game. The Teutonic powers have lost the war. The Teuton's Adriatic foothold is gone, and with it the dream of an Adriatic become a Teutonic lake down which the mighty German *Drang* should roll majestically toward the Mediterranean world. Time's wheel has turned, and it is again the Latin's hour. By her bargain with the Western powers Italy is promised Adriatic mastery. Trieste, the eastern islands, much of Dalmatia, peerless Avlona—all

is to be hers. It is so nominated in the bond. The keys of the Adriatic will lie in Italy's grasp. For how long? The Teuton's Adriatic foothold is gone, but the Teuton race remains, a huge loom upon the northern sky, the more dangerous for compression, awaiting a distant hour. And the Slav! Thrilling with the intoxication of race reunion, the Slav cries out in fury against the hindering Italian, the barrier in the pathway of his hopes, the new Austria shutting him away from the open sea. The hinterlands call for their littorals, and their cry will not be stilled. How long can even a victorious Italy hold the east coast against Slav tide and Teuton *Drang*? How can Italy let go?

Thus the Adriatic, battle-ground of winds and men: *bora* and *sirocco* lashing the waves to foam, slate-colored dreadnoughts vexing the waters, hostile bayonets glinting among the hills that bound the Troubled Sea.

In the Cradle of American Liberty

By MIRIAM CLARK KANE



HE war is over. Armistice signed at 11 this morning; hostilities cease at 2 o'clock this afternoon."

Thus, on the afternoon of November 7, read the notice upon the bulletin-board. The man finished writing, and descended his ladder.

The usual little knot of idlers before it gasped, while the hurrying casual passers-by stopped to read again in stunned amazement. Was it true or not? It appeared to be reliable, but was it? It seemed too easy, too simple, too wonderful, and it was unconfirmed.

But it must be so. We are youth, eternal, sanguine youth; and if it were not true yet, it would be soon; a few days at most, hours, perhaps.

The crowd gathered into a mob. People came hurrying to this little nucleus from every quarter, like ants to an ant-hill, attracted by who knows what magic. Here and there spasmodic cheers broke out, scattered hurrahs growing

stronger, lustier, and more united. From the surrounding high buildings heads came poking out, up, up to the very top. Flags appeared, bunting in a magical array—a cañon of gray rock and stone alive with palpitating color, a mass of picturesque internationalism, up to the blue ribbon of sky between. At the bottom flowed a seething river of human life drunk with the great news, though still doubting.

Here in these solid ranks of humanity were every type conceivable in our polyglot Americanism. There were soldiers, a little sick because they were not in the fight; sailors telling one another joyously of the time when they saw or helped to sink a submarine; marines who never forget their dignity won at Château-Thierry, even if they have a girl on each arm.

Pushing our way around, we found this seething caldron of people every where sorting itself into its natural groups. Here were some Italians with

their red, white, and green banners. Some one shouted, "Viva l'Italia!" and they responded lustily, "Viva l'America!" Some one harangued them, and they form an impromptu parade, elbowing a passage at first, until finally the mob made way for them, and their number augmented as they progressed.

The buildings too, grew gayer with their colors. There appeared the Crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, the tricolor of France, Russia once more, and the Belgian flag,

*"Rouge pour le sang des soldats,
Noir, jaune, et rouge."*

Amid the hubbub a sudden hush fell upon us. There was a note, deep, solemn, booming. It was the Liberty Bell proclaiming "Liberty throughout the land."

As its song was echoed by the brazen choristers of all the churches, we realized, with a feeling akin to awe, that this was indeed history.

The crowd surged around the city hall, and we were drawn with it. Beside us were some yeowomen in their neat, blue uniforms. They were wondering how long they would keep their jobs now. They rather fancied themselves as a part of Uncle Sam's navy, and their voices sounded wistful as they spoke of giving it up.

Some one shouted, "Make way there!" So we squeezed a little closer as another impromptu parade struggled through. This time they were ship-workers, still in their overalls. They had made a few rough signs:

"The Quistconck did it."

"We helped. We built the *Saluda*, Way 41, Shipyard No. 9." And best of all, "The bridge of ships is built."

All this time there came from the high buildings a snow-storm of papers. We were deluged with them, and our shoulders, the streets, and every conceivable ledge were white with the softly falling, never ceasing shower. One favorite means of rejoicing was to empty the contents of a waste-basket out the window; and this, for its very ease of execution, was multiplied innumerable times.

In his office on the eleventh floor

busy Mr. Atwood was leaning out the window, looking down at the throng below, and debating if the news was true or not; he was trying to decide whether to finish that important business he had on hand (war work, by the way) or call it a day and go out and join this premature rejoicing. His gregarious instincts got the better of his conscience, and as he was putting on his coat, his blonde stenographer rushed in.

"O Mr. Atwood, I know I had n't ought to, but I'm really not responsible to-day. I don't know *what* papers I've thrown out the window by mistake."

But leniency was in the air, and he had not the heart to say what he might otherwise think fitting; so he just told her to call it a day and run along and enjoy herself.

As he stepped out of the elevator, he ran into a friend in Y. M. C. A. uniform.

"Hello!" he said. "What do you think? Think it's true?"

"I've lost a brother and a sister over there. I hope so," the other answered.

In a sheltered corner of the steps a newsboy was laying the foundations of a fortune selling the latest editions, which went off faster than he could count out change. Besides, no one stopped to read the papers. They glanced only at the head-lines, and some said that the news was true, while others admitted that it was only rumored. But there was no stopping the rejoicing now. Besides, it was bound to be true sometime.

Mrs. Lee, who happened to be downtown shopping when the news was given out, wept with joy on the spot. She had two sons "over there," one gassed. When she found that it was quite impossible to do any more shopping, for all the shop-girls simply put on their hats and coats and walked out, she took a car home. As she climbed in, a little old man with a market-basket edged his way up to the steps beside her. He was quite oblivious to all that was going on around him; but as he reached the platform, the realization of the glorious news burst suddenly upon him, and seizing a beefsteak from his basket, he brandished it frantically about his head, yelling:

"Hurray! Hurray! We 've won! T' hell with the kaiser!"

As she seated herself, still choking with emotion, a large and voluble person in a beplumed hat screamed from the other side of the car:

"*Cochons! Ze pigs! To make peace before they haf invade' Germany! C'est incroyable! I don' believe it!*" And she shook her enraged Gallic fist at the whole car.

By this time all motor traffic has long since ceased. There was only the endless sea of people, with here and there animated groups around some street orator. One of these latter, a shabby, burly creature who has been celebrating not wisely, but too well, held an amused court with:

"Greatesth vict'ry the worl' has ever sheen! Why should n' I—shelebrate? It 'sh over, and my shon 's saved!"

Two British naval officers, edging their way through the mob, regarded it all with a non-committal air, and just smiled.

Then came another parade, machine-workers from Baldwin's this time, still in their grimy overalls, with blackened faces, and tools still in their hands. But their white teeth gleamed through the dirt. Then came some Greeks, whom we recognized by their pale-blue and white flags; then more Italians, and a cheer arose as they waved the Belgian flag.

A huge negro policeman urged the crowd to make way for them and told a little lame newsboy that if he would "Stand there, sonny, where the two streams of people pass, you 'll sell more papers."

A vibration, a whirring sound, was felt rather than heard, and the crowd, looking up, beheld overhead three enormous gray *aéroplanes* from the navy-yard flying low over the tops of the high buildings and deluging us with a paper snow-storm.

More parades made their way through, all converging toward the Liberty Statue on the open square. Some one had climbed high upon the base of the figure and was haranguing the people in the name of freedom. What a thing is democracy!

Now came a group of women war-workers from various canteens and

from the Red Cross. From her vantage-point on the curb a woman in uniform had been watching it all, silently, sadly. Her only son lay buried "in Flanders' fields." Suddenly she caught the eye of a friend in the procession, and smiling for the first time, she dropped into the ranks with the rest.

All eyes were turned now to the statue, serene, dignified, holding the torch that is to enlighten the world. There was a woman there at its feet, high above our heads. She shouted something through her megaphone. Some one blew a single note upon a trumpet, and the crowd burst forth into "*La Marseillaise*"—"Formez vos bataillons!"

It ended in a cheer, and then came "God Save the King," sung with a royal will. Then there was a moment of silence until they got the pitch, and, hats off, every one at attention, "The Star-Spangled Banner" floated out in silvery majesty from a hundred thousand throats.

So ended the first day of peace, the false dawn of the day to come, and different from the great day itself as anticipation is from realization. This day, the eleventh of November, was such a day as the gods vouchsafe to the victorious—Indian summer.

We were awaked at the first glimmering of the light by a concerted tooting of horns, blowing of whistles, and a conglomeration of noises. One turned gloomily in his sleep and murmured:

"The armistice at last!" and tried to sleep again. The sleepy are like the dead; they care not for human joys and sorrows.

But the concert augmented. The factory whistles seemed to be tied open for the rest of the day, and every locomotive siren, steamboat on the river, motor, or anything that could toot, blow, or scream, did so to the best of its power.

While I was dressing some one telephoned:

"Come on down-town. It 's wonderful!" I answered peevishly, for it was early in the morning:

"Thanks awfully. If it were Paris or London, I might."

But breakfast over, I thought better of it. So down I went; and indeed it was wonderful, a glorious *mélange* of Hallowe'en, New Year's, and several election days rolled into one. Where four days before there were three people, there were ten to-day. An unpatriotic burglar would have found it a splendid city to loot, rich as Carthage and deserted as Pompeii.

On the way down-town a little old woman rattled a policeman's tin rattle in my ears, and I thought crossly that she would do much better to kneel down and thank the Lord that her son, too, was spared by the armistice. But perhaps that was her way of doing so.

[There is no end to the parading, but to-day it had taken on a look of premeditation.] There were enormous trucks, loaded to the point of capsizing with munition-workers, ship-builders, and mechanics from Eddystone and up the river, all waving flags and frantically yelling. They were placarded with signs.

Then come more trucks, with girls in white linen caps and dusters, who announced themselves as the "Pork-packers who helped feed the army."

On top of an army motor-lorry was an Italian in gay peasant costume, as for a *bal-masqué*, playing "O Sole Mio" on a wheezy accordion.

[In a vacant corner of the square, an out-of-the-way spot for merry-makers, were some soldiers dancing a mad merry-go-round with half a dozen girls. A small urchin was recapturing Belleau Wood from the top of a German howitzer, and cheering as he bayoneted an imaginary *Boche*.

The storm of paper of four days previous (Who said there was a paper shortage?) had given way to a riot of confetti, flung indiscriminately into the faces of the passers-by.

A middle-aged, respectable, richly dressed lady leaned out from her limousine and waved a rattle, madly tooting a tin horn at the same time.

[Every few minutes there appeared, from a new quarter, a new effigy of his late Majesty, Mr. W. Hohenzollern; and if, as the witches of old believed, to torture an effigy is to cause harm to

original, what must the ex-All-Highest have gone through that day? Not that one cared.

Every one made way for a picturesque little band approaching on foot. They were Armenians in their bright national costume. It was the first time since the beginning of the war that they had worn anything but solemn black in memory of the sorrows of their people. Many of the older women, inexpressibly aged and worn, trudged along so stolidly that one wondered if they would ever really smile or weep again. A few of them were all in white, with black or purple head-dresses, in sign of mourning.

[Following them came a band of Russians, long-bearded, wise, and greasy-looking. Then came a joyous, noisy crowd with a brass band, Japanese parasols, and much vociferation, the "Loyal Sons of St. Patrick," with emerald green flags.]

The joy had gone out of life for the soldier standing next to me, for he said that he "was to sail next week. Is n't that tough luck?"

Near by stood an ancient army officer, alone, a veteran of the Civil War, who watched it all with the inscrutable expression of experience.

The Boy Scouts, indigenous to every clime, next put in an appearance, and were loudly cheered; then came the Girl Scouts and the Home Defense Reserves, with a squad of uniformed school-boys carrying muskets.

A policeman waved us all back to our places as the crowd surged out of bounds, and a hush fell over us as we caught sight of a group of our boys in khaki, moving slowly and painfully along the cleared space. There were seven of them in a row, and we knew they were convalescents by their white bandages. Four of them were on crutches, two with legs gone. One had an arm off, and the rest were with slings and bandaged heads. There was the silence of acclaim as they passed, and our thoughts went back. [We wondered again how they were celebrating to-day in Paris and London.]

But we were hungry so we went to a near-by restaurant for luncheon.



Plaint of an Humble Servant

(For Sir Edward Elgar)

By ROBERT NICHOLS

O LORD, Who didst create all things
That run on legs or rise on wings,
Who, in Thy equal care of all,
Dost no less mark the sparrow's fall
Than of great sinner or great saint,
Hear, Lord, and judge this my complaint.

Thou Who didst shape the lion and lamb,
Thou seest of what shape I am,
Not lovely as those creatures are
But gawky, rude, familiar
In any field or market-place,
The jackiest jackass of my race.

Not much is it that is implored
By me, Thy creature, of my Lord.
I do not seek that Thou shouldst change
That which to His eyes was not strange
When on my grandad's grandad's hide
Thy son toward Zion deigned to ride,
Since that He honored, though all scoff,
I yet do bear nor would put off.
But, Lord, came it of wisdom dark
Or that Thy hand did cease to mark
That which it shaped through weariness
Of fashioning beasts great and less,
Thou hast on me, Thy hapless jade,
Another grievous burden laid.

For upon saints' days, when I stand
 Holiday-making 'twixt the sand
 Of the bright fore-shore and the steeple
 Whereunder crowd the stiff-starched people
 To pay Thee homage, each great ear
 Must a heavenly chorus hear:
 First overhead *ting-tang* the bells,
 Then in the aisle the organ swells,
 Praising Thee, Lord, till deep and strong
 The happy folk take up the song,
 Till the gay birds outside, too, raise
 A sweet, wild, shrilling song of praise;
 And, last, the very sea rejoices
 To join its deep voice to those voices.

Mark now what grief, Lord, must be mine,
 Who do not find Thee less divine,
 For dare I also raise my voice
 That with the throng I may rejoice
 Ah, what a hell of sound I draw
 Who can but sing "EE-AW! HEE-AW!"

O shame! O grief! on every bush
 The pert birds scold or bid me hush
 And, worst of all, my master hies
 Out from the church with angry cries
 And, save I forthwith cease, the stick
 He bears falls fast and thick.

Natheless, Thou knowest I would sing
 Praise fit, if could I, to my King.
 Lord, must I be forever dumb?
 Needs wait I till Thy kingdom come?
 There was old Balaam's ass which spoke.
 May not another of that folk?

Lord, last, just this: at Thy behest
 All's done as seemeth to Thee best.
 Were it not but a little thing
 To Thee to let a jackass sing
 No less than proud sinner or poor saint?
 That is all, Lord. Thus ends my plaint.





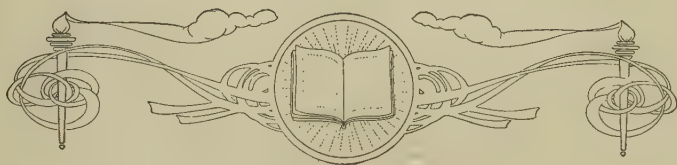
Detail from "The Lace-maker," by Gabriel Metsu
(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)

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The Meeker Ritual

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

I. THE ROCK OF AGES

THE entire pretension is so ridiculous that it is difficult to credit the extent of its acceptance. I don't mean McGeorge's story, but the whole sweep of spiritism. It ought to be unnecessary to point out the puerility of the evidence—the absurd babble advanced as the speech of wise men submerged in the silent consummation of death, the penny tricks with bells and banjos, the circus-like tables and anthropomorphic Edens. Yet, so far as the phrase goes, there is something in it; but whatever that is, lies in demonstrable science, the investigations of the subconscious by Freud and Jung.

McGeorge himself, a reporter with a sufficient education in the actual, tried to repeat impartially, with the vain illusion of an open mind, what he had been told; but it was clear that his power of reasoning had been disarranged. We were sitting in the Italian restaurant near his paper to which he had conducted me, and he was inordinately troubled by flies. A small, dark man, he was never without a cigarette; he had always been nervous, but I had no memory of such uneasiness as he now exhibited.

"It's rather dreadful," he said, gaz-

ing at me for an instant, and then shifting his glance about the white plaster walls and small flock of tables, deserted at that hour. "I mean this thing of not really dying—hanging about in the wind, in space. I used to have a natural dread of death; but now I'm afraid of—of keeping on. When you think of it, a grave's quite a pleasant place. It's restful. This other—" He broke off, but not to eat.

"My editor," he began anew, apparently at a tangent, "would n't consider it. I was glad. I'd like to forget it, go back. There might be a story for you."

Whatever he had heard in connection with the Meeker circle, I assured him, would offer me nothing; I did n't write that sort of thing.

"You'd appreciate Lizzie Tuoe," he asserted.

McGEORGE had been sent to the Meeker house to unearth what he could about the death of Mrs. Kraemer. He described vividly the location, which provided the sole interest to an end admitted normal in its main features. It was, he said, one of those vitrified wildernesses of brick that have given the city the name of a place of homes; dreadful. Amazing in extent, it was without a single feature to vary the monotony of two-storied dwellings cut

into exact parallelograms by paved streets; there was a perspective of continuous façades and unbroken tin roofs in every direction, with a grocery or drug-store and an occasional saloon at the corners, and beyond the sullen red steeple of a church.

Dusk was gathering when McGeorge reached the Meekers. It was August, and the sun had blazed throughout the day, with the parching heat; the smell of brick dust and scorched tin was hideous. His word. There was, too, a faint metallic clangor in the air. He knew that it came from the surface-cars, yet he could not rid himself of the thought of iron furnace-doors.

He had, of course, heard of the Meekers before. So had I, for that matter. A crack-brained professor had written a laborious, fantastic book about their mediumship and power of communication with the other world. They sat together as a family: the elder Meekers; the wife's sister; a boy, Albert, of fourteen; Ena, close to twenty; and Jannie, a girl seventeen years old and the medium proper. Jannie's familiar spirit was called Stepan. He had, it seemed, lived and died in the reign of Peter the Great; yet he was still actual, but unmaterialized, and extremely anxious to reassure every one through Jannie of the supernal happiness of the beyond. What messages I read, glancing over hysterical pages, gave me singularly little comfort, with the possible exception of the statement that there were cigars; good cigars Stepan, or Jannie, explained, such as on earth cost three for a quarter.

However, most of what McGeorge told me directly concerned Lizzie Tueoy. The Meekers he could n't see at all. They remained in an undiscovered part of the house—there was a strong reek of frying onions from the kitchen—and delegated the servant as their link with the curious or respectful or impertinent world.

Lizzie admitted him to the parlor, where, she informed him, the sittings took place. There was n't much furniture beyond a plain, heavy table, an array of stiff chairs thrust back against the walls, and on a mantel a highly painted miniature Rock of Ages, with a

white-clad figure clinging to it, washed with a poisonous green wave, all inclosed in a glass bell. At the rear was a heavy curtain that, he found, covered the entrance to a smaller room.

Lizzie was a stout, cheerful person, with the ready sympathies and superstitions of the primitive mind of the south of Ireland. She was in a maze of excitement, and his difficulty was not to get her to talk, but to arrest her incoherent flood of invocations, saints' names, and credulity.

Her duties at the Meekers had been various; one of them was the playing of mechanical music in the back room at certain opportune moments. She said that Stepan particularly requested it; the low strains made it easier for him to speak to the dear folks on this side. It could n't compare, though, Stepan had added, with the music beyond; and why should it, Lizzie had commented, and all the blessed saints bursting their throats with tunes! She swore, however, that she had had no part in the ringing of the bells or the knocks and jumps the table took.

She had no explanation for the latter other than the conviction that the dear God had little, if any, part in it. Rather her choice of an agent inclined to the devil. Things happened, she affirmed, that tightened her head like a kettle. The cries and groaning from the parlor during a sitting would blast the soul of you. It was nothing at all for a stranger to faint away cold. The light would then be turned up, and water dashed on the unconscious face.

She insisted, McGeorge particularized, that the Meekers took no money for their sittings. At times some grateful person would press a sum on them; a woman had given two hundred and seventy dollars after a conversation with her nephew, dead, as the world called it, twelve years. All the Meekers worked but Jannie; she was spared every annoyance possible, and lay in bed till noon. At the suggestion of Stepan, she made the most unexpected demands. Stepan liked pink silk stockings. He begged her to eat a candy called Turkish paste. He recommended a "teeny" glass of Benedictine, a bottle of which was kept ready. He told her to pinch

her flesh black to show—Lizzie Tuoeys forgot what.

Jannie was always dragged out with a face the color of wet laundry soap. She had crying fits; at times her voice would change, and she'd speak a gibberish that Mr. Meeker declared was Russian; and after a trance she would eat for six. There was nothing about the senior Meeker Lizzie could describe, but she disliked Mrs. Meeker intensely. She made the preposterous statement that the woman could see through the blank walls of the house. Ena was pale, but pretty, despite dark smudges under her eyes; she sat up very late with boys or else sulked by herself. Albert had a big grinning head on him, and ate flies. Lizzie had often seen him at it. He spent hours against the panes of glass and outside the kitchen door.

It was n't what you could name gay at the Meekers, and, indeed, it had n't been necessary for the priest to insist on the girl finding another place; she had decided that independently after she had been there less than a month. Then Mrs. Kraemer had died during a sitting. She would be off, she told McGeorge, the first of the week.

The latter, whose interest at the beginning had been commendably penetrating, asked about Mrs. Meeker's sister; but he discovered nothing more than that—Lizzie Tuoeys allowed for a heretic—she was religious. They were all serious about the spiritism, and believed absolutely in Jannie and Stepan, in the messages, the voices and shades that they evoked.

HOWEVER, questioned directly about Mrs. Kraemer's presence at a sitting, the servant's ready flow of comment and explanation abruptly dwindled to the meager invocation of holy names. It was evidently a business with which she wanted little dealing, even with Mrs. Kraemer safely absent, and with no suspicion of criminal irregularity.

The reporting of that occurrence gave a sufficiently clear impression of the dead woman. She was the relict of August, a naturalized American citizen born in Salzburg, and whose estate, a comfortable aggregate of more than two millions, came partly from hop-

fields in his native locality. There was one child, a son past twenty, not the usual inept offspring of late-acquired wealth, but a vigorously administrative youth who spent half the year in charge of the family investment in Germany. At the beginning of the Great War the inevitable overtook the Salzburg industry; its financial resources were acquired by the Imperial Government, and young Kraemer, then abroad, was urged into the German Army.

McGeorge, with a great deal of trouble, extracted some additional angles of insight on Mrs. Kraemer from the reluctant Lizzie.

She was an impressive figure of a lady in fine lavender muslin ruffles, a small hat, blazing diamonds, and a hook in her nose, but Roman and not Jew. A bullying voice and a respectful chauffeur in a glittering car completed the picture. She had nothing favorable to say for the location of the Meeker house; indeed, she complained pretty generally, in her loud, assertive tones, about the inefficiency of city administration in America, but she held out hopes of improvement in the near future. She grew impatiently mysterious—hints were not her habit—in regard to the good shortly to enfold the entire earth. Lizzie gathered somehow that this was bound up with her son, now an officer in a smart Uhlan regiment.

A man of Mrs. Kraemer's type, and the analogy is far closer than common, would never have come to the Meekers for a message from a son warring in the north of France. It is by such lapses that women with the greatest show of logic prove the persistent domination of the earliest emotional instincts. After all, Lizzie Tuoeys and Mrs. Kraemer were far more alike than any two such apparently dissimilar men.

At this point McGeorge was lost in the irrelevancy of Lizzie's mind. She made a random statement about Mrs. Meeker's sister and a neighbor, and returned to the uncertain quality of Jannie's temper and the limitations of a medium. It seemed that Jannie was unable to direct successful sittings without a day between for the recuperation of her power. It used her up something fierce. Stepan as well, too often

recalled from the joys of the beyond, the cigars of the aroma of three for a quarter, grew fretful; either he refused to answer or played tricks, such as an unexpected sharp thrust in Albert's ribs, or a knocked message of satirical import, "My! would n't you just like to know!"

McGeorge had given up the effort to direct the conversation; rather than go away with virtually nothing gained, he decided to let the remarks take what way they would. In this he was wise, for the girl's sense of importance, her normal pressing necessity for speech, gradually submerged her fearful determination to avoid any contact with an affair so plainly smelling of brimstone. She returned to Miss Brasher, the sister, and her neighbor.

The latter was Mrs. Doothnack, and, like Mrs. Kraemer, she had a son fighting in the north of France. There, however, the obvious similitude ended; Edwin Doothnack served a machine-gun of the American Expeditionary Forces, while his mother was as poor and retiring as the other woman was dogmatic and rich. Miss Brasher brought her early in the evening to the Meekers, a little person with the blurred eyes of recent heavy crying, excessively polite to Lizzie Tueoy. Naturally, this did nothing to increase the servant's good opinion of her.

The sister soon explained the purpose of their visit: Edwin, whose regiment had occupied a sacrifice position, was missing. There his mother timidly took up the recital. The Meekers were at supper, and Lizzie, in and out of the kitchen, heard most of the developments. When the report about Edwin had arrived, Mrs. Doothnack's friends were reassuring; he would turn up again at his regiment, or else he had been taken prisoner; in which case German camps, although admittedly bad, were as safe as the trenches. She had been intensely grateful for their good will, and obediently set herself to the acceptance of their optimism, when—it was eleven nights now to the day—she had been suddenly wakened by Edwin's voice.

"O God!" Edwin had cried, thin, but distinct, in a tone of exhausted suffer-

ing—"O God!" and "Mummer!" his special term for Mrs. Doothnack. At that, she declared, with straining hands, she knew that Edwin was dead.

Miss Brasher then begged darling Jannie to summon Stepan and discover the truth at the back of Mrs. Doothnack's "message" and conviction. If, indeed, Edwin had passed over, it was their Christian duty to reassure his mother about his present happiness, and the endless future together that awaited all loved and loving ones. Jannie said positively that she would n't consider it. A sitting had been arranged for Mrs. Kraemer to-morrow, so that she, without other means, might get some tidings of the younger August.

Mrs. Doothnack rose at once with a murmured apology for disturbing them, but Miss Brasher was more persistent. She had the determination of her virginal fanaticism, and of course she was better acquainted with Jannie. Lizzie was n't certain, but she thought that Miss Brasher had money, though nothing approaching Mrs. Kraemer; probably a small, safe income.

Anyhow, Jannie got into a temper, and said that they all had no love for her, nobody cared what happened so long as they had their precious messages. Stepan would be cross, too. At this Albert hastily declared that he would be out that evening; he had been promised moving-pictures. That old Stepan would be sure to bust his bones in. Jannie then dissolved into tears, and cried that they were insulting her dear Stepan, who lived in heaven. Albert added his wails to the commotion, Mrs. Doothnack sobbed from pure nervousness and embarrassment, and only Miss Brasher remained unmoved and insistent.

The result of this disturbance was that they agreed to try a tentative sitting. Stepping out into the kitchen, Mrs. Meeker told Lizzie that she need n't bother to play the music that evening.

HERE the latter, with a sudden confidence in McGeorge's charitable knowledge of life, admitted that Jannie's bottle of Benedictine was kept in a closet in the room behind the one where the

sittings were held. The Meekers had disposed themselves about the table, the circle locked by their hands placed on adjoining knees, with Jannie at the head and Mrs. Doothnack beyond. The servant, in the inner room for a purpose which she had made crystal clear, could just distinguish them in a dim, red-shaded light through the opening of the curtain.

By this time familiarity with the proceeding had bred its indifference, and Lizzie lingered at the closet. The knocks that announced Stepan's presence were a long time in coming; then there came an angry banging and a choked cry from Albert. The table plainly rocked and rose from the floor, and Jannie asked in the flat voice of the tranced:

"Is Edwin there? Here's his mother wanting to speak to him."

The reply, knocked out apparently on the wood mantel, and repeated for the benefit of the visitor, said that those who had won to the higher life could not be treated as a mere telephone exchange. Besides which, a party was then in progress, and Stepan was keeping waiting Isabella, consort of King Ferdinand, a lady who would not be put off. This business about Edwin must keep. Miss Brasher said in a firm voice:

"His mother is much distressed and prays for him to speak."

The answer rattled off was not interpreted, but Lizzie gathered that it was extremely personal and addressed to Miss Brasher. There was a silence after that, and then the table rose to a perceptible height and crashed back to the floor. In the startling pause which followed a voice, entirely different from any that had spoken, cried clear and low:

"O God!"

This frightened Lizzie to such an extent that she fled to the familiar propriety of the kitchen; but before she was out of hearing, Mrs. Doothnack screamed, "Edwin!"

Nothing else happened. The firm Miss Brasher and her neighbor departed immediately. Jannie, however, looked a wreck, and cold towels and Benedictine were liberally applied. She sobbed hysterically, and wished that she

were just a plain girl without a call. Further, she declared that nothing could induce her to proceed with the sitting for Mrs. Kraemer to-morrow. Stepan, before returning to Isabella of Castile, had advised her against it. With such droves of soldiers coming over, it was more and more difficult to control individual spirits. Things in the beyond were in a frightful mess. They might see something that would scare them out of their wits.

Mrs. Meeker, with a share of her sister's aplomb, said that she guessed they could put up with a little scaring in the interest of Mrs. August Kraemer. She was sick of doing favors for people like Agnes's friend, and made it clear that she desired genteel associates both in the here and the hereafter. Jannie's face began to twitch in a manner common to it, and her eyes grew glassy. At times, Lizzie explained, she would fall right down as stiff as a board, and they would have to put her on the lounge till she recovered. Her sentimental reading of Jannie's present seizure was that she was jealous of Ferdinand's wife.

NOT yet, even, McGeorge confessed, did he see any connection between the humble little Mrs. Doothnack and Mrs. Kraemer, in her fine lavender and diamonds. He continued putting the queries almost at random to Lizzie Tuoe, noting carelessly, as if they held nothing of the body of his business, her replies. While the amazing fact was that, quite aside from his subsequent credulity or any reasonable skepticism, the two presented the most complete possible unity of causation and climax. As a story, beyond which I have no interest, together they are admirable. They were enveloped, too, in the consistency of mood loosely called atmosphere; that is, all the details of their surrounding combined to color the attentive mind with morbid shadows.

It was purely on Lizzie Tuoe's evidence that McGeorge's conversion to such ridiculous claims rested. She was not capable of invention, he pointed out, and continued that no one could make up details such as that, finally, of the Rock of Ages. The irony was too

biting and inevitable. Her manner alone put what she related beyond dispute.

On the contrary, I insisted, it was just such minds as Lizzie's that could credit in a flash of light—probably a calcium flare—unnatural soldiers, spooks of any kind. Her simple pictorial belief readily accepted the entire possibility of visions and wonders.

I could agree or not, he proceeded wearily; it was of small moment. The fate waited for all men. "The fate of living," he declared, "the curse of eternity. You can't stop. Eternity," he repeated, with an uncontrollable shiver.

"Stepan seemed to find compensations," I reminded him.

"If you are so damned certain about the Tuoeys woman," he cried, "what have you got to say about Mrs. Kraemer's death? You can't dismiss her as a hysterical idiot. People like her don't just die."

"A blood clot." His febrile excitement had grown into anger, and I suppressed further doubts.

He lighted a cigarette. The preparations for Mrs. Kraemer's reception and the sitting, he resumed, were elaborate. Mr. Meeker lubricated the talking-machine till its disk turned without a trace of the mechanism. A new record—it had cost a dollar and a half and was by a celebrated violinist—was fixed, and a halftone semi-permanent needle selected. Lizzie was to start this after the first storm of knocking, or any preliminary jocularly of Stepan's, had subsided.

Jannie had on new pink silk stockings and white kid slippers. Her head had been marcelled special, and she was so nervous that she tore three hair-nets. At this she wept, and stamped her foot, breaking a bottle of expensive scent.

When Mrs. Kraemer's motor stopped at the door, Lizzie went forward, and Mrs. Meeker floated down the stairs.

Stopping him sharply, I demanded a repetition of the latter phrase. It was Lizzie's. McGeorge, too, had expressed surprise, and the girl repeated it. Mrs. Meeker, she declared, often "floated." One evening she had seen Mrs. Meeker leave the top story by a window and

stay suspended over the bricks twenty feet below.

Mrs. Kraemer entered the small hall like a keen rush of wind; her manner was determined, an impatience half checked by interest in what might follow. She listened with a short nod to Mr. Meeker's dissertation on the necessity of concord in all the assembled wills. The spirit world must be approached reverently, with trust and thankfulness for whatever might be vouchsafed.

The light in the front room, a single gas-burner, was lowered, and covered by the inevitable red-paper hood, and the circle formed. Lizzie was washing dishes, but the kitchen door was open, so that she could hear the knocks that were the signal for the music. They were even longer coming than on the night before, and she made up her mind that Stepan had declared a holiday from the responsibilities of a control. At last there was a faint vibration, and she went cautiously into the dark space behind the circle. The curtains had always hung improperly, and she could see a dim red streak of light.

The knocks at best were not loud; several times when she was about to start the record they began again inconclusively. Stepan finally communicated that he was exhausted. Some one was being cruel to him. Could it be Jannie? There was a sobbing gasp from the latter. Mrs. Kraemer's voice was like ice-water; she wanted some word from August, her son. She followed the name with the designation of his rank and regiment. And proud of it, too, Lizzie added; you might have taken from her manner that she was one of us. Her version of Mrs. Kraemer's description sounded as though August were an ewe-lamb. McGeorge, besotted in superstition, missed this.

Independently determining that the moment for music had come, Lizzie pressed forward the lever and carefully lowered the lid. The soft strains of the violin, heard through the drawn curtains, must have sounded illusively soothing and impressive.

"Stepan," Jannie implored, "tell August's mama about him, so far away amid shot and shell."



"'O God!' it breathed, 'Mummer!'"

"Who is my mother?" Stepan replied, with a mystical and borrowed magnificence.

"August, are you there?" Mrs. Kraemer demanded. "Can you hear me? Are you well?"

"I'm deaf from the uproar," Stepan said faintly. "Men in a green gas. He is trying to reach me; something is keeping him back."

"August's alive!" Mrs. Kraemer's exclamation was in German, but Lizzie understood that she was thanking God.

"Hundreds are passing over," Stepan continued. "I can't hear his voice, but there are medals. He's gone again in smoke. The other—" The communication halted abruptly, and in the silence which followed Lizzie stopped the talking-machine, the record at an end.

It was then that the blaze of light occurred which made her think the paper shade had caught fire and that the house would burn down. She dragged back the curtain.

McGeorge refused to meet my interrogation, but sat with his gaze fastened on his plate of unconsumed gray macaroni. After a little I asked impatiently what the girl thought she had seen.

After an inattentive silence McGeorge asked me, idiotically I thought, if I had ever noticed the game, the hares and drawn fish, sometimes frozen into a clear block of ice and used as an attraction by provision stores. I had, I admitted, although I could see no connection between that and the present inquiry.

It was, however, his description of the column of light Lizzie Tueoy saw over against the mantel, a shining white shroud through which the crudely painted Rock of Ages was visible, insulated in the glass bell. Oh, yes, there was a soldier, but in the uniform that might be seen passing the Meekers any hour of the day, and unnaturally hanging in a traditional and very highly sanctified manner. The room was filled with a coldness that made Lizzie's flesh crawl. It was as bright as noon; the circle about the table was rigid, as if it had been frozen into immobility, while Jannie's breathing was audible and hoarse.

Mrs. Kraemer stood wrung with horror, a shaking hand sparkling with diamonds raised to her face. It was a lie, she cried in shrill, penetrating tones. August could n't do such a thing. Kill him quickly!

The other voice was faint, McGeorge said, hardly more than a sigh; but Lizzie Tueoy had heard it before. She asserted that there was no chance for a mistake.

"O God!" it breathed. "Mummer!"

This much is indisputable, that Mrs. Kraemer died convulsively in the Meeker hall. Beyond that I am congenitally incapable of belief. I asked McGeorge directly if it was his contention that, through Stepan's blunder, the unfortunate imperialistic lady, favored with a vignette of modern organized barbarity, had seen Mrs. Doothnack's son in place of her own.

He did n't, evidently, think this worth a reply. McGeorge was again lost in his consuming dread of perpetual being.

II. THE GREEN EMOTION

VIRTUALLY buried in a raft of ethical tracts of the Middle Kingdom, all more or less repetitions of Lao-tsze's insistence on heaven's quiet way, I ignored the sounding of the telephone; but its continuous bur—I had had the bell removed—triumphed over my absorption, and I answered curtly. It was McGeorge. His name, in addition to the fact that it constituted an annoying interruption, recalled principally that, caught in the stagnant marsh of spiritism, he had related an absurd fabrication in connection with the Meeker circle and the death of Mrs. August Kraemer.

Our acquaintance had been long, but slight. He had never attempted to see me at my rooms, and for this reason only—that his unusual visit might have a corresponding pressing cause—I directed Miss Maynall, at the telephone exchange, to send him up. Five minutes later, however, I regretted that I had not instinctively refused to see him. It was then evident that there was no special reason for his call. It was inconceivable that any one with the least

knowledge of my prejudices and opinions would attempt to be merely social, and McGeorge was not without both the rudiments of breeding and good sense.

At least such had been my impression of him in the past, before he had come in contact with the Meekers. Gazing at him, I saw that a different McGeorge was evident, different even from when I had seen him at the Italian restaurant where he had been so oppressed by the fear not of death, but of life. In the first place, he was fatter and less nervous, he was wearing one of those unforgivable soft black ties with flowing ends, and he had changed from Virginia cigarettes to Turkish.

A silence had lengthened into embarrassment, in which I was combating a native irritability with the placid philosophical acceptance of the unstirred Tao, when he asked suddenly:

"Did you know I was married?" I admitted that this information had eluded me, when he added in the fatuous manner of such victims of a purely automatic process, "To Miss Ena Meeker that was."

I asked if he had joined the family circle in the special sense, but he said not yet; he was n't worthy. Then I realized that there was a valid reason for his presence, but, unfortunately, it operated slowly with him; he had to have a satisfactory audience for the astounding good fortune he had managed. He wanted to talk, and McGeorge, I recalled, had been a man without intimates or family in the city. Almost uncannily, as if in answer to my thought, he proceeded:

"I'm here because you have a considerable brain and, to a certain extent, a courageous attitude. You are all that and yet you won't recognize the truth about the beyond, the precious world of spirits."

"Material."

However, I indicated in another sense that I was n't material for any propaganda of hysterical and subnormal séances. His being grew inflated with the condescending pity of dogmatic superstition for logic.

"Many professors and men of science are with us, and I am anxious, in your

own interest, for you to see the light. I've already admitted that you would be valuable. You can't accuse me of being mercenary." I could n't. "I must tell you," he actually cried out, in sudden surrender to the tyrannical necessity of self-revelation. "My marriage to Ena was marvelous, marvelous, a true wedding of souls. Mr. Meeker," he added in a different, explanatory manner, "like all careful fathers, is not unconscious of the need, here on earth, of a portion of worldly goods. For a while, and quite naturally, he was opposed to our union.

"There was a Wallace Esselman." A perceptible caution overtook him, but which, with a gesture, he evidently discarded. "But I ought to explain how I met the Meekers. I called." I expressed a surprise, which he solemnly misread. "It became necessary for me to tell them of my admiration and belief," he proceeded.

"I saw Mrs. Meeker and Ena in the front room where the sittings are held. Mrs. Meeker sat straight up, with her hands folded; but Ena was enchanting." He paused, lost in the visualization of the enchantment. "All sweet curves and round ankles and little feet." Then he unexpectedly made a very profound remark: "I think pale girls are more disturbing than red cheeks. They've always been for me, anyway. Ena was the most disturbing thing in the world."

Here, where I might have been expected to lose my patience disastrously, a flicker of interest appeared in McGeorge and his connection with the Meekers. A normal, sentimental recital would, of course, be insupportable; but McGeorge, I realized, lacked the coördination of instincts and faculties which constitutes the healthy state he had called, by implication, stupid. The abnormal often permits extraordinary glimpses of the human machine, ordinarily a sealed and impenetrable mystery. Hysteria has illuminated many of the deep emotions and incentives, and McGeorge, sitting lost in a quivering inner delight, had the significant symptoms of that disturbance.

He may, I thought, exhibit some of the primitive "complex sensitiveness"

of old taboos, and furnish an illustration, for a commentary on the sacred Kings, of the physical base of religious fervor.

"An ordinary prospective mother-in-law," said McGeorge, "is hard enough, but Mrs. Meeker—" He made a motion descriptive of his state of mind in the Meeker parlor. "Eyes like ice," he continued; "and I could see that I had n't knocked her over with admiration. Ena got mad soon, and made faces at her mother when she was n't looking, just as if she were a common girl. It touched me tremendously. Then—I had looked down at the carpet for a moment—Mrs. Meeker had gone, without a sound, in a flash. It was a good eight feet to the door and around a table. Space and time are nothing to her."

Silence again enveloped him; he might have been thinking of the spiritistic triumphs of Mrs. Meeker or of Ena with her sweet curves. Whatever might be said of the latter, it was clear that she was no prude. McGeorge drew a deep breath; it was the only expression of his immediate preoccupation.

"It was quite a strain," he admitted presently. "I called as often as possible and a little oftener. The reception, except for dear Ena, was not prodigal. Once they were having a sitting, and I went back to the kitchen. Of course Lizzie Tueoy, their former servant, was no more, and they had an ashy-black African woman. Some one was sobbing in the front room—the terrible sobs of a suffocating grief. There was a voice, too, a man's, but muffled, so that I could n't make out any words. That died away, and the thin, bright tones of a child followed; then a storm of knocking, and blowing on a tin trumpet.

"A very successful sitting. I saw Annie directly afterward, and the heroic young medium was positively livid from exhaustion. She had a shot of Benedictine and then another, and Mr. Meeker half carried her up to bed. I stayed in the kitchen till the confusion was over, and Albert came out and was pointedly rude. If you want to know what's thought of you in a house, watch the young.

"Ena was flighty, too; it irritated her to have me close by—highly strung. She cried for no reason at all and bit her finger-nails to shreds. There was a fine platinum chain about her neck, with a diamond pendant, I had never seen before, and for a long while she would n't tell me where it had come from. The name, Wallace Esselmann, finally emerged from her hints and evasions. He was young and rich, he had a waxed mustache, and the favor of the Meekers generally.

"Have you ever been jealous?" McGeorge asked abruptly. Not in the degree he indicated, I replied; however, I comprehended something of its possibilities of tyrannical obsession. "It was like a shovelful of burning coals inside me," he asserted. "I was ready to kill this Esselmann or Ena and then myself. I raved like a maniac; but it evidently delighted her, for she took off the chain and relented.

"At first," McGeorge said, "if you remember, I was terrified at the thought of living forever; but I had got used to that truth, and the blessings of spiritualism dawned upon me. No one could ever separate Ena and me. The oldest India religions support that—"

"With the exception," I was obliged to put in, "that all progression is toward nothingness, suspension, endless calm."

"We have improved on that," he replied. "The joys that await us are genuine twenty-two carat—the eternal companionship of loving ones, soft music, summer—"

"Indestructible lips under a perpetual moon."

He solemnly raised a hand.

"They are all about you," he said; "they hear you; take care. What happened to me will be a warning."

"Materialize the faintest spirit," I told him, "produce the lightest knock on that Fyfe table, and I'll give you a thousand dollars for the cause." He expressed a contemptuous superiority to such bribery. "By your own account," I reminded him, "the Meekers gave this Esselmann every advantage. Why?"

McGeorge's face grew somber.

"I saw him the next time I called, a fat boy with his spiked mustache on

glazed cheeks, and a pocketful of rattling gold junk, a racing car on the curb. He had had Ena out for a little spin, and they were discussing how fast they had gone. Not better than sixty-eight, he protested modestly.

"Albert hung on his every word; he was as servile to Esselmann as he was arrogant to me. He said things I had either to overlook completely or else slay him for. I tried to get his liking." McGeorge confessed to me that, remembering what the Meekers' old servant had told him about Albert's peculiar habit, he had even thought of making him a present of a box of flies, precisely in the manner you would bring candy for a pretty girl.

"It began to look hopeless," he confessed of his passion. "Ena admitted that she liked me better than Wallace, but the family would n't hear of it. Once, when Mr. Meeker came to the door, he shut it in my face. The sittings kept going right along, and the manifestations were wonderful; the connection between Jannie and Stepan, her spirit control, grew closer and closer. There was a scientific investigation—some professors put Jannie on a weighing-machine during a séance and found that, in a levitation, she had an increase in weight virtually equal to the lifted table. They got phonograph records of the rapping—"

"Did you hear them?" I interrupted.

"They are still in the laboratory," he asserted defiantly. "But I have a photograph that was taken of an apparition." He fumbled in an inner pocket and produced the latter. The print was dark and obscured, but among the shadows a lighter shape was traceable: it might have been a woman in loose, white drapery, a curtain, light-struck; anything, in fact. I returned it to him impatiently.

"That," he informed me, "was a Christian martyr of ancient times."

"Burned to a cinder," I asked, "or dismembered by lions?"

"Can't you even for a minute throw off the illusion of the flesh?"

"Can you?"

He half rose in a flare of anger; for my question, in view of his admissions, had been sharply pressed.

"All love is a sanctification," McGeorge said, recovering his temper admirably. "The union of my beloved wife and me is a holy pact of spirits, transcending corruption."

"You married her against considerable opposition," I reminded him.

"I had the hell of a time," he said in the healthy manner of the former McGeorge. "Everything imaginable was done to finish me; the powers of earth and of the spirit world were set against me. For a while my human frame was n't worth a lead nickel."

"The beyond, then, is n't entirely the abode of righteousness?"

"There are spirits of hell as well as of heaven."

"The Chinese," I told him, "call them Yin and Yang, spirits of dark and light. Will you explain—it may be useful, if things are as you say—how you fought the powers from beyond?"

"Do you remember what Lizzie Tueoy thought about Jannie and Stepan?" he asked, apparently irrelevantly. "That time Stepan had an engagement with Isabella of Spain." I did n't. "Well, she said that Jannie was jealous of the queen."

McGEORGE had, by his own account, really a dreadful time with what was no better than common or, rather, uncommon murder. Two things were evident on the plane of my own recognition—that he had succeeded in holding the illusive affections of Ena, no small accomplishment in view of her neurotic emotional instability, and that the elder Meekers had an interest in the most worldly of all commodities, not exceeded by their devotion to the immaculate dream of love beyond death.

The girl met McGeorge outside the house; he called defiantly in the face of an unrelenting, outspoken opposition. It was in the Meeker front room that he first realized his mundane existence was in danger. He could give no description of what happened beyond the fact that suddenly he was bathed in a cold, revolting air. It hung about him with the undefinable feel and smell of death. A rotten air, he described it, and could think of nothing better; remaining, he thought, for half a minute,

filling him with instinctive abject terror, and then lifting.

Ena, too, was affected; she was as rigid as if she were taking part in a séance; and when she recovered, she hurried from the room. Immediately after McGeorge heard her above quarreling with Jannie. She returned in tears, and said that they would have to give each other up. Here McGeorge damned the worlds seen and unseen, and declared that he 'd never leave her. This, with his complete credulity, approached a notable courage or frenzy of desire. He had no doubt but they would kill him. Their facilities, you see, were unsurpassed.

Worse followed almost immediately. The next morning, to be accurate, McGeorge was putting an edge on his razor—he had never given up the old type—when an extraordinary seizure overtook him; the hand that held the blade stopped being a part of him. It moved entirely outside his will; indeed, when certain possibilities came into his shocked mind, it moved in opposition to his most desperate determination.

A struggle began between McGeorge in a sweating effort to open his fingers and drop the razor to the floor, and the will imposing a deep, hard gesture across his throat. He was twisted, he said, into the most grotesque positions; the hand would move up, and he would force it back perhaps an inch at a time. During this the familiar, mucid feel closed about him.

I asked how the force was applied to his arm, but he admitted that his fright was so intense that he had no clear impression of the details. McGeorge, however, did try to convince me that his wrist was darkly bruised afterward. He was, he was certain, lost, his resistance virtually at an end when, as if from a great distance, he heard the faint ring of the steel on the bath-room linoleum.

That, he told himself, had cured him; the Meekers, and Ena in particular, could have their precious Wallace Es-selmann. This happened on Friday, and Sunday evening he was back at the Meeker door. The frenzy of desire! Love is the usual, more exalted term. Perhaps. It depends on the point of

view, the position adopted in the attack on the dark enigma of existence. Mine is un-presumptuous.

They were obviously surprised to see him,—or, rather, all were but Ena,—and his reception was less crabbed than usual. McGeorge, with what almost approached a flash of humor, said that it was evident they had expected him to come from the realm of spirits. In view of their professed belief in the endless time for junketing at their command, they clung with amazing energy to the importance of the present faulty scheme.

Ena was wonderfully tender, and promised to marry him whenever he had a corner ready for her. McGeorge, a reporter, lived with the utmost informality with regard to hours and rooms. He stayed that night almost as long as he wished, planning, at intervals, the future. Sometime during the evening it developed that Jannie was in disfavor; the sittings had suddenly become unsatisfactory. One the night before had been specially disastrous.

Stepan, in place of satisfying the very private curiosity of a well-known and munificent politician, had described another party that had made a wide ripple of comment and envious criticism among the shades. It had been planned by a swell of old Rome, faithful in every detail to the best traditions of orgies; and Stepan's companion, a French girl of the *Maison Dorée*, had opened the eyes of the historic fancy to the latent possibilities of the dance.

Jannie, at this, had spoiled everything, but mostly the temper of the munificent politician, by a piercing scream. She had gone on, Ena admitted, something terrible. When Mr. Meeker had tried to bundle her to bed, she had kicked and scratched like never before. And since then she declared that she 'd never make another effort to materialize shameless spirits.

Argument, even the temporary absence of Benedictine, had been unavailing. Very well, Mrs. Meeker had told her grimly, she would have to go back to cotton stockings; and no more grilled sweetbreads for supper, either; she 'd be lucky if she got scrapple. She did n't care; every thing was black for her.



"He had been beaten by Mr. Meeker's cane"

Black it must have been, I pointed out to McGeorge; it was bad enough with worry limited to the span of one existence, but to look forward to a perpetuity of misery—

McGeorge returned the latter part of the week with the plans for their marriage, an elopement, considerably advanced; but only Jannie was at home. She saw him listlessly in the usual formal room, where—he almost never encountered her—he sat in a slight perplexity. Jannie might be thought prettier than Ena, he acknowledged, or at least in the face. She had quantities of bright brown hair, which she affected to wear, in the manner of much younger girls, confined with a ribbon, and flowing down her back. Her eyes, too, were brown and remarkable in that the entire iris was exposed. Her full under lip was vividly rouged, while her chin was unobtrusive.

That evening she was dressed very elaborately. The pink silk stockings and preposterous kid slippers were in evidence; her dress was black velvet, short, and cut like a sheath; and there was a profusion of lacy ruffles and bangles at her wrists. To save his soul, McGeorge could n't think of anything appropriate to talk about. Jannie was a being apart, a precious object of special reverence. This, together with her very human pettishness, complicated the social problem. He wanted excessively to leave,—there was no chance of seeing Ena,—but neither could he think of any satisfactory avenue of immediate escape.

Jannie's hands, he noticed, were never still; her fingers were always plaiting the velvet on her knees. She would sigh gustily, bite her lips, and accomplish what in an ordinary person would be a sniffle. Then suddenly she drew nearer to McGeorge and talked in a torrent about true love. She doubted if it existed anywhere. Spirits were no more faithful than humans.

This, for McGeorge, was more difficult than the silence; all the while, he told me, his thoughts were going back to the scene in the bath-room. He had no security that it would n't be repeated and with a far different conclusion. He had a passing impulse to ask Jannie to

call off her subliminal thugs; the phrasing is my own. There was no doubt in his disordered mind that it was she who, at the instigation of the elder Meekers, was trying to remove him in the effort to secure Wallace Esselmann.

She dissolved presently into tears, and cried that she was the most miserable girl in existence. She dropped an absurd confection of a handkerchief on the floor, and he leaned over, returning it to her. Jannie's head drooped against his shoulder, and, to keep her from sliding to the floor, he was obliged to sit beside her and support her with an arm. It had been a temporary measure, but Jannie showed no signs of shifting her weight; and, from wishing every moment for Ena's appearance, he now prayed desperately for her to stay away.

McGeorge said that he heard the girl murmur something that sounded like, "Why should n't I?" Her face was turned up to him in a way that had but one significance for maiden or medium. She was, he reminded me, Ena's sister, about to become his own; there was a clinging, seductive scent about her, too, and a subtle aroma of Benedictine; and, well, he did what was expected.

However, no sooner had he kissed her than her manner grew inexplicable. She freed herself from him, and sat upright in an expectant, listening attitude. Her manner was so convincing that he straightened up and gazed about the parlor. There was absolutely no unusual sight or sound; the plain, heavy table in the center of the room was resting as solidly as if it had never playfully cavorted at the will of the spirits, the chairs were back against the walls, the miniature Rock of Ages, on the mantel, offered its testimony to faith.

One insignificant detail struck his eye—a weighty cane of Mr. Meeker's stood in an angle of the half-opened door to the hall, across the floor from where Jannie and he were sitting.

IV

AFTER a little, with nothing apparently following, the girl's expectancy faded; her expression grew petulant

once more, and she drew sharply away from McGeorge, exactly as if he had forced a kiss on her and she was insulted by the indignity. Lord! he thought, with an inward sinking, what she 'll do to me now will be enough!

He rose uneasily and walked to the mantel, where he stood with his back to Jannie, looking down absently at the fringed gray asbestos of a gas hearth. An overwhelming oppression crept over him when there was a sudden cold sensation at the base of his neck, and a terrific blow fell across his shoulders.

McGeorge wheeled instinctively, with an arm up, when he was smothered in a rain of stinging, vindictive battering. The blows came from all about him, a furious attack against which he was powerless to do anything but endeavor to protect his head. No visible person, he said solemnly, was near him. Jannie was at the other side of the room.

"Did you see her clearly while this was going on?" I asked.

Oh, yes, he assured me sarcastically; he had as well glanced at his diary to make sure of the date. He then had the effrontery to inform me that he had been beaten by Mr. Meeker's cane without human agency. He had seen it whirling about him in the air. McGeorge made up his mind that the hour of his death had arrived. A fog of pain settled on him, and he gave up all effort of resistance, sinking to his knees, aware of the salt taste of blood. But just at the edge of unconsciousness the assault stopped.

After a few moments he rose giddily, with his ears humming and his ribs a solid ache. The cane lay in the middle of the room, and Jannie stood, still across the parlor, with her hands pressed to scarlet cheeks, her eyes shin-

ing, and her breast heaving in gasps.

"Why not after such a violent exercise?"

McGeorge ignored my practical comment.

"She was delighted," he said; "she ran over to me and, throwing her arms about my neck, kissed me hard. She exclaimed that I had helped Jannie when everything else had failed, and she would n't forget it. Then she rushed away, and I heard her falling up-stairs in her high-heeled slippers.

Naturally he had half collapsed into a chair, and fought to supply his laboring lungs with enough oxygen. It's an unpleasant experience to be thoroughly beaten with a heavy cane under any condition, and this, he was convinced, was special.

I asked if he was familiar with Have-lock Ellis on hysterical impulses, and he replied impatiently that he was n't.

"There are two explanations," I admitted impartially, "although we each think there is but one. I will agree that yours is more entertaining. Jannie was jealous again. The Roman orgies, the young person from the *grands boulevards*, were more than she could accept; and she tried, in the vocabulary lately so prevalent, a reprisal. But I must acknowledge that I am surprised at the persistent masculine flexibility of Stepan."

"It was at the next sitting," McGeorge concluded, "that Stepan announced the wedding of Ena and me. The spirits awaited it. There was a row in the Meeker circle; but he dissolved, and refused to materialize in any form until it was accomplished."

"To the music of the spheres," I added, with some attempt at ordinary decency.





Aristokia

By A. WASHINGTON PEZET

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

PART TWO



CHAPTER VI

IAWOKE to the sound of my own voice saying, "Gwendolyn." For a moment I was startled by the strange room; then recollection came most pleasantly. I was in Gwendolyn's home, I could be near her always, I could see her unnumbered times a day. My eye rested on a clock. It was 7:45 A. M. I jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. In ecstatic contemplation of my good fortune I had almost forgotten that I was now Watson and that Watson had duties to perform.

At eight o'clock I entered the baron's room. He was snoring. I stood and watched him. How did a valet honored by the name of Watson awaken a baron? Did one call, or would it be necessary to shake him?

As I considered this problem I listened fascinated to the baronial snoring. There is something soul-absorbing about a real snore. One never knows just what it will do next. Now it is a purr, anon a gurgle, a chirp, a wheeze, suddenly a whistle, and then a putter. Some one should certainly write a scientific treatise on the great variety and yet extraordinary rhythmic recurrence of snores.

It was two minutes past eight. I must awaken him. I *must* waken him. The intensity of my wish brought the desired result. With a terrific cackination he awoke. He looked at me with one eye; the one usually adorned with his monocle he kept closed.

"Another day. Beastly bore; probably just like yesterday," he half yawned.

"Good morning, your Lordship," I said.

"Ah, Watson! I was afraid I had dreamed you."

"Two and a half minutes past eight, your Lordship."

He was pawing about on the table beside his bed with outstretched arm and hand. I jumped to his assistance, and without stopping to think gave him his glass eye. He stuck it in, and turned and beamed on me.

"Watson, indeed!" was his comment.

The day was starting auspiciously for the new valet.

The baron slid out of bed.

"Even *you*, Watson, cannot be expected to know every man's routine. I bathe, shave, dress, in that order. You prepare my bath, lay out my clothes, and while I am dressing you remind me of any little thing I may have forgotten."

Something he said made me shudder at the thought of possible consequences; but I resolutely put it out of my mind and turned my attention to his bath. I would cross bridges as I came to them.

"And at what temperature do *we* take our morning bath?" I asked glibly.

Why I had used this obsolete editorial form of expression I could not tell. I must have read it somewhere in a silly novel. The moment the phrase was out of my mouth I regretted it, for the baron was looking at me intently. At last he spoke.

"Perhaps you are right, Watson, for the perfect man is part of his master, and the master is dependent on the art of his man. *We* will take a cold plunge this morning, Watson."

I had scored another hit. Such good fortune was uncanny. I began to be suspicious. Surely something frightful would befall me soon to even the score of fickle chance.

All through the bath and the baron's exercising afterward a terrible thought pounded at my consciousness: Would I have to shave him? If I did, would I kill him, wound him, or disfigure him for life? What would happen?

When he finished his exercises, he turned to me.

"And now for our shave, Watson."

I quaked. This was the end! I could not do it. He was Gwendolyn's father. I must fly.

"You will find the telephone over there," he said, pointing.

With the dawn of hope in my heart I went over to the instrument. It had several buttons, which one pushed to get the desired connection, and one of these buttons was marked "Barber." I had escaped an impending catastrophe. My star was in the ascendant.

The barber was a little rat-like creature, with a quick, nervous manner, close-set eyes, and brick-red hair. It made me jumpy to see him with a razor in his hand, though he wielded it dexterously. He shaved the baron quickly and silently. He said "Good morning" on entering and "Good-by" when he left; that was all.

"He's an anarchist," remarked the baron after the barber had gone. "I think he became a barber solely in order to kill people neatly. He's the best one in Aristokia."

"Is n't your Lordship afraid?" I asked.

"Certainly not. Why should he kill me? He's a super-anarchist. He wants to kill off the proletariat, not the aristocracy. No such thing as anarchy, Watson. If chaos were the social order, then chaos would be a tyranny. One can't escape it. Freedom is the great delusion. All democrats are crazy."

I considered these words worth remembering, so I wrote them down in shorthand on my cuff.

The baron had been dressing, and was now ready for his suit. Then it was that I made my first mistake. In one closet there hung several suits. On a shelf above them were their labels, "Morning Coats." Farther along were "Sack Suits." I took down a morning coat.

The baron looked at me in pained surprise.

"Surely, Watson, we would n't wear a morning coat before noon, would we? One of my gray sack suits."

Why one should not wear a morning coat in the morning was incomprehensible to me.

"Your Lordship has a paper to prepare for the Royal Blues," I reminded him, changing the subject.

"Yes, Watson, a paper on the advisability of permitting the Royal Blues to marry outside of their caste. The Hohenzollerns have inbred to a suicidal degree." The baron was dressed. "Be in my study at ten o'clock, Watson. My secretary is a bourgeois ass, a mere amanuensis. He does n't stimulate my mind. I want to tell *you* about my paper."

"Yes, your Lordship."

I bowed, and the baron passed out.

While the baron and the baroness breakfasted I was sequestered in Gwen-



"He shaved the baron quickly and silently"

dolyn's boudoir, the faithful, but now very jumpy, chaperon on guard.

"Good morning, Gwendolyn," I began.

"I just sent for you to say good-by," she said, "for now 's your chance to skip, Jacky. We can meet in the garden to-morrow night. This evening we are giving a dinner party, and I 'm afraid my headache is overworked." I looked at her. "What 's the matter?" she inquired.

I was smiling at her indulgently.

"I 'm not going to leave, Gwendolyn. I 'm going to stay on forever as your father's valet."

"You madman! You can't!" she protested, incredulous. "Jack, you 're not serious!"

"I am. I think your father is wonderful; he thinks I 'm wonderful. We suit each other perfectly."

"Stop teasing me, Jack," she pleaded.

I told of my adventures with her father, and by the end of my narration she began to weaken, finally convinced that I was in earnest.

"For your dear father's sake let me stay. One can't get at Watson every day, you know."

"O Jacky," she said, suddenly tender, laying a hand gently on my arm, "you know I 'd love to have you, don't you?" I looked into her eyes by way of answer, and my heart beat faster. "But—it 's impossible, Jack. We 'll get caught. The people dining here to-night will recognize you."

Before either of us could convince the other, *Fräulein* sounded a tocsin. The baroness was approaching.

I had my morning repast in the servitor's hall alone, every one else having breakfasted earlier. The frightened young man of the night before waited on me.

A footman and a butler, passing the entrance to the hall, scowled at me.

"'E 's the chap who fell through the glass, Hi tell yer! Hi hought to know. Hi lugged 'im hout," the footman informed the butler with acerbity.

"Hi 'll bet 'e 'as n't got a union-card," said the butler.

"Well, if 'e 'as n't, hout 'e goes. No scabs in this 'ouse."

With these disconcerting remarks they passed beyond earshot. I looked

up from my food, for which I had suddenly lost all predilection, and caught the eye of the frightened young man, who looked more startled than ever and pretended to busy himself wiping a plate. I swallowed my coffee hurriedly and arose.

I walked to a window overlooking the garden. The baron was taking his constitutional; Gwendolyn was nowhere in sight.

Damn the unions! I must see Gwendolyn and explain this new complication. In the enjoyment of adventure in Aristokia I had quite forgotten that the proletariats ruled the world.

Although they condescended to engage themselves to the Aristokians, they were known as servitors, not servants. They abided by all the customs of nobility and etiquette, and in turn demanded implicit obedience to their union rules. They received fabulous wages, and it was tacitly understood that they were the real masters of the world. The Aristokians were in a sense political prisoners, albeit voluntary prisoners in their own country.

It being not yet ten o'clock, I wandered about the corridors of the house, hoping for a chance to see Gwendolyn and have a few words with her. Failing in my quest, I continued on my way to the baron's study, and then, as I passed the open door to the baroness's boudoir, I espied Gwendolyn, but her mother was with her.

That great dame looked at me in shocked surprise and clutched her daughter's arm.

"Who 's that?" she cried.

"Father's new valet, I believe," replied Gwendolyn, with an indifference worthy of her sire.

But the baroness knew better. She was puffing from too much breakfast and explosive with excitement.

"Why, my dear, it 's that fellow who smashed through the roof!"

"Do you really think so? I don't remember him," lied Gwendolyn.

"I could n't forget his face. Don't you remember I said it was a crime for Nobodies to be so good-looking?"

"I 'm surprised that you should notice such things," said Gwendolyn in papa's best manner.

It was a hit, a palpable hit. The baroness spluttered. She gurgled something about looking on male Nobodies as one looked on furniture or sunsets or— Then she got terribly mixed and ruffled, for Gwendolyn was laughing at her.

I was standing around the corner of the corridor, where I could hear without being seen, and I heard footsteps as a third person joined them.

"George!" exploded the baroness,—that was Baron Wigleigh's Christian name; all the Boggss had been George for generations,—"George!"

"Yes, my dear? What stupendous trifle has discommoded you now?"

"Your new yalet—" began mama.

"Ah-h, Watson," said the baron.

"He 's the person who fell through the glass and spoiled your breakfast." She got no further.

"Impossible!"

"Well, why is it impossible? I tell you, I remember him. You never remember anybody."

"It is very banal to remember people, my dear Phœbe," drawled the baron.

His wife ignored this remark and repeated vehemently:

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because his name is Watson," replied the baron, starting in my direction.

I walked quickly from my hiding-place into the study. The baron, in my wake, left behind him a noisily inarticulate wife. The poor woman's life was evidently a great trial to her between the humors of her daughter and the quaintness of her husband's mind.

"Ah, Watson," chirped the baron, pleasantly. Then his gaze wandered to a corner of the room, and he nodded perfunctorily to an amazingly old-young man who stood beside the stenotype machine.

"Good morning, your Lordship. Did your Lordship sleep well?" the young-old man whined in a plaintively solicitous tone.

The baron merely grunted a response. It was palpable that this worm of indefinite and indeterminable age annoyed him.

"Watson, my secretary, Mr. Ambrose Tibbits. He writes much faster than

I can talk." By which the baron meant to convey the impression that this was the only thing with which to commend his secretary.

While the baron prepared himself for his work, I examined the stenotype. It was one of the latest American models. The shorthand hieroglyphics on the keys were of the standard system, and the only way in which the machine surprised me was in the writing it produced; for instead of being in ordinary roman type, it was in longhand script. The baron was evidently trying to compromise with a utilitarian world. It greatly amused me.

Mr. Tibbits explained to me.

"His lordship did n't like his letters typed, so I suggested to him that a machine could be made that would reproduce his handwriting."

"And Tibbits has been basking in the glory of his achievement ever since," said the baron. The amanuensis smiled gratefully. "Tibbits, Watson is here to inspire me. He is my stimulus, the necessary offset to the mental atrophy which seizes me when I look at you."

Ambrose smirked as if he had received a great compliment. He ceased to be a person in my eyes and became a symbol of his class. Here was the incarnation of the servility and stupidity of the bourgeoisie, a class which, although a national majority everywhere, had let itself be despoiled by minorities.

Tibbits's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been small-salaried men. Millions of Tibbits's had let themselves be ground to dust between the extortions of capital and the oppressions of labor. They had blindly revered the one, stood in fear of the other, and earned the contempt of both. In the crucible of the Revolution their Christian virtues had availed them naught. The proletariat now owned the world, and the aristocracy consoled itself with Aristokia. The bourgeoisie had their virtues. What a cosmic joke! I thought.

"Aristocracy," the baron began, and the worm turned to his keys and pounded, "is a tradition of culture and superior mentality handed down from generation to generation. Like all living things, it is dependent upon the

physical well-being of its protagonists in order to flower and bear fruit. The very existence of an aristocracy and the way of living which it imposes on its members—that is n't a good word," interposed the baron. "I 'll get another later—imposes on its adherents—that's better—tends to deteriorate the physical life of the caste. It can be kept in the highest degree living only by the discreet infusion from time to time of the stalwart blood of other lesser classes. So long as these infusions are absorbed by the aristocratic blood, the tradition which it is will be preserved.

"With all due respect to their Majesties and Royal Highnesses, the Aristokian Royal Blues, I must respectfully point out that the inbreeding among the members of the Teutonic royal houses has now brought about a condition which can be ameliorated only by the infusion of—" The baron paused. "What are you doing, Watson?" he asked.

I had been writing his speech in shorthand on scraps of paper, and I had thought him too engrossed to notice me.

"I was making a shorthand record of your lordship's words," I replied, wondering to what untoward fate I was drifting.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because everything your lordship says is worthy of preservation."

"Really! Do you think so, Watson?" he said in his most offhand manner, but I will bet my pension that he was secretly elated.

"I consider myself richer by every word your lordship has uttered."

The worm regarded me enviously. Now, why had n't *he* thought of that?

"You 're not spoofing, Watson?"

"Spoofing with your lordship? Lese majesty!"

The baron contemplated me with the expression of a child regarding a new toy.

"Boswell!" he exclaimed. "Not Watson, Boswell! Boswell, you have delivered me from Tibbits!" The worm squirmed uncomfortably. "Tibbits, go and see the major-domo. Draw a month's pay in advance in lieu of notice, a month's extra for bad behavior, and *go!* From now on Boswell will take

down my utterances. Boswell, I shall want you at my side always."

"Yes, your Lordship."

"We must never be parted. Now, where was I?"

The baron had completely dismissed from his mind the poor, cringing Tibbits, who stood by the door trying to make a farewell speech, and succeeded only in looking pathetic.

As the door closed, I felt intuitively that the worm was a model son, that he supported a widowed mother and crippled sister, and that I had been unwittingly guilty of a dastardly act. I was very sad.

"Where was I?" repeated the baron.

"Your Lordship was saying that the Teutonic royal houses——"

"Ah, yes. The silly asses think they can defy the laws of nature."

With the help of my stimulus the baron prepared a paper which was later to throw the grand session of the Royal Blues into a turmoil of dissension, but which was eventually to win the day for the baron against the forces of reaction; for in that strange land, in so far as there were political parties, Baron Wigleigh was a radical.

We worked until luncheon. During that meal I sat close to the baron, notebook in hand, and wrote down his effusions. The baroness admired me covertly, and Gwendolyn shot amused glances in my direction. As far as I was concerned, I had realized heaven on earth.

In the afternoon, just before she dressed for the dinner party, Gwendolyn and I were alone together. She urged, then begged, and implored me to flee before the social event of the evening brought a catastrophe on our heads. Among the invited guests were Prince Romanoff, Prince Bonaparte, and Prince Juan. She was convinced that they would recognize and expose me. But I was obdurate and, I am afraid, cruel. I was in the clouds, and I intended to stay there until a thunder-clap brought me to earth.

CHAPTER VII

THE dinner was to be a great affair. Among those who were to attend were

several Royal Blues, such as Princes Romanoff and Bonaparte, sympathetic to the baron's ideas of reform. Don Juan, another stanch adherent of the baron's policy for Machiavellian reasons of his own, was not a Royal Blue; but by reason of his commandship of the army and navy and of his extraordinary personality he was a prince of vast powers. He was indeed the greatest individual force in the country, for the strength of the Royal Blues was collective. These great persons were to gather under cover of a social function to hear the baron read his masterly paper. Bonaparte and Romanoff were to sponsor it, as of course Wigleigh was not a Royal Blue and could not attend their secret deliberations.

As I stood, just before the arrival of the guests, gazing on all the splendor, my thoughts turned back to the latest capsule automaton which had been opened just before my departure from New York and blatantly proclaimed a triumph of science and hygiene. If men had minds with which to think, here was a board at which great talk would flow. But how could one be either witty, poetic, or intellectual in an automaton?

Servitors in powdered wigs and gorgeous livery rushed about, noiselessly efficient.

The baroness, a little breathless, dripping jewels like some cataract in fairyland, wandered about aimlessly. The major-domo in knee-breeches and dress-coat had seen to all things.

Gwendolyn came into the room quietly. She was a cool radiance, a delectable witchery, a dazzling simplicity.

Before I had time to do more than exchange glances with her the baron entered, looking about vaguely as if for something he had lost. He saw me.

"Ah, Boswell, you are what I was looking for. Stand near me to-night. Have you a large note-book?"

"Yes, your Lordship."

"I shall be in fine fettle this evening."

I followed him into an anteroom off

the main ball-room, a sort of small reception-room where the guests would be greeted. As the first of these arrived, Gwendolyn gave me a little look of mingled compassion for my foolhardiness, hope for our escape, and just friendly good wishes. It was the sort of look one gives to a friend who is about to try for the altitude record of the world in a new type of airplane.

The first-comers were Lord and Lady Wonalansett, descended from Americans; the Duke and Duchess of Biltmore, also Americans; Count

Tirado, a Spaniard; and the Chevalier Van Ruysdal, a Dutchman.

The baron explained my presence airily.

"Boswell—what his name connotes. You may treat him as you would a chaperon. If you happen to say anything which he considers worthy of association with the other remarks recorded, he may give you immortality. The general use of Boswells would tend to restore the lost art of conversation to its proper place in social intercourse. Boswell is an incentive to say something worth while, or, if unable, to respect the silence."

I was enjoying myself hugely, and troubles seemed far down on my hori-



"'E 's the chap who fell through the glass, Hi tell yer'"

zon when the guests of honor of the night arrived almost simultaneously.

"His Royal Highness Prince Nicholas Romanoff, R.B. His Royal Highness Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, R.B. His Royal Highness Prince Juan do Braganza, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Aristokian Military, Naval and Aërial Forces," announced the flunky at the door, and in swept the triumvirate of my doom.

They paid their respects with courtly homage, first to the baroness, and then to Gwendolyn, with whom each one lingered to make some pretty speech; for all three were suitors for her hand. Romanoff was the first to greet the baron.

"My dear George," he began, and then caught sight of me and stopped dead. I heard him ejaculate something which sounded to my untutored ear like "Rumpy-biub-dubsky." I suppose it was Russian for, "Great Father! look who 's here!" I never even blinked.

"Boswell," explained the baron, "invisible, like a chaperon, recorder of great words."

Romanoff interrupted him.

"Where did you find him, George?"

"Dropped on me like manna. A gift from the gods," said my master.

"I thought so." The Russian looked at me fiercely. "We will talk about him later." He moved away.

Napoleon was next. He greeted the baron effusively, and did not notice me for some time. When he did, he seized the baron's arm wildly, crying:

"*Mon Dieu!* Look—behind you, George! There it is again!" He pointed at me. He shook his finger at me, and I am sure made me look cross-eyed.

"Boswell—" The baron began his explanation.

"No! no! He is a lu—na—tic!" the Frenchman insisted, with a peculiarly unpleasant emphasis on the "tic." He moved away, gesticulating freely. "Nichola-s-s! Nichola-s-s!" And then something which sounded like "Ah tew view ler foo," which I knew must be something uncomplimentary about me.

Don Juan stepped up now. His keen eyes had noticed what had gone before, and while he spoke to the baron, he

looked at me. I pretended not to see him.

"My dear Baron, I should like to speak to you alone if that is possible," said Juan.

The baron nodded his willingness to be talked to, and led the way to an adjoining smoking- and lounge-room. Don Juan followed. In the doorway the baron turned and, seeing that I had remained standing, called me. I went to him.

"I said '*alone*,' my dear Baron," insisted Juan, politely deliberate.

"Must have Boswell. You can say anything in front of Boswell. He records only remarks that are above par."

Don Juan shrugged helplessly. He was used to the baron's eccentricities.

Romanoff and Bonaparte were already in the smoking-room, talking volubly in French. They both said, "Ah!" in a disagreeable now-we've-got-you sort of way as I entered.

All three began talking at once, trying to convince the baron that I was not what I seemed.

The baron became more languorously bored than I had ever dreamed a human being could be. He inspired me with an awful calm. This was too wonderful an adventure. Why worry about the outcome? I regarded my accusers with unflinching countenance and impassive gaze.

Dinner was announced, putting an end to the skirmish. The three great ones went off in search of their dinner partners, and the baron turned to me.

"Most men have no imagination," he remarked. "They are slaves to fatuous things they call facts."

I wondered if he really remembered me, and was just pretending not to because it suited his purpose.

Dinner was a lengthy affair of many courses. I had to stand on the baron's right, a little behind his chair, so as not to interfere with the service. I wrote incessantly, for the baron was at his best, making extraordinary quips about anything and everything that struck his fancy. Before the meal was over I was ravenously hungry. Fortunately, I had taken a capsule before the dinner began; otherwise the combined assault of many choice viands on my senses of

sight and smell would have been too much for me.

As the ladies got up to leave the dining-room the men arose, and the baron whispered to me:

"Go and get something to eat, Boswell. Every one is too gorged to think

tor. I was a Boswell, the only Boswell in the world. I was n't taking any man's job. In fact, I should be glad to teach Boswelling to any one who desired instruction in this form of service. This seemed to impress the major-domo, and he decided to feed me and

tolerate me until he could communicate with and get advice from, the union secretary in Saal.

I attribute my temporary success with the major-domo almost entirely to the fact that I had unconsciously absorbed something of the baron's unanswerable manner.

While I ate my meal I became very much engrossed in conversation with a large Cos-sack who explained that he was a chemist—being something of a chemist myself I felt an added interest—and that it was his duty to examine and in some cases analyze every particle of food eaten by Prince Romanoff, as that worthy suffered from the obsession that he would some day be poisoned. What a retribution for the centuries of Romanoff misgovernment in Russia!

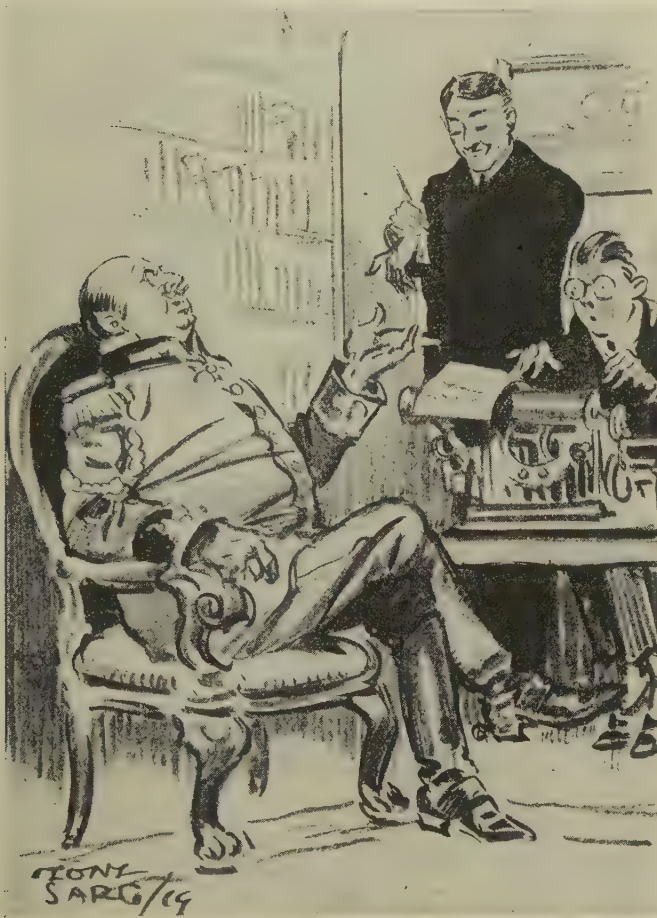
"Of course," the Cos-sack concluded, "I don't really inspect his food.

He just thinks I do. No one would bother to poison *him*!"

Soon after I returned to the baron's side the three princes accompanied him to his study, ostensibly and eventually to hear his paper, but first of all to dispose of my case.

The battle was resumed at the point at which it had been broken off by dinner. Napoleon took the field.

"But, my dear, dear George," he said, "no one enjoys your *ta-lents* more than I; but *r-really, par bleu!* Jus' becose



"Draw a month's pay in advance in lieu of notice"

decently now. With the ladies absent, vulgar stories will be told. I shall remain silent until you return."

In the pantry I found great difficulty in getting food. The servitors regarded me as an interloper in their domain, and there were frequent murmurs of "Where's yer card? What local do yer belong to?"

I explained to the major-domo, who asked to see my union card, that I was a union all to myself; that I was not in any ordinary sense of the word a servi-

this fellow like' your *bons mots*, it is no reason why he is not insane."

The baron smiled at him benignly.

"What is insanity?" he asked after a moment.

This simple question threw the noble company into an uproar. All repeated it and then became incoherent.

"It can best be defined," resumed the baron, answering his own question as usual, "as a divergence in opinion from the majority opinion of your fellows. And in that sense every one is a little insane. But how can you justly label one person as insane when all are insane in varying degree?"

"Granted, granted," shouted Napoleon; "but there is a poin' where legal insanity he begin, an' dam-i-tall! you know his own frien' say he is crazee. That is enough for me."

There was a terrible pause. Napoleon struck an attitude. The baron cogitated.

"Well, for the sake of argument let us admit that Boswell is insane. But we should n't cast him out for that. You, my dear Juan, are sartorially unbalanced."

"If any one else said such a thing, my dear Baron, I would challenge him!" Juan flashed dramatically.

"I know you would. That only proves my point. Now you, Nicholas, you think your food is poisoned—"

Nicholas looked at the baron and roared:

"It is. One hundred times Dimitrieff has saved my life."

"All I can say is that I would not be happy while under such a load of obligation to any man. Now you, Napoleon," he continued, smiling, "surely you have some little *faiblesse*."

Romanoff, who had been charging about like a bull, halted in front of the baron.

"This person is an anarchist. He wants a statue erected to Trotzky! *Trotzky!*"

"And why not a statue to Trotzky, my dear Nicholas? After all, he made all this beauty and comfort possible for us. Here we have no proletariat, no socialists, no anarchists, no troubles, no worries. Here there is no one to poison our food, Nicholas."

The Russian lapsed into his native tongue.

Don Juan came forward.

"All this is beside the point. This man acted very strangely in the casino; but he is not insane. He has some ulterior motive, and I for *one* have suspicions which, should they prove well founded in fact, I would—" he clenched his fists, and then he lapsed into *his* native tongue.

I was rather relieved when Napoleon intervened. Juan's flow of Portuguese was murderous, and he looked at me in a way that made me fear his suspicions. He was Gwendolyn's most ardent suitor, the most dangerous of the three. He made me uncomfortable.

Napoleon thought to clench the matter.

"Sane or insane, this person we saw at the casino. He is a toureest, a Nobodee, a John Smit', not a propair servitor."

This line of argument was getting perilously near to a union card. Would one of them think to ask me if I had one, I wondered. I must not think of it myself or I might suggest it to them.

But as usual the baron changed the entire course of the dialogue.

"I saw many people, many Smiths at the casino. I don't remember any of them. If you chaps were true to your caste, you would n't remember them either. Boswell is Boswell, and there you are."

"But, George, we do this for your sake. We cannot all be wrong an' you right," argued Bonaparte.

"That the minority is always right is the fundamental fact of your existence."

"W'a-at?" exclaimed Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, stepping into the trap the baron's nimble wit had set for him.

"You are an aristocrat. Aristocrats are a minority," said the baron.

Napoleon threw up his hands wildly, and then he, too, lapsed into his native tongue.

After a little temporary confusion of a babel-like nature, Don Juan remmarshaled his forces. He made a frontal attack. He came to me.

"Do you deny that you played at a table at the casino on the night of—"

What night was it?" he asked Romanoff, impatiently.

The Russian asked the Frenchman. None of them remembered the date.

"It does not matter,"—Juan was determined not to be put off by trifles,—

read him, an' that your frien' was arrest'?"

I am by nature truthful; besides, of what use to deny these charges? They knew that I was the same man they had seen at the casino, and nothing I could say would alter their conviction. So I replied:

"Your Royal Highnesses, I deny nothing."

A mighty chorus of "Ahs" greeted this statement. All three turned on the baron gloatingly. It was a serious tactical error.

The baron merely secured his monocle more tightly in his eye and said casually:

"I knew all the time that he was the same man."

The holy alliance erupted incoherent expletives again. When it had calmed down sufficiently to become articulate, under the leadership of Juan the princes decided that inasmuch as I was a Nobody, a Smith, and the baron had spoken with me, they had him in their power, and that unless he consented to dismiss me, he would be exposed. It was their duty.



"I wrote incessantly, for the baron was at his best"

"do you deny playing at a table at which were Lady Gwendolyn, the baron, and I? Do you deny dropping a note at Lady Gwendolyn's feet?"

I quaked a bit inwardly. He was on the right track.

Romanoff joined the inquisition.

"Did you not say something in that note about a statue to that infamous Trotzky, murderer of my beloved ancestors?"

They crowded around me.

"An' do you deny," chipped in Napoleon, "that I pick' up the note an'

baron, "we shall have company in exile. You have spoken to him, Juan, and so have you, Napoleon, and you too, Nicholas; and so has my daughter and my wife and several of my other guests. We shall be a merry company indeed."

Don Juan smiled ingratiatingly.

"We capitulate, my dear Baron. Send it away, and we will not report the incident."

The baron smiled, too.

"Your capitulation is premature, Juan. It will come soon. You let me keep my Boswell, and I won't report you!"

"All right; but I for one shall keep an eye on him," said Juan, with an evil look at me.

"He will end by poisoning you," said Romanoff.

"The incident it is close' for the present. You 'ave wan your poin' temporarily, but—" Napoleon hit the conjunction with premonitory emphasis.

"But, my dear Napoleon, like your illustrious ancestor, you are never satisfied. You will end in St. Helena because you would not stay in Elba."

With the above historic remark the baron closed the subject and drew forth his paper, which he read to the great men with gusto. It was much applauded, and the three highnesses left in better humor than they had been in during most of the evening. Napoleon and Romanoff seemed mollified and were willing to admit that I was a useful adjunct to a great man, but Juan was mistrustful to the end.

When they had gone, I spoke to the baron.

"Your Lordship, your trust in me has been so implicit that I feel that I should tell your Lordship who I am."

"You are Boswell, my dear fellow, Boswell. It would be such a bore if you turned out some one else."

I was looking forward to an endless existence as Boswell, well fed, well housed, amused, interested, and always near to Gwendolyn, when there came a rather loud knock at the door that sent all my plans glimmering.

The door opened to the baron's "Come in," and three men entered, the major-domo, Ambrose Tibbits, and a third person, whose identity did not long remain obscure. He was secretary of the Aristokian Servitors' Union, and his name was Michael Fogarty. He announced these impressive facts himself in a loud, unpleasant voice, after the major-domo had made a round-about start at an introduction.

The baron said "Really" in his best manner. Tibbits remained huddled near the door, looking abject and miserable.

I felt that this was going to be my Marne. Where the triumvirate of aristocracy had failed, the triumvirate of the proletariat would succeed.

The major-domo told the baron very politely, but unequivocally, that I had no union card and therefore could not be his Boswell; that the explanation which I had made to him was invalid because I had in effect deprived Mr. Tibbits of his position.

The baron scowled at Tibbits.

"Tibbits is an ass, a narcotic. Boswell is a genius, a stimulant."

"If yez abuse Mr. Tibbits," shouted the Irishman, "I 'll report yez to the International."

"Then I 'll abuse you instead," retorted the baron. "I don't like your voice, I don't like your accent, I don't like your manners, I don't like your nationality."

"You say anything ag'in' the Irish—" thundered Fogarty.

"If you resent it," quickly interposed the baron, "I 'll report *you* to the International. You are a citizen of the world, and as such are not concerned with nationality."

The secretary of the union mumbled something under his breath which sounded to me like "Oh, go to hell!"

Then Tibbits came forward and whimpered that none of this was of his doing. He had not complained, he could never complain. The baron had been more than kind to him; he had only happened to mention to the major-domo and the other servitors the cause of his dismissal, and then they had taken things into their own hands.

"I did n't want to come here and bother your lordship. They made me," he whined piteously.

Mr. Michael Fogarty gave him a shove that sent him reeling, and belatedly:

"You make me sick!" He turned to the baron, pointing at me. "This feller 's got to go, that 's all. If Tibbits is rotten, and I think he is, we 'll send yez around anither secretary."

The baron smiled at me.

"My dear Boswell, there is no bigger fool than the man who cannot admit defeat. I am a baron and an Aristokian because Mr. Michael Fogarty is afraid to let me at large in the world. It seems I cannot have Boswell. Well, so be it." He waved his hand wearily. "Send me another amanuensis."

"Give me another chance," pleaded Tibbits.

The baron looked at him.

"Give him another chance, your Lordship," I said.

"All right, Boswell; for your sake I will."

Tibbits became effusive, the baron bored. The major-domo and Mr. Fogarty dragged the driveling Tibbits from the room.

I looked at the baron. He looked at me. We both smiled.

"Good-by, your Lordship," I said.

"Good-by, Boswell."

He held out his hand and gave mine a short, crisp shake. I turned and left him.

I was unable to see Gwendolyn that night, but several days later we met in the garden.

It was the last night of the open season, and by midnight all tourists must be out of Aristokia. We met at moonrise, as on the first night.

What shall I say of that never-to-be-forgotten last hour of hours in the garden? What words can I find to express its beauty and romance? The old, trite phrases, nearly meaningless from endless repetition, seem inadequate.

Love primordial divests us of our reason and philosophy and leaves us naked before God. The words we scoff at on other's lips and in our sober moments become for us miraculously different and dressed in new raiment. Pregnant with hitherto unimagined significance, they tumble from our lips, impelled by that mysterious force that makes all the ages of man's time live anew for every one of us in that all too fleeting moment.

And so it was that the finality of the coming separation stalked us as we walked, and stood sentinel to our thoughts when we sat down to talk. Its shadow was all about us, and the flood-gates of our emotions burst at last. We were lovers, using the words that lovers have used from the beginning of time and doing the things that all lovers do.

Gwendolyn wept at parting, and I heard the chaperon snifle, too. Suddenly there were footsteps down the path. I hid. It was the baron.

"What are you doing in this beastly damp garden at this time of the night?" he asked in his tired way.

"Looking at the moon, Papa," replied Gwendolyn.

"The moon? What's the matter with the bally thing?" he asked, adjusting his monocle to stare at it.

"It's going into an eclipse," half sobbed Gwendolyn.

"How silly!" remarked the baron as he took her arm and led her up toward the house.

A few moments later the chaperon returned and let me out. I grasped her hands in both of mine and wrung them fervently. I could find no words to say to her. I heard her murmur, "*Ach Gott!*" Then the little iron gate closed behind me, and I stepped from a land of dreams to a world of realities.

CHAPTER VIII

I RETURNED to the Hohenzollern and packed hurriedly, assisted by my valet, to whom I had become accustomed. I paid my monumental bill, tipped the army of servitors who appeared suddenly from all directions to offer me unnecessary attentions, and departed.

When I crossed the frontier it was just midnight. Had I been a second later I would have been liable to arrest. I was the last tourist to leave Aristokia. No one else was taking such chances.

I was in Saal, the little German town where a goodly proportion of the servitors and workers of Aristokia lived. After leaving the bulk of my luggage at the railway station, and having been recommended a certain inn by the ticket agent, I wandered about the quiet, moonlit streets between rows of pretty little detached houses, each with its well-kept lawns and garden. At the outskirts of the town I came to the quaint old tavern, a ramshackle, sprawling, low building which had been built years before the rise of Prussia and the mad, wild bid of Germany for world dominion.

I was shown to my room by a buxom, blonde German woman. As she left me she remarked that the tavern had been used as general headquarters during the Great War, and that Hindenburg

had slept in the very bed in which I was about to spend the night.

I lay for several sleepless hours in Hindenburg's bed, staring up at the ceiling, my mind and heart filled with the cross-currents of many thoughts and emotions. Somewhere within me was a dull ache that would not be appeased.

Why had I not urged Gwendolyn to come away with me? Perhaps I would have done so if the baron had not appeared so suddenly and put an abrupt ending to our love-making. And yet, I thought, what had I in my proletarian world to offer her comparable to the glories of Aristokia?

To what a pass our world had come! How fatuously men had hailed the revolution as the coming of the millennium! Would it not all have to be undone and rebuilt in a better way some day? We had overthrown the tyranny of kings, militarists, and capitalists, and enthroned instead not humanity, but a caste, a class of narrow, selfish workers who glorified work when truly leisure and not labor should be the ultimate goal of mankind. For without leisure there could be no time to dream, and without dreams there could be no art and no unfolding of the human spirit.

The great organized groups of workers had seized the machinery of government and driven the elect of past ages to the refuge of Aristokia. But with the drones, the parasites, and the snobs they had driven the dreamers, the thinkers, the great ones whose minds were stagnating in luxury and whose abilities were becoming atrophied in an ambient which gave them no opportunity for natural expression through conflict and struggle.

Already everywhere, particularly in my own America, where the change has been most momentous, a new unrest was apparent, and a new lower class was becoming restive under the tyranny of a utilitarian and dully monotonous régime. The wheels of vast machines were whirling, and a stupendous materialism, with unesthetic commonplaceness, was god. Somehow through the terrible hatred of classes that spiritual renaissance everywhere dis-

cernible in the writings of those who had lived during the Great War had been overwhelmed and lost to us.

Dreamy, moody Slavdom had pointed the way, but Russia had been conquered by Germany, and Anglo-Saxon trade-unionism had remolded the world in her own image. The faddists, the fanatics, the coiners of catch-phrases were having their little day. The world had beaten German militarism only to be conquered by German materialism and a German brand of socialism.

Hindenburg's bed creaked as I turned about and stretched restlessly.

Germans, I thought, strange race that had in successive waves since the fall of the Roman Empire poured its prolific blood over the fields of Europe, only at last to be destroyed by the Roman idea.

If only the great minds of England and America had been heard above the din of battle! If only those who held the power of the world in their hands had been a little less blind! Why had they not seen the inevitable as it thundered toward them with the roar of a cosmic tidal wave? Among the capitalistic governing class in England and America there must have been men of imagination and understanding, men capable of reorganizing the world with their superior intelligence so that all would contribute to the toil of mankind and all would have time to dream, to look at the stars, and to bask in the sunlight. But they had been myopic and egotistical. They had thought only of keeping what was theirs to themselves. The blatant idealists had blown their tin horns. The tidal wave had engulfed them all, and the class with the machinery of organization had emerged triumphant from the flood and enthroned its ideals or, rather, its lack of them.

The baron's ancestors, for instance, what had they done? Now he looked at the moon and called it "silly!"

Oh, cool, moonlit garden! Wonderful, red-golden hair! Gwendolyn! Capsules! Capsules! How quickly they multiplied and grew to prodigious sizes, and tumbled and rolled as I struggled about, trying to reach brown eyes! Then glass crashed, and the baron

stared at me through a monocle as large as the moon. Hindenburg's bed creaked, and I slipped into unconsciousness.

At least I thought I did. But presently I seemed to be awake again. Hindenburg was lying in bed beside me,

Then there was a frightful commotion, the whirring of an air motor, quiet, then more noise, voices, and a terrible banging.

"I told you those silly Zeppelin raids would lead to reprisals," said Hindenburg. "They're bombing us, Sire. Jump!"
I jumped.

CHAPTER IX

I FOUND myself sitting up, tense and taut, on the edge of the bed. The door had been opened, and the lights were burning. Before me stood the buxom German woman and a man. I gave a side-long glance at the bed. Hindenburg had disappeared.

The woman apologized for startling me, and explained that the gentleman, Herr Schmidt, had just arrived in his airplane, that his pilot had been taken ill and was unconscious. Would I assist to carry him into the house? Certainly; I would put on some clothes.

I stared at Herr Schmidt, who was dressed in a tight-fitting suit of tweed and a leather coat. That receding face, with its

protruding nose and scrubby, blond mustache, where had I seen it before? The crown prince? He had been dead years. I had been dreaming. Then I knew. With a sudden rush I became fully awake. It was Willy Hohenzollern. What was he doing out of Aristokia, masquerading as Herr Schmidt, I wondered.

Willy spoke to me in English. He was very sorry to trouble me, but Frieda's man (Frieda was evidently the German woman) was away in town. Willy could n't lift the pilot alone. He



"Mr. Michael Fogarty gave him a shove that sent him reeling"

muttering to himself in German. He was damning the Allies for never knowing when they were beaten. He called me Wilhelm and kept repeating, "Your son is an ass, Sire." I agreed with him. He explained to me that the war would be won in the East, and by way of emphasis threw a heavy, booted leg over me. His spurs dug into me.

What a stupid way to go to bed! I thought. Still, he was a great general, the savior of the fatherland. One must overlook these little eccentricities of genius.

was a wee bit drunk and wobbly, and the pilot was very big and heavy. Willy had a very polite little jag, and I took an instantaneous fancy to him.

We carried the big fellow in; that is, I carried, and Willy assisted. Almost immediately the doctor arrived.

It was altitude sickness, the doctor explained. The man's heart was affected.

"Were you flying very high, Herr Schmidt?"

Willy sobered up and looked very remorseful when he answered:

"Yes, rather."

The doctor assured him that the man would live and would be all right after a complete rest of several weeks. That relieved Herr Schmidt.

He and I adjourned to the tap-room, where he insisted on treating me to drinks and supper.

"You must try Frieda's cooking," he said. "Frieda, Hamburger steak smothered in onions, with noodles—your wonderful noodles, Frieda."

When Frieda had gone to the kitchen, Willy told me that he had been quite drunk, and had in a quaint moment instructed his pilot to go to the moon. The man had obeyed orders to the best of his ability, and had mounted higher and higher. The intense cold had partly sobered Willy and made him change his mind. They had rushed downward madly, almost plunging headlong to the ground. Willy was astounded that he, too, had not been overcome by the sudden changes of atmospheric pressure.

In an unguarded moment I remarked that one so used as he to dwelling in high places would not be affected. He looked at me startled. But I went on, forgetful of the fact that I was not supposed to know who Herr Schmidt really was.

"How did you know me?" he asked, quite crestfallen. "I am in citizen's clothes. I am disguised."

Disguised! With that face! I thought.

"I have recently been a tourist in Aristokia," I said out loud. "Your Highness is unforgettable."

"Sh!" he hissed, and seized my arm. "Not 'Your Highness' here! Call me Schmitty," he said, smiling at me.

I told him that my name was Smith. He insisted that we were brothers, and must always be Schmitty and Smithy to each other.

I asked him if he was in the habit of slipping out in this way and if he did n't think it was rather risky. I suggested that I might report him to the International. He became plaintively affectionate. He took my hand.

"Not you, Smithy. I can see it in your eyes. You are a good fellow."

I agreed, and we drank to it. The drinks were from a private stock that Willy kept in the cellar of the inn in order to circumvent the universal prohibition law. Although the American prohibitionists had finally succeeded in imposing their ideals on the rest of mankind, the enforcement of the law was very lax in those portions of central Europe adjoining Aristokia.

As the meal progressed, Schmitty became loquacious. He liked them plump, he said, looking fatuously at Frieda, who squirmed and giggled. In Aristokia, when they were young, they were very thin, and when they grew old they got very fat. The difficulty seemed to be to catch them betwixt and between. The Royal Blues were a stuffy lot. They bored him. But Frieda was human; I was human. The Royal Blues wanted him to marry his Cousin Sophia.

"Have you seen her?" he groaned. "Some day a dog will bury her in the garden, mistaking her for his bone."

He told me that a party headed by Baron Wigleigh wanted him to marry Gwendolyn. My heart turned a somersault at mention of her name.

"What do you think of her?" I asked, with suppressed excitement.

"She's beautiful, I suppose; but she has ideas and brains. Women with brains annoy me."

Poor Willy! Gwendolyn evidently frightened him.

"No, if I have my way, I shall marry Sophia, and I will get Frieda into the palace as a nurse or something. I can't do without Frieda."

Toward dawn Willy and Frieda became affectionate, and I discreetly effaced myself, and went for a stroll on the lawn in the cool morning air. As I passed a window I caught a glimpse

of Herr Schmidt. Frieda was sitting on his lap. There sat the descendant of the Hun, of the scourge of Europe. To this had come the race that almost conquered the world. Strange are the ways of nature, I thought.

I went to bed, and slept until about noon, unmolested by Hindenburg.

When I returned down-stairs I found Willy, and we lunched together. He was now quite sober, but very affable. It was no good trying to remember that his grandfather had attempted to get past Verdun, that his great-grandfather had plunged the world into war, or that he was descended from the dismemberer of Poland. He was just a charming idiot, and I could not help liking him.

He asked me my plans. Was I returning to America? My plans were very hazy. I did not want to go home. The thought of home and the long wait for the next tourist season made something go numb inside me. Willy wanted to know if I could fly. I told him I had driven my own plane for years.

"The doctor says my pilot will be laid up for at least four weeks. You know my habits, Smithy, and I like you immensely. How would you like to be my pilot? The pay is very good." Then he added quickly, "Forgive me if the proposition offends you."

It did not offend me. I jumped at it.

"There are certain formalities," Willy explained, delighted by my acceptance. "There is a nuisance of a pilot's union. You must go to town, pay your dues, and be enrolled. Later I will come down and pick you out."

I put on my auto-peds and went to the union at full speed. I was in an ecstasy of exultation. Aristokia and Gwendolyn again! Blessed be the Hohenzollerns!

As I neared the office of the union, however, the thought of possible complications gave me pause. I felt sure that the success of my petition would be seriously handicapped by my previous acquaintance with Mr. Michael Fogarty. I must contrive to avoid that gentleman at all costs.

Fate smiled on me. The bellicose Irishman was secretary of the Household Servitors' Union. The Pilots' Union was an entirely different matter.

The two offices were not even in the same building.

The formalities were quickly arranged. I found them mere red-tape,—just at that time there was a shortage of pilots,—and in less than an hour I was in possession of a coveted union card and a license.

That night I flew past the frontier guards and reentered the land of romance as the chief pilot of Prince William Hohenzollern, Emperor-Elect of Aristokia.

Just before we landed, Willy remarked casually: "Don't call me Schmitty in front of people, and be sure you use every one's title correctly. They are sticklers about such things here."

"By the way, may I grow a mustache and beard?" I asked him.

He was a little surprised at my strange request. He smiled, then acquiesced, and patting me affectionately on the back, he sneaked into his palace by a secret entrance. The liaison door, he called it. I soon discovered that all houses in Aristokia were provided with these emergency exits, and very useful they were, too.

CHAPTER X

As Willy's chief pilot, I saw the inside of Aristokia as no tourist could have seen it in a hundred visits. I discovered, to my great joy, that the Aristokians treated not only the chaperons and Boswells as if they were non-existent, but all servitors. They discussed their most intimate affairs in my presence.

I had been back in Aristokia a week without having had an opportunity to see Gwendolyn or communicate with her in any way. I had flown over the Wigleigh mansion and grounds, but had never caught a glimpse of her. I was getting desperate.

At breakfast-time the next morning I flew over the sun-room. I had intended dropping a note through the opening, but it was a rather cold morning and the glass was closed over. I made circles high above the room and watched the family at breakfast. Gwendolyn left the table before mama or papa. I continued to fly about, however, hoping

that she might return after they had left, and that in some way I might be able to attract her attention; but she did not come back.

I was about to give up in despair when something made me look toward the hangars. There I saw one of the Wigleigh planes emerging, and recognized it as the small one that Gwendolyn used. The pilot brought it to the entrance. I waited. Fearing that he might be watching me, I pretended to be working over my engine.

Presently she came out of the door, accompanied by her chaperon. She was going out alone. My chance had come at last. I put the engine out of commission, and volplaned down to rest beside her machine.

Stepping up to her pilot, I explained my fictitious trouble and asked for certain tools. When I removed my headgear, Gwendolyn emitted a little cry. The chaperon's quick warning checked her, and regaining her self-possession, she directed the man to go to the hangar for what I needed.

"Jack, you darling! You have come back to me!" Her eyes were moist and sparkling, and in my heart there was a wild tumult.

I told her briefly of my strange meeting with Willy. How she laughed!

Then, as the man reappeared, she said, "Come to the garden to-night."

She flew away immediately. I fooled a bit with the engine as a precaution in case any one had observed me, and then, after replacing the tools in the hangar, went my way.

The storm arrived that night on schedule time. The wind howled and moaned through the trees, lashing the cold rain, which fell in sheets, into fine spray.

The garden was dark and filled with the sound of dripping foliage. The soggy earth was covered with a slippery carpet of fallen leaves. Gwendolyn and I clung to each other in the dark and exchanged cold, wet kisses. Water dripped off her lovely hair and ran down my neck in chilly little rivulets. She shivered. I held her close, and water oozed out of our clothes as from a sponge. But we did not care. We would have stood there hours unmindful of

the elements, aware only of our love, hearing only each other's heart-beats. But the chaperon reminded us that papa and mama were at home and that on such a night there could be no excuse for Gwendolyn to be out in the garden.

We made hurried plans for future meetings. We arranged that in so far as my duties as Willy's pilot would permit, I was to fly over the sun-room at a certain time every day. Gwendolyn would contrive to be there, and we would then exchange signals as to whether we could meet in the garden that night.

Then one day Willy informed me that his pilot was well again, and that he felt in duty bound to take the man back into his service. He hated to part with me, and would miss me, but no doubt I was desirous of returning to America. He handed me a check at parting. It was a little present, he said, a bonus for my faithful services. I did n't want to accept it.

"Please take it," he urged. "You have a right to it, I assure you."

I glanced at it, and then felt no further compunction. Photographed on my mind's eye was an imperial edict, first brought to my attention by two over-sensitive bell-boys. The check was a dividend Willy had just received from the Imperial Aristokian Tipping Monopoly, Inc.

That evening I told Gwendolyn that I must leave Aristokia and begged her to fly with me. She had other plans. She was dissatisfied with her pilot; she would engage me in his place. I consented. My beard was by this time a luxuriant growth. In my flying-togs, with close-fitting headgear and goggles, I was unrecognizable. And I would not often come in contact with any of the household. Besides, I was no longer a tourist, but a duly enrolled servitor under the ægis of the Pilots' Union. I felt reasonably safe. It would be time enough to take Gwendolyn away with me when our affair was discovered, which I felt was an inevitable eventuality. Sooner or later we would grow careless and get caught. Then there would be fireworks and a hasty exit.

Before I could enter Gwendolyn's service, it was necessary that I be for-

mally interviewed by the baron. Although my beard had greatly changed my appearance, and I knew that the baron's attitude to a person of my class would be quaintly indifferent, it was not without many qualms that I knocked at the door of his study one morning at about ten o'clock. He was seated at his desk toying with some papers. I breathed a sigh of relief when I found that the officious Ambrose Tibbits was not present.

I stood for several minutes, and he said no word. Becoming very restless, I coughed. He looked up.

"Have you a cold?" he remarked casually.

"No, your Lordship."

"Then don't cough. It's so beastly misleading."

He returned his stare to his papers. I was unrecognized.

"I'm the new pilot," I ventured.

"Oh, yes. Can you fly?"

"Expertly, your Lordship."

"Expertly, m'm. Think of that! It's always struck me as being rather a bore. You have to keep your mind on the thing, don't you? I tried it once."

"Would your Lordship care to see my reference?" I inquired, drawing the letter from Willy out of my pocket and handing it to him. He glanced over it.

"His Highness is enthusiastic," he remarked, and added, "I sha'n't hold it against you, my man." He gave the letter back to me. "You don't drop your h's, do you?"

"Oh, no, your Lordship."

"That's rather unfortunate. The best servitors always do. However, I suppose it is n't a really necessary accomplishment for a pilot——"

"Is everything satisfactory then, your Lordship?"

"When you say *everything*, I presume you refer to yourself."

I nearly smiled. This characteristic utterance carried me back to the day I had been his Boswell.

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Commendable egotism," he drawled.

I thought the interview over. I started to bow myself out when the baron arose, came around the desk, adjusted his monocle, and stared at me.

"Where have I seen you before?"

"Driving Prince Wilhelm's plane, your Lordship," I replied quickly.

"No; you are vaguely associated in my mind with some unpleasant disturbance."

Good Lord! Was he going to remember the ground glass in his coffee, of all things? I must have needed a shave the morning of my memorable plunge. He shook his head slowly.

"You are strangely

reminiscent to me; but, then, all you Smiths look alike." He waved his hand with his typical weary gesture to signify that the interview was at an end. Then it was that I made a fatal blunder. I should have remained silent. Instead, I spoke.

"Good-by, your Lordship."

Once before I had used these words to the baron, and the sound of my voice must have awakened memories; for he started, and adjusted his monocle more securely.

"That voice!" he murmured, then called me back into the room. He looked at me with a kindly twinkle in his eye. "Is n't your name Boswell?" he asked me.

For an instant I had a mad impulse to say yes, but my native caution over-



"It was Willy Hohenzollern"

came my sentiment and I answered instead:

"No, Smith, your Lordship; John Smith."

"Ah, yes, Smith; not Boswell. Too bad. I like the name Boswell."

I could n't look him in the eyes again, so I slipped out quietly and closed the door.

CHAPTER XI

A FEW days later the baron achieved the preliminary step in the realization of his great ambition.

Under pressure from the learned men of science the Royal Blues surrendered, and agreed to the betrothal of Lady Gwendolyn to the Emperor-Elect, Prince Wilhelm, for the good of the country and for the enrichment of the glorious Hohenzollern blood.

The event was celebrated by a grand function at Wigleigh Hall. The baron and his wife fairly oozed triumph. They patronized everybody. The wedding was to take place immediately following Willy's coronation, which was a month distant.

During the ball Schmitty slipped out on the terrace to smoke a cigarette in solitude. I ran into him, and he seized my arm and poured out his heart-ache. I had had an opportunity to study Gwendolyn, acting as her pilot, he said. What did I think of her? She was terribly Anglo-Saxon, was n't she? She would never consent to his relations with Frieda. He would be horribly henpecked; he knew it. She was an Amazon. I laughed inwardly at this conception of my little Gwendolyn. I tried to comfort poor Willy. I assured him that all would be well; for I was secretly determined that just before the ceremony the bride-elect would mysteriously disappear.

There were other forces at work regarding which I was at the time only vaguely cognizant. If I had not been so utterly in love with Gwendolyn and had studied Aristokian politics a bit, I should have observed that there was an opposition to the Royal Blues, and that the permanent leader of the opposition was Prince Juan do Braganza.

Don Juan, as he was generally called,

had a tremendous following. Such was his magnetism that even the army of wronged husbands of his own making were numbered among his staunchest adherents. It was said in Aristokia that Juan could take away your wife and make you thank him for it, he did it so graciously.

There is no doubt that Prince do Braganza would have made an exceedingly popular emperor. Unfortunately, a Russian ballet-dancer had become entangled in the upper branches of his family tree. This little incident in the sentimental career of one of his ancestors rendered him ineligible for the imperial office.

This limitation to his ambitions was a thorn in the side of Juan. For many years he had been waging a fruitless campaign to induce the obdurate Royal Blues to overlook the dash of the terpsichorean in his blood. They realized that to alter the law would be to end the supremacy of the Teutonic princes.

Juan was not merely an exquisite, though he was that *par excellence*. He was also a warm-blooded Latin, a fire-eater, quick-witted and brilliant, but inordinately vain, excessively dignified, and totally lacking in a sense of humor. He loathed the Germans not merely because they blocked his ambitions, but because he could not understand them. Poor Willy he called "the Fish."

When the Royal Blues decided that Willy should marry Gwendolyn, Juan raised a storm of protest. To appease him they created the new title of Marshal of Aristokia, which they conferred on him. With the title went privileges and powers second only to those of the emperor.

It was not customary in Aristokia for an engaged girl to be seen in public with any man other than her fiancé. Juan had been showing marked attention to Gwendolyn and he continued to do so despite her betrothal to Willy. He claimed this as one of the prerogatives of Marshal of Aristokia.

It then became my painful duty to take Juan and Gwendolyn for long flights in her airplane. In order to hear what they were saying I would fly to a great height, shut off the engine, and soar about.

One day Juan calmly informed her that he was tired of breaking up homes and winning duels; that he intended to settle down and get married, and that it was Gwendolyn whom he intended to marry. I waited breathlessly to hear what she would say.

"Juan, I 'll marry you"—I almost upset the plane—"the day you become Emperor of Aristokia."

"Is that a bargain?" he asked.

"On my word of honor," replied Gwendolyn. "Smith!"

"Yes, your Ladyship?" I managed to say.

"You hear that? You are the witness."

"Yes, your Ladyship."

What the devil was the inscrutable Gwendolyn up to, I wondered. After we left Juan at his palace, I asked her if she was trying to make me jealous. She looked at me roguishly and laughed.

"I 'm going to become Empress of Aristokia."

"By marrying Juan? You can do that by marrying Willy." Of the two I much preferred Willy.

"No, I mean empress in my own right, with you as my consort," she added.

"You 're mad, Gwendolyn. It 's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," she said with utter conviction.

She made me promise to help her. If Gwendolyn had said, "Get me the moon," I would have tried.

As the first step in her plans she sent me to see Prince Juan, to put myself at his disposal, and to tell him all I knew about Willy's secret conduct.

Gwendolyn had previously informed Juan that Boswell and I were one and the same person. She explained my strange actions and my presence in her house with a marvelous lie, which Juan, ordinarily the most skeptical of men, swallowed whole because Gwendolyn had told it to him. In life there is always some one person whom even the most confirmed doubting Thomas trusts, and usually it is this one who betrays him. Gwendolyn's story had it that I was a super-spy engaged by her to gather information detrimental to the prestige of individual Royal Blues.

So it was in this rôle that I went to see Prince Juan and told him about Willy and Frieda, feeling like a traitor the while.

On my arrival at the Braganza Palace I was ushered into the prince's study, an exquisite room, just then filled with books, pell-mell all over the place. While I waited for the prince—he was in his dressing-room making his tenth change of uniform that day—I looked at the books. "The Life of Napoleon," "Napoleon the Third," "Napoleon the Little," "The History of a Crime," "The Russian Revolution," "The Portuguese Revolt," "The Coup d'Etat in France"—these were a few of the titles. It was easy to gather their significance. Juan was planning a bloodless revolt, a *coup d'état*.

He came in dressed in a soft gray uniform, his study uniform, he explained to me. Its tones were an aid to thought. He made me sit down and offered me a cigarette. He was cordial and charming. He smilingly recalled our previous meeting when I had been Boswell, and commented tolerantly on the baron's eccentricities. He admired and eulogized my disguise, advising that the baron must never know that I was Boswell. I agreed with him, as he was not a party to the conspiracy and, moreover, wanted Gwendolyn to marry Willy. The mere mention of this matter sent Juan into a tirade of fine irony.

Suddenly he looked at me.

"Do you know, Smith, I suspected you of being a vulgar tourist in love with Lady Gwendolyn."

He laughed, and showed even white teeth. I laughed, too. It was a good joke.

He outlined his plans to me. The technic of the thing was absurdly simple. One merely eliminated all the opposing elements at the psychological moment, and then was acclaimed emperor by the balance of the people, who were favorable and who had been duly rehearsed in their spontaneous demands.

On the eve of Willy's coronation I was to induce him to pay Frieda a farewell visit. She was to give him an overdose of garlic, onions, and sauerkraut and make him miss his appoint-

ment with his crown. That much was easy.

"But what about the Royal Blues?" I asked the prince.

His plans for them were delightful. He told me that Princess Romanoff and Bonaparte, both Royal Blues, were with us, Romanoff for purely personal reasons. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs mutually controlled the Royal Blues, and they had consistently elected members of their own families to the throne and kept the Romanoffs out. Nicholas as the head of that family resented this and was determined on revenge. Bonaparte found a *coup d'état* an irresistible temptation on its own merits or demerits. Had not his illustrious ancestors all but invented the art? He was willing to concede the leading part in the impending drama to Juan because he knew that Braganza's tremendous popularity insured the success of a scheme which would unhorse the Germans, whom the Frenchman loathed whole-heartedly.

Prince Romanoff was to give a party exclusively for Royal Blues. It was to be a stag affair in the "Babylonian District," as a certain part of the city was called. The queen of the district at that time was a French woman whose pseudonym was the "Lily." Lily was desperately in love with Juan. She would die for him, "many terrible deaths," she had said. So Lily was to be enlisted as special hostess for the occasion. It was to be a *bal masqué*, which all the Royal Blues would attend and regarding which they would be very circumspect in the matter of publicity. Once they were there, it would be merely a matter of keys and guards to hold them.

On the morning of the great day the entire city was to be placarded with notices signed by the marshal, informing the public that by leaving the country Willy had abdicated his rights to the throne, and that the Royal Blues had disgraced themselves and the nation by their orgies, for the good people were to be told of this escapade with glowing details. The army was to assemble in the great square of the palace. Juan was to review them; that was a part of the regular coronation cere-

mony. At a given signal from Prince Bonaparte, the ranking royalty and only Royal Blue present, they were to go wild with enthusiasm and acclaim Juan the emperor. Napoleon would point out that, according to the imperial by-laws, on this day and at this hour a ruler *must* be elected; the clergy and the women would be appealed to on ethical grounds to denounce the flagrant immoralities of the absent Royal Blues. Juan would then take the crown from the paralyzed archbishop in truly Napoleonic manner, the master of ceremonies would kiss him on the cheek, and he would be emperor! Could anything have been simpler?

To my amazement the *coup d'état* ran like a well-oiled machine, without a groan or a creak. There was only one hitch, but that hitch is the crux of my story.

CHAPTER XII

LILY of the Babylonian District had a key to Juan's liaison door, which was located on the roof of his house and led by a spiral staircase directly into his bedroom.

I got the key from Lily. I gave it to Gwendolyn. And thereby hangs the tale.

Juan had placed me in charge of all the menials of his establishment. When he had retired for the night on the eve of the great day, I marshaled them together and sent them all off on various futile errands.

Juan himself laid out his coronation uniform with meticulous care, and then disrobed slowly, his mind obsessed with the glories of the morrow. He donned his old-fashioned, cutaway nightgown in which he always slept, and in which he was not a thing of beauty. He was standing thus attired when suddenly Gwendolyn appeared before him. She had entered by the liaison door.

"Gwendolyn," he cried, "what are you doing here?" He clutched a military cape wildly and draped it over him. "Where's your chaperon?" he went on frantically.

Gwendolyn sat down in an easy-chair with the nonchalance of one making an afternoon call.

"How funny you look, Juan!" He



" 'Would your Lordship care to see my reference?' "

grabbed the exquisite coat of his wondrous coronation uniform and, sinking into a chair, flung it over his legs.

"Where is your chaperon?" he repeated.

"You know that big elm up on the

hill?" she asked, watching him with intense amusement. "Well, I was flying very low. *Fräulein* got caught in the branches. She's probably climbed down by now. Don't worry about her, Juan. She's an agile little creature."

"I don't give a damn about her! It's you I'm thinking of. Do you realize what you have done?"

Gwendolyn ignored him and continued sweetly:

"Some day after we are married I shall have *Fräulein* climb for you, Juan dear."

"I don't want to see her climb, and we shall never be married." He was petulant.

Gwendolyn rose and clutched her bosom with a dramatic gesture.

"Juan, not marry me! What are you saying?"

He held his head in his hands and rocked it sidewise.

"Ah, *queridissima*, I loved you so! Why have you done this terrible thing? You have spoilt my glorious day for me! Ah, frailty, thy name is woman! Could you not have waited twenty-four little hours? To-morrow we were to have been married. My charms are a curse. I am so irresistible! But I had thought that *you*, *you* at least—oh, *queridissima! queridissima!*"

Gwendolyn threw back her head and laughed.

"Don't laugh, Madame!" he exclaimed tragically, jumping up in outraged dignity, forgetting his bare legs and his beautiful coat, which lay rumpled at his feet. "Don't laugh! Do you realize what you are?"

"What am I, Juan?" she asked with unalloyed wonder and innocence.

"You have come to my rooms at midnight, unchaperoned. In the eyes of the world you are a fallen woman."

"But the world need never know, Juan."

"Ah, but it *will* know," he persisted. "It has some subtle way of always finding out these things. How can an emperor marry you now? Madame, you are *ruined!*"

"But, Juan dear, you know I'm not ruined. *You* will tell them," she said softly, "and they will believe an emperor."

Juan staggered. He nearly fainted.

"What you ask me is too much, too much! I would willingly die for you, *queridissima*, but not that!"

"But why not, Juan?" she argued.

"No, no," he said, with the emphasis

of a man putting away a frightful temptation to commit some dishonorable act, "it cannot be. If you are in my rooms and escape unharmed, what is to become of my reputation? *I*, the Don Juan, the gay Lothario. I would be the laughing-stock of Aristokia. There are some things that a man of honor and a gentleman, that a great prince, cannot do even for the woman he loves. What you ask is impossible."

There followed a weighty pause.

Gwendolyn then gave a perfectly good imitation of a woman who has fainted. This new development caused Juan's abject discomfiture. He took one of her limp hands in his and patted it helplessly.

She half opened one eye,

"Water!" she murmured.

Juan went to the bath-room to get some. The moment his back was turned, Gwendolyn sprang up and, leaping stealthily, closed the door and locked it. Juan was a prisoner in his own bath-room.

Then she came to the foot of the spiral staircase and called me down into the room.

When Juan found himself locked in he pleaded with Gwendolyn, then he called loudly. He shouted, and pounded the door. He tried to break it down, but it was too well built. He called Gwendolyn every name under the sun, and when he had exhausted all the possibilities of English, he lapsed into the more expressive Portuguese, in which he swore vociferous, beautiful, succulent oaths, richly blooming with luscious vowels, and thunderously reverberant oaths filled with thorny r's. Then he hissed a pell-mell of s's and z's. Like a waterfall they came, toppling over one another. It was a great performance.

Meanwhile Gwendolyn and I went about silently, carefully and methodically collecting certain things. We bundled our stolen goods together and flew away.

But long before we left the fury of the storm in the bath-room had subsided, and only an occasional, distant, muttering rumble broke the silence of exhaustion.

Toward dawn, at the risk of his life,

Juan climbed out of the bath-room window, and, groping his way along the narrow cornice, entered his bedroom by smashing a pane of glass.

Rage had given place, through the long vigil of the night, to a quiet determination to beat this counter-conspiracy, whatever it might be. Nothing could stop him from being emperor, he told himself.

He began to dress with all his accustomed care. When he was ready to put on his trousers he could not find them. His whole coronation uniform had disappeared. So that was the plot to deprive him of the pleasure of wearing his beautiful, artistic creation on which a genius had labored for a month? It was a petty revenge, just like a woman. Though he was chagrined, he could rise above such things. Distasteful as it was to him, he could wear one of his other uniforms.

He got one out, the one he had worn to the ball at the Wigleigh's. The trousers were missing. He swore softly. He got out another uniform and another and *another*, and always the trousers were missing. He pulled out all ninety-nine uniforms, but we had done our work well. Every pair of trousers was gone. Juan became frantic. He began to rave like a maniac. He pulled things about in chaotic confusion in his frenzied quest for trousers.

After an hour of vain searching the will to conquer was still dominant. He would borrow a pair of trousers from one of the servants. Mother of Heaven, that he should come to this! But he would do it. During a noble reign he could perhaps live it down.

There were no servants. The house was empty, and nowhere could he find a pair of trousers. A terrible fear seized him. He tried the wireless to get into communication with his followers, but I had put it out of commission before leaving.

"God of my fathers, *incomunicado* and trouserless!" he cried in anguish. His fear and sense of defeat settled on him in a black shroud of dull despair.

Ten thousand curses on the family tradition that had made him adhere to the wearing of nightgowns! He could at least have gone in pajamas. But how

could *he*, the best-dressed man in Aristokia, attend his coronation in underwear! He had been most foully betrayed. It was the end of his glorious career. A man without trousers is a man undone.

Then self-pity seized him, and he sat, an abject figure in flannel underwear, and sobbed.

Meanwhile Juan's *coup d'état* was running its appointed course with the immutability of the stars in their orbits.

The army assembled in the great square of the palace, but instead of Juan to review them, there appeared in the full regalia of his coronation uniform a radiant creature with hair of tarnished gold.

As she sprang lightly and gracefully to the coronation platform, her every movement proclaiming the glory of her freedom and emancipation from petticoats, the buzz of fifty thousand voices died away like the murmur of a breeze, and an intense, expectant silence fell upon the great square.

She spoke in clear, ringing tones. Like crystallized sound her words fell on the ears of the multitude.

"My Lords and Ladies of Aristokia, Prince Wilhelm has by his absence at this august moment abdicated his right to the imperial throne. The Royal Blues are debauching with scarlet women. Prince Juan Braganza cannot come to you. Some one with a knowledge of his limitations has robbed him of his trousers. Mere man that he is, he dare not appear before you without them. Mere woman that I am, I have dared to come to you in them. Judge, oh, great people, if I am not more qualified than he to reign over you!"

A thrilling pause, and then the tumult broke. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had given the signal. From the throats of ten thousand generals, colonels, captains, and a very few young lieutenants a mighty roar arose. Even the rented privates joined in the shouting. The army of Aristokia acclaimed Gwendolyn empress. Somewhere within each man there stirred the primordial desire to be ruled by a woman.

Bonaparte was as surprised as any one at the outcome of his *coup d'état*,

but the change in leading characters greatly pleased him. A gallant gentleman and a Frenchman, he could not refuse a woman anything she asked. And besides, now that Juan's goose was cooked, Napoleon had a vision of him-

persons into the arms of the nearest males. One of the first to pass out was Mama Wigleigh. The baron dropped his monocle for the first time in many years and muttered, "Good God!" with a semblance of real emotion.

Events were moving rapidly. Gwendolyn snatched the imperial crown from the archbishop, who had been gazing at her fondly. The man of God trembled and muttered a hurried prayer for the salvation of his soul.

The senile and doddering master of ceremonies kissed her lingeringly on each cheek as forty years melted from him. The *coup d'état* had become a *fait accompli*. Gwendolyn was Empress of Aristokia!

CHAPTER XIII

THE first act of the new monarch was to abrogate the exclusive powers of the Royal Blues and to constitute a few faithful followers her sole advisers. I was admitted to citizenship in Aristokia, and then in the course of a single hour became successively, Sir John Smith, Bart, Baron Smith, Viscount

Smith, Earl of Capsula, Marquis of Capsula, Duke of Capsula, and finally Prince John. This tedious procedure was necessary, as, according to the imperial by-laws, titles could be conferred only one degree at a time. Fortunately the by-laws had neglected to mention anything about a lapse of time between grades, so we did it as quickly as we could. Baron Wigleigh and his wife were made Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Wigleigh, as became the parents of an empress.

That night at the great coronation



"He seized my arm and poured out his heart-ache"

self as Emperor of Aristokia by marriage. He was not alone in possession of such illusions. As each man in the great square gazed at Gwendolyn's loveliness, he saw himself at least the favorite of her court. A wondrous dream of love and power unfolded to each one as he mingled his voice with his fellows' in lusty cheering.

All about the great plaza, among the civilian population, there were little eddies and whirlpools of confusion and dismay, as shocked and outraged dowagers fainted and plopped their stout

ball in the imperial palace Gwendolyn announced that Prince John was to be her consort. To my utter amazement, they swallowed me, an ex-Smith, an ex-pilot, an ex-plebeian, an ex-Nobody, without a murmur. It proved what I have always contended, that in the first days after a ruler's assumption of office he can get away with anything.

Gwendolyn had exchanged the uniform for an alluring gown. She was the incarnation of delectable femininity. The men vied with one another in their expressions of loyalty and admiration. The women accepted the inevitable as graciously as possible, for they feared her. Even the once all-powerful Royal Blues came and knelt at her feet and asked forgiveness for their misdeeds, for Prince Romanoff had made their acceptance of the new order the *sine qua non* of their release.

Juan did not appear. He was under a physician's care. He had been found wandering about in his underwear, one side of his face badly scorched. He had tried to commit suicide, forgetting in the excitement of the moment that the International permitted only blank cartridges in Aristokia.

He sent Gwendolyn this note:

Madame, I humbly salute the great office your Majesty holds, but we Braganzas never forget.

When every one had left, and the royal family was alone,—that is to say, mama, papa, Gwendolyn, and I,—we had a quiet celebration to ourselves.

The baron and his wife had quickly recovered from their first shock, and were now basking in the warmth of their reflected honors. During the ball the baron, or, rather, the grand duke, had barely grunted a greeting to any one below the rank of prince. But now he slapped me on the back and treated me with effusive cordiality.

Although I had shaved my beard, he seemed not to recognize me. He called me "your Highness," and told me his pet hobby was heraldry, and suggested that if I would do him the honor, he would be glad to help me choose an appropriate coat of arms.

"I'm so glad you followed my sug-

gestion and took Capsula as your family name," he said. "It will enable us to create a most interesting coat of arms. Every good coat of arms, ancient or modern, is based on the thing which brought the family prominence and elevated it to the peerage. All the devices you see in heraldry are symbols of some service performed by the owner of the device for the sovereign. The more elaborate coat of arms, if you can translate their insignia, become veritable graphic histories of the families that use them."

Papa was warming to his pet subject. He fixed his monocle in his characteristic way, ignored his wife's intimation that they should leave and proceeded:

"If we wish to keep the spirit of the thing, it would be absurd for us of the newer nobility to adopt lions, eagles, battle-axes, griffins, gauntlets, and all such medieval paraphernalia. Our coat of arms should be created in the same fashion as was the older heraldry. I suggest for your Royal Highness a large gold capsule, rampant on a field of azure. Blue is spaciousness—the world. Gold, wealth. The capsule could be divided into little sections, each containing some smaller symbol representing strength, health, and life. Then you should have a motto. It should be in some foreign language which you don't understand."

"I don't understand any," I said. "You have the field to choose from."

"I think Spanish is as silly-sounding as any of them," remarked the baron, "and the Marlboroughs have a Spanish motto. 'De mal gusto, pero comestible,' would look well."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It is truthful," he said, with an odd twinkle in his eyes. "And the fact that you chose it for your motto will add to your fame wherever capsules are used."

I suspected that the baron was spoofing me with this cryptic reply. I secured a translation, and then I knew it; for this was my motto, "Of bad taste, but edible."

As I talked with the baron I became convinced that he did not remember me, and as he said good night to me almost with affection and with a trace of the

father-in-law-to-be in his manner, I could not help musing on the extraordinary vagaries of his mind.

In the doorway he stood aside a moment while a blissfully bewildered grand duchess endangered her equilibrium by a farewell curtsy to her empress daughter. The baron (I cannot think of him as the grand duke) bowed low, and then, returning to an upright posture, a look almost of boyish amusement on his face, said, "The greatest honor of my life will always be that your Royal Highness was once my Boswell!"

Two flunkies drew the great tapestried portières and departed. Gwendolyn and I were alone at last except for the three imperial chaperons, for we were not yet married.

She was exultant with victory. I tried as tactfully as I could to point out to her that it could not last. Juan would be revenged. Even Bonaparte and Romanoff, friendly as they seemed, might not long remain so. She had shown the way. From then on there would be a succession of revolutions in Aristokia. Gwendolyn denied it vehemently. Every one adored her. She insisted that she could handle Juan and the others.

"I believe you can hold them indefinitely, Gwendolyn, if you remain a virgin queen," I said; "but not if you marry me. You must choose between empire and love. You cannot have both. No one has ever had both."

"But I can't live without you," she said, drawing me close to her.

"Then you must give this up," I replied, gently withdrawing from her embrace. I wanted to keep my senses if I could. "Come away with me, darling, to America," I pleaded. "There are greater victories awaiting us there, perhaps not so spectacular, but bigger, deeper, more lasting."

For more than an hour I pleaded with Gwendolyn to go with me and help me to right the wrongs of humanity; to give her great inspiration to my life work, to undo the mistakes of the would-be reformers of the early twentieth century. But her mind and heart were fixed on golden days in Aristokia.

I said good night and left, pretending to submit to her will. I had decided on action.

I flew to Saal and found Willy contentedly munching food as usual. I began my confession humbly. He silenced me.

"Smithy, you have done me a great favor. I can never repay you. I am going to stay here always and help Frieda run the inn, and eat her food," he added.

"But your throne, Willy—"

He laughed.

"Emperor of Aristokia, by grace of the workers of the world!" he said derisively. "No, Smithy. My great-grandfather said, 'World dominion or downfall' when he started the Great War. He lost, and I have no choice but downfall—with Frieda."

And so I left him, the last of the Hohenzollerns, happily eating sauer-kraut.

I returned to the imperial palace, my mind made up.

To understand my next move, you must remember that I was at that time an assiduous student of the dramatic literature of the Broadway period. I knew my Bayard Veillers, my Max Marcin, George Scarborough, and Samuel Shipman by heart. In this emergency I knew I should resort to "knock-out drops." But I had none. Failing this classic remedy, I used the modern substitute: as Gwendolyn slumbered sweetly, I hypnotized her.

While she was in this state of hypnosis I made her sign the articles of abdication that I had prepared. I myself left the following valedictory for the people of Aristokia:

There is only one person temperamentally fitted and mentally equipped to rule over you, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke George of Wigleigh.

I signed it royally, "JOHN."

I then strapped Gwendolyn into my plane and flew away with her, leaving Aristokia to awake to a day of chaos.

CHAPTER XIV

WE flew southward over the snowy battlements of the Alps; over the quiet,



A bewildered grand duchess endangered her equilibrium by a farewell curtsy

smiling fields of France; the Pyrenees; Spain; Portugal.

Late in the afternoon I brought the machine to rest on a sandy stretch of beach on the Portuguese coast. I had not awakened Gwendolyn, for I knew the deep hypnotic sleep was a balm to her tired nerves. I myself was exhausted, so I snatched three hours' sleep, which sufficiently refreshed me to continue the journey.

During the long night I flew due westward over the Atlantic at a terrific speed. I was far south of the regular transatlantic routes and sighted few other planes. I passed over the most westerly of the Azores at about midnight.

When the dawn came, a vast sea of rolling, billowy cloud lay beneath us.

The gray rim of the world was touched here and there with the lavender and pale pink of nascent day. Shafts of flame shot through the clouds, and we seemed to be flying over the crater of an immense volcano filled with seething lava.

The day wore on. As the sun set, the white towers of New York appeared. It had been a record trip even for me, five thousand miles in thirty-six hours.

We passed over Staten Island, over the Monument of Freedom, that colossal piece of sculpture designed by the great American Barnard, and erected to symbolize the freedom of the world.

I circled around the great figures, a man and woman, both nude, the man, brute strength with a face that dreamed; the woman, joyous, half-bac-

chante, half-madonna, holding aloft a child. From their sides gigantic chains went crashing downward, and at their feet, sinking into the rock, were crowns, scepters, money-bags, the little figures of tyrants and capitalists; broken swords, rifles, and cannon, the wreckage of a world militarism.

It was a glorious conception, but what a mockery! I thought. This freedom it personified did not exist.

We passed over the old Statue of Liberty. I suppose it, too, had been ahead of the thing it symbolized.

Then New York! My blood tingled as I flew uptown, high above the top tier of Broadway. Already at that date the third level was devoted entirely to auto-ped traffic, and the middle of the street was filled with tiny black figures rushing northward. The north-bound moving platforms were also crowded, the south-bound, desolate. Same old New York!

Gwendolyn, whom I had awakened early in the morning that she might see the sunrise, was gazing at the city beneath her, awestruck.

"It 's a great sight when you see it for the first time, is n't it?" I shouted.

Perhaps she did n't hear me, for she did n't answer. All day she had not opened her lips except to swallow some of my despised capsules.

I shut off the engine and volplaned gently downward, coming to rest in a great grassy space.

"Where are we?" murmured Gwendolyn.

"Van Cortlandt Park, in the center of New York City," I answered her.

She turned to me with truly Aristokian disregard of the gaping bystanders, threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me ecstatically, crooning:

"Jacky, you darling! I'm so happy! I always wanted you to bring me here this way. I love you so! You are wonderful!"

The crowd of idlers giggled. These four-hour day laws have just filled New York with people with nothing to do, I thought as I lifted Gwendolyn out.

I checked the machine, and we hurried to the nearest registrar's office, at the busy corner of Broadway and 242nd Street. We passed the physical exam-

ination with flying colors, secured our license, and were mated within an hour.

In the years that followed our great happiness was slightly marred by the disappointments I encountered. I was still young, and had not learned that the world cannot be reformed by one man in a day or in a century.

I am an old man now as I write this record of my youthful romance and adventure. The flame of impatient enthusiasm that burned in my veins fifty years ago has waned, and in its place are peace and understanding.

I have seen many changes, much astounding progress; and yet the millennium is as far off to-day as no doubt it seemed one hundred years ago. It will be ever thus, I think. Life's horizon is always the limit of our vision advancing before us as we grope onward; perfection, the ever-present mirage.

Once long years ago I called myself an "inventor." It is a fatuous word that we have at last discarded, and for which we have substituted the more modest "discoverer." We rearrange the facts at our disposal in some new complexity, that is all.

Those of you who still think you can mold the world as if it were potter's clay will call me a pessimist, but I protest. I am an unconquerable optimist. I believe in the ultimate purpose of life. We must strive to understand it and add our mite in the right direction. If we fail, life will pass us by.

Knowledge and foresight are the great virtues. Look back with me. If only men one hundred years ago had foreseen the Great War; if only my own America had foreseen and prepared for her own entrance into the great conflict; if only during the war men everywhere had foreseen and prepared for the coming of the Revolution or the peace; if only the signing of the armistice had not been a signal for the relegation to the realm of splendid memories of all the moral heroisms born of the war's travail; if only men could have realized, as they argued terms of peace and settlement, that the Great War was only the prologue in a world drama which they thought ended when it had just begun, how different things might be to-day!

The Watches of the Night

By "CENTURION"

Illustration by J. Henry



THE city lay as silent as a churchyard in the moonlight. At the far end of the deserted street, where it debouched upon the place, the gable-ends of a roofless house were silhouetted against the sky like the headstones of a grave; the word "*Fermé*," scrawled in chalk upon the boarded-up window, had the irony of an epitaph. In the cold light of the moon the heap of mortar beneath its walls gleamed as white as snow, and the fragments of broken glass upon the pavement sparkled like hoar-frost. The tall houses on each side of the street were closely shuttered; not a glimmer of light showed in the chinks. In the middle of the place, near a large circular hole, stood a cart, piled high with mattresses, and between the dropped shafts a dead horse was lying on its side, with its fore legs crossed. A homeless cat padded swiftly along the pavement and was lost in the shadows. Now and again there was a pulsation of the air overhead, like the flutter of invisible wings. Ragged clouds raced across the sky, obscuring the moon till it appeared to pitch and roll like a ship in a storm. The whole firmament seemed to be fleeing westward over the deserted city, which lay wan and blanched beneath it with the rigidity of a corpse.

The sound of footsteps awoke the sleeping echoes in a neighboring street. They were slow and deliberate, and at rhythmical intervals they stopped. The next moment a man appeared at the corner of the place. On his sleeves were two stripes, and a red armband bearing the imprint "M.F.P." in black; he had a box-respirator slung from his neck, and at his waist was a revolver in a holster. As he turned into the main street

he switched on an electric torch, throwing a funnel of radiance into the shadows of the nearest doorway and searching it to its depths. The light revealed a newly spun spider's web stretching from lintel to doorpost, and its glutinous threads shone like silver filigree-work in the electric rays. Seeing it, the soldier switched off the light and passed on. At the ninth house he stopped, listening intently. He played the beams of his torch like a jet from a hose over the whole house-front from attic to basement; then he put his ear close to the shutters of the ground floor. He turned to the door and, fumbling with the handle, fell headlong into the passage as it yielded to his touch. He was up in an instant, and stood in the dark hall with every sense alert. There came the sound of a clink of glasses and a thumping of feet overhead, as though some one were beating time.

"If he 's as good in a trench
As in the park on a bench—"

A door above him slammed violently, shutting off the thick voice of the singer. He took his revolver out of its holster and finding the staircase turned to the right, he shifted the weapon into his left hand and mounted the stairs. A thread of yellow light showed under the door facing him on the landing, and after listening for a moment, he threw it open.

The air of the room was heavy with stale tobacco-smoke. In the corner stood two rifles and packs, with a heap of bric-à-brac and a jeweled crucifix, which scintillated in the candle-light. At a table covered with bottles sat four men. Two were in the gray-blue uniform of French *Poilus*. Their dark

hair was plastered upon their foreheads, and their faces glistened with sweat. Their eyes were dull, and their cheeks flushed with liquor. A civilian in the blouse of a French workman sat next to them; his industrial attire contrasted strangely with his hands, which were soft and white. He was sober. The fourth wore the uniform of a British officer, with two "pips" upon his shoulder-straps. His eyes were bloodshot, sunk in dark hollows; his chin was unshaven, and his collar unbuttoned at the throat. At the sight of the corporal he stopped in his song with a hiccup, and all three of them stared stupidly at the figure in the doorway. The civilian watched the corporal narrowly, leaning forward in his chair like a cat about to spring; but as he caught sight of the revolver, his muscles relaxed and he sank back. The corporal saluted as his eye fell upon the officer. The latter rose unsteadily to his feet and extended his hand.

"Put it there, Corp'ral," he said thickly.

The corporal ignored the gesture as though he had not seen it.

"What are you doing here, sir?" he said impassively.

"Ah, give you three guesses, Corp'ral. Don't pull such a long face, man! Have a drink!" He raised a bottle in his right hand, and holding a glass in his left, he attempted to pour out the liquor. His hand shook, spilling the red wine upon the floor. The corporal took the bottle from his hand and set it on the table. The officer sank into his chair.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

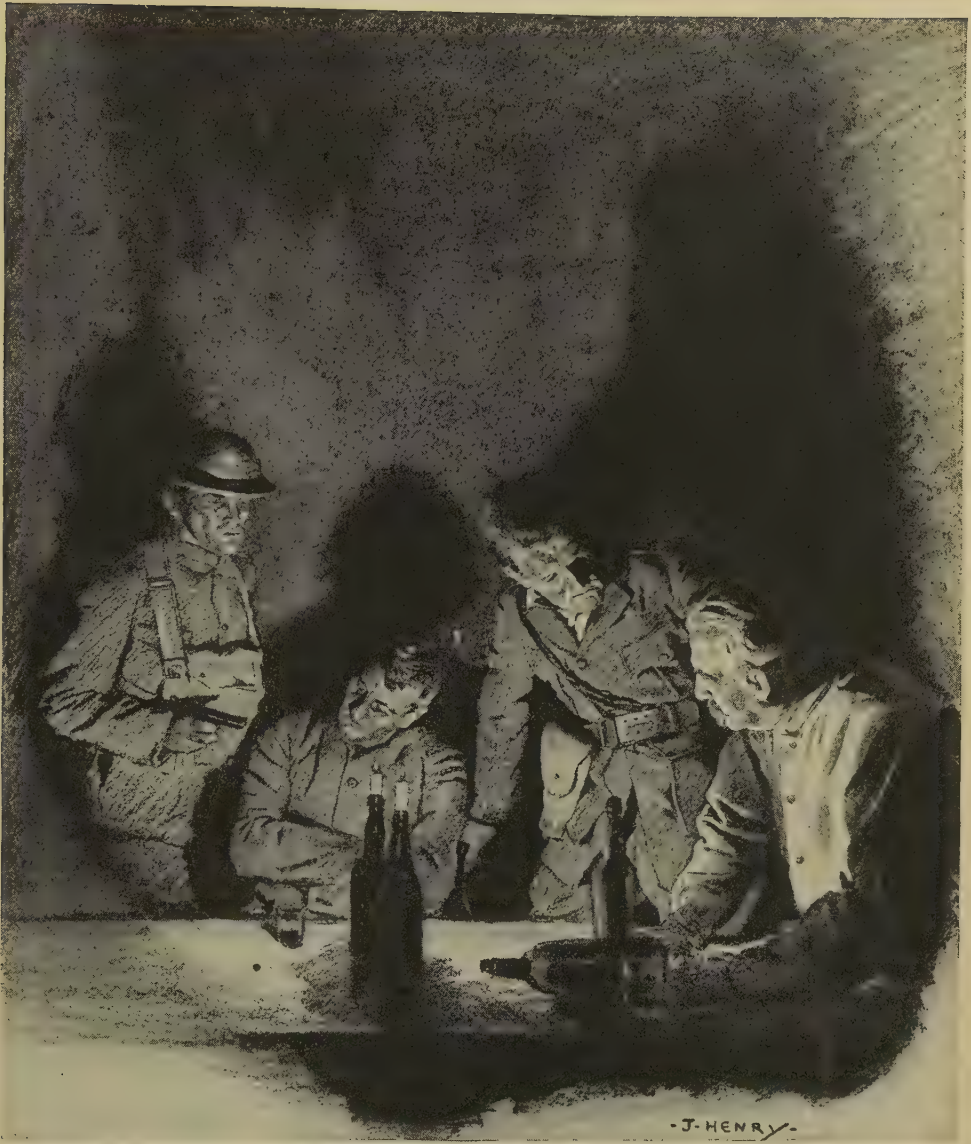
"Give it up, Corp'ral? I've losht my platoon. Been looking for the Losht Property Office. Every man of 'em vanished into the blue. *Bosche* hash bagged them all. Have a drink? No! Sit down, then. Was in the ranks myself once. I'm not proud. Have drunk with red tabs in my time."

"Oui, oui," said one of the *Poilus*. "Buvez, mon brave, buvez! Eau pour les yeux? Pinard? Visky? Rien du tout? C'est dommage." His voice quavered, and his chin sank on his breast.

The civilian said nothing, but, pouring out a glass of whisky, pushed it to-

ward the corporal. The latter ignored the overture, and after a moment's thought went to the window. He opened the shutter slightly, so that a long slit of light pointed like a finger into the street. In a moment he was back at the door, blocking the exit. The sudden draft set the flames of the candles flickering and the shadows cast by the motionless figures of the four men seated at the table gasticulated violently like apes behind their backs.

"It's *quite* all right, Corp'ral, quite all right," said the officer as he watched him luxuriously. He paused between each syllable, and then took it at a jump as though each sentence was a hurdle-race. "Let me pro-pound you a proposition, Corp'ral. If one Englishman is equal to three *Bosches*, how many *Bosches* does it take to roll up eight English divisions? Answer me that. Twenty-four? Wrong, Corp'ral; wrong," he said, wagging an argumentative finger at the silent corporal. "It took forty—forty divisions thish lasht week as ever was. Shaw them come over in a fog. The place was thick with them. They drove us back like a swarm of bloody bees. I've losht my kit—every damned article of it. The war's over, my boy. I'm fed up with it. I've losht my platoon—every man of them. And I never kissed one of them good-by-ee. Drunk, am I? Drunk, did you shay?" he continued introspectively in face of the corporal's dogged silence. "Give me not the name of drunkard, Corp'ral. Well, I'll take your award, 'Drunk-en-ness—in that he when on active shervice in the field was—drunk.' forfeiture of sheniority and shevere reprimand. Dishmissal! Come, Corp'ral, be reasonable. The flesh is weak. A humble and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise, Corp'ral. No; no. Look, I've legged it ten miles this very day, and I've been blown up by a Krump—high as thish house. Was dead, buried, and rose again, and ashended into heaven. Then I met thish chap—a real sahib. Let me introdushe you." He waved an aimless hand toward the man in the blouse, who shifted uneasily and glanced at the door: "A good Samaritan, Corp'ral. Yes, a real sahib, if he doesh wear his



"'Keep your hands above the table—on the table'"

shirt over his trousers. Losht his kit like me. Look at his hands, Corp'ral; they 're white. I 'll lay you five to one he 's a gentleman. Says he 's an *ouvrier*. Means a man who opens the door. '*Ouvrir*,' to o-pen, you know. *J'ouvre*, I o-pen. *Tu ouvres*, thou o-penest. *Il ouvre*, he o-pens. So hé doesh. He opened this door to me. Said he had some Johnny Walker. Rummy taste it had, too; but my palate 's not what it was." A tear rolled down his cheek. "No; I 'm not the man I was.

Have a drink? Sympathetic chap, too, he ish. Asked me all about the Fifth Army, losshes and resherves and all that. Could n't have been more consherned if it was his own show. No, no; stay a bit, old fellow," he said remonstratively as the man in the blouse rose to his feet. His shadow rose with him, projecting itself above him on the ceiling as though it had him in custody.

There was a click.

"Sit down?" said the corporal, quietly, covering the civilian with his re-

volver. "If you move another pace, you're a dead man. Compronnay? No! Keep your hands above the table—on the table. That 'll do. Move, and I 'll plug you."

"Let him be, Corp'ral; let him be," said the officer. "I 'll go bail for him. I 've got a balance of fifty pounds at Cox's. He 's a white man; look at his hands."

"If he 's as good in a trench
As in the park on a bench—

I got that from the Yanks—

He 's the man for a wench."

"I made that last line up myself, Corp'ral. A poor thing, but mine own."

His head suddenly pitched forward to the table, upsetting a bottle, and lay there upon his outstretched arms. His breath came and went through his nostrils with a low hiss like that of a patient laboring with pneumonia. The two *Poilus* were already asleep. As the minutes passed, the clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly, and the red wine from the overturned bottle dripped steadily from the table to the floor. A hidden mouse scratched at the wainscoting. The man in the blouse shifted his glance from the pool of liquor on the table to the impassive figure at the door, and catching the soldier's eyes fixed upon him, he hastily shifted his glance to the ceiling, following the movements of a spider as it crawled across. His passive hands remained upon the table as though transfixed with nails, and the red wine from the overturned bottle discolored them like blood.

The passage of heavy feet upon the pavement awoke the echoes of the street. The corporal put a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill note upon it. The footsteps stopped. The next moment they were heard upon the stairs, and a sergeant of the military police appeared in the doorway.

He took in the situation at a glance and, advancing to the table, shook the sleeping officer by the shoulder. The latter opened a drowsy eye.

"It 's all right; it 's quite all right, Sergeant," he said sleepily.

"We will go down-stairs, sir," said the sergeant, quietly, half lifting the officer to his feet. The latter leaned heavily upon him. "You stay here and keep an eye on that Johnny, Corporal," added the sergeant. "I 'll give the tip to the A.P.M. I reckon it 's a case for the French. They 'll send an escort round in no time. So long. This way, sir." He helped the officer down the stairs.

"Mind the sh-shtep, Sergeant," said the officer. "Better throw a bomb down first. The besht *Boche* ish a dead *Boche*. It 'sh a long shtairs that has no turning."

They emerged into the street. The night air sobered him slightly, but he persisted in a belief, attaining the proportions of an infatuation, that the sergeant was helpless without him. They approached the motionless cart in the deserted street.

"Mind the traffic, Sergeant," he ejaculated. "Shafety first, you know. No, no, that 's the wrong turning." And he grew argumentative.

The sergeant coaxed him like a child. "It 'sh like dodging a submarine," said the officer as he steered a zigzag course, with the sergeant hanging on to his arm, "two points port, two points shtarboard. Never mind, Sergeant; I 'll convoy you into port."

The sergeant stopped before a house and led his charge down a flight of stone steps. He pushed aside a blanket that hung like a screen across the passage. It disclosed a vast, vaulted cellar partitioned by more blankets. A single candle was burning dimly in a bottle. The blanket that partitioned the ante-room from the space behind it reached to within a foot of the floor, and from below it peeped the soles of men's feet, with their toes turned upward. Each pair of feet was without boots.

A recumbent figure rose on one elbow from a trestle-bed in the shadows of the wall.

"Hulloa, who 's there? What 's there?" a voice exclaimed sharply. "Oh, it 's you, Sergeant. Who have you got there?" The A.P.M. sprang to his feet. He was fully dressed except for his belt. His face was drawn and haggard, his pupils were dilated, and there were dark

rims under his eyes that told of an immense fatigue.

The sergeant saluted.

"At twelve-fifty-five to-night, sir, I heard a whistle from a house in the Rue Gambetta. I entered. In a room on the first floor—" He told his story in the quick, staccato sentences with which a soldier makes a report. His charge remained silent.

"What do you mean by breaking into a house?" said the A.P.M. sharply as he turned to the officer.

A broad grin broke out on the face of the delinquent.

"It 's all right; it 's *quite* all right, old bean," he said fatuously.

The A.P.M. sat down at a table and took up a pen. In front of him lay a revolver. He picked it up.

"Perhaps you don't understand," he said quietly. "You see this thing? Do you know you 're rather lucky? No? Well, I 've just had orders through from the Fourth Army that we 're to shoot any one found looting at sight. The *Boche* is all over the shop. We may have to bolt out of this place hell-for-leather to-morrow. I did n't say you *had* been looting; but you 're in a bit of a hole, I tell you frankly. Doped? Perhaps you were; but the less you say about it to-night the better. Keep that for a G.O.M., or wait until the morning, when you 've slept it off. I 'm sorry, but I shall have to put you in the guard-room behind there. I 'm sleeping in it myself. We 've no officers' cubicles here. You 'll have to make the best of it. Give me your best, please. Follow me."

He took the officer into the adjoining apartment. Rows of men lay upon the stone floor without mattresses, sleeping the sleep of deep exhaustion,

the flotsam and jetsam of the storm. Some of them muttered in their sleep. As they entered, a man sat up and with dilated eyes that looked at them and beyond them, as though they were not there, shouted out:

"They 're coming! They 're coming! Christ! Where are our supports? I never ran. No; I never. I lost me way. I never meant to desert, sir. I 've a clean conduct-sheet."

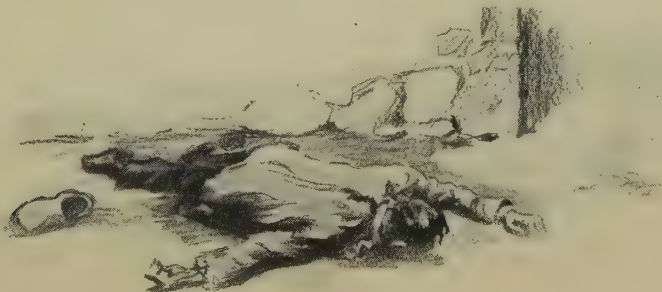
The A.P.M. hastily withdrew the blanket. "Take my bed," he said. "Take it, I tell you. I 've no use for it. I 've got work to do."

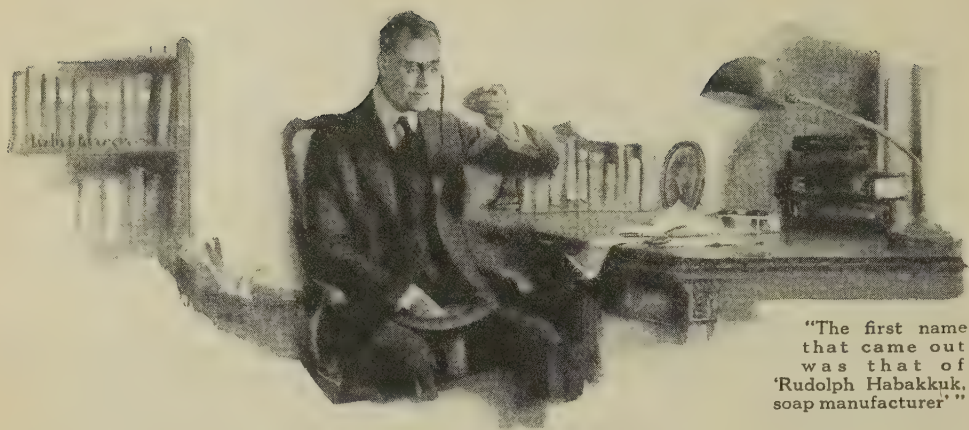
The other sank down upon the A.P.M.'s bed without a word. In a minute he was fast asleep.

"It 's my belief he was doped, sir," said the sergeant. "There are spies all over the place now. With all our road-controls gone and this mix-up, they 're having the time of their lives."

"I dare say you 're right, Sergeant. Put me on to the *liaison*. We must relieve Jackson; he can't stay keeping watch over that civilian all night. The French will take good care of him." He took up the receiver. "Hulloa! Hulloa! Are you there?"

AT ten o'clock the next morning a squad of six French infantrymen in two files under the charge of a *sous-officier* emerged from a courtyard behind the rue Gambetta. They had only been there five minutes, but it was long enough for their purpose. They were followed by a priest, holding up the skirts of his cassock as he delicately picked his steps. In the courtyard behind them a man in a blouse lay on his face, with his white hands stretched out and six bullets in his heart.





"The first name
that came out
was that of
'Rudolph Habakkuk,
soap manufacturer'"

The Chinaman's Head

By L. CABOT HEARN

Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson

THERE must be oodles of money in it, I thought, and what a delightful existence, just one complication after another. I can imagine a beginning: "As he looked more nearly at the round object in the middle of the sidewalk, he discovered that it was the completely severed head of a Chinese laundryman." There you have it at once—mystery! Gripping! Big! Large! In fact, immense! Then your story covers twenty-five chapters, in which you unravel why it was a Chinese laundryman and whose Chinese laundryman it was. Excellent! I shall write mystery stories.

I lit another cigarette and sat thinking of mystery. Did you ever realize this about mystery? It gets more and more mysterious the more you think of it. It was getting too mysterious for me already. Just then my wife called me to lunch.

"Did you ever think, my dear," I said affably as I unfolded my napkin and the roll in it bounced to the floor. They always do with me. It seems a rather cheap form of amusement, putting rolls in napkins. "Did you ever think," I said, recovering the roll.

"Oh, often," said my wife.

This somewhat disconcerted me.

"I mean," I said, accidentally ladling the cold consommé into my tea-cup—"I mean, what would you do if you found a Chinaman's head on the sidewalk?"

"Step on it," said my wife, promptly.

It was quite unexpected.

"I mean *seriously*," I said, handing her my tea-cup, which she refused.

"I am quite serious," said my wife; "but I wish you would watch what you are doing."

I spent the next few minutes doing it.

"I am thinking," I said gravely over my cutlet, "of writing mystery-stories."

"That will be quite harmless," returned the woman I once loved with passion.

I ignored her tone.

"The mystery-story," I said, "is a money-maker. Look at 'Sherlock Holmes,' and look at—well, look at 'Old and Young King Brady'!"

"All those dime novels are written by the same man," said my wife, unemotionally.

"*Were*, my dear. I believe that man is dead now."

"Then it's his brother," said my wife.

"But I am not going to descend to the dime novel," I went on. "I am going to write the higher type of mystery-story. My first story will concern the Oriental of whom I have spoken. It will be called 'The Chinaman's Head.' Don't you think it a good idea?"

"But that is n't all of it?" the rainbow fancy of my lost youth questioned, at the same time making a long arm for the olives.

"Of course not. There are innumerable complications. They—er—they complicate—"

"Such as?"

"Of course," I said, "I conceived this idea just before lunch. I have had no time as yet to work out the mere detail."

"Oh," said my lifelong penance, chewing an end of celery.

But after lunch I sat down at my desk and began to concentrate upon the complications. I wrote down some names of characters that occurred to me, and put them into a hat. Then I took them out of the hat and wrote after them the type of person that belonged to the name. Then I put them into the hat again, shook the hat, and drew them out. This is entirely my own invention in writing a mystery-story. The first name that came out was that of "Rudolph Habakkuk, soap manufacturer."

It was an excellent beginning. I was immediately interested in the story. I began it at once.

"Ha!" exclaimed Rudolph Habakkuk, soap manufacturer, starting violently at what he saw before him upon the broad pavements of Fifth Avenue. The round, yellow object glistened in the oblique rays of the afternoon sun. It was a Chinaman's head!"

I thought it excellent, pithy, precise. Scene, the whole character of one of the principal figures in the story, the crux of the mystery—all at a glance, as it were. And what more revealing than that simple, yet complete, designation, soap manufacturer! I could n't resist going into the next room and reading it to my wife. I said:

"Does n't it arouse your curiosity?"

"Yes," said my wife, biting off a thread. "But how did it get there?"

"What? The Chinaman's head? Oh, that is the mystery."

"I should say it was," said my wife to herself.

I left the begrudging woman and returned to my study. I sat down to think about how it got there. I thought almost an hour about how it got there. Do you know, it quite eluded me? I took my hat and overcoat and went down the street to talk to Theodore Rowe, who is an author of sorts.

"Let's hear your plot," said Theodore, giving me a cigarette and a cocktail.

"Well," I started off immediately, with decision, "you see, this Rudolph Habakkuk is a wealthy soap manufacturer. On Christmas day, when he is walking down Fifth Avenue, he is arrested—"

"Ah," said Theodore. "Arson, or just for being a soap manufacturer?"

"I did not think *you* would interrupt," I said solemnly. "He is arrested by a Chinaman's head."

"Really," said Theodore, "don't you think that's drawing the long bow a bit? Is it 'Alice in Wonderland' or a ghost-story?"

"He sees it on the pavement," I pursued as well as I could. "It is entirely cut off. I mean it is decapitated, you know. The head is decapitated."

"Yes," answered Theodore, slowly, "I see. It would be. Heads get that way."

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it?"

"I have n't heard the story yet," remarked Theodore.

"Oh," I replied a trifle impatiently, I am afraid. "But that is the idea. The details are to be worked out later. Don't you think it's a striking idea?"

"I should say so," said Theodore, rising; "almost too striking. Have another cocktail. They're good for what ails you."

"Thanks," I said. "But, you see, the fact is I *have* got a bit—er—perplexed about how to explain the appearance of the head. Possibly you could suggest?"

"Well," said Theodore, pursing his lips in deep thought, "let me see. Have you thought of the Chinaman being in a manhole? Only his head showing, you know." He turned his back on me and drew out his handker-

chief. He seemed to have a very bad cold.

"No," I said emphatically, "this is a severed head."

"It might have been dropped from a ballooo—*achoo!*" gargled Theodore, his back still turned.

"Really, Theodore," I said, rising, "thank you for the drinks, but I must say your mind does n't seem to fire to a true mystery-story. I must have something better than that. I shall have to find it."

As I was going down the front steps, Theodore opened the door.

"Oh, Tuffin," he called after me, "how did he know it was a Chinaman?"

"By the queue wound round the neck," I called back. It was rather good for an impromptu, I think. "The man had been murdered."

I then found myself colliding with a policeman. He looked after me suspiciously.

My wife reminded me that we were to dine at the Royles's that night. As I dressed I was still turning over in my mind the unlimited possibilities of my first mystery-story. I could see the colored jackets of the book, the publisher's announcements, other volumes in the same series, "The Musical Finger-bowls," "The Pink Emerald," "The Green Samovar," "The Purple Umbrella." Imagination flamed. My wife said she had called me three times, but I know it was only once.

I had expected it to be rather a dull dinner party, but really Mrs. Revis quite brightened it for me. She was immediately interested in my becoming an author, and she began to talk about Dostoyevsky.

"Well, you know—just at first," I rejoined in modest deprecation of my own talents.

"And tell me your first story. What is it to be?" She leaned toward me with large and shining eyes. I had a moment of wishing the title were not quite so sensational.

"It—well, it is to be called 'The Chinaman's Head,'" I said, hastening to add, "You see, it is a very deep mystery-story."

"A-ah, mystery!" said Mrs. Revis,

clasping her beautiful hands and gazing upward. "I *adore* mystery!"

"The plot is," I said—"well, you see, there is a soap manufacturer—"

"A-ah, soup!" softly moaned Mrs. Revis, gazing at hers.

"No; soap," I said. "The soap manufacturer is walking along Fifth Avenue—"

"They really should n't allow them," exclaimed my confidante.

"Yes, but he is—and—and he sees a Chinaman's head."

"Where?"

"A-ah," I said, "that is the touch—a severed head at his feet!"

Her dismay was pleasing. I had aroused her. She choked over her soup.

"Tell me more!" she gasped.

"Certainly," I said. "The—the way it got there—"

What an infernal thing a mystery-story is! How should I know how it got there! Is n't the effect enough? Some day I shall write a story entirely composed of effects.

As I drew our Ford up at our door, my wife suddenly turned to me.

"It is n't so late, George, and Sam Lee is just down at the corner. He should have brought the laundry this afternoon. I entirely forgot about it, and to-morrow's Sunday."

"But surely they close up."

"Oh, no; he'll be open. Maida went for it two Saturdays ago at about this time. They work all night, you know. Please, George!"

"Oh, all right," I said resignedly. I jogged and pulled things and ambled down the block. Sure enough, the laundry was still lighted and doing business. It always smells of lychee-nuts and bird's-nest soup inside. The black-haired yellow boy grinned at me. "How do!"

I explained my errand and secured the large parcel. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. The very thing! These Orientals were full of subtlety. I would put it to him.

"John," I said impressively, "listen!" His name was Sam, but I always call them John.

He listened attentively, watching me with beady black eyes.

"John," I said, "what would you do



"'A-ah, mystery!' said Mrs. Revis, clasping her beautiful hands and gazing upward. 'I adore mystery!'"

if your head—no; I mean—what would you do if a soap manufacturer—no; perhaps we had better get at it this way. If a Chinaman's head was cut off—see what I mean?" I leaned forward and indicated by an appropriate and time-honored gesture the process of decapitation. John—I mean Sam—took two steps hastily backward, and his eyes became pin-points. He jabbered something at his friend in the rear room.

"Now, John—I mean Sam," I said mollifyingly, "don't be foolish. Just come back nearer—"

"That 'll be all of that shenanigan," said a very Irish voice behind me. I turned, and saw the policeman with whom I had so nearly collided that afternoon.

"That 'll be all, I say," remarked Roundsman Reardon, as I afterward found his name to be. "Sur-r, ain't yeesh ashamed of yerself, scarin' the likes o' these Chinks into the fright o' their shadow?" He leveled a large, pudgy finger at me. "An' I hear-rd ye this afternoon. I seen ye an' I hear-rd ye. An' ye may be thankful I know ye by reputation to be har-rmless. But ye 'll come with me quiet, an' I 'll escar-rt ye back to yer own house, an' leave the wife to put ye to bed. Ain't ye ashamed to be drinkin' this way an' makin' a sneak with the la'ndry without payin', by hopes of frightenin'—"

"That is not true," I answered hotly, for my blood was up. "I intend to pay. I had forgotten."

"Ye had forgotten," said Reardon, a whit contemptuously. "An' ye was askin' the China boy how he w'u'd like to be murdered!"

"I will explain to you, Officer," I said in the street. "I am writing a story. I was merely seeking a native impression."

"That 'll be as it may be," said Reardon. "Ye give me the impression—"

"Suppose you had *your* head cut off—" I began affably enough. But I got no further.

"It is as I thought," said Reardon, gloomily. He got in beside me, and he helped me out at my own house, though I needed absolutely no assistance. He seemed to want to give me a bit of advice.

"Lay off the stuff, sur-r," he said ponderously. "An' ye wid the fine wife you have!" He shook his head a number of times, glanced with sad resignation at my wife as she led me in, and departed, still shaking his head. I can't tell you how all that head-shaking annoyed me.

I STARTED awake in the middle of the night. It was unbelievably excellent.

"Jane!" I said to my wife, "Jane, it's wonderful. It's come to me!"

But Jane did not answer.

"Jane," I said happily, "you see, the Chinaman's head—"

"If you say Chinaman to me again," returned my wife, sleepily, "I 'll leave you. There are six pieces missing from that laundry."

And she never knew.



The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustration by George Giguère

CHAPTER XXVI

NAPIER and Julian exchanged wireless messages as they passed each other on the high seas. "Nan is waiting for you in New York," was Napier's greeting.

When next he heard of either of them, Napier was in France; those two were together in America. Then he heard of Nan's being in London "for two weeks." Next she wrote him a line from New York: "Because Julian is overworked, and he's had horrid letters from home. Please write him something cheerful."

Napier responded to this invitation by sending a sealed packet by Tommy Durrant, through the foreign-office bag, giving a brief account of Greta von Schwarzenberg's more pernicious activities. He ended by commending Julian to Roderick Taylor for confirmation. The answer to this, anxiously waited for, came in the form of a denunciation of all secret service: "As long as we employ spies we shall suffer from spies and from lies." Greta, according to Julian, had been alarmed and harried into associations alien to her nature. As to the incontestable fact that after being deported, she had slipped back to England and had crossed the ocean disguised as a Belgian, that was "our doing. If we go interfering with freedom of travel, we must expect—" For his own part, he was busied from morning till night about matters of major importance. He had no time for fellows like Taylor. In some ways America was disappointing, but England was going from bad to worse.

From one and all of Julian's letters of that period Napier gathered that for refreshment in a very dusty time Julian bathed his spirit in the girl's unfailing sympathy and faith. Driven and harassed as Julian was, alienated from

his family, divided from old friends, with neither health nor energy to make new, he seemed able to wait for Nan Ellis's slow-forming inclination toward a closer relation, since as he wrote in his astonishing way—"since she is of such service to the work." Her special "service" seemed to be the going back and forth between London and New York.

Through all that nightmare of physical dirt, discomfort, and hourly danger, the bitter knowledge was pressed home that the being Gavan Napier loved best on earth was crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic on an errand he abhorred—an errand which he, by putting the secret-service people on the track of Atlantic contraband, had changed from something safe and easy into something so difficult and so full of peril that he quailed before opening those letters of Julian's, which might tell of the failure, the detection, the arrest of the messenger.

From English sources, as the months went on, echoes reached Napier in the trenches of Mr. Julian Grant's writings and speeches on the other side of the Atlantic, utterances of such a character as brought disaster upon certain persons in London held responsible for not foreseeing the inadvisability of allowing the notorious pacifist to cross the Atlantic.

It was at a time when Anglo-American relations had suffered to the point of danger by the British authorities having held up American ships carrying supplies that would ultimately find their way through neutral countries to Germany. Whether owing to the fact that German propaganda in the U. S. A. was then at the height of its success, the war spirit called to life by the *Lusitania* disaster languished during a protracted interchange of notes between

the United States and the Central powers.

NAN was as poor a letter-writer as Julian was admirable. One of her meager little missives reached Napier soon after the so-called "great advance" which toward the end of September, 1915, gained a fragment of French soil about Loos at colossal cost.

"I want you to know," she wrote, "that I've been learning these last months in New York what the triumph of German methods would mean for the world. Here, in the midst of all this luxury and waste, I've come to envy loss and sacrifice. If we in America don't get our share of it, I don't know what is to become of us." And then, from the passionate patriot, that passing mock at "Americans, from a safe distance, distributing victuals and justice to people giving up their lives."

Looking back, after all the turmoil and tragedy had gone by, Napier realized as clearly as though he had been an eye-witness the despair that fell on Julian when he heard from her own lips that Nan was against what Germany stands for. "I want my country to be against it," she wrote Napier, "and there seems to be only one way. It is n't, not yet, the way of peace. Well, there it is. I have failed Julian in the work he cares more about than anything in the world. I say to myself, I won't fail him in other ways if I can help it. What do you say, Gavan?"

Before there was time to "say," Napier had received his two wounds, a shell-shattered foot and a damaged right wrist. He was sent home, and for six-and-thirty days lay chafing in a London hospital. The time hung horribly. Most of Napier's friends were in active service or dead; the rest were swamped in work. He'd have gone out of his mind, he said afterward, if it had n't been for Tommy Durrant. Tommy, with his eye-glass and his pre-war elegance unimpaired, his alertness and sound sense increased by new responsibilities, was still behind the old scenes and in and out of the new as well. He had been "lent" to the Admiralty Intelligence Department. Tommy was full of the increasing difficulty in Anglo-

American relations. One day he came in full of "a scheme we've just put through"—a scheme talked of with a careless air, but in a voice carefully modulated.

"That woman on the other side who used to be at the McIntyres' came back as a Belgian nun after we'd deported her, you know. Well, your friend in New York, Taylor, has traced a beastly lot of trouble to Schwarzenberg and her gang. For months Taylor's kept telling our people over here it was childish to go straining every nerve to keep the American balance from tipping the wrong way, pouring out money, losing prestige, above all, losing time, while we leave people like that woman and her nest of adders to breed their poison—"

"What can we do?" Napier interrupted, hopeless of the answer.

"Get her out of that."

"Out of America?"

Tommy nodded with such vigor that his eye-glass fell out.

"I admit it'll be damned difficult, but Singleton," he said, replacing the monocle firmly once more—"Singleton thinks he's found the way." Then in the deepest confidence Tommy told Napier about an ex-German spy, one Ernst Pforzheim, who'd had relations with the Schwarzenberg woman. "He'd done a lot of useful work in America as well as here, but Singleton had got our people to tell him they were n't satisfied. There was really only one thing they wanted of Pforzheim, and he had n't done it. He's already told the chief there were special reasons why he, Pforzheim, of all people in the world, should n't touch this Schwarzenberg business. The chief could n't see it.

"But I'm dead!" wails Pforzheim.

"You've got to come alive," said the chief and grinned. You never in your life saw a man as depressed as that German when he heard he was somehow or other to find a way to rid us of that woman.

"To rid you of her?" he says, his eyes bulging. "She's a deal more likely to rid you of me."

"The chief looked as if he could bear that, but he said all he insisted on was that Schwarzenberg should be got out of America. No power under heaven,

Pforzheim told him, would tempt Schwarzenberg to leave America.

"'You set me an impossible task!' he declared.

"'It 's the condition,' says the chief.

"'It 's my death-sentence,' says Pforzheim. That was how he went off."

For the next three weeks, whenever Tommy appeared, Napier would ask, as though Ernst Pforzheim, too, were in hospital, how that person was getting on.

Though Tommy was forever full of other news, all that he was able to produce relating to the luckless Ernst was that he 'd disappeared.

Napier had n't succeeded in getting his letters forwarded from France in those terrible days. After four weeks in hospital he cabled Julian what had happened and that he was getting on all right. A fortnight later, the day of Napier's discharge, came a telegram from New York.

Returning with Nan to-morrow. *S.S. Leyden*. JULIAN.

Not altogether by the ways that would have seemed most direct, not solely through the principals concerned, did Napier come by his most intimate knowledge of what happened on that voyage, which was for many to be the last. From his long familiarity with the way Julian "took things"; from familiarity, not long, but lit by the lamp of passion, with the natural turns and reactions of Nan Ellis, Napier filled in the outlines of the widely published and privately rehearsed story, until to him, the lover on shore, the experiences of that voyage wore an actuality denied to many of those who in their own persons lived out the awful hours. As it accumulated, this knowledge of Napier's came to be of that complete type that some of us cherish concerning matters in which our sharing has been of the kind invisible. We were not there in any ordinary sense, yet indubitably we are more intensely there in that we are not blinded by panic or numbed by the mental or the bodily blow. We, aloof in the conning-towers of love, are spared no sight, no pang. We look down with every natural sense sharpened, with some perceptions, called as

yet supernatural, giving voices to the silence and to the darkness vision. But apart from these less generally recognized avenues of information, there were the great outstanding facts which filled the papers of two hemispheres.

The first six days of the *Leyden's* voyage were, from the steamship company's point of view, wholly uneventful. Mr. Julian Grant had come on board obviously far from well. The reporters who interviewed him just before he sailed remarked upon the fact. Hallett Newcomb, a middle-aged Englishman of letters, returning home upon conclusion of an extended lecture tour, who had some pre-war acquaintance with Mr. Grant and yet more with Gavan Napier, had been struck at once by the change. Julian Grant's liteness had become fragility, almost emaciation. He walked with the old briskness, but as under a goad. Those little lines slanting away from each side of the mustache should have taken the antique pencil another ten years to grave. Grant had n't yet given his life in the Great War, but of a surety he had given his youth. It was gone forever. In those bright Indian-summer days that followed he would lie bundled up in his deck-chair while hour after hour, in that low, comforting voice, the girl who was his traveling companion read to him. The passengers commented on a supposed likeness between the two, though there was little in it beyond a common delicacy of feature and identity of coloring. But people on the *Leyden*, according to Newcomb, took the pair at first for brother and sister. Anyway, she treated him like a brother, a younger brother who was to be soothed and cared for.

The matter in those books and papers that Mr. Grant seemed never to have enough of was not such stuff as would have soothed the British censor. However, it stirred to enthusiasm the frequent visitor to that sheltered nook on the deck—Miss Genevieve Sherman, as the forged passport gave out Miss Ellis's fascinating black-haired friend. To the fact that Miss Ellis did n't seem to know the lady was her friend Mr. Newcomb was an unwilling witness. He had chanced to see the younger woman mak-

ing her escape from the other on deck, only to be trapped in the cul-de-sac corridor at the bottom of which was Newcomb's cabin. Behind the half-hooked-back door he was looking through his papers for a registered cable address. The tête-à-tête outside began so quietly that he had for those first moments no sense of hearing anything private.

"So you did n't expect to see me," said the lady whom the girl called Greta.

"How could I expect such a thing?"

"Why not?"

"Why not! For the reason that sends my heart into my mouth when I realize only a little of"—the girl's voice hesitated—"of what you must know far more. The risk, Greta, the awful risk!"

"It's dear of you"—the heavier voice was caressing—"dear of you to keep thinking of that. And you're a clever child to have spotted me at once."

"Clever? I've seen you as so many people by now, I think I've got down at last to the things you can't change." The weight of sadness in the words brought out one of the woman's challenging laughs.

"I gather that what you think the essential me does n't make you very gay, dear child."

The dear child said nothing.

"You should n't be surprised to see me here, running some risk it's useless to deny; but after the way we parted, what else could you expect?"

"Greta, you have n't come because of—not really because of me?"

"You've never realized," said the appealing voice, "what you were to me."

There was a longer pause and then, half choked, two little sentences fell out:

"It all seems no good any more. I shall never feel the same."

"Not the same, perhaps. You may feel something better, closer. Anyhow, I could n't let you go away, to the other side of the world without—Why, Nan, you did n't even answer my letters!"

"I could n't."

"Could n't?"

"There was n't any more to say."

"That's where you're wrong. There is more to say. And that's one reason why I'm here—"

Newcomb slammed down the top of his portmanteau and rattled his keys.

Any ill success she may have had with the girl did not prevent Miss Greta from seizing every opportunity to work on the sympathies of the gentleman, above all, to ally herself with his international ideals. "You and I" was a phrase which Newcomb often caught as he strolled by; "from our point of view." One of the impressions that was to remain longest, because often renewed during the week at sea, was the group of which Grant remained the center; he lying spent, in his chair; Miss Ellis in another, finger in book and eyes lowered; while on the other side of him sat Miss Greta, suave, smiling, talking to Mr. Grant, but turning ingratiatingly every now and then to the girl, only to be met by that refusal of the eyes even more marked than the blankness of silence.

Miss Greta did not continue to take this irresponsiveness well. Behind the continued and tireless effort her mood hardened, her resentment grew.

Newcomb could see that much, though she pretended with some success to make up for any disappointment, and more than make up, by turning the head of a lanky American youth.

The source of Mr. Craig Ashmole's attraction baffled Newcomb till he found out the young man's business: Mr. Ashmole was on his way to England to fill a telegraphy post. Two days out from New York one of the *Leyden's* wireless operators had taken to his bed; Mr. Ashmole was now installed as deputy assistant. The carroty and myopic youth was not above twenty-three and very keen about his job. He knew it well in its scientific, if not in its political, aspect; and he knew women not at all. Miss Greta's amused effort to fill up this hiatus in his education afforded no less amusement to certain lookers-on at the little comedy, as they thought it.

This was not the view of the one or two who knew the persistent fight made by the lady that first day out for the privilege of receiving wireless messages. Under the new rule no one had access to outside news except specially privileged official persons. It was doubtful if the rule held good after Miss Greta had publicly flouted more personable men in favor of the deputy assist-

ant operator. At carefully chosen times and, for the most part, in out-of-the-way corners she flirted outrageously with the absurd Ashmole. She dazed him, she dazzled him, she rattled him, she pumped him. She raised him to heaven, she reduced him to despair. She comforted him till he saw stars on the blackest night.

It was Saturday, and they had been six days at sea. But for the fact that the captain had gone ninety miles out of his course for some good reason of his own, they might, before the light of that day failed, have been sighting the round towers on the Irish coast.

The usual restlessness of the last hours of a voyage, when people alternately write letters and pack, or feverishly cement new friendships and pack, was augmented by the fact of each passenger finding in his cabin late that afternoon a card on which appeared the sinister legend, "In case of need your boat is—" and a number followed. The very calmness of the information and its manner of conveyance increased the eeriness of the warning.

WAS it the lifeboat-card which those two, Grant and Miss Ellis, were discussing with that absorbed intensity?

When Newcomb had finished his four miles with the second officer and the congressman from Vermont, he came to a stop by Grant's corner in time to hear the girl break into the middle of something he was saying and urge Grant to go below. He was to try to sleep off his headache; anyway, "make up a little for loss of rest before—before—" she stumbled and looked away an instant. A world of trouble was in the face she turned again to watch the slight figure go swaying down the deck and catch at the jamb of the door to steady himself an instant before he disappeared into the companionway. He had left a book open on his rug. On the deck, all around his chair, lay the modern exemplars of that literature of peace which seems, like the old, to bring the sword.

Newcomb's eye roved once again over titles in English and German, and from the scattered incrimination he looked at the face of the girl.

"I seem to have noticed that these

sentiments don't stir you to much enthusiasm."

"They are worthy of enthusiasm," she answered, as though parrying an attack on Julian behind his back.

"Why do you make phrases?" Newcomb demanded.

"I don't." Whether the quickened look in her face sprang from a pricked conscience Newcomb could n't be sure. "Well, *are n't* they full"—her eyes swept the litter of books and papers—"full of fine and splendid things? You know they are. Only—"

"Only?"

She drew herself up, and the tight-press lips parted to say:

"However much we believe them, if the house was on fire, we could n't think about these things. The house *is* on fire. I can't think about—anything except saving the house and the people who are being burnt."

"Does n't Mr. Grant tell you that those are exactly *his* aims—to save the house' and 'to save the people'?"

"Yes," she owned sadly; "he thinks about saving everything except himself." She stopped abruptly, frightened at having made an admission which may have implied much or little. She studied Newcomb a moment with a gaze that made him long to say: "Yes, believe in me. Why should n't you?"

Whether the silent monition reached her, certainly her next words showed no agitation, rather, a queer, poised sagacity.

"What I sit here thinking," she went on, "is that maybe a stupid fireman, even a bad, lying fireman, could 'save the house' where Julian—Julian would only be burnt to death with the rest."

As though acting on sudden impulse, Newcomb brought out the question he had been longing to put all these days.

"Do you mind my asking you why are you leaving home at a time when traveling is—to say the least—" In the pause he said to himself: She won't trust me. Why should she, except for the difference it had seemed to make to her to learn that he was a friend not only of Grant's, but of Gavan Napier's. In the first days they had talked about Napier.

"I 've come," she said after a moment—"I 've come because, do what I

would; I could n't prevent Mr. Grant's coming."

"I see. You would n't be on this ship if Mr. Grant were n't."

She hesitated again.

"You can see how ill he is, and his coming to America and getting deeper into—all this, holding those meetings in New York and being so attacked about them at home, that's my doing."

"Your doing!" said Newcomb, giving astonishment the rein.

"Yes. If I had n't written to him—the things I did write, he would n't have come to America."

"What things?"

"I can't tell anybody that. But it's because I did n't do something I'd promised, that's why Julian's here. Since there are things I *can't* do, it's my business to do what I can." Very wisely Newcomb sat silent; she, too, as long as she could bear it. "I've told you this,—you see how private it is,—but I've told you because—" Her voice clouded. She turned away her head.

"Is n't it because you realize that I'd like to be of some use if I could?"

"Would you—*could* you help about him—Mr. Grant?"

Newcomb's moment of silence unnerved her.

"Oh, if you *knew* how we all tried to keep him in America!"

"Would n't he have stayed," Newcomb dared to ask, "if you had stayed?"

"No! no! Oh, you don't understand Julian. He has a duty—to the other men at home and to the country. He thinks he can help; you've heard him. 'While some men, who see it that way, are fighting for liberty abroad, it's laid on others to fight for liberty at home.' I could almost be glad he is so ill if only we had landed and I could get him home to Scotland! I did n't know whether you might, perhaps, be willing to help me to do that."

"Willing? I would indeed be willing. The question is: my power, anybody's power."

She bent forward, but the breath that should have gone in words she held an instant. And then very low the syllables fell out:

"What will they do—when we land?"

"What will they do?"

"Yes, to Julian."

"I don't know."

"You have n't the least idea? Well, Julian has. He's been telling me, preparing me this afternoon."

"What has he been telling you?"

"That — these — these are his last hours as a free man." She dropped the ghost of a sob into the silence, and her head went down into her hands. It was only for a second. She sat erect again. "What he's been saying in America is enough, he thinks. Do *you* think that's enough to put a very noble person in prison in free England?"

Newcomb had n't often wanted more to do anything than he wanted now to reassure you. It should be accounted to him for righteousness that he said:

"I don't know."

CHAPTER XXVII

AT dinner that last night the place of the wireless youth was vacant. So was the place of the Dutch official next Lady Neave, whom they called Lady Gieve, because during the first days she had worn her jacket of that name, deflated, but evident, all day and, according to report, all night. Half-way across the Atlantic she had been smiled out of her fears so far as to carry the life-preserver over her arm.

Miss Ellis was the only person who took no part in the discussion of the rumor which ran about the ship of a wireless message said to have been received by the Dutch official. His bedroom steward, also Dutch, had seen it—"A great battle and a German defeat."

The news accounted beyond doubt for the increased noisiness of the dinner. From the table behind Newcomb rose excited accents, "*Es ist unglaublich!*"

Newcomb turned, and caught Miss Ellis's eye. He had changed his place to the empty one beside her after hearing that Mr. Grant was n't coming down—"a headache."

"The wireless leakage seems to have let loose a fair amount of *furor Teutonicus*," he said.

She nodded; plainly she had heard the news. But she did n't want to discuss it at a board where old Professor Mohrenheim and his gentle, genial wife

occupied their places, as polite as ever, but a trifle restrained and preoccupied to-night. Voices from the all-German table rose louder.

It was known that on the last voyage excitement over some war news, published in the customary small weekly, had led to a riot. Certain offended patriots, among both Germans and their opponents, had been brought to port in irons. This was the first crossing during which no newspaper had been issued, and no wireless telegrams had appeared on the notice-board. The wisdom of these measures was abundantly proved. The mere breath of rumor had transformed the ship's company. Allies put their heads together and exulted. Neutrals argued more or less openly, betraying in every word the impossibility of neutrality. The old German couple at the end of Nan's table sat marooned. They glanced now and then, wistfully, at the all-German table next them. The sound of the German tongue rumbled and clashed above the jar of crockery and service metal.

"Is n't it strange,"—Nan leaned to Newcomb as she lowered her voice,—*"when I used to hear German, I'd think about music and poetry and words like Waldesduft"*—

"And what do you think about now—words like Belgium?"

"That is n't fair," she said quietly. "All war is awful."

"But I'd like to know what you do think about, then, instead of music and *Waldesduft*."

"No."

He urged her.

"Please!"

"I could n't, not at the same table where that dear old couple sit," she said quickly and glanced down the long table at the Mohrenheims.

"Tell me up-stairs."

She shook her head.

"I don't think I shall even up-stairs. If, as I believe, the worst stories are n't true, it's wrong to repeat them."

"Why is it wrong to tell me and let me judge if I am to believe?"

But she would n't.

"To repeat them gives them a false trueness," she said in that careful undertone. "Oh, I can't explain; but just

to put them into words seems to spread a poison."

"You can't trust me to distinguish, to help you to distinguish?"

Again she shook her head.

"What I have to think is, if some people, mistaken people, believed such things about us Americans, what would I say if I were asked whether I thought it a good thing that the false stories against us should be repeated? To make horrible pictures in people's brains; and, if the brains are weak, to turn them."

"I am sorry my brains inspire you with such distrust."

"Perhaps it's my own I'm shaky about. But I don't believe any brain can keep steady under some stories. No; must n't think about them."

"She gets that from Grant," Newcomb decided. He looked across the captain's table where, next the captain's empty place, sat the only person in the saloon unmoved, you would say, by the news—a British naval officer, grave, monosyllabic, and showing just that same face throughout the voyage. Not so much as a hint about his errand to the States and little enough about anything else. Until the fourth night out he had slept or dozed over a book. The only five minutes during which he had appeared really awake had been when some one in the smoking-room repeated Julian Grant's asseveration that the German atrocity stories were "faked." "Every nation tells them of its enemy. Only the ignorant and unthinking are taken in."

It was then that the officer dozing in the corner lifted that face of his, with its hard, fine outline like a profile on an old coin, and came to life. The indifference cleared out of his eyes as low-hung, smoldering smoke will clear before the blast.

"If to be taken in by 'faked' stories was *all* that the innocent had to fear!" In cold accents he told about a Belgian girl. Daughter of an officer in the Belgian Army, a man he knew. When the Germans took Antwerp she was carried off. Fell into the hands of a U-boat captain. When he'd done with her, handed her over to his crew. She did n't die quickly enough. They threw her

overboard. "An officer's daughter!" he repeated, as though that were the culminating point of the horror.

Some one repeated the story to Julian. His anger was a thing no one would forget. *Believe* it? Such stories were told for a purpose. It was "the kind of poison that infects people's wits and loses them their souls. Makes brute beasts out of humans. There are minds that batten on such lies. They get decent people to listen in the fevered abnormal state all nerves are in nowadays. Foulness that would be choked back down their obscene throats at other times, it's listened to like some message out of Sinai or Olympus. I tell you the German U-boat captains are as good men as ever the hag War breeds. They *must* be men of character. You dare n't give a job like that to a drunken, rotten roué."

Here was Miss Greta at last, never so late as to-night and never so resplendent, now in silver sequins and black lace.

"I 'm glad"—she spoke to a lady across the table—"glad to see you 've emancipated yourself."

"Emancipated—how?" Lady Neave asked.

"You 've broken the tyranny of the Gieve jacket."

"Don't tell me I 've—" Lady Neave turned to look at the back of her chair—"yes, gone and forgotten it!" She moved outward on her swiveled chair.

"No! no!" The congressman from Vermont protested there was no need to prepare for anything so grotesque, so melodramatic, as a cold-blooded attempt to sink this poor old tub.

Miss Greta held high her braid-crowned head.

"This innocent old tub," she said, "has carried thousands of tons of ammunition; but," she added reluctantly, "I don't think Lady Gieve—oh, forgive me! I mean Lady Neave," she bent gracious brows upon her opposite neighbor,—"*I quite* agree you won't need your jacket on this voyage."

No one answered. In the midst of a general animation the silence that reigned again round Greta spoke to her, spoke loud. She stared about her.

"What has become of the hors

d'œuvres?" she demanded. The Dutch steward could not have helped hearing. He went on serving the others. Again she spoke to him, more sharply still.

"Alvays it ees somet'ing! From the fir-rst you come on board," he muttered incoherently.

She turned round in her seat.

"What? *What* do you say?"

"What I say? You need not be down on me because Zhermany is beat."

Miss Greta stared.

"Germany beaten! You must be mad."

The steward's face had grown red; his anger was mounting still.

"I get it straight," he said. "Dere vas a great battle. De English and French have beat de Zhermans."

"It is a lie!"

"How do you know that?" asked the calm voice of Newcomb at Greta's side.

"How does one know anything? You would n't expect me to consider the possibility of such a thing just because"—her contempt followed the steward for those first yards of his progress toward the side table—"because *that* sort of creature says so?" She looked round for understanding. Something in the averted eyes of the company nettled her. "He says it, *arme Wurm*," she went on with her head high, "from the same motives that make others long to believe it. Jealousy."

"Do we understand you to say," Newcomb asked, "that you would n't believe news, however authentic, of a German defeat?"

"There *could* n't be authentic news of a German defeat. If it came from some one I knew and trusted, if all the people I know and trust combined to say there had been a German defeat, I should know they were wrong."

While she waited for the hors d'œuvres, her handsome shoulders thrown back, her chin high, she pronounced a pæan to *Kultur cum* militarism. Newcomb construed it as a letting off of pent-up steam, a vent for anger against Miss Ellis and against the gathering cloud of enemies. But it was also something more. It had in it an element of fanaticism, mixed with balked passion for force. A reckless joy in the doctrine of stick at nothing to serve the end. With such an accent we have heard



"I have a cabin below . . . I place it at the lady's disposal"

some one very old or very young and weak saying, "*We* bombed them out of the wood," or, "*We* took Hill 60." It is a singular thing in psychology and yet to be explored, this passion on the part of the physically weaker for those very brute forces in the universe which, but for their opposites, would be the sure undoing of all but the physically strongest, and, in the end, of them as well.

In the midst of her hymn to Teutonism, Ashmole came in, looking more idiotic than usual, staring about out of his big glasses as though he could not recognize his table.

"Here we are," Miss Greta hailed him.

The youth paused by her chair an instant and mumbled something unintelligible, his eyes goggling as they swept the saloon.

"They told me the captain was down here."

Greta took hold of Ashmole's arm and tried in vain to pull him into the vacant place. He stood there lost while she whispered. Suddenly he bent and whispered back. They had done too much whispering in these last days for that to strike any one as specially strange. What struck Newcomb was the effect on Miss Greta of whatever it was Ashmole had said.

On the face that had met with brazen defiance the news of a German defeat was stamped something more than consternation. Ashmole's own nerves were not so shaken, but he saw that.

"It's all right," he said in the act of turning from her; "they won't get us. The lights are all out."

"Lights out, you say!" Greta had risen.

"Every port covered," Ashmole muttered over his shoulder.

"Fools! They must put the lights on. Do you hear? Instantly!" She clutched her head with both hands. "*This* is not the boat they want!"

Nan had risen, too. But that was because she saw Julian at the door of the saloon. Without a word he held up his hand. Equally without sound, she slipped away from the table and went toward the waiting figure. As she reached the door, a dull sound came,

with a long shuddering. It passed through the ship from end to end. Instead of the echo of that detonation setting the whole place instantly in motion, it had the effect of stilling for those first seconds such motion as had been. Several hundred tongues ceased wagging. Forks and spoons remained, arrested, half-way to people's mouths. The waiters stood, dish-covers in their hands, or bottles lifted to fill glasses. The very engines slowed to listen.

Even after the general movement began in the saloon, it was quiet movement and curiously undramatic; no crying out, no mad rush for the deck.

Some people looked about as if for information. Others tried to smile.

"It's come," said the congressman.

"What—*what* has come?" demanded Lady Neave through the rising hum.

Out of all the growing murmur and movement Newcomb heard Greta's tense whisper:

"*That*—a torpedo?"

THE captain's order traveled with a superhuman quickness:

"Life-belts first! Women and children to the boats!"

"Plenty of time for everybody to get a life-belt," was another form that ran from mouth to mouth. Whether that insistence calmed the people, certainly it was a strangely well-behaved company that made its way, despite the ship's increasing list to starboard, along corridors and up companionways. There was scarcely a breach in the general self-control till, on the lifeboat-deck, parties were broken up, and all men told to stand back. Though the great majority accepted the order in silence, it broke the courage of some among the women. Certain men tried persuasion. There were dumb partings; there was agonized resistance. Two or three evidently meant to stand out to the bitter end against being saved, or lost, apart from their men-folk. For a minute the morale of the crowd was in grave danger. A young wife's recurrent sob: "I can't! I can't!" rose to wildness with, "They'll have to kill me first!"

Newcomb, looking vainly about for Nan Ellis, saw a different face. Oh, yes, it belonged to that voice he had

been hearing under all the rest, patient, gentle, tireless—the voice saying now in its foreign-sounding English “It is for your husband’s safety that you go first.” More than the words, the motherly kindness on the blunt-featured face of the old German lady, prevailed upon the distracted girl. She let go her husband’s arm and clung to Mrs. Mohrenheim.

Newcomb saw now that it was Mrs. Mohrenheim who was helping the ship’s officers to marshal and send forward the women and children to those who had charge of the boats. It looked as if the task would have been too much for the officers but for Mrs. Mohrenheim. An extraordinary vigor, an exalted persuasiveness, had transformed the heavy figure and the homely face. Something she had given no hint of during the voyage came out of hiding and took charge.

Despite the increased listing of the ship, through all his own excitement and personal fear, which Newcomb afterward confessed, his habit of mechanical mental registry kept him vividly aware of what went on within his range.

Already, while Mrs. Mohrenheim was still dealing with that first and most unwilling of the young wives, Newcomb had seen “Miss Greta” pass. It had n’t taken her long to fling on a serge skirt and her fur-lined ulster. Above the life-belt fastened round her bulky figure was a brown canvas rucksack hoisted high against her shoulder-blades. She was fastening the buckles as she hastened toward her appointed boat, put a little out of her stride by the ever-stronger list to starboard. All the same, Miss Greta, beyond a doubt, would be among the first to take her appointed place, Newcomb told himself, and hers would be the first boat launched.

“Carry the child for this lady, will you?”

Mrs. Mohrenheim had thrust a baby into Newcomb’s arms.

“They say it’s this way—this way!” The baby’s mother, holding a little boy by the hand, hurried the child and Newcomb up the deck. The barrier of officers, stewards, and crew opened to let them through.

Miss Greta was already in the boat. The woman with the little boy was helped in, and Newcomb handed over the baby. The men at the pulleys began to lower the boat. Miss Greta was calmly tying a motor-veil round her cap.

Up on the bridge the captain, against a star-strewn sky, calling down orders, gave an impression of such tragic and awful loneliness that Newcomb was aware of a relief at seeing him joined by another figure. The two stood speaking while you might count seven or eight; then the captain pulled off his coat and exchanged with the watch-officer. The watch-officer came running down, putting on his chief’s coat. He took charge of the next boat that was being lowered. That was the boat that tilted and hung for some seconds over the water at an angle of forty-five degrees. The angle increased to the perpendicular, and the boat whirled round, dropping the people into the oily water. The calm night air struck icily on Newcomb’s sweat-beaded forehead as he drew back from the awful cries. A horror of violent death had pierced the numbness that followed on his first panic. On the way back to the diminishing crowd of women he peered into men’s faces.

“Do they realize?” he kept repeating to himself.

“Where were you when it struck us?” he heard some one ask an officer.

“In the chart-room,” was the curt reply.

Another voice as Newcomb passed said:

“Not the periscope; but I saw the shark-fin wake of the torpedo.”

Newcomb walked with difficulty, like a drunken man; it was this damned list. The most violent tossing in a hurricane was preferable. You’d have the plunging dive and recovery, which had something gallant in it, almost playful, like a giant gamboling. But this persistent violation of equilibrium got on a man’s nerve.

“The lights are out on the starboard side,” some one said.

Newcomb pulled out his watch. Stopped! He held it to his ear. No, it was going. And all this had happened in those few beggarly moments!

"What 's that yelling about?" he asked irritably of a couple of men who, half-doubled, came up the slant by the wireless-room passage.

"Boat on the other side—smashed like an egg-shell against our hull."

People were drowning now on both sides of the sinking ship.

"It 's often safest on board," some one said.

"Yes; you stick to the ship."

There was now a dense crowd of men round the companionway. All but a handful of women had been distributed to the boats, but the handful kept on being renewed. Newcomb saw why. Grant and Miss Ellis, among others, were bringing up the people who remained over, in the second and third class. And among these huddled groups still the squat figure and the beautifully face of old Mrs. Mohrenheim moved, consoling, heartening.

"Yes, he will come after," she said. "Surely you will think about your children." More than once she had taken her text from a bystander's face. "Look at him, poor man! He can save himself if he has not you to think about. You would not risk his life? No, no. *Komm*, then, *komm*." The woman was passed along.

The mere getting to the boats was a trial of courage. Newcomb himself had no love of the horrible chute that now pitched sharply down to that dark, oily glitter that was the sea, but he offered to convoy the late-comers wherever a boat might be.

"No, you two." Mrs. Mohrenheim summoned Grant and Nan Ellis. Slowly they made their way forward with the little group of clinging children and bewildered women. Some crawled on hands and knees up the steep acclivity to where a boat swung from the davits. An officer passed the groups without stopping. He came hurrying, sliding, half squatting, with one leg stretched slanting down, the other crooked up, with the knee turned sharply out.

"You, now," he said to Mrs. Mohrenheim as he rose to his full height beside her.

"There are two ladies more." She pushed them forward.

The officer steadied them as they

passed, and turned again to Mrs. Mohrenheim.

"You, now."

"There are those by the door; one is young." She turned unsteadily.

The officer clutched her.

"I tell you,"—Newcomb barely caught the words—"it 's now or never. *There are n't boats enough!*"

"I know," said Mrs. Mohrenheim.

She drew back and stretched out a hand to a muffled figure holding to a stanchion above where she stood. It was Professor Mohrenheim. Newcomb realized now that the figure had been there from the first.

"We have been together for forty years," the old woman said. "Too long to be parted now."

A man with bare feet and a blanket round him rushed on deck as word came, blown along from group to group, "The captain says every one for'ard, and each for himself."

Down by the bridge they were launching a collapsible raft.

Grant was helping.

The last Newcomb, or any one, saw of the Mohrenheims, they were standing together. They held to each other and to the stanchion.

GRANT followed the girl down the swinging ladder to the raft.

Some one was crying:

"Get away! Pull out! For God's sake, get away!" Another, equally unrecognizable in the dimness, called out: "She 's going down! We 'll be drawn in!"

As they pushed off, they saw the electric lights on the *Leyden* go out one by one. Of the people on the raft more than one watched the death-throes of the ship with wet eyes, as though she were something sentient, human. Her angle of subsidence had changed sharply. The bow sank, leaving the stern nearly upright. Her mast was gone. For an instant her funnel lay along the water, and then with a dull roar as of the engines breaking loose and crashing down to the bottom, the rest of the *Leyden* sank out of sight.

The end of the great ship had come with a horrible quietness, in contrast to the cries of men struggling for their

lives in the wash among the wreckage.

The captain had gone down with the ship. When those in charge of the raft heard that some one had seen him jump clear, they sent up a rocket. By that addition to the starlight, for a few instants a single, half-empty lifeboat could be seen rocking violently on the swell. Several men were clinging to the gunwale. As raft and boat were swept nearer, the officer in charge of the raft raised a shout. He had recognized the captain climbing into the boat, and hauling up after him the limp body of one of his companions.

The captain's first care, when he came alongside, was to relieve the congestion on the raft. He ordered the chief engineer to transfer eight or ten. The chief engineer remembered his helpers. Grant and Newcomb were told off. Yes, the captain said, they must bring the only woman into the lifeboat.

When the transference had been effected, another rocket was sent up in order that the surviving boats might come together.

"Look!" The girl grasped Grant's arm.

The captain, too, turned his head.

"By God!" he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE submarine had risen and stood away to southward. So intent had the occupants of the lifeboat been to discover some sign of their companions that the discovery of themselves by the U-boat flash came with a shock of surprise. In the light of that pale ray, which suddenly picked them out of the darkness, they saw no more than one another's faces, a memory to last them all their days.

"They 're hailing us," the captain said with bitter mouth.

"Who is hailing us?" Newcomb dropped out, the idea of rescue still in the forefront of his mind.

"Submarine."

How the captain knew, Newcomb had no idea. She was moving in the direction of the *Leyden's* grave.

A voice came at last, uttering not the German they thought to hear, but words yet more unfamiliar.

"He says," interpreted the Dutch captain, "we 're to come 'longside."

"Shall we?" The chief engineer still could conceive orders as coming only from the autocrat of the ship at the bottom of the sea.

"No choice." The captain's voice sank lower on an oath. He leaned forward, and conferred with the men at the bow. Newcomb had noticed that the captain still wore the coat of the watch-officer, and he saw now that when the grizzled head that had been bent in conference was lifted, it wore a landsman's cap, a checked deerstalker.

Clearly the engineer had been placed in command of this little expedition over the intervening blackness to learn their fate—a blackness that seemed to open to the long ray of the flash-light. To the unnautical mind, the shortened ray seemed to draw the lifeboat in and in, till the conning-tower stood clear to the straining eye; in and in, till to right of the main origin of light dim figures took shape; in and in, till just before the oarsmen had brought the lifeboat alongside the shelving body, topped with its low deck, suddenly the light ray was extinguished. Lifeboat and submarine swung an instant in an equal blackness. Out of it came a voice, again in those strange accents. There was no answer till an English tongue spoke from the lifeboat, "We can understand a little German."

And then, just as eyes were beginning to grow accustomed to the dark, which, after all, was darkness only by comparison, the compact figure standing out on the conning-tower against the star-sown sky turned on the light of an electric torch he held in his hand. He trailed the sudden radiance along the lifeboat, raking her fore and aft. The light lingered an instant at the stern. But the question he asked was:

"Name of your ship?"

He was told.

"Dutch?"

Holland-American, she was.

"Tonnage?"

That was given, too.

"Are you the captain?"

"No. Chief Engineer Van Zandt."

Some orders were issued in German, and the interrogatory went on:

"Where is the captain?"

"Hard to say," some one answered gruffly.

"He 's where a British captain can usually be found," said another.

"In these days 'usually' means at the bottom," retorted the commander of the submarine. "Have you got any papers?"

"Papers?"

"Yes, yes, *Dummheit*; where are the ship's papers?"

"We 'd better ask you," retorted a voice at the stern.

"You 'd better keep the tongue civil!" came sharply back, with the first betrayal of flaw in the perfect English.

Two figures coming up on the conning-tower brought with them the diffused light of some open hatchway as they took their stand behind the commander. He showed clearly now, a firm, square-built presence, a beardless, round face above the muffer. He said something over his shoulder, and one of the two men just come up stepped briskly to the commander's side. During those few seconds it seemed mere chance that the torch still lit up the stern of the lifeboat—lit the small, white face with parted lips and shining eyes, a face so destitute of fear, so charged with sheer burning curiosity, that any sane person might be forgiven for staring hard at what could only be a crass incapacity on a girl's part to comprehend the situation.

"How many boats did you launch?" the brusque voice went on with the catechism.

The engineer decided to say eight.

"That all? Why did n't you launch more?"

"No time."

"No time! That shows you 're lying." He turned again and conferred with the little group behind him.

"Ja, ja—auch meine Meinung." He wheeled round. "All right," he called out; "shove off!"

Nobody in the lifeboat moved.

Grant's voice was heard for the first time after the second of stark silence:

"What are you going to do with the people in this boat?"

"Finished with you. Shove off!"

That loosed tongues. The boat was full of angry voices. Grant's alone,

steady, quiet, but heard above them all, said:

"It 's a mistake, then—wait a moment!"—he rose and steadied himself in the gentle swell—"I say it 's a mistake, then, that we 're a hundred miles from land?"

"Not much mistake about *that*," the voice came back.

"Are we to wait while you overhaul the other boats?"

"Why should you wait?"

"You mean to round the others up and give us a tow?"

"Oh, do I?"

Again the commander repeated that action of his, tilting the torch so as to show up the pale oval with the eager eyes.

Newcomb readily owned afterward that the sharp collision of emotions in those minutes during the interview put out of the question any sober thinking or coördination of impressions. All that came later. But in the flux of feeling he knew even at the time that his peculiar loathing of the man was n't altogether due to the devilish work he had finished or fear of what was yet to come. Even in the thick of shifting dreads and hates Newcomb knew that moment by moment, ever since the colloquy began, a consciousness was shaping which told him that this man would have cut the parting shorter but for some special stimulation of his contemptuous interest in the lifeboat. And to what could such stimulation be due but to the spectacle (Newcomb admitted its crowning strangeness) of the way in which one person in the boat was taking what most would count a catastrophe to shake the soul.

Did the fact of the absence of hatred in the face of the only woman in the boat account for the something which Newcomb had little expected to find in a German U-boat captain—that slight tendency to attitudinize in the midst of his grim business, to assume the "gallant commander" air, as no man does for his fellow-men. This ghastly suggestion of flirtatiousness, following hard as it did on the heels of murder, and making its obscure demand over the very grave of the sunken ship, stirred the Englishman to a pitch of

fury hardly sane. And how the thought flashed through him—how was Grant taking this girl's attitude? And behold Grant was "taking it"—this thing done on the floor of ocean—as a man may whose head is among the stars. Poor devil! he did n't even see it, did n't even sense what the commander's insolent use of the torch showed in that circumscribed field of intense light—the girl's eyes still wide and curious.

Instead of natural loathing, of every form of moral condemnation, she was staring at the submarine commander with breathless interest, with an eagerness that might flatter any man alive.

Grant had made his way down the lifeboat, holding to this one's shoulder, steadying himself by that one's arm, his face drawn with anxiety, but for all that a figure of hope and conciliation.

"I say," he called out, "we have n't got any provisions in this boat, and we're—you know how far we are from land."

"Bad management," commented the German, his eyes slipping past Grant again to the face at the stern.

"Even if it is bad management, you're not going to abandon eighteen fellow-beings in an open boat in mid-Atlantic, not *civilians*, to die of slow starvation?"

That did n't seem to deserve an answer.

"Who's in charge of your boat?" was the curt demand.

Grant hesitated.

"I am," answered Van Zandt.

"Well, don't you know how to shove off when you're told to?"

"Stop!" Julian flung up an arm. "It's an impossible barbarity! Look!" He swung round. "You have n't seen—there's a lady in the boat!"

"Oh, is there?" The flash of white teeth showed in that diffused light spreading upward from the hatch. "The lady has only herself to blame."

"To blame? How is she to blame?"

"She disobeys the order."

"What order?" Grant could n't yet see he had nothing to hope from the man. "You *can't* abandon us," he hurried on, "not a woman, anyway, to the torture of slow starvation."

"I'm not sure that I can." The cap-

tain's hand had gone up as though to stroke the absent mustache. When the hand came down, it showed his teeth again as he half turned toward the men behind him.

At those words, "I'm not sure that I can," the reaction in the lifeboat was so great that, with the snapping of the tension, Grant had wavered dizzily, and Nan sprang up with a cry—a cry that Newcomb took for relief till he saw her gesture toward Julian Grant. But nearer hands laid hold on him as he called out in hoarse triumph, "What did I tell you fellows!" and fell into the place they made for him. The commander turned from some humorous interchange with his officers.

"Yes, it's a fact, I can't bring myself to abandon the lady." He took up that position again near the edge of the conning-tower. With heels together he made a sharp inclination from the hips. "I have a cabin below, not luxurious, but more comfortable than—" he broke off with a curt gesture. "I place it at the lady's disposal."

On the lifeboat for those first seconds a silence of petrification reigned. On the submarine sounded voices that had n't been heard before. For one sick instant Newcomb tried to fit those sounds to expostulation, to revolt. And then hope died, transfixed by laughter.

But the commander himself was grave, almost decorous.

"Well, what do you say?" He was looking straight at the girl. "You must make up your mind quickly. I've wasted too much time already."

"Unless," the German went on calmly—"unless, as seems probable, the lady has n't understood."

No wonder that he so interpreted the lady's face, for in the circumscribed field of intense light her eyes showed wide to an incredible vision. "It is true what your own people have told you," he went on. "To stay where you are means death."

She spoke directly to him for the first time.

"And these—these others!"

"The fate of men in war," said the commander. "There is no need for you to share it."

She gave him the measure of her in-

corrigible hope. "You 'll save the others, too!"

He checked his own impatient gesture to demand:

"You think they won't let you come—alone!" No wonder he persisted, for she was looking at him still with that excited hopefulness, though now dashed with bewilderment.

"I give you my word," he called out, "nobody shall prevent you."

"Yes, somebody will!" Julian shouted.

Twice fifteen hands were ready to make the assurance good. Four of them were laid to the oars. It was all over while you 'd count half a dozen, but out of those flying seconds of half-paralyzed effort Newcomb kept the memory of a lifeboat that seemed to share the mortal agitations of her crew; a boat that for an instant, an eternity, swung under unequal oar-strokes in an oily glitter that swelled up black, polished, till it shut out the horizon stars. As though no man had stirred, the *Leyden* captain was roaring:

"What are you about? Shove off!" His voice thickened to incoherent cursing even before a couple of boat-hook heads crashed down on the gunwale and hauled the boat sharply back against the body of the submarine.

"Are you mad?" It was n't lost on any one in the lifeboat that the German's free hand had found his pistol as he added: "Is n't there sense enough among you to know you 're helpless? You 've only the girl to thank that I don't ram you to hell." A word over his shoulder sent two of the crew down through that faint gush of light to the deck. "I 'm sending for you."

"Julian!" After the guttural male voice, the high childish cry seemed to tear the quivering night in two.

Strangely it was answered. The pacifist Julian turned and flung himself upon the man at his side. He seemed to grapple insanely with the *Leyden* captain, till something in his keeping was torn out of his hand. Over their heads a shot rang out. Two sailors, about to board the lifeboat, vanished.

Newcomb was for the moment so sure it was the U-boat commander who had

fired that his next impression was of a thing purely fantastic; for the figure up there against the stars, that figure inclined in a mockery of courtesy to Nan Ellis, jumped to attention; held the attitude rigidly an instant, and then, as though in pride of pose he had overreached himself, fell back.

Out of the half-crazed confusion that followed, it was hard afterward to recall anything with both certainty and distinctness except the captain's rough order to Julian, "Here, give it back!" and a pistol changed hands.

Out of the semi-darkness on the submarine torches spouted light. Out of the turmoil on conning-tower and deck, cries of fury crystallized to a single sentence repeated in German by a dozen tongues: "Axes! Axes! Stave her in!"

The first lieutenant gesticulated.

"Stop rowing *instantly*, or I fire!"

"Row! Row hard! For God's sake," Grant's voice prayed, "give me an oar!"

No one heeded; the rowers rowed for their lives. Two revolver-shots rang out, and the chief engineer rowed no more.

Instead of pursuing, the submarine had darted away. She was swinging half round a circle; she was, God in heaven! what now? She was heading this way again, coming at full speed.

Newcomb brought his eyes back to the faces nearest him. They showed him only that his own sick sense of helplessness was shared, and shared the remembrance of that threat, but for the girl. To ram the lifeboat?

He could n't bring himself to look at the girl. For fear of meeting her eyes with knowledge in them at last Newcomb found himself turning dizzily away from all those stricken faces. In the teeth of death he remembered staring round the black half-circle of the heavens.

The last thing Newcomb remembered was the curling white lip of the bow wave as the engine of death came rushing at the lifeboat—that and voices in the extremity of horror that cried: "Jump! Jump!"

Those who did n't were not seen again.



Courtesy of the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts

"Girl Driving Turkeys," by George Fuller

Art as an Asset

By HORACE TOWNSEND

"**I** WOULD not," said Henry Ford, "give five cents for all the art in the world," and though in so saying he wrote himself down—well, let us say as singularly wanting in commercial acumen, it is not unlikely that he voiced the unspoken thoughts of many millions of his fellow-countrymen. The man in the street is wont to regard the artist, or painter, as he should preferably be called, as a sort of fifth wheel to the economic coach.

Once it is made clear, however, that the painter of pictures is doing as useful and profitable a work as the lawyer or the doctor, and that, if he is successful, his yearly income is at least equal to that of a corporation counsel or a popular gynecologist, our friend is likely to alter his point of view; nor are the difficulties in the way of so convincing him altogether insuperable. A judicious reference, for example, may be made to the portrait of President Wilson painted by John Singer Sargent for final disposition in the Dublin National

Gallery. For the blank canvas on which this was to be painted Sir Hugh Lane paid at a Red Cross sale something over fifty thousand dollars, a sum certainly worth while as wages for a few days' work.

Again, one can remind him of that old story, whether literally true or merely *ben trovato* affects our purpose not at all, of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII; Sir Andrew Clark, the great surgeon; Sir Charles Russell, the equally eminent barrister; and Sir John Millais, the painter. The prince, it is said, wanted to know what each man earned, and, to cut a long story short, the confessions of the three revealed that the painter's yearly income far exceeded that enjoyed by either doctor or lawyer.

One may point out that here in New York are many young men who, if they had taken to "business," would, at their age and with their opportunities, be accounted fortunate if they were earning three or four thousand dollars a year, but who as illustrators are easily mak-



Courtesy of Mr. Royal Cortissoz

Portrait of "Lady Meux," by James McNeill Whistler

This picture has recently been sold for \$200,000, thereby eclipsing the market value of any painting by a modern master

ing three or four times as much. Finally, a quotation may be made from a recent article by one of the few writers on art who really understand whereof they write, which article embodies a calculation that in Germany alone the Government owns paintings worth at least a billion dollars. Perhaps, however, the most convincing of all arguments as to the monetary value of art is to be found in the records of the great auction sales, for by studying these we arrive at a pretty fair knowledge of the worth of a picture when offered for sale in the public marketplace.

Looking back for forty years over the sales in this country and Europe, we reach in 1882 what was the first, and in some ways the greatest, of what may be called the sensational sales placed on record. This was the dispersal of the Hamilton Palace collection, which occupied seventeen sessions and resulted in a total of nearly two million dollars—\$1,987,810, to be exact—for over 2000 lots, or an average of nearly \$900 apiece. There is not the least doubt that, if a similar gathering of pictures, furniture, and bric-à-brac were placed on sale to-day, it would bring five million dollars at the very least. A few years later, in 1886, the greatest sale that had ever taken place in this country was when the Mary Jane Morgan collection was scattered. It took twelve sessions to dispose, for \$1,205,180, of this accumulation of over 2500 objects, of which 240 were pictures which reached what was then thought the amazing total of \$885,300, or an average of \$3272 for each. That the same commentary could be passed on the Morgan as on the Hamilton Palace sale is to be seen in the fact that Corot's "Lake Nemi," which was bought thereat for \$14,000, brought no less than \$85,000 at a sale in 1912.

It was in 1889 that J. F. Millet's "The Angelus," achieving fame not only as a picture, but as a possession of value, sold in Paris, at the Secretan sale, for \$110,600.

This was among the first noteworthy sales of modern masters, and "The Angelus" became for a time the most-talked-of picture in the world. The

story of its acquisition by the late James F. Sutton of New York, a firm believer in its artistic excellence, though interesting, cannot be told here at length. It was wanted both by M. Proust, representing the French Minister of Fine Arts, and by the trustees of our Corcoran Gallery, but Mr. Sutton secured it at the auction price and brought it to this country. In 1891 he sold it for \$150,000 to the American agent of M. Chauchard, proprietor of the Bon Marché in Paris, and by him it was left, with his other pictures, to the French nation, and forms a not inconsiderable glory of the Louvre.

It was in 1910 that the Yerkes sale broke all records in this country. The entire collection brought \$2,155,579, of which the 198 pictures accounted for \$1,695,550. To equal this we have to journey to Paris, where two years later the 357 pictures brought together by Jacques Doucet realized the tremendous sum of \$2,776,900, or an average of \$7778 for each one. Large as the total seems, however, it is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that a pastel portrait of Duval de l'Epinoy by La Tour, which M. Doucet bought in 1903 for \$1040, brought \$120,000, a wonderful nine-years' investment; that Mme. Vigée Lebrun's "Princess Talleyrand," bought a few years earlier for \$3200, sold for \$80,000; and that J. H. Fragonard's "Sacrifice au Minotaure," which in 1880 brought only \$1060, was knocked down for \$72,000.

However, these were not the only high prices brought in London and Paris about this time. There was the Rouart sale in Paris, for instance, at which Degas, an old man by this time, had the doubtful pleasure of seeing one of his pictures, the "Danseuses à la Barre," which he had sold for \$100, realize the huge sum of \$87,000, which means that with the ten per cent. exacted by the French Government from all buyers at auction, it cost the purchaser over \$95,000. In London, too, Raeburn's "The MacNab" was sold to Sir Thomas Dewar in the Breadalbane sale for \$126,000, his "Mrs. Robertson Williamson," in 1911, for \$111,500, and his "Mrs. Hay" for \$106,000.

It was in 1912 that Regnault's "Sa-

lome," sold by the painter in 1870 for \$800, brought \$96,000, and now forms one of the glories of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was in 1912, too, that Turner's "Lake Constance," a picture bought by Ruskin for \$400, sold for \$21,260; that a Hungarian collector paid \$90,000 for Rembrandt's "Portrait of the Artist's Father," which sold in 1911 for \$1050, and that at the Weber sale in Berlin Mantegna's "Madonna and Child," bought for \$20,000 in 1905, brought no less than \$147,500.

The following year saw some good prices in both Paris and London. At the Steingracht sale in the former city, for instance, Rembrandt's "Bathsheba" brought \$220,000, a large price, but less than half the \$500,000 which the Marquis of Lansdowne received from the late P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia for the same painter's celebrated "Mill." In London the portrait known as the De La Pole Romney sold for \$206,850, and Gainsborough's "Market Cart" at the Phillips sale for \$100,800, while Lord Glenesk's Franz Hals, bought for \$25 in 1885, brought \$47,250. Then came the war, during and immediately before which there were no auction sales of great importance, though why this should be so is not exactly clear in view of the fact that in 1918 the collection of the painter Degas sold in Paris for \$1,945,594 nominally, or \$2,140,153 actually. During this country's neutrality, however, and following the Hoe sale of 1911, which realized, all told, \$608,839, and the M. C. D. Borden sale of 1913, at which \$1,608,256 was brought, there were two notable dispersals, The Catalina Lambert sale in 1916, at which Ralph Blakelock's "Moonlight" sold for \$20,000, creating a record for this painter, and the Hearn sale, which realized a total of \$613,000 and at which George Inness's "Wood-Gatherers" was sold for \$30,800, the record auction price up to date for this master's work.

The upward rise of the pictures of American painters, indeed, forms the feature of recent sales in this country. Thus the six Lambert Blakelocks brought \$42,200, and in the Hearn sale a landscape by the same painter reached \$17,500, and one by J. Francis Murphy

\$15,600. Mr. Borden's Inness brought \$24,600, and of the two George Fullers in the Vose collection, one, the "Girl with Turkeys," was bought by the Worcester Art Museum for \$15,600, and one, his "Romany Girl," by Mr. H. C. Frick for \$10,500.

The pictures of other American painters, too,—those of Alexander H. Wyant, of Albert P. Ryder, of Homer D. Martin, and of Winslow Homer,—have brought such prices of late as \$21,500 for a Wyant at the Hearn sale, \$10,300 for a Homer, and \$9,000 for a Martin. In 1916 George Inness's "Autumn Woodlands" changed hands at the remarkable price of \$45,000. Not that it was only after his death that the value of Inness's pictures was recognized. His son tells us in his delightful sketch of his father that at one time he made over \$20,000 a year by the results of his brush.

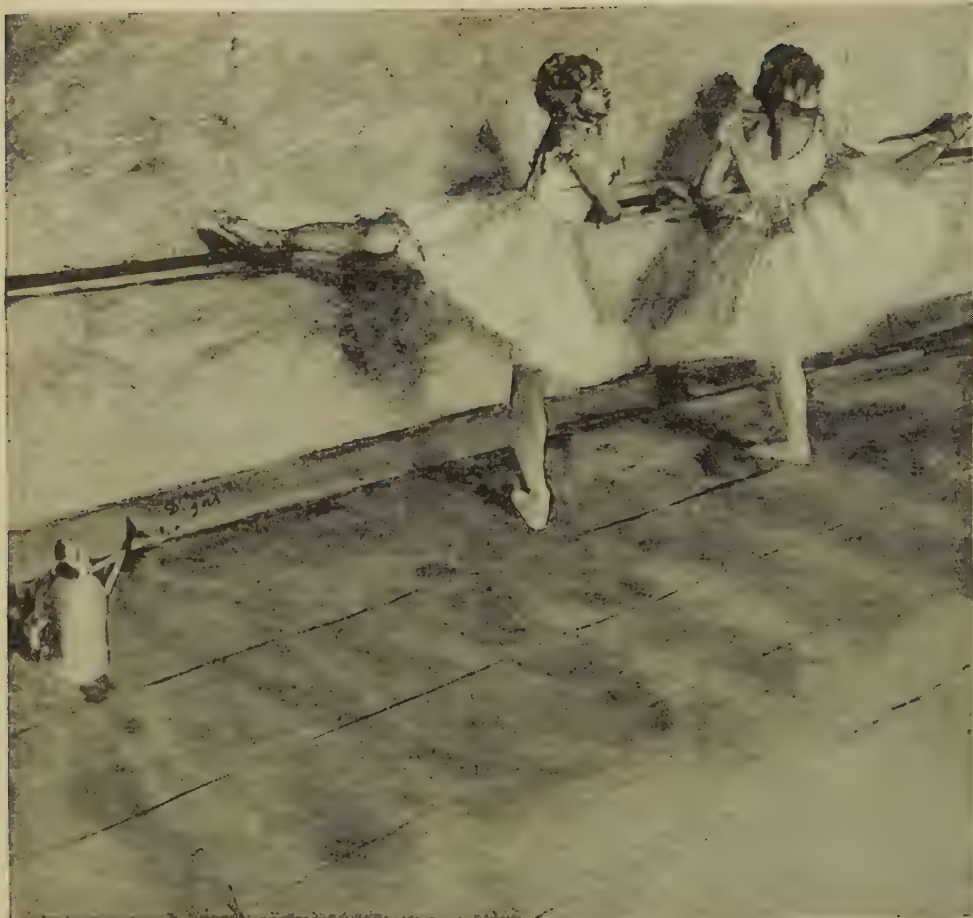
Of different character, perhaps, and placed among different surroundings, was Ralph Blakelock, who at the time when his "Moonlight" was bid for eagerly at the Lambert sale and for which the Toledo Museum paid \$20,000, was himself an inmate of a country insane asylum. Of all American painters, however, James McNeill Whistler has, from a dollars-and-cents' point of view, attained the highest glory. As I write the news comes that for a study of his portrait "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" no less than \$50,000 has been paid by an American collector, while within a few months \$200,000, by far the most ever given for a picture by an American painter, is said to have been the purchase price of his "Lady Meux." This fascinating "Arrangement in Rose and Grey" was the second portrait by Whistler of his eccentric patroness. About another Whistler portrait, that of Henry Irving as Philip II, the studio story goes that, as it was not painted "on commission," Irving, who always regarded it with disfavor, refused to pay the comparatively small sum demanded by the painter. Later on, however, seeing the counterfeit presentation of his legs sticking up from beneath a pile of canvases in front of a Wardour Street dealer's shop, he so represented the indignity that he went in



Courtesy of the Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio

"Moonlight," by Ralph Blakelock

The keen competition for this masterpiece resulted in the Toledo Museum of Art acquiring it for \$20,000. Since then Blakelock's pictures have commanded a respect denied them during their author's working years



Courtesy of Durand-Ruel Galleries

"Danseuses à la Barre," by Edgar Degas

A picture, originally sold for \$100, which the painter lived to see bring \$95,000 at a public sale

and bought the picture for \$50. The Pennells state, however, that the late Bram Stoker, Irving's secretary, wrote to them that at the time of his bankruptcy Whistler sold the picture to Charles Augustus Howell for \$50 and a sealskin coat. Howell disposed of it to Graves, the print-seller, who placed it on sale at Christie's Auction Rooms, where it was knocked down to an American collector for \$25,000.

Not only Whistler's paintings, but Whistler's etchings, have increased in value. Thus only the other day the papers announced that Mr. Howard Mansfield's collection of 528 Whistler etchings and lithographs had been sold for \$500,000. As an illustration of the great rise in the value of prints it may be noted

that in 1886 the Morgan prints, some 900 in number, sold for \$2600, while in 1915 Mr. Brayton Ives' collection of about 1000 sold for \$298,042, the two collections being in some respects fairly comparable. Apart from this instance of the increased worth of collections *en masse*, it may be noted that Rembrandt's "Burgomaster Six" sold in 1893 for \$1900, while in 1909 the identical impression brought \$13,420. Of the more modern men Seymour Haden's "By-Road in Tipperary" sold for \$170 in 1891, and at the Ives sale in 1915 for \$1700; Meryon's "Abside de Notre Dame" brought \$625 in 1891 and \$3520 in 1910; while Whistler's "Nocturne," sold in 1890 for \$30, is now worth \$750. Concerning old mezzotints it suffices to



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo & Co.

"Annie Haden," by James McNeill Whistler

One of the Howard Mansfield collection of Whistler's etchings, which recently sold for \$500,000



Courtesy of Mr. Harold Somers

"The Wood-gatherers," by George Inness

One of the most charming examples of this great American painter's work, it established an auction record price of \$30,800

say that J. Raphael Smith's "Mrs. Carnac," after Reynolds, sold lately for \$6900, while as late as 1891 the highest recorded price brought by one of his mezzotints was \$36. A somewhat cogent objection may be leveled at these jottings, and it may truly be said that throughout a stress has been laid upon the monetary value of works of art. But only so could the point be driven home and the fallacy exposed of regarding the painter's work as valueless or next door to it. At the same time a warning may well be addressed to him who believes he can so foretell the trend of public favor that he can "pick up" bargains which will eventually yield him vast returns. There is only one way to buy pictures. They should be bought as works of art without regard to their value as investment. If, then, the buyer is endowed with, or has acquired, sound judgment, the chances are that he will make few mistakes, and that he or his heirs will find that while the pictures have been well worth while as constant sources of pleasure, their value will at least not have lessened, and may have materially increased.

This, at all events, has been the experience of the owners of the pictures to which reference has been made.

Professor C. J. Holmes has given some useful hints to private collectors, and it must be remembered that these were offered some years ago, and have been borne out by the recent sales mentioned in these notes.

(1) Collect the very best things of their class.

(2) Be generously systematic.

(3) Buy what is strongly felt and emphatic, and not what is merely clever.

(4) If you must buy sentiment, buy it cheap and engraved.

It is a curious fact that while many great masterpieces are exceedingly popular, the popular picture is seldom a masterpiece. This may sound paradoxical, but it is not. For instance, few modern pictures have achieved the popularity of Whistler's "Mother," which is not only one of the finest examples of this painter's work, but one of the world's great pictures. On the other hand, the picture of the little girl measuring her height with the big St. Bernard, with the title of "I 'se Big-



Courtesy of Mr. George H. Ainslie

"Autumn Woodlands," by George Inness

This beautiful landscape, painted in 1890, was recently sold by private treaty for \$45,000

gest," while not by any means a great work of art as art, sold in photogravure by the million. The first picture one could live with and enjoy, while the second, after the novelty had worn off, might become irritating. Ruskin, it is said, had a Turner placed at the foot of his bed so that his eyes on awaking in the morning should look on something beautiful. This may be going to the extreme, but the proof of a really good picture is the fact of being able to live with it year in, year out, always with increasing enjoyment.

The collecting of modern pictures, pictures produced by living painters, appeals to that sporting instinct which forms a part of every mannish man. There is the fascinating side of it, which corresponds in the sporting world to "backing one's fancy." Nothing is more interesting than watching the development of a man's work, seeing him strive, and eventually achieve success.

Many collectors play for safety and buy old masters for huge sums, but they buy in much in the same way that they would buy city real estate; that is, after it has an assured commercial value. But it must be remembered that at one time these same old masters were modern painters, and had it not been for patrons during their own lifetime, these works would never have seen the light of day. The men alive now will in their turn become old masters, and it is the bounden duty of their contemporaries to preserve their work for future generations.

Another thing that must not be lost sight of is that with the end of the Great War, with Europe impoverished, the United States will be the mecca of every painter. Already European collections are being sent to New York for dispersal in the auction-room, and it is only a question of time before the Eastern cities become the center of the art world.



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"Sir Henry Irving as Philip II," by James McNeill Whistler
A picture said to have been originally sold for "a ten-pound note and a sealskin coat"
which eventually brought \$25,000 in the auction-room

Self-Governing Industry

A Plea for Realism in Politics

By GLENN FRANK

(This is the fourth of a series of articles in which Mr. Frank is discussing some of the undercurrents of thought and streams of tendency which must be reckoned with in the necessary new adjustments toward which we are moving in politics and industry. His next article will appear in THE CENTURY for July.—THE EDITOR.)

IN glancing through the three preceding papers of this series and in looking over the notes for future papers, I have discovered myself using, with a frequency I had not before realized, the word "statesmanship" in all sorts of connections—business statesmanship, industrial statesmanship, educational statesmanship, medical statesmanship, and so on. There is, of course, nothing new in these varied adaptations of the term; they are sprinkled rather freely through the liberal literature of the last ten years. But seeing such a variety of these adaptations of statesmanship within the small compass of one series of papers, and realizing that they were there not from any unified design but from the separate consideration of the several fields of which the series treats, led me to question whether I was simply falling victim to a current catchword and indulging in the easy retailing of a young platitude. But on second thought I realize that I have been reckoning more or less unconsciously with an actual tendency of our time toward a widening and redistribution of the functions and responsibilities of statesmanship.

Now, if it is true that many of the functions and responsibilities commonly credited to political statesmanship are devolving, or clearly should devolve, upon the leadership of business, industry, agriculture, education, medicine, and other such functional fields of interest, the administration of which touch with a most intimate concern the daily lives of all of us, then that fact

involves on the one hand a redefinition of political statesmanship, and on the other hand plunges the leaders of business, industry, agriculture, education, medicine, and other occupational fields into new and untried adventures which will attach to the position of all such leaders far-reaching new possibilities of personal interest and social significance.

All this lies so closely at the heart of those processes of readjustment and revaluation into which we have been driven by the war and drawn by the requirements of progress that I have seen fit to interrupt the sequence of this series of papers for this month in order to make certain observations upon this revolutionary, but in its final effects soundly conservative, social development which is making for a decentralization of many of the current functions and responsibilities of statesmanship to the end that ultimately every process of our common life will be administered by those who know most about it rather than by politicians fitted neither on the basis of their selection nor by their fundamental training and outlook for such responsibilities; to the end that the nation's vital interests be administered by the men functionally fit, by virtue of a realistic equipment.

There is, unless I am far afield in judgment, a definite recognition of modern facts and a massing of tendencies making for a narrowing and intensifying of the field and operation of statesmanship at Washington and our several state capitols and a correlative awakening and widening of statesman-

ship in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, and other significant centers of American life. There is an increasing skepticism of the soundness of a policy under which political statesmanship stands on the outer edge of business, industry, agriculture, education, and other social functions, playing the rôle of policeman and guardian to the administration of these interests. And there is a turning, in a spirit of critical inquiry and hope, toward a policy under which business statesmanship will stand at the center of business, industrial statesmanship at the center of industry, educational statesmanship at the center of education, as the administration itself rather than an outside and superimposed force ruling and regulating the administration.

THE POLITICAL RULE OF BUSINESS

It is not strange that this fresh consideration of a policy of decentralization should appear coincident with the present unprecedented concentration of economic and industrial functions in the hands of government. It took the excessive war-induced centralization of economic and industrial functions in the hands of government to dramatize the essential fallacy of trying to substitute the politician for the engineer and executive, using the terms engineer and executive rather broadly to suggest the men functionally fit for the job in hand. The experiences of great centralization in governmental agencies during the war both here and in Europe have convinced a growing number that handing everything over to the state, as now organized, to be run by the state, simply does not and will not work; that it throws the vital processes of a nation's life, particularly those of business and industry, with a dangerous certainty into the hands of an officialdom that stands too far removed from the actual processes to know them with that intimacy of touch that alone can insure sanity and efficiency in policy and action.

That too great political interference with the vital processes of a nation through the action of an ill-trained and

amateur bureaucracy is fatal to an effective and harmonious common life is little questioned. And by one of those strange paradoxes of history both ultra-conservative and highly liberal forces are together blasting at the foundations of such a policy—from entirely different motives, it must be granted. On the one hand, certain selfish interests upon which the Government has been obliged to impose conscience and a social sense, and a large number of business men who have a personal sense of social responsibility and cannot be adjudged profiteers either of peace or war, but who are honestly convinced that business and industry cannot reach its maximum success in development save by the old autocratic methods of control—all these are openly warring against the political rule of business and industry. On the other hand, there is a party of constructive liberalism, equally opposed to the political rule of business and industry, made up of forward-looking business men and certain creative thinkers in the fields of political and economic theory, as well as certain elements in labor leadership. The first group desires to relax the political grip upon business and industry so that they may go back to the old order of business. The second group desires a decreasing political interference with economic processes so that we may go forward to a new and better business order. Both groups are acting upon one of the most sound and fruitful ideas of modern times—that business must be governed from the inside, not from the outside. And that fact holds true of every department of American life, for every department of American life should be administered by those who touch and handle the stuff of that department as part of their day's work—government by those who know.

AVOIDING BOTH INDIVIDUALISM AND BUREAUCRACY

THAT a large part of political interference with economic and industrial processes has been justified in the past by the fact that government has had to step in here and there in order to introduce a needed element of social

control in given situations will be little denied. But the point is that we are now coming to see that we are not confined to a choice between a rampant unsocial individualism on the one hand and an inefficient amateur bureaucracy on the other. We are coming to see that business and industry can be organized upon bases that will give adequate protection, voice, and opportunity to all classes involved—the employer, the employee, and the consuming public—and increase both the efficiency and profits of the undertakings. And it is toward such policies of self-governing business and industry that the best minds of both capital and labor are

turning in their reaction against an encroaching governmental ownership, control, and regulation which, run to its ultimate application, provides such motherly oversight that business and industry will be relieved of the necessity of having either statesmanship or conscience. The state is right in its insistence that business and industry have a social responsibility; but social responsibility, to say nothing of that high efficiency without which a sense of social responsibility is only a pious and abortive emotion, will never be enforced by the political policeman; it must be evolved by the business and industrial statesman.

The Fallacy of Paternalism

It is just such problems of finding and acknowledging the socially right and sound centers of authority and administration that have turned the liberal intelligence of our time toward a consideration of that decentralization of statesmanship which I purpose now to discuss in greater detail. It should be said in passing that the same set of facts and considerations that is bringing about a reaction against the too great centralization of economic and industrial functions in the hands of the state, as we know it, is also convincing a larger and larger number of its former adherents that a socialistic state would likewise drift toward the rocks of bureaucratic unreality. In the light of the high specialization and complex interdependence of our modern industrialized society, we simply do not dare to put all of our eggs in one basket, whether the basket is carried by a bureaucratic politician or an autocratic business executive. It certainly is too great a risk to make the efficiency, justice, and social responsibility of our complex and interrelated business and industrial world depend upon the policies of ever-changing cabinets and congresses, still less upon presidents and premiers. Benevolent and enlightened paternalism is a comfortable and convenient system when and while it works, but our waiting-list of supermen is not long enough to justify our trusting to such a system. The consistent

and continuous safety and efficiency of our democracy demand a constant broadening of the base of policy, the bringing of policy more and more fully into the hands of the men whose authority is intrinsic by virtue of their being the creative conductors of those real enterprises that constitute our common life, and the leaving of fundamental policies less and less to fluctuating political groups brought together by antiquated election methods, by a counting of noses that too frequently fails to result in anything approaching an effective expression of the will of society.

I am not here making a personal plea. I am reporting and trying to set in orderly relation certain elements of a plea for more realistic politics, based upon government by those who know and do, as I have found scattered fragments of that plea upon the lips of business men, labor leaders, lawyers, and educators within the last few months. I am building the underlying arguments of this paper upon definite interviews, printed statements, and vagrant scraps of conversation with such men. This would be a superficial method were I trying to present a comprehensive discussion of some political or economic theory. But in doing this I am simply holding to the purpose which I set for these papers in the beginning—the interpretive reporting of the most significant drifts of opinion

among the men and women upon whom the actual responsibilities of business, industry, education, the church, and certain of the professions rest. The purpose of these papers is not so much to discuss the most forward-looking theories of business, industry, education, and so on as these are advanced by students and publicists, as to give a sort of moving-picture of the mind of the men and women who are doing the work in these fields. In the measure that these papers succeed in reaching their purpose we shall be able to see to what extent the theories of the best students of these matters are influencing the men of action, and better still discover what new and creative ideas are being evolved out of actual experience to serve as the raw materials for new and better conceptions of the function and organization of these several fields of interest.

I am aware that in this paper I am at one point and another approaching a field of political theory which has been ably developed by such writers as Benoist, Duguit, Figgis, Barker, Laski, and others who, either as part of an attempt at a complete philosophy of the state or in discussions of particular problems of industry and politics, have concerned themselves with the unreality of a representative system of government under which the only basis of representation is that of artificially drawn geographical units, and with the possibilities of governmental reforms that would determine representation upon the basis of interests and occupations as well. Such students have blazed and are blazing a path toward new and more realistic politics. But I am not concerned primarily with the interpretation of any theory of the state in the direction of which the subject matter of this paper may look. In fact, I am not approaching the problem from the angle of political science at all, but from the angle of business and industry, in an attempt to forecast upon the basis of present and going facts what developments are likely to occur in the relation of government to business and industry and in the internal reordering of the administration of business and industry. We may find that the political pluralist starting from the ground of

theory and the business man starting from the ground of practical necessity, as he faces the present day labor unrest and political bureaucracy, will meet in agreement.

THE FORCES AGAINST GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL

I THINK I have suggested with sufficient clearness that in many quarters, both conservative and radical, a definite conviction is forming that we should move from a policy of government of industry by the state toward a policy of government of industry by industry. I have suggested also that the principle involved in this conviction has a much wider legitimate application than simply its application to industry. It is clear that among the adherents to such a conviction will be found some business men and captains of industry who support the contention for individualistic, selfish, and reactionary reasons, men who chafe at any and every restraint the state may impose upon business. But it just happens that this movement toward a more realistic, more just, more democratic, and more efficient organization of both industry and politics serves their selfish purpose in the negative and purposely destructive phase of its criticism. But forward-looking business men, labor leaders, and the whole intellectual leadership of this movement toward self-governing business and industry and a decreasing political interference with industrial processes may accept the help of these reactionaries in the criticism and defeat of the forces making for the political rule of business and industry, and then courteously part company with them when the hour strikes to determine the new alternative policy, when the positive constructive phase of the movement is entered.

Disregarding, then, for the moment the reasons that lead the ultra-reactionaries to oppose the entrance of the state into business and industrial activities, what are the basic considerations that are drawing many men of action and thinkers of diverse interests and points of view together in support of a policy of decentralizing statesmanship, of self-determination and self-government for

business and industry? I do not refer to the conventional battle of arguments regarding the relative efficiency or inefficiency of governmental or private ownership. I am thinking of the deeper considerations that are less likely to be colored by personal and selfish interests, and more likely to spring from disinterested analysis. These considerations fall roughly into two classes: first, those considerations arising from a growing feeling that our political institutions have not been progressively adapted to changing conditions in a manner to make them effective instruments to express and serve modern industrialized society as they expressed and served

the relatively simple social and economic organization of our country at its beginning, when any average citizen of intelligence and honorable purpose might really represent competently the interests of his congressional district or State; and, second, those considerations forced upon business and industrial leaders by the character and extent of the present labor unrest, which is daily making it more evident that compromise and concession are about played out and that some new approach to the problem of the government and control of industry must be made. Let us look at some of these considerations.

Grounds of Reaction against Paternalism

MODERN SOCIETY IS MORE ECONOMIC THAN POLITICAL

FOR one thing, many are saying that the real center of authority in the modern world has shifted from politics to business, anyway, and that the rational thing to do is to recognize the fact and set to work at the organization of business and industry upon a basis that will make them socially responsible and give full and effective recognition to all classes involved, capital, labor, and the community; that if business and industry have become the dominant factors in modern society, constituting a sort of invisible government, the wisest thing to do is to make that invisible government visible and socially responsible, to organize these economic forces into a mainstay instead of a menace to the common rights and interests of society. As I have already suggested, this point of view, arising from different motives, is found among both conservatives and radicals. This matter was aptly stated in a recent issue of "The Nation," which said:

The framers of our Federal Constitution could not foresee the development of modern industrialized society. They could not foresee the shifting of the actual seat of government from executive chambers and legislative halls to banks, stock exchanges,

schools, and newspaper offices. . . . The real rule of the modern world—the power which makes or breaks a nation, which directs the creative energies of a culture, which determines the development and destiny of a people—is vested in forms economic rather than political. These constitute the invisible government which lies behind the visible government of the old political forms. . . . The old political forms remain fundamentally unchanged.

Over against these new economic forms, exercising the real governmental functions of modern society, has grown in the industrial field a system of organized check and protest, the invisible opposition, as it were. This is the political significance of the organization of the workers everywhere during the rapid rise of industrialism; they recognized the necessity of an economic opposition, the inadequacy of the old political forms to furnish a proper check upon the new governmental functions; and the action was a healthy sign of man's political sagacity. For the past fifty years these lines have been deepening. If the old political forms could have been made flexible enough to encompass the new economic order, to ride the tidal wave of industrialism, all would have been well; the channels of political activities would have run smoothly, the workers would have been satisfied with adequate voice and representation in the new industrial functions of government, the community instead of a special class would have profited, and the

great economic war would not have descended upon our civilization. But those in control were too selfish or too blind to render the political machinery flexible, to make the invisible government the visible and responsible government . . . and thus they . . . brought about a fatal division between our political activities and the life processes of our society.

The line of thought here is clearly logical. If business and industry become in effect the real government of society, and if political forms are not adapted to reckon with this fact and are therefore ineffective instruments either for expression or protection alike on the part of capital and labor, it is inevitable that both capital and labor will ultimately resent political control and turn their energies either toward a reform of government along lines that will merge the actual economic rule with political forms or toward the development of some sort of business and industrial self-government. The latter seems more likely to occur than the former in the United States.

POLITICAL GOVERNMENT INADEQUATE FOR EMERGENCIES

ANOTHER consideration that is weakening the faith of many in political control of business and industry is the fact that we do not pretend to meet the heavy demands of a great emergency, like the war, with our normal government polity and its relation to business, industry, agriculture, education. We hurriedly construct an emergency machine, and the moment the emergency, the war, is over, every one is impatient to shake off the temporary restraints. Now, every one realizes that a great emergency like the war through which we have just passed will always involve certain emergency organization, certain alterations in the normal administration of the state, but not a complete alteration of the basis of life and government. And there is a growing conviction in many of our best conservative minds that there is something inherently unsound in a political organization, in its relation to the social and economic forces of the nation, that cannot

meet emergencies without a fundamental reorganization of itself. Modern wars are more than fights between troops. Modern wars are struggles between the whole round of creative powers of production and organization of rival nations and alliances. A nation's army is only the clenched fist of its factories and farms. We have just been through a costly demonstration of the fact. We have seen that the quiet processes of production can be as belligerent as the actions of a submarine; that a Kansas wheat-field is as much a war factor as a munitions plant; that the potato-growers of Maine are as essential to our armies as the powder manufacturers of Delaware. Farm, factory, and firing-line constitute the essential trilogy of war power. A breakdown of either spells defeat. Fighting power is essentially a by-product of industrial power. Therefore, aside from the drilling of troops, the determination of strategy, and certain emergency organization that will always be necessary in war-time, the governmental and industrial organization that will give the greatest social harmony and the highest production in peace-time is the best possible organization for war. The way we were obliged to scurry about in search of effective policies and organization to meet the demands of war has given rise to a whole new critique of our governmental organization in its relation to business and industry and the other vital processes of our national life.

OUR BASIS OF REPRESENTATION IS UNREAL

THEN, too, there is an increasing recognition of the fact that there is an inevitable tendency toward unreality in a system that elects its representatives solely upon the basis of arbitrarily and artificially drawn geographical districts that have a less and less distinct unity of interest as society becomes more specialized and industrialized. This does not spring from theory, although there is a growing literature on this matter. It springs from a facing of certain clear facts of modern life, which H. G. Wells has stated with as much clearness as any other writer. In an essay of his

which appears in his "Social Forces in England and America," he says:

The ties that bind men to place are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience. . . . For endless ages man led the hunting life, migrating after his food, camping, homeless. . . . Then began agriculture, and for the sake of securer food man tethered himself to a place. The history of man's progress from savagery to civilization is essentially a story of settling down. It began in caves and shelters; it culminates in a wide spectacle of farms and peasant villages, and little towns among the farms. . . . The enormous majority of human beings stayed at home at last; from the cradle to the grave they lived, married, died in the same district, usually in the same village; and to that condition, law, custom, habits, morals have adapted themselves. . . . Now . . . this astonishing development of cheap, abundant, swift locomotion which we have seen in the last seventy years . . . dissolves almost all the reason and necessity why men should go on living permanently in any one place or rigidly disciplined to one set of conditions . . . this revolution in human locomotion that brings nearly all the globe within a few days of any man is the most striking aspect of the unfettering again of the old restless, wandering, adventurous tendencies in man's composition.

We are off the chain of locality for good and all. . . . People have hardly begun to speculate about the consequences of the return of humanity from a closely tethered to a migratory existence. . . . Obviously these great forces of transport are already straining against the limits of existing political areas.

Mr. Wells is here dealing with the political implications of rapid transportation only, but the implications he outlines later in this essay rest not only upon the fact that in modern times a man can move himself about from place to place and from job to job, but also upon the fact that in modern times the business and industrial interests of almost every man, whether he is capitalist or workman, overruns political boundaries within states and crosses the frontiers of the state itself. In

other words, the area of the average man's interests and the area of his congressional district or State, in the United States, from which his political representative is elected, do not at all correspond. Keeping this fact, as well as the fact of rapid transportation, in mind, it is worth while to quote further from Mr. Wells' statement:

In every locality . . . countless people are found delocalized, uninterested in the affairs of that particular locality. . . . In America political life, especially State life as distinguished from national political life, is degraded because of the natural and inevitable apathy of a large portion of the population whose interests go beyond the State.

Politicians and statesmen, being the last people in the world to notice what is going on in it, are making no attempt whatever to readapt this hugely growing floating population of delocalized people to the public service. . . . Local administration falls almost entirely—and the decision of Imperial (or national) affairs tends more and more to fall—into the hands of that dwindling . . . moiety which sits tight in one place from the cradle to the grave. No one has yet invented any method for the political expression and collective direction of a migratory population. . . . Here, then, is a curious prospect, the prospect of . . . a floating population going about the world, uprooted, delocalized, and even, it may be, denationalized, with wide interests and wide views, developing, no doubt, customs and habits of its own, a morality of its own, a philosophy of its own, and yet, from the point of view of current politics and legislation, unorganized and ineffective. . . . The history of the immediate future will, I am convinced, be very largely the history of the conflict of the needs of this new population with the institutions, the boundaries, the laws, prejudices, and deep-rooted traditions established during the home-keeping, localized era of mankind's career.

It is clear, at least, that the real struggles that cut to the heart of our modern society are more and more struggles between interests rather than struggles between parties. The cleavage between interests, actual or believed, have an air of reality and per-

manence, while the cleavage between political parties is a shifting line determined from election to election by a very large element of opportunism. The recognition that present political forms are ill adapted to deal with such social and economic facts as have just been pointed out is contributing greatly toward the reaction against the political rule of business and industrial policy and administration.

GOVERNMENT IS TOO LITTLE RESPONSIVE TO THE PUBLIC WILL

BUT even though it were feasible to get a genuine representation of vital interests by a system under which the basis of representation is the geographical area, the fact remains that our political institutions are not designed for quick and effective response to the will of their constituencies. In this respect the British Government is much more fully responsive to and controlled by the current public mind than our own Government. The members of our legislative bodies are elected part at one time and part at another. And for that reason we can never say that a particular Congress is the creation of the public mind at that given time. Our President's responsibility to our popular house in no wise corresponds to the responsibility of the English Premier. Our President creates a cabinet that is not responsible to the popular house or in any specific and controllable sense to the public will. The line of cause and effect running from the individual citizen's vote to the ultimate policy of government is frequently obscure and difficult to trace. And all this contributes to the feeling of unreality that an increasing number feel in connection with much of current political processes. It is clear that this, too, adds to the reaction against too great political control of business and industry. If we are to trust the vital processes of our national life in the hands of government, we want it to represent a highly realistic politics.

These are some of the fundamental considerations that enter into the opinion that governmental ownership, regulation, and control of business and in-

dustry by the present state, on the one hand, and the creation of a socialistic state, on the other, both lead to the same fundamentally bad end—the management of the larger aspects at least of our productive and distributive processes by a bureaucratic class rather than by the men who know and do, the men who handle the stuff of business and industry as their regular job. All these considerations are based upon the inadequacy of current politics to meet the responsibilities of a highly industrialized society.

SELF-GOVERNING INDUSTRY A SOCIAL NECESSITY

THERE is another set of considerations, as I have already suggested, growing out of the clear necessities forced upon business and industry by the present aspirations and demands of labor. These I have taken up so fully in the two papers preceding this in *THE CENTURY* for April and May that I need do little more at this point than to refer to them. This set of considerations has to do with what is becoming a very definite movement toward an organization of business and industry upon the basis of self-government that shall be a government truly representative of the employer, the workman, and the community. And quite naturally business and industry that is engaged in the fundamental task of reordering itself upon a basis truly representative of all classes and interests concerned will not want to be hampered in this constructive task by politicians who lack that sureness of touch and judgment that comes alone from practical contact with business and industry. Let us see how these considerations have arisen.

Prophecy is a game as elusive as it is tempting in such times of grand-scale readjustment and revolution as we are now passing through, such as we shall be passing through for a long stretch of months and years. Much of current forecasting will go to the scrap-heap of snap judgments. There are too many unknown factors, too many new factors being interjected day by day, to make prophecy a wholly scientific calculation. But some things have reached the stage

of essential certainty; among them this: labor will demand and successfully demand, an increasing share in both the profits and management of business and industry. What changes in the fundamental organization of business and industry will that demand make necessary? Will the increased participation of labor in the control of business and industry make for greater or less efficiency? Will it raise or reduce the total profits? Will the wise employer oppose the demand, or will he join with his employees in working out a new organization of the productive and distributive machinery of the nation along lines that will mean an increase in both the equity and efficiency of business? Does this mean a class war, or is there a feasible coöperation of the classes. These are the questions, cutting to the heart of modern society as they do, that employers the world over are asking themselves. The clearer the answers lie in the minds of both employers and employees, the sooner will the job of readjustment find an effective basis of procedure. And every day an increasing number of employers are reaching an understanding of the inevitable answer to these questions.

There is no permanently valid reason why the economic problem, which completely underlies our other problems, must pass into the hands of any one class for solution, whether that class be employers or employees, provided genuine economic democracy is achieved. And the idea of industrial and business democracy is no longer the scare-phrase it once was to the responsible business and industrial leaders. Only the other day one of the big business men of this country said to me: "Speaking purely from the business point of view, I am convinced that a real democratization of business that shall organize labor and capital into a real partnership in both profits and management will prove as great an advance in business efficiency and profit as in social and eco-

nomie justice. In other words, I am convinced that genuine democracy in business not only is right, but that it pays. Figured in terms of profit and loss, I believe that every argument against autocracy and class control in government is now coming to apply with equal force to autocracy and class control in business and industry. Of course there never was a time when one man or a few men with expert equipment and specialized experience could not do certain things better than a mass meeting could do them; but looked at from the long view, democracy with all of its mistakes arrives at right ends more times than does autocracy. Autocracy can, by its possible quickness of action, undoubtedly achieve greater improvements in a particular instance and in a shorter time than democracy can. But the unbusinesslike thing about autocracy is that too frequently it will achieve immense immediate *improvement* at the price of stifling *progress* thereafter. The businesslike thing about democracy is that its progress, although in some instances less rapid, is more sustained."

To the degree that American business men act upon such principles will the dangers of Bolshevism in this country diminish. There are more factors involved in the reaction against an increasing governmental ownership, regulation, and control of business and industry than the mere selfish desire of a visionless group of business men who want to go their socially irresponsible way. The reaction against too great centralization of business and industrial functions in the hands of the government is simply one expression of a fundamental protest against the unreality of present-day politics, the negatively critical side of a plea for greater realism in politics. Granted the truth of this conclusion, what are the probable lines of development in politics on the one hand and industry on the other that will come from this protest and plea?

A Forecast of Political and Industrial Developments

I DO not look for any fundamental constitutional changes in this country looking toward a reform of the basis of

representation. I think it is very unlikely that we shall get anything in the nature of occupational representation

supplementary to our representation by geographical areas. We have a marked reluctance to experiment with our political structure. What seems more likely is a large-scale experiment in the organization of business and industry upon a more representative and democratic basis. We are already seeing indications of this in the proposal of The International Harvester Company to institute shop committees throughout that industry. As our unrest becomes more acute, we shall doubtless see wider and wider application of the Whitley scheme of joint industrial councils in our industries. That, of course, is not the last word in industrial democracy, but it is a start. And the further development of all such ventures looking toward a more democratic organization of the relations of industry will not only serve as a preventive against Bolshevik tendencies, but will make material headway toward an answer of the plea for a more realistic politics.

Such developments will contribute toward the vitalizing of our political processes in this way: as the various fields of interest in our national life, business and industry particularly, are shifted to a broader base of control and organized along the lines of truly representative government that takes ade-

quate account of the legitimate interests of employer, employee, and the consuming public, the necessity, both apparent and real, for political interference with business and industrial processes will grow less and less. In the end such development of the forms and functions of self-government in business, industry, and other functional fields will mean that we shall have a series of coöperating sovereignties in these fields, with the political government acting as their correlator. We shall arrive at a situation such as I suggested in the opening paragraphs of this paper; we shall see business statesmanship standing at the center of and administering business, industrial statesmanship at the center of industry, educational statesmanship at the center of education, with political statesmanship acting as the impresario of these several statesmanships in their relations. All this will mean an approach toward the ideal of government by those who know and do, by those who know most about the department of national life that they are administering. It will tend in many ways, if not in the direct way that would best please the theorists, to make the invisible government visible and socially responsible. At least, many factors point this way.

An Example of Self-Governing Business

It would materially help the situation if some one would make a survey of all attempts that have been made in this country toward a more democratic organization of business and industry. Such a survey would help to lift this entire discussion out of the realm of pure theory and, to some degree at least, afford a basis of proved experiments upon which our business and industrial leaders might found their conclusions regarding the wisest procedure. During the last three years it has been my fortune to work in close relation with Mr. Edward A. Filene, President of William Filene's Sons Company, the largest store of its particular kind in the world. This effective and profitable business has been developed at the same time that an attempt has been made to organize the store upon a basis of the employees'

sharing alike in profits and management. To me the most significant thing about this store is that its managers have not looked upon the more democratic organization of business as an idealistic, but costly, concession to be granted after a business has succeeded and piled up a large surplus; rather have they regarded democracy of organization as one of the corner-stones of permanently successful business. In that fact lies the justification for the mention of this store in this connection. We shall never lack for examples of benevolence and paternalism in business, but the way out does not lie in that direction. Some time ago I asked Mr. Edward A. Filene to outline for me those features in the organization of the Filene store that he considered representative of principles that will be

helpful in the inevitable readjustments of business and industrial organization in this after-the-war period, and to tell me how they have worked. I want now to summarize the results of that interview.

In the early days of that business the managers found that they were spending much time and energy in the adjustment of differences between employees and executives which would produce larger returns to the business if spent on the more creative work of clarifying and making more effective the fundamental policy and administration of the business. The managers felt that every hour that they were obliged to give to the adjustment of differences or to the administration of discipline represented a direct loss to the business; if those matters could be adequately attended to in any other way. They reckoned that the energy of the management could be more profitably employed in the creative rather than in the negative features of administration, so they determined to hand over, so far as practically possible, the matters of discipline and the adjustment of differences to the employees themselves. A board of arbitration was created in 1901, if I rightly remember the date. This board is composed entirely of employees. It consists of twelve members, elected one from each section of the store, and a chairman appointed from the council of the Filene Coöperative Association, which I shall discuss later, by the president of that body. This Arbitration Board has jurisdiction over all cases of difference between employee and the management; cases relating to the justice of rules affecting employees, such cases as dismissals, changes in position or wage, transfers, location in the store, sales shortages, lost packages, breakage, and the like. In all cases except dismissal or increase of pay, where a two-thirds vote of the entire board is necessary, the majority vote of the entire board decides the case. The action of the board is final in all cases arising within its jurisdiction, unless it sees fit to reconsider a case upon request. To date the board has passed upon about one thousand cases, I think, and about one

half of these have been decided in favor of the employees and one half in favor of the firm.

At the time the board was founded, there was marked fear in many quarters that the discipline of the store would be undermined. Many business men said that it was impossible to submit every question to arbitration by a board of employees and get safe and conservative judgments. But experience has proved this fear to have been unfounded. The result has been highly satisfactory as regards discipline, and the time of the management has been freed for the larger directive work of the store. A distinguished jurist who made an analysis of the records of this arbitration board has said that the type of justice meted out by this board compares favorably with the justice meted out in any of our courts. The board is so organized that its twelve members are counselors to the respective store sections from which they have been elected. These counselors advise employees in their sections on questions arising in the conduct of their work, distribute information regarding the Arbitration Board and its processes, and instruct employees in the details of presenting their cases before the board.

The principle of the right of the employees to participation in the conduct of the business is further recognized in the arrangement under which to-day four of the eleven members of the directorate are representatives of the employees who exercise the right of direct nomination. And the store is experimenting its way toward some workable method of profit-sharing.

Throughout the store organization an attempt has been made to work out and apply what I may call the "confidential" principle. Let me illustrate what I mean. After the establishment of an employees' hospital or clinic in connection with the store, the managers found that many employees were reluctant to take advantage of it because of the fear that the bringing of their physical defects or disorders to the attention of the management might result in discrimination or dismissal. With that highly practical and scientific procedure which has marked the development of

this store, the managers gave to the employees the power to dismiss any nurse or doctor who should violate their confidence. This arrangement has produced marked results. An average of about two hundred employees take advantage of the clinic every day either for treatment or advice. This has materially reduced the charge on the business involved in absences due to sickness.

All of these factors—the control of the Arbitration Board by the employees, the sharing of profits by employees, the participation in the management by employees, and the payment of relatively high wages—have proved a marked business advantage instead of a drain upon the profits of the business. They have made for the spirit of team work and have meant the development of a higher and higher type of employee.

All of these features find expression in and through the Filene Coöperative Association, an organization to which every regular employee of the store belongs, and enjoys a voting privilege in, by virtue of employment in the store. In this organization no dues are imposed, but each feature of its work is planned to be self-supporting. Where such is not the case, it simply means that they have not yet worked out completely the technic of this policy, which they steadfastly hold as their goal. Participation in this work is optional. It is the central organ of government in this store community of some three thousand business citizens. It conducts the social and so-called "welfare" work of the store without the dictation, but with the coöperation of the management. Aside from its representation on the directorate of the store, it has in certain matters a direct voice in the management. For example, if two thirds of the members of the Filene Coöperative Association vote in mass meeting to initiate, change, or amend any rule affecting the discipline or working conditions of the store, the vote becomes immediately operative. Or, if five sixths of the members of the governing body of the Filene Coöperative Association vote in favor of any such rule, it goes into effect at the end of a week unless during the week it is

vetoed by the general manager, president, or board of managers of the corporation, or a majority vote of the Filene Coöperative Association membership. But even when vetoed by the management, a mass meeting of the employees may be held, and a two-thirds vote of the entire association at such meeting passes the rule over the veto.

I need not here go into the numerous matters of insurance, education, recreation, and other features which the Filene Coöperative Association controls. Such features are to be found in many businesses and industries irrespective of the degree of democracy that enters into their fundamental organization. The distinctive feature of such matters in the Filene store is that they are under the control and direction of the employees, not the employers.

It seems to me that all this should be highly suggestive to the leaders of American business and industry in the face of the fundamental labor unrest that is moving across the world. These experiments would seem to suggest that when the powers granted to employees are real powers, where the responsibility enjoyed by labor is real responsibility in the determination of wages, hours, conditions of work, and the settlement of disputes, the net result is not radical, but sanely conservative. This does not mean that such a system is a capitalistic scheme to dull the edge of labor's demands by granting an authority which the employer is fairly safe in assuming will be little used. It means simply this: so long as employers organize business and industry upon the theory that labor is a purchaseable commodity we may expect a discontent upon the part of employees expressing itself largely in destructive criticism and protest; but where the employees are made a working part of the management with a real voice, then what would otherwise be troublesome protest growing out of discontent becomes constructive effort to determine upon and create satisfactory conditions. Participation in management, if it be real, does not diminish the rightful demands of labor, but it does convert labor's legitimate protests into an instrument of constructive endeavor.

Bolshevism: the Heresy of the Underman

By LOTHROP STODDARD

NINETEENTH-CENTURY

materialism spawned two great heresies, the heresy of the overman and the heresy of the underman. The heresy of the overman flowered in Prussianism; the heresy of the underman flowers in Bolshevism. Both are deadly to our civilization. Prussianism would send us saber-rattling back into the gorgeous barbarism of Assyria; Bolshevism would suck us down into the slattern savagery of the Congo.

Modern civilization rests upon two ideals, liberty and democracy. Ever since the Renaissance and the Reformation freed man from the penthouse of the Middle Ages and set his face toward new stars, these two forces, however imperfectly understood, have been molding the idealistic framework of our world. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the broad lines of this framework were fairly fashioned.

Then came the materialistic age. Man had just plucked a talisman from Nature's girdle, and within a few short decades his developed science and invention utterly transformed the face of things. This transformation was absolutely unprecedented in the world's history. Hitherto man's material progress had been a gradual evolution. With the exception of gunpowder he had tapped no new sources of material energy since very ancient times. The horse-drawn mail-coach of our great-grandfathers was merely a logical elaboration of the

horse-drawn Egyptian chariot; the wind-driven clipper-ship traced its line unbroken to Ulysses's lateen bark before Troy; while industry still relied on the brawn of man and beast or upon the simple action of wind and waterfall. Suddenly all was changed. Steam, electricity, petrol, the Hertzian wave, harnessed Nature's hidden powers, conquered distance, and shrunk the terrestrial globe to the measure of human hands. Man entered a new world.

Man entered a new *material* world. Almost overnight his material environment had altered not merely in degree, but in kind. That meant necessity for profound adaptation to novel circumstances. Man concentrated intensively, exclusively upon the problem. He felt instinctively that he could thus concentrate because he believed that the idealistic conquests of preceding centuries had given him sound moral bases upon which to build the new material edifice.

Unfortunately, that which had at first been merely a means to an end presently became an end in itself. Losing sight of his idealisms, nineteenth-century man quickly evolved a thoroughly materialistic philosophy. Those persons satisfied with the trend of the times mirrored this philosophy in quiet and pleasing fashion. The English mid-Victorians, with their sweetly reasonable "economic man" and their law of inevitable progress leading to a calico millennium, certainly envisaged no vol-

canic morrow. But those at odds with the times developed less admirable points of view. To be sure, they were poles asunder among themselves. Some wanted merely to slant the existing order to their own special profit, while others desired to abolish the existing order and establish a radically new scheme of things in its place. But philosophically they were akin. Materialists, like every one else, they both looked to material goals attained by material means, primarily by force. Thus germinated the twin-heresies of force, bedded in materialism and sired by the will to power. Cult of overman and cult of underman, Prussianism and Bolshevism, they are only the opposite sides of the shield.

The cult of the overman need not detain us. The late war has fully instructed us as to its nature, and in Prussianism it reached its logical conclusion. The cult of the underman is our present concern. Its incipient phase was Marxian socialism. Of course there were socialists before Marx, but it was Karl Marx who really popularized socialism and made it a world force. The kernel of socialism is the communal ownership of capital and land. According to Marx, this was to be effected by the workers, who were to dispossess the propertied classes by revolutionary action. The revolutionary overthrow of the existing order is epitomized in Marx's famous peroration: "Let the ruling classes tremble at a communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working-men of all countries, unite!"

Although written in the year 1847, this reads like a Bolshevik manifesto of to-day. As a matter of fact, however, the spirit was different. To begin with, Marx, though a preacher of revolution, was by nature an evolutionist. The core of his doctrine was that modern industrialism, by its very being, was bound rapidly to concentrate all wealth in a very few hands, wiping out the middle classes and reducing both bourgeois and working-man to a poverty-stricken proletariat. In other words, he predicted a society of billionaires and beggars. This was to happen

within a couple of generations. When it did happen the wage-slaves were to revolt, dispossess the capitalists, and establish the socialist commonwealth. Thus would come to pass the social revolution. But, note: this revolution, according to Marx was sure, soon, easy. In Marx's last stage of capitalism the billionnaires would be so few and the beggars so many that the "revolution" would be a mere holiday, perhaps effected without shedding a drop of blood. Indeed, it might be effected strictly according to existing legal procedure; for once have universal suffrage, and the overwhelming majority of wage-earners could simply vote the whole new order in.

From all this it is quite obvious that Marxian socialism, however revolutionary in theory, was largely evolutionary in practice. Marxists were willing to bide their time and were apt to pin their faith on ballots rather than on barricades. Furthermore, Marxism did not assail the whole idealistic and institutional fabric of our civilization. For example, Marxian socialism might preach the "class-war," but, according to the Marxian hypothesis, the "working-class" was, or soon would be, virtually the entire community. Only a few great capitalists and their hirelings were left without the pale. Again, the Marxian revolution was more a taking-over than a tearing-down. In its purview existing institutions, both state and private, were largely to be preserved. As a matter of fact, Marxian socialism has shown itself everywhere a predominantly evolutionary force, ready to achieve its objectives by instalments and becoming more conservative with time. So matters stood down to the close of the nineteenth century.

But the opening decade of the twentieth century saw a change, an ominous change. A fateful decade, truly! It marks the final elaboration of the philosophy of the overman, the embodiment of that philosophy in mature Prussianism, and Prussianism's girding-up for the 1914 spring on civilization. The same decade marks the emergence of the full-fledged philosophy of the underman and its girding-up for its present spring on civiliza-

tion. This philosophy of the underman is to-day called Bolshevism. Before the Russian Revolution it was known as Syndicalism. Bolshevism and Syndicalism are one and the same thing. Soviet Russia has invented nothing. It is merely practising what others had been preaching for years, with such adaptations and forms as normally attend the putting of a theory into practice.

Bolshevism-syndicalism in its present form is the work of two French thinkers, Fernand Pelloutier and Georges Sorel. Of course, just as there were socialists before Marx, so there were Syndicalists before Sorel. The real progenitor of contemporary Bolshevism was probably the Russian anarchist Michael Bakunin, who away back in the middle decades of the nineteenth century strove hard to win the class-conscious working-men away from Marxism over to the anarchist school. But Bakunin failed, and his followers long remained a negligible group, known chiefly from sporadic bomb outrages more sensational than significant.

It was Georges Sorel who, at the very end of the nineteenth century, laid the practical foundation of Bolshevism. The hour awaited the man. The proletarian world was full of disillusionment and discontent at the long-dominant Marxian philosophy. Half a century had passed since Marx first preached his gospel, and the revolutionary millennium was nowhere in sight. Society had not become a world of billionaires and beggars. The great capitalists had not swallowed all. The middle-classes still survived and prospered. Worst of all, from the revolutionary point of view, the upper strata of the working classes had prospered, too. The skilled workers were, in fact, becoming an aristocracy of labor. They were acquiring property and thus growing capitalistic, they were raising their living standards and thus growing bourgeois. Society seemed endowed with a strange vitality. It was even reforming many of the abuses which Marx had pronounced incurable. When, then, was the proletariat to inherit the earth?

"The Proletariate"—that was the new key-word. The van, and even the

main body of society, might be fairly on the march, but behind lagged a ragged rear-guard. Here were first of all the lower working-class strata, the "manual" laborers in the narrower sense, relatively ill paid and often grievously exploited. Behind these again came a motley crew, the rejects and misfits of society. "Casuals" and unemployables, "down-and-outs" and *déclassés*, victims of social evils, victims of bad heredity and their own vices, paupers, defectives, degenerates, and criminals—they were all there. They were there for many reasons, but they were all miserable, and they were all bound together by a certain solidarity—a sullen hatred of the civilization from which they had little to hope. To these people evolutionary, Fabian socialism was cold comfort. Then came Georges Sorel, promising not evolution, but revolution; not in the dim future, but in the here and now; not the bloodless "taking-over" by "the workers," hypothetically stretched to include virtually the whole community, but the bloody "dictatorship" of "the proletariat" in its narrow and technical sense. Here at last was living hope—hope and the prospect of revenge. Is it, then, strange that a few short years should have seen revolutionary socialists, anarchists, all the anti-social forces of the whole world, grouped under the blood-red banner of Georges Sorel? For a time they went under different names, Syndicalists in France, Bolsheviks in Russia, I. W. W.'s in America; but in reality they formed one army, enlisted for a single war.

Now, what was this war? It was something absolutely new in the world's history. It was not merely a war against a social system, not merely a war against our civilization; it was a war of the hand against the brain. For the first time since man was man there was a definite schism between the hand and the head. Every principle which mankind had thus far evolved, community of interest, the solidarity of civilization and culture, the dignity of labor, of muscle, of brawn, dominated and made sacred by intellect and spirit—all these the new heresy of the underman howled down and trampled in the mud. Up from the dark purlieus of

the under-world strange battle-shouts came winging. The under-world was to become *the* world, the only world. As for *our* world, it was to be destroyed; as for *us*, we were to be killed. A clean sweep! Not even the most beautiful products of our intellects and souls interested these undermen. Why should they care when they were fashioning a world of their own? A hand-world, not a head-world. The undermen despised thought itself save as an instrument of invention and production. Their guide was not reason, but the "proletarian truth" of instinct and passion, the deeper self below the reason, whose sublimation is the mob. Quoth Georges Sorel, "Man has genius only in the measure that he does not think."

As for the citizens of the upper world, they were to be extirpated along with their institutions and ideals. According to Georges Sorel, "Violence, class struggles without quarter, the state of war *en permanence*," were to be the birthmarks of the proletarian revolution. The doomed classes were numerous. They comprised not merely the billionaires of Marx, but also the whole of the upper and middle classes, the land-owning countryfolk, the skilled working men; in short, all except those who worked with their untutored hands, *plus* the elect few who philosophized for those who worked with their untutored hands. The elimination of so many classes was perhaps unfortunate. However, it was necessary, because these classes were so hopelessly capitalist and bourgeois that, unless eliminated, they would surely infect at its very birth the gestating under-world civilization.

At this point many of my readers will probably think that I have been depicting the ravings of minds crazed by the torments of the late war. Not at all. What I have been describing is the Syndicalist philosophy as it stood in 1914. Every item in that program has been drawn from Syndicalist pronouncements made before the fatal revolver-shots at Serajevo. We must recognize once and for all that soviet Russia is not a mere war distemper, but the Muscovite manifestation of a movement which had formulated its philosophy and infected the whole civilized world long before. Thus

when we come to contemplate Russian Bolshevism in action, we shall view it not as a purely Russian phenomenon, but as a local phase of something which must be faced, fought, and mastered in every quarter of the earth.

The Great War was, of course, a great boon to the undermen. The writings of Lenine and Trotzky in its early days mirror their terrible glee. They realized that, even though completely victorious over the Prussian assailant, civilization would emerge from the battle so bled, dazed, and tired that it might fall an easy prey to the onslaught of a second foe. The Russian Revolution of March, 1917, gave the undermen their opportunity. That Revolution was not primarily their work, but they resolved to garner its fruits. They knew what they were about, and they drove remorselessly toward their goal. For a few short months they let the cadets dream democracy and the socialists spout Marx. Then they struck, and Bolshevism became a red reality.

Bolshevism has ruled Russia for nearly two years, and Russia is utterly ruined. She ekes out a bare existence on the remains of past accumulations, on the surviving scraps of her material and spiritual capital. Everywhere are hunger, cold, disease, terror, physical, and moral death. The underman is making his clean sweep. The classes are being eliminated according to the best preachments of Georges Sorel. Legal executions have neared one hundred thousand, extra-legal "proletarian spontaneity" has accounted for an even larger number, while ten millions of specially offensive bourgeoisie have been slated for eventual elimination by the virtual suppression of their food rations, the soviet government allowing them, in Lenine's jocose phraseology, "bread enough to prevent them from forgetting its smell." Judging by the present mortality rate, next winter will see the last of these "walking shadows" disappear. Meanwhile Lenine, surrounded by his Chinese executioners, sits behind the Kremlin walls, a modern Jenghiz Khan plotting the plunder of a world.

Such is the heresy of the underman in action. What are we going to do?

An Englishman on the Irish Problem

By G. WARD PRICE

ABOUT this Irish question I know neither less nor more than the mass of my fellow-Englishmen, and that is based less on fact than on sentiment; but, like other Englishmen just now, I do realize that Ireland is a subject about which it is urgently necessary to arrange one's ideas and to make up one's mind.

A few weeks ago Ireland appealed to the peace conference for recognition as a nation. It is extremely unlikely that the peace conference will take any notice of the appeal, for to do so would be to interfere in the internal affairs of one of the great powers, and would open the door to all sorts of trouble. We have not gone nearly so far as that. The league of nations, even when its constitution is finally decided, will not be concerned with any but the foreign relations of the states composing it. Their domestic troubles will remain their own affair. Ireland, indeed, cannot expect representation at the peace conference, because she is represented there already by the delegation of the British Empire.

But this appeal, vain though it may prove to be, does bring the Irish question again into prominence, and in that respect it has been considerably reinforced by the sudden development of a new pro-Irish campaign in the United States under the auspices of a personage of the high international standing of Cardinal Gibbons. A few years ago American manifestation of sympathy for Ireland used to pass wholly unnoticed in England, but since then we have come into such close relations that neither nation can afford to neglect public feeling in the other. And one thing which this association has taught Englishmen is that we have a very imperfect knowledge of the national psychology of America and of its probable effect upon her political action. Conse-

quently, at a juncture like the present, when new precedents are being created all the time in international relations, one realizes that there is just a chance that America as a nation, if not as a government, might take sides more energetically in this Irish question than she has done hitherto; and before that happens, it is only fair that Americans should hear not only the Irishman's, but also the average Englishman's, point of view.

We English can never judge how a matter of this sort is going to strike America. Americans, as a race, do not reason the same as we do. They are much less logical, far more sentimental. They seem, in fact, not so much to reason as to *feel*, and emotions, especially the emotions of a nation, are very uncertain things to reckon with. America has a way of shutting her eyes to what appear to us to be insuperable obstacles of hard fact, and in an access of sentimental strength taking a leap which lands her in positions where we English would have said that it was materially impossible for her to get.

A mention in passing of no more than two recent happenings will give some idea of this feeling of incomprehension, bordering on bewilderment, which I think is the prevailing impression about America in English minds just now. One was the remarkable disappearance, directly the United States joined in the war, of all manifestation of the pro-German sympathies that existed among the twelve million American citizens of German origin. The other is this amazing decision by which that great and individualistic country has been committed to teetotalism. Those two events alone would be enough to convince Englishmen that they know much less of the American national character and its possibilities of unexpected action than we do about those of a people like the French, who seem at

first sight to stand further out of reach of our perception. The bond of language between the United States and ourselves sometimes seems, indeed, rather a hindrance than a help to mutual comprehension. It leads to appreciations and judgments that are hasty.

Another circumstance that is having the same effect is the general spirit of settlement which is in the air. It is an anomaly, to call it no worse, that British statesmen should be laboriously engaged in settling the disputes of Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, in trying to conciliate Italians and Jugo-Slavs, in securing liberty of independent development for the Armenians, and laying the basis of a national life for the Jews, while at the very heart of the British Empire there is this population of four and a half million Irishmen of whom two thirds are in a state of violent dissatisfaction with their political conditions.

English statesmen realize this anomaly; but even if they did not, events are only too likely before long to force them to face it. Mr. Sean O'Ceallaigh, the Irish "envoy" to the peace conference here in Paris, and one of the most charming and mildest-mannered revolutionaries imaginable, tells me that Ireland is on the very eve of another bloody revolution. His mission to the peace conference here he represents as a forlorn hope, almost as a concession, made by the fiercer spirits among the Sinn Fein leaders to those more moderate of their comrades who urge that every possible instrument of peaceful negotiation should at least be tried before resort is had to the desperate, final, and foredoomed appeal to force.

"If I should let my fellow-members of the 'Irish Government' know," says Mr. O'Kelly, "that the peace conference will have nothing to do with us, the revolution would break out in Ireland in a week."

"And what would be the good of that?" I asked him. "England is full of highly trained troops and war-material. Your rebellion would be crushed immediately. It could not possibly accomplish anything but the useless sacrifice of many lives and the erection of another legacy of hatred between Ireland and England."

"The spirit of Ireland to-day," answered Mr. O'Kelly, fiercely, "is that the Irish would rather fight and be crushed than not fight at all. If the Irish can't have independence, they will have bloodshed, and they are quite ready to give their lives even uselessly to their cause."

What is this quarrel between us and the Irish? Can there really be so desperate an issue separating us that in a few weeks' time half-trained, fiercely patriotic Irish volunteers must needs start shooting down English soldier lads from East Anglia or Devon who know so little of Ireland that they could not even pronounce Sinn Fein?

Without any offense to the Irish, I think it is rather a one-sided quarrel. There may be, undoubtedly is, great hatred on the part of the Irish for the English; there is none felt by the English for the Irish.

If an average Englishman set himself to analyze in schedule form his feelings toward the Irish question, their principal ingredients would be found to be as follows:

(1) A great deal of ignorance and vagueness as to facts.

(2) An obstinate consciousness of good intentions.

(3) Mild resentment against the Irish for not appreciating this blundering, but sincere, well-meaning, and for stirring up unnecessary trouble on account of visionary ideals and non-essentials, which are antipathetic to the English mind.

(4) A strongly favorable disposition toward Irishmen as men.

(5) Readiness to let the Irish have all the self-government they want if they can only come to an agreement about it among themselves.

(6) A very strong feeling indeed, based on strategic, economic, and sentimental grounds, against Ireland cutting herself loose from the British Empire.

It needs only a glance at these component parts of the average Englishman's idea of the Irish question to explain a good deal of the quarrel between the two countries. The Irishman thinks of the Englishman as a calculating tyrant. The Englishman, on the other

hand, does not think of himself as a ruler of Ireland at all. For him the Irish are fellow-citizens of his own monarchical republic, all the privileges and opportunities of that citizenship being open equally to them as to him if they care to take advantage of them. Being a busy man, and preoccupied with many things, the ordinary Englishman has never found out why the Irish as a matter of fact are not satisfied to share in the citizenship of the British Empire, nor does he understand more than vaguely under what special disadvantages the Irish consider themselves to suffer.

As understood by the English in the street, the grievances of the Irish seem too much of a historical and brooding kind. The Battle of the Boyne or the atrocities committed by Oliver Cromwell in the seventeenth century at the sack of Drogheda appear to him quite unreasonable foundations for the resentment manifested by the Irish at the present day. Even the famines endured by Ireland in the last century under admittedly bad English government, and the abuses to which the Irish were formerly exposed from grasping and absentee landlords, are not, to the Englishman's mind, good reasons for maintaining an attitude of irreconcilability toward England at a time when English statesmen are really earnest in their desire to do justice to Ireland, if only they could choose between the diametrically opposed conceptions of justice held out to them from opposite ends of the island.

The Englishman himself has short memory for historical grievances even of his own, nor does he long retain hatred of an enemy. He lives very much in the present, and addresses himself to the problems of the moment without much reference to, or even knowledge of, those of the past. It is through this ignorance of our own history, to say nothing of that of other peoples, that the British constitution has come to be such a mass of contradictions and anomalies. Nowhere in contemporary political disputes in England does one hear appeals to the precedents of the past. The test invoked by both sides is the practical require-

ments of the moment, and historical example counts for far less than do instinct and common sense.

Between English and Irish there is here a difference of habit that springs from profound differences of race and temperament, and this is one of the first of the screens that mask each nation from the other.

The Englishman loses patience with the Irishman's frequent reference to the past. "The Irish a nation?" says the ordinary Englishman. "Well, what about it? Are n't the Welsh a nation, and the Scotch a nation, too? But they don't make all the fuss about their right to independence."

Yet, despite his temperamental lack of sympathy with the idealist side of Irish aspirations, the Englishman's practical sense leads him to recognize that with Irishmen this does count for a great deal, and that it is a substantial factor in the Irish situation which cannot be overlooked.

We English believe that Ireland gets more out of the empire than she gives to it. Irishmen have assured me that their country pays forty million pounds sterling a year in taxation, and that only twelve million sterling of this is spent for the benefit of Ireland. This is a question of fact which it would need an examination of the accounts of all the spending departments of the British Government to settle; but the opinion of the average Englishman, which is what I am trying to set forth here, is that this is not the case. It is likely that Irishmen leave out of their calculations, for one thing, all the money that has hitherto been spent on the upkeep of the British Navy and Army. Yet these have served to help preserve the liberties of Ireland just as much as those of any other part of the British Empire, for there can be but few people who will believe that, had the Germans won the victory they expected in this war, their professions of friendship and sympathy for the Irish cause would have caused them to lay their yoke as world-conquerors any more lightly upon her than on the rest of enslaved humanity.

Englishmen do admit that Ireland has been exploited by bad English gov-

ernments in the past; they realize that her industries were long repressed in order that English manufacturers might prosper; they know that her peasantry suffered cruelly under an unjust land system. But the argument of the average Englishman is that for the whole of the last generation the British Government has been constantly introducing reforms of surviving abuses in Ireland, and that whatever regrettable conditions may exist there still are not entirely the fault of English misgovernment, but are partly due to the national temperament of the Irish themselves.

It is very doubtful whether an independent Ireland would be a success as a financial proposition. Cut off from commercial union with the rest of the British Empire, without minerals and raw materials of her own, how could Ireland hope to pay her way? Her full confidence that she could do so reposes on the fact that she has never had the chance to try.

But the English would be ready and glad to let the Irish try this experiment, of which the risk, after all, would be nobody's but their own, by according to Ireland the very fullest measure of self-government such as Canada or Australia has already, if only the whole of Ireland were of one mind.

Here you come to the crux of the whole question. Ireland is not united in her demand for political autonomy. There is a large and compact and desperately earnest minority of Irishmen who will not hear of separation of the Irish legislature from that of Great Britain.

If it were not for Ulster, there would be no Irish problem, for England would long ago have yielded with virtually everything Ireland asked. But if there is one thing that is specially repugnant to the Englishman's character, it is the idea of letting down his friends. While the rest of Ireland professes few sentiments but those of open hatred for England, Ulster remains true to the empire, and dreads no fate worse than to be cut off from it and incorporated in an autonomous Ireland. Ulster is the most industrious and wealthiest part of the island. It is predominantly

Protestant, and the people of that province fear from an Irish government both religious persecution and economic exploitation. Whether these fears have or have not any foundation is beside the question. There is no doubt that they are rooted very firmly in the Ulsterman's mind, and since he asks no more than the preservation of an existing state of things, his position is a strong one. It would be extremely difficult for the English to upset present institutions if that implies the sacrifice of their friends to those who claim to be their foes.

What we cannot understand in England is the one-sided view which the Nationalist Irishman takes of his own question. If he feels so keenly the injustice of being held in "thralldom" by England, why does he insist upon wanting to impose upon Ulster a thralldom which Ulstermen would resent just as strongly?

Here again the immoderateness of the Irish, their refusal to accept any compromise, stand in the way of their own interests. England would accord the fullest measure of autonomy to south and central Ireland if the Nationalists of those provinces would accept it without demanding in addition that the unwilling Ulstermen of the north should be delivered bound into their hands. If, as the Nationalist Irishmen maintain, moderation and tolerance for all should prove to be the characteristics of the government they would set up in Dublin, it might well be that, after a lapse of time, Ulster's fears would be allayed and that the northern province might seek union with the rest of Ireland of her own accord, so that the autonomous unity of the island would be achieved. Irish Nationalists would have the sympathy instead of the opposition of the rest of the British Empire if they would consent to try the experiment of enticing Ulster into collaboration in the creation of a self-governing Ireland instead of wishing to compel her to come in by force.

People lately out of Ireland tell me that never in the history of the country has there been less chance than now of any such spirit of moderation showing itself. Exasperated by the delay on the

part of the British Government, due to the special circumstances of the state of war, in putting into operation the Home Rule bill which is on the statute-book, they say that the Irish will no more be satisfied with any measure of autonomy, however full, which implies their remaining within the British Empire, but that they are out for separation absolute and permanent.

As to that one can only say that it is an impossible claim. In every community the welfare of the majority is a consideration that must prevail over the will of a small minority when the gratification of that will must put the safety of the whole community in peril. And that it will entail grave peril to the British Empire to allow Ireland to break off from the United Kingdom there can be no doubt at all. The Irish themselves make no secret of their intention to use independence, if it is given them, as a means of gratifying their carefully nourished rancor against England. If it were otherwise, they would be prepared to accept the system of complete self-government for all in the island who want it which England is not only willing, but eager, to give them in order to put an end to this dismal feud of which all Englishmen are sick and tired.

Even were Ireland the greatest friend the English people could possibly have it would be a duty of national preservation incumbent upon every English statesman to oppose the establishment of a weak, independent government in a position capable of being made the tool of a hostile alliance to threaten the heart of the empire. The United States would not dream of allowing Texas to claim release from the Union while openly avowing feelings of enmity toward America, which would make of her a happy hunting-ground for Mexican bandits or a ready bridge-head for American rivals in Asia. Were Ireland two thousand miles away in the middle of the Atlantic, it would be a different matter.

This talk of complete Irish separation is fool's talk. Did we yield to it, five years would not pass before one or other of the parties in Ireland would be appealing to England to return and sub-

due the anarchy which would have broken out in the island, and it would not be surprising if the first call of that kind came from a section of Irish life that is now most bitterly opposed to England,—the priests,—for a strong movement of anticlericalism would almost certainly be one of the earliest consequences of Ireland's separation.

It would be going against all tradition of historical progress to rupture suddenly and artificially economic ties that have grown up through long centuries and to establish in precarious independence an island whose fate by geographical position alone is inevitably bound up with that of Great Britain.

We shall never find a solution of the Irish question while the leaders of Ireland are all extremists. Compromise is the only basis of durable arrangements in this world of conflicting ambitions, and though the Celtic temperament hates half-tones, it is by a compromise, which will nevertheless go very near to satisfying Irish desires, that this long standing trouble must be removed.

This is one of the first tasks before the British Government when its chiefs have time to turn from the international problems that are now holding their attention and devote themselves to the task of reorganizing our home affairs. The Great War has closed an era.

In the scheme of reconstruction for the empire which British statesmen have got to take in hand the Irish will be treated just as fairly as any of the great Dominions, some of which are peopled by races with national characteristics as strongly marked as their own. Home Rule throughout the empire, a very full measure of autonomy all round, is an urgent need that must be supplied. The Imperial Government, aided by delegations from the self-governing Dominions, will direct the foreign policy of the league of free states which the British Empire has become, but internal affairs throughout the Imperial Union will be left entirely under the control of local legislatures. No other system would be humanly workable, for no one body of men could find time to control two such vast and widely differing sets of responsibilities as those of imperial and home politics.

In this new system Ireland will find full freedom of development in her own national way. Eventually, though perhaps only gradually at first, owing to the mistrust of Ulster, she will achieve practical independence within the British Empire, which is what Henry Grattan, the first founder of the Home Rule movement, desired for her.

I cannot think that any reasonable Irishman believes that his country would be happier and more prosperous if it were cut off from the great union of British states to which it has belonged throughout all modern history, if it were debarred from all the mutual commercial benefits that those states can insure to one another, if it were shut up in a petty, inexperienced poverty-stricken independence, without prestige abroad, and only too probably with constant dissension at home.

The odd thing about it all is that the Irishman has fashioned a sort of bogie Englishman out of his imagination, and like a man suffering from the mania of persecution, attributes to this enemy all sorts of diabolical cunning and malevolence which has no existence in fact. How many of the leaders of Sinn Féin know anything of or about England at first hand?

We have seen the same thing, after all, on a larger scale between other nations of the world. Thousands of Americans who have mingled with the British Army in France admit to-day that the American history-books of their school days had filled up their imagination with a type of Englishman they find to be quite fictitious. And we English have learned, and are learning every day, a whole encyclopedia of facts about the American as he really is that were entirely unknown to most of us before.

One circumstance which above all gives me confidence that the Irish will be happy when they do at last settle down to the light harness of the British Empire team instead of trying to kick the coach to pieces is that Irishmen as men are invariably popular in England, and not only popular, but almost loved. There is so much in the Irish temperament which is lacking in our own that we cleave to the Irish as

to a natural complement. Their deep strain of sentiment, their whimsical humor, are very refreshing to a nation aware of taking itself too seriously.

Compare this with the Englishman's feelings toward the Scot. The English have a natural antipathy for the Scotch race. Charles Lamb discovered that a hundred years ago, when the Scotch migration over the border had by comparison hardly begun. We regard the Lowland Scot as mean, hard-hearted, self-seeking. There is always a faint suggestion of a sneer in English jokes about the Scotch, but you will never hear an English joke about the Irish that does not express a sympathetic liking. Yet despite their undoubted unpopularity as a race, the Scotch are not only at the head of their own national affairs, not only at the head of English affairs, but even of imperial affairs. Three out of five of the British peace delegation are Scotsmen. They abound in the Government at home and in all administrations, public and private. What is there to prevent the Irish, with their great gifts of national temperament, from taking an equally large share in the development of the British Empire if only they would turn their faces away from morbid contemplation of the past? In less than a score of years the Boers have sent General Botha and General Smuts to play a most influential rôle in the councils of Great Britain. Wellington, Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener, are instances of what heights the Irish can reach in the profession of arms for which their generous temperament especially fits them. Why should not Irishmen fill posts of equal importance in other spheres of imperial activity? So much of this energy and courage that are now being wasted on the organization of futile rebellion might be devoted to the service of the empire and of Ireland as part of the empire.

Irish genius should take advantage of the scope that is open to it instead of gnawing its own vitals in a vain passion of resentment. Then might be realized in spirit, if not in fact, the last prophecy of the Irish-American millionaire who died recently in New York that posterity will yet see England a province of Ireland.



The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
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XIII. ABDUL-HAMID, "THE RED SULTAN" —HIS DEEDS AND DOWNFALL

WHILE the new Balkan kingdoms were painfully wrestling with their several problems, their old oppressor, the Turk, was being thrown wearily back upon himself, and was trying for a new lease of life.

In Europe the Treaty of Berlin left the sultan the mere shadow of his former dominions, 65,000 square miles, divided with rough equality between Thrace (or Rumelia proper), Macedonia, and Albania. About six million people lived in this long, narrow, ill-compacted "Turkey in Europe," and outside of Constantinople and the Albanian uplands the majority of them were Christians. "Turkey in Asia," however, was still a truly huge empire, embracing 700,000 square miles, without reckoning uncertain claims to suzerainty over the tribes of Arabia and of Tripoli in Africa. These Asiatic dominions possessed little unity save that of a common oppression. It was utterly beyond the ability of the Ottomans, although they had been in Asia Minor since well before 1300, to weld even the Mohammedan portion of their subjects into a single nation. The population of Asiatic Turkey was about seventeen millions. Of this possibly six millions were actual Turks. The remainder was rather equally divided between non-Ottoman Mohammedans, Arabs, and Kurds, the latter mainly in the Caucasus Mountains, and various kinds of Christians—Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians. The Christians were the leaders of the merchant and artisan classes, and probably

represented at least ninety per cent. of the intelligence and hope of progress in the entire empire. The Turks were settled pretty solidly in Asia Minor, and their lower elements were hard working, though very unprogressive, peasants; of course they also furnished most of the civil officials and the officers for the army. The Arabs in Syria and Mesopotamia were on very cold terms with their Ottoman fellow-believers. They represented an older and worthier type of Moslem civilization, and regarded the Turks as oppressive interlopers. As for the Kurds, they were such crude, unruly mountaineers that the sultans counted themselves lucky if they were not in constant uproar and rebellion. On the whole, the Asiatic Christians and Mohammedans lived together in tolerable harmony; but the least unlucky incident would touch off the Moslem fanatics to go on a "holy war" to kill infidels, and then massacre would become the order of the day. If the conditions in Turkey in Europe were bad, conditions in Turkey in Asia were still worse. And Europe had hardly given them the slightest serious attention.

Abdul-Hamid II had come to the throne in 1876, after two palace revolutions, which gave him warning to tread warily. Almost immediately after his succession came the disastrous Russo-Turkish War, with the loss of Bulgaria and the virtual loss of Bosnia and Cyprus.¹ This was no glorious beginning for a reign, but everybody knew that Abdul-Hamid was not responsible for the misrule and bad generalship which led to the catastrophe. It was easy to exile or to bowstring certain unfortunate pashas, and the world at

¹ Theoretically, these lands were held only temporarily by the sultan's good friends, Austria and England, though all the world knew they were lost forever.

first looked on the new sultan as a man likely to bring a real regeneration to Turkey.

Even with great abilities the task of a reformer in the Ottoman Empire would have been an almost impossible one, and Abdul-Hamid had no ambitions as a reformer. He was a man of much capacity, but his antipathy for things Christian and Western was intense. Christendom had torn from him some of his fairest provinces, and to the best of his ability he would make Christendom pay the price. As he watched events not unshrewdly two things became increasingly clear to him: first, that the great powers of Europe were intensely jealous of one another, that in scarcely any circumstances would the other nations allow Russia a second time to punish the sultans for their sins, and that although the "concert of Europe" might present joint notes and threaten him, it could almost never act decisively. Secondly, that there was developing in central Europe a powerful friend to the Ottomans. The German Empire did not touch Turkey territorially. It disclaimed any ambition to make annexations. It did not pose as a champion of the Orthodox Christians of the sultan's empire, as did Russia; or of the Catholic Christians, as did France. The Hohenzollern kaiser merely seemed to desire friendly relations with Constantinople and a proper chance for the commercial expansion of his subjects. Abdul-Hamid was presently led to believe that the great military machine created and led to victory by Moltke would be at his service in case the czar again undertook to make the Crescent retreat before the Cross, or England translated her admonitions to reform into harsh deeds. The sultan doubtless realized that his brother at Berlin was scarcely hinting of this protection out of disinterested love; but this troubled him little. The future could care for the future. The important thing was that for the moment he had a free hand for revenge and reaction.

From 1880 to 1908 Turkey was governed under a stark tyranny worthy rather of the ninth than of the nineteenth century. The new pashas who dared to hint of genuine reform or of

an attempt to galvanize the institutions of the empire were imprisoned or obliged to flee into exile. The grand vizirs became simply the first ministers of despotism. Liberty of press became such a farce that virtually no one would read a Turkish newspaper, because everything of the least interest, even on non-political subjects, was carefully excised by the vigilant censor. A distinguished American, traveling through Turkey, was invited to address a religious meeting of native Christians. He chanced to use the word "freedom." The interpreter dared not translate the phrase containing it; the act might have landed him in a dungeon. Indeed, a certain side of Abdul-Hamid's government seemed as if taken from plain farce comedy. An American mission college imported some elementary chemistry text-books from England. The consignment was held up in the customs-office, and the professor in charge was informed that the volumes were "highly seditious." When he expressed surprise, he was told a dangerous cipher against the sultan had been discovered, and he was shown the familiar formula for water, H_2O . It was gravely explained to him that "H" undoubtedly indicated [Abdul] Hamid, and "2" even more clearly connoted "Second," while "O" was a palpable covering for "nothing." The cipher therefore obviously read "Abdul Hamid Second equals, or is good for, nothing," a deliberate incitement to treason!

Another sage deduction of the sultan affected the entire city of Constantinople. Long after the use of electric light was common elsewhere, the city of padishahs was illuminated by gas. The reason for this was that Abdul-Hamid lived in perpetual fear of death by dynamite, and the difference between a "dynamo" (needful for electricity) and "dynamite" never became clear in the mind of the Commander of the Faithful. He prudently prohibited them *both* in order to be on the safe side.

Only one act of real benefit came from this ruler's intense timorousness. A sacred molla (Mohammedan holy man) had predicted that the sultan would perish of the plague. To give this prophecy the lie, the sultan caused

divers precautions to be taken for the cleansing and sanitation of Constantinople and for the establishment of a strict quarantine. This policy is said to have saved the lives of some thousands of his subjects, but it was almost the only deed for which they could ever bless him.

After 1878 the old influence of England at Constantinople waned. By exacting Cyprus, she had destroyed any claims to gratitude for upsetting the treaty of San Stefano. By her occupation of Egypt (1882), a country still nominally under Turkish sway, that gratitude had been still more diminished. The English had become ashamed of the countenance they had given to Ottoman iniquities in the past, and Gladstone and Lord Salisbury sent too much scolding advice through their ambassadors to make their words very welcome. Russian influence also waned. Bulgaria was growing into a solid state, and her relations with Russia were not cordial. England and Russia, now allied with France, were still on bad terms. A combination of these powers against Turkey seemed the last thing possible.

In 1888 died William I of Germany, likewise his son, the short-reigning Emperor Frederick. A new master was in power in Berlin, a master who would not hesitate to depart abruptly from old diplomatic paths, who had soaring ambitions for his monarchy, and who was to prove not over-nice in his methods. On November 1, 1889, the German imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, steamed through the Dardanelles, between the saluting forts. On board were William II and his empress. It was their first visit of ceremony to any great European sovereign, and it is worthy of notice that they selected for this high honor no Christian monarch, but the Calif of Islam. They received an ovation at Constantinople, tricked out with all the pageantry and obsequiousness of the East. Prussian *Kultur* and Ottoman medievalism met happily together. Abdul-Hamid went to extravagant lengths to do his friends full honor.

William II was on the eve of breaking with the great chancellor he had

inherited from his grandfather. Bismarck had been cordial indeed with the sultan, and willing enough to have him look hopefully to Berlin rather than to London for comfort and counsel, but he had never approved of ambitious schemes for imperial expansion. William II, however, belonged to a younger and bolder generation. The chancellor's conservatism was to become a discredited tradition.

Abdul-Hamid probably did not inquire the price his redoubtable new friend would ultimately ask for his protection. Possibly his Oriental cunning made him believe that if ever Berlin in turn became too domineering, he could seek defenders again from St. Petersburg or London. The important thing was that for the moment this informal, but very real, alliance with Germany made him quite independent of the dictation of both of those capitals. We need not examine here what hopes and projects William II and his kindred spirits in Germany were entertaining touching Turkey, but only what the sultan speedily did himself.

In the mountains, near the southeastern coasts of the Black Sea and in the eastern part of Asia Minor, with scattered colonies elsewhere, especially in Constantinople, lay the Armenians. A fraction of this people was across the border in Russian Transcaucasia, but the great majority lay under the power of Abdul-Hamid. These Armenians were an ancient and much-tried race. On the sculptured slabs of hoary Nineveh the Assyrian kings had vaunted their bloody triumphs over the men of "Uratu," the dwellers in the Armenian hill-country. Conquerors had come and gone; the Armenians still were there. They seldom succeeded as soldiers. Roman, Persian, Arab, and Turk oppressed them, but they retained tenaciously their native language and customs and their oft-persecuted Christian faith.

The Armenians had been impartially mistreated, of course, along with the rest of the sultan's subjects, and since they were Christians, the great powers inserted a special clause in the Berlin Treaty making the Turkish Government pledge the Armenian districts "improvements and reforms" and guaranties of

"security against the Circassians and Kurds." The position of the Armenians, therefore, after 1878 ought to have been considerably improved.

But Abdul-Hamid soon willed otherwise. He had seen Serbia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Rumania slip from Turkish suzerainty or direct lordship. He knew, too, that among the Armenians there was a wide circle of those who were encouraged by the success of their fellow-bondsmen in the Balkans, and who were ready to start an agitation for Armenian freedom. The "reforms" were still merely pious wishes, and about 1890 they organized a political society called "The Bell," and began an agitation in western Europe for Armenian liberty.

It was not a fortunate time. Apart from the attitude of Germany, Czar Alexander III was very unwilling to encourage a "free Armenia," fearing the liberated folk would prove as ungrateful to Russia as Bulgaria, and halt the Muscovite advance southward with another barrier state. This Armenian agitation filled Abdul-Hamid with terror. Likewise he was very angry at the perpetual nagging advice and threats of intervention by certain of the great powers, especially England. Also, as intimated, he was now grown bold by the pledges of good will from Wilhelm II.

In 1893 there were some slight agitations in the Armenian mountain villages. This gave Abdul-Hamid his pretext for "restoring order." In 1894 he let loose on many Armenian districts not at first the Turks, but the even more ferocious and fanatical Kurds of the Caucasus uplands. When these did not suffice, they were duly helped out by Turkish regular troops. The story is one catalogue of horrors that seemed unsurpassed until in 1915 the Armenians were the victims of a yet greater massacre, with the Prussian now the avowed partner of the butchers.

The massacre began in August, 1894, in the villages of the Sassoun district, in the province of Bitlis. Nine hundred Armenians there were slain in cold blood with every possible barbarity. Zekki Pasha, in charge of this worthy work, was decorated by the sultan for

his public "services." The ambassadors of the great powers were horrified. Great Britain demanded a commission of inquiry. The sultan blandly answered by ordering a commission to "inquire into the criminal conduct of the *Armenian brigands*." Nothing was done to punish the guilty. Village after village blazed to heaven, while the victims poured out their blood. Schemes of reform were amicably discussed at Constantinople between the ambassadors and the grand vizir, and still came in the tales of massacre. "All through 1895 the systematic demons continued their work, moving from district to district. In 1896, goaded beyond endurance, a band of frenzied Armenians rose at Constantinople and seized the Ottoman bank. Of course their attempt instantly failed, and the angry sultan retaliated by having six thousand Armenians hunted down and clubbed to death in the very streets of the capital, and under the very noses of their Excellencies, the protesting ambassadors.

Fifty thousand Armenians, according to an English estimate, had perished. The consciences of very many Englishmen were terribly stirred. There were great meetings for protest in London and Liverpool. In France, too, there was fury and indignation. But France was still hesitant to play a bold hand for herself in foreign affairs, and Russian ministers were cynically declaring that "they did not want another Bulgaria in Asia Minor." Austria was already dancing to Germany's pipe, and although William II in no wise promised to take up arms for Abdul-Hamid, all the tremendous diplomatic influence of Berlin was thrown in favor of ignoring the tragedies and doing nothing. The Prussian official press explained away the deeds which cried to God, and the kaiser's ambassador was often at the sultan's palace, assuredly not to threaten.

No nation was more responsible at that day, however, for the existence of Turkey and for her chance to work iniquity than England. England had forced through the Treaty of Berlin and the Cyprus Convention. Her honor was pledged to secure reforms for Armenia. The best instincts of England were in

favor of a bold stroke worthy of a mighty nation. A great fleet lay off the Dardanelles. The prime minister of Britain was Lord Salisbury, a man of ability, personal honor, and considerable statesmanship; but he was full of dread of Russia and with a surviving partiality for the Turks, although admitting their sins. It was the time when courage urged a bold stroke; but the prudence which tapers off into cowardice urged procrastination. Salisbury issued solemn admonitions to the sultan that misgovernment would earn calamity, and urged the other powers to join in common action. He met stolid ears at Berlin and St. Petersburg. And then he did nothing. The technical excuse was good. The fate of Turkey was an affair for "the concert of powers," and no one power had the right to disturb the general peace of the world by individual action to which the rest did not consent. But technical excuses avail not at the judgment bar of history.

At that time, and subsequently, Englishmen felt and expressed keen humiliation at this failure of their Government to discharge a very specific moral obligation. The incident deepened that most unfortunate belief in the inherent pacifism of the British Empire which was one of the direct causes of the calamity of 1914. The cowardice and flinching was that of Robert Arthur Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, and his cabinet. The penalty was paid by the whole British Empire within nineteen years.

Abdul-Hamid cared little for the scoldings in the London and Paris papers. He had discovered his friend, taken the measure of his enemies, and "quieted" the remnant of the wretched Armenians for a while. In 1897 came the brief war with Greece over Crete, and the Turkish Army, disciplined by German officers, was able to give its master all the joys of a conqueror.

Barely was the Greek war out of the way when the German Kaiser again hastened to visit his august Mohammedan friend, who had just happily resisted "malice domestic and foreign levy." The red sultan was delighted at the cordiality of his guest; "the im-

perial visitor kissed him and called him brother." There were many cordial tête-à-têtes: "it was then that the proposals for the Bagdad railroad [to be built by German capital] were negotiated: and privileges were secured which have developed into a stupendous mortgage over the whole Turkish Empire. French prerogatives and concessions were arbitrarily revoked; British and French influences were reduced to naught."¹

William II, however, traveled far beyond his comrade's palace by the Bosphorus and its rose gardens. Like a crusader of old, he must go on to Jerusalem. In Berlin the kaiser had passed for a zealous Protestant, and indeed at the Holy City William II did show an approving interest in various Lutheran missions. He also displayed a truly impartial zeal for the prosperity of the German Catholics in Palestine, though it is to be feared his main interests in Syria were hardly the direct propagation of the Gospel. Within fourteen days of having offered his "profound homage" at the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem and the manger at Bethlehem, he found himself in Damascus, a distinctly Moslem city. The blood of the slaughtered Armenians had hardly sunk into the ground. In the corps of smiling Turkish officers that salaamed to the great ally of their master were probably many who had slain the babe and more than slain the mother, but all was cordial and charming even for the polite East. The kaiser delivered an address on November 8, 1898, before these servants of the second Herod. One of its sentences stuck in the minds of Western statesmen: "His Majesty the Sultan Abdul-Hamid and the three hundred million Mohammedans who reverence him as calif may rest assured that at all times the German Emperor will be their friend." Of course William II did not translate his ideas more clearly or put them into instant action, but from this time onward the chances of Germany yoking all Islam to its chariot wheel and making Mohammedanism an agent for Teutonic propaganda were recognized by responsible men.

It was soon recognized that the Ger-

¹ Bracq, "The Provocation of France," p. 69.

man ambassador at Constantinople exercised more real power in Turkish affairs than the average grand vizir. As a fruit of the emperor's visit, the negotiations for the construction of the Baghdad railway, which was to connect Constantinople with the Tigris River and then with the Persian Gulf, went forward to a climax fortunate for Germany. In fairness it must be said English commercial interests about 1880 could probably have won a similar opportunity, but the chance was ignored because the eyes and expectations of all Britons were centered on the route to India via Suez, and they were not anxious to develop a rival highway.

But for a long time there had been a party of Ottomans known commonly as the "Young Turks." This band had been considered by diplomats as rather harmless dreamers. They believed that Abdul-Hamid's misrule was ruining the empire, and paving the way for a final conquest by Russia. They wished for the revival of the still-born Constitution of 1876 and for the introduction of various Western reforms and innovations as the last hope of saving their native land from ruin. In the time of their propaganda they announced many high-sounding humanitarian propositions which in the days of their power they were never to execute. The "Young Turk" movement was, however, in its first stages a genuinely liberal movement, grafted upon the Orient by men who often mistook program for performance.

Abdul-Hamid of course detested and dreaded these "Young Turks," some of whose leaders came from the highest Ottoman families. Those whom he could not arrest fled to Geneva, Berlin, and Paris where, as exiles, they made the red sultan spend a great deal of money keeping spies after them. But while the spies were busy in Paris, the Young Turks were busy in Saloniki. The misrule of the sultan was disgusting wider and wider circles of Ottomans, but he still kept around him some regiments of highly paid troops who guaranteed him against any ordinary outbreak in the capital. At Saloniki, however, lay the powerful Third Army Corps, ill paid, restless, and very good

material for conspiracy. Upon this force the Young Turks' "Committee of Union and Progress" worked from 1906 to 1908, and then, with very few preliminaries, at Saloniki in July, 1908, they suddenly proclaimed again the Constitution of 1876, and started for Constantinople with the Third and the Second Army Corps at their backs.

Abdul-Hamid had been caught completely unawares. His force at Constantinople was inadequate. He was not sure of the troops in Asia. With astounding promptitude he seemed to throw up the struggle and transform himself into a liberal constitutional monarch. The censorship of the press was abolished, the Constitution put in full force, and a chamber of 280 deputies was ordered convened, to be elected by all the male citizens, whatever their faith, of the entire Ottoman empire.

But Abdul-Hamid had made concessions only that he might bide his time. Against the Young Turks were rallying all the noxious elements that had battered on the fallen régime. Also the fires of Ottoman conservatism were being awakened. On April 13, 1909, a counter-revolution shook the capital. The sultan's troops seized the parliament house, the liberal grand vizir resigned to save his life, the minister of justice was murdered, and Abdul-Hamid magnanimously issued a "pardon" for all the acts of his zealous soldiery.

Those of the Young Turks who still lived fled the city for their lives, but they were not long absent. The "Committee of Union and Progress" at Saloniki promptly took charge of the situation, and the whole European army, save the red sultan's corrupted regiments, obeyed its orders to march on the capital.

On April 25 the Saloniki army entered Constantinople. Some of the mutineers pleaded for mercy. "Have you brought us the old man's head?" sternly demanded the attacking general, a demand, however, which was not finally insisted upon. Five hours of fierce fighting were required before the rebel troops in some of the barracks could be bombarded into submission. Abdul the Damned had played his game, and the dice had fallen against him. To save

his power no hand was openly raised by the German ambassador or by the war-lord in Berlin. The moment the sultan had lost his grip on the situation and his ability to serve them, Prussian interest in his cause had waned. "Our relations with Turkey are not of a sentimental nature," Prince von Bülow, the kaiser's chancellor, asserted most pithily. Possibly, however, German influence was exercised to keep the sultan from the executioner.

For hours he had been in keen animal terror and he was greatly relieved when told he might keep his life, and depart to Saloniki, still solaced by a considerable number of his harem ladies. Had he stayed in Constantinople he might have seen some forty of his instruments, breeders of the recent mutiny, powerful eunuchs, or extortionate ministers, dangling from nooses as they were hanged in full view on the bridges and streets of the capital.

The new sultan was amiable and harmless. Being the presumptive heir to the throne, he had been kept in gilded imprisonment through the whole of his brother's reign, and he declared that "he had not read a newspaper for twenty years."

The Young Turks, however, had found in Mohammed V precisely what they wanted—a figurehead without force or wit to govern, who owed everything to their intervention.

Enver Bey and his associates now had grasped the entire government. It seemed as if the German alliance with Turkey had been dissolved with the downfall of Abdul-Hamid. Speedily the Young Turks were to discover that it is easier to draw up abstract programs for making an Oriental empire into a modern parliamentary state than to execute those programs smoothly and happily; and as their difficulties increased, they were to discover again the need for the friendship of Berlin. For the instant, however, the prospects opened fair before them, and all the more trustful liberals in Europe echoed the applause that followed the new sultan's announcement, "The safety and happiness of the country depend on the constant and serious application of the constitutional régime, which is in con-

formity with the sacred law as well as with the principles of civilization."

Noble sentiments, but the subjects of Mohammed V were to see greater wars and woes than the subjects of Abdul the Great Assassin.

XIV. THE HAPSBURG EMPIRE AND ITS DISCORDANT SUBJECTS

THE very first fact with which any student of Austria-Hungary is confronted is that he is dealing with a state and not with a nation. Nationalities are plentiful within the limits of the empire, but there is no Austro-Hungarian nation. When the emperor wishes to address a manifesto to his subjects, it is not "to my people" that he speaks, but "to my peoples." Race, religion, all that tends to make nationalities different from one another, are present. Nor does the Austrian difficulty end there. In their struggle with one another the nationalities look not merely to their own strength for aid, but also to their brothers outside the borders of Austria-Hungary. The German looks to Germany, the Slavs to Serbia and Russia, for assistance in their hopes of strengthening their position within the Dual Empire. The result is that this question has been too often regarded by the Austrian statesmen as a question of foreign policy, to be settled with these outside powers, rather than an internal question, to be settled within the empire. Moreover, the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been constantly endeavoring to expand either its territory or its influence, at first in Italy and Germany, and lately in the Balkan Peninsula. And these attempts at expansion have brought it into acute conflict with Italy, France, and Prussia.

This is Austria, a state, a foreign policy, an army, a ruler, but never a nation. How did such a state come to be formed? To answer this question we must go back into the late Middle Ages, to the period when the old Holy Roman Empire of the Germans was struggling with the non-German races on its borders, Slavs and Magyars. To provide for defense against these races was formed the so-called East March, the kernel of modern Austria. Orig-

inally purely German, it extended to the south to take in the Slavs along the northern Adriatic. But the genesis of modern Austria begins with a certain Ferdinand, brother of Charles V, whom Luther faced at Worms in 1521. By a fortunate marriage and by equally fortunate deaths he acquired Hungary and Bohemia.

But he acquired something in addition to these territories; he acquired a Turkish war among his possessions in Hungary, and for the next two centuries Austria waged almost unceasing war against the Turks. At first the struggle went rather against her; in 1529 and again in 1683 the Turks nearly captured Vienna. But after 1683 the war went steadily in Austria's favor. She gradually extended down the Danube and into the Balkans, taking under her dominion large numbers of Slavs, who welcomed her armies as deliverers from the hated oppression of the Turk.

And thus was formed a state which never was the expression of a nation. It was given the great opportunity to reconcile Slav and Magyar and German, East and West, and on the whole it has failed.

The Austrian problem, then, is at bottom a problem of nationalities. What are these nationalities, their characteristics, and their location in the empire? Roughly speaking, they are comprised of five grand divisions: the German, the Magyar, the Slav, the Rumanian, and the Italian.

First of all in our study of the nationalities is the German, the original Austrian. They settled mainly in the upper basin of the Danube along the north and west borders of Bohemia. There is also a little island of Teutondom in western Hungary formed from the descendants of sturdy German settlers sent during the Middle Ages to hold this region against the Slav, but to-day lost in the surrounding sea of Hungarians and Rumanians. These Germans are not the Germans of Prussia. They view life with a less serious eye, love the good things of this world, and are in many ways more charming and less efficient than their racial brethren to the north. In the past they have done much for music and art; even to-

day they are contributing their share, and they have made Vienna a place of great charm to the casual visitor. But they appear to have abandoned commerce and industry to the Jew; statesmanship they have left far too often to the Pole and the Magyar. Children of this world, they are to-day probably the best embodiment of the real German *Gemüthlichkeit*. Likable though they may be, it is to be feared that their faults will greatly hinder them in taking the control of a new and regenerated Austria.

If you travel by the Danube steamer from Vienna to Budapest you pass the citadel of Presburg. This old frontier fortress of the Hungarian kingdom may be taken as the boundary where one passes from the land of the Germans into that of the Magyars. From that point on this race inhabits the great Hungarian plain, until in its western part it gives way to the Rumanian. Descendants of a wild, nomadic race which dashed itself against western Europe in the tenth century and then recoiled into the Danube plain, the Hungarian people have retained some of the fire and energy and some of the wildness of their youth. Their nobility, widely traveled and often widely read, simple in their tastes, gentlemen of the world in the best sense of the term, seem a survival of the old feudal and patriarchal days. The peasants are energetic and in the main good farmers and householders. With his brilliancy and charm, and with an almost Oriental suppleness of mind, the Magyar seems a born politician, as the other nationalities in the empire have found to their cost. Proud of his nationality and of its traditions, determined that it shall be the directing force in the kingdom, he has carried on a policy toward the other nationalities that has been one of the causes of the present war. Active and aggressive, the Magyars have fought their way to their present position in the Dual Empire and they mean to maintain it at all costs.

From the two ruling nationalities, German and Magyar, we pass to the ruled nationalities, the Slav, the Rumanian, and the Italian. To link together the Slavs as one nationality involves a

certain stretching of the term, for even yet it is doubtful if the Czechs of Bohemia feel their kinship with the Croats or Serbs in Hungary, and in at least one case, that of the Poles and Ruthenians, the feeling is still decidedly antagonistic. But it is notable during the last few years that all these Slav races in the empire have been uniting in their common grievances, feeling more and more their racial kinship and more and more inclining to work together for common ends. The Czech banks of Prague have subsidized the common enterprises of the Croat and Serb in Dalmatia, and the people of Prague contributed heavily to the Serbian Red Cross during the period of the two Balkan Wars, considering the Serbian victories as those of the Slav race as a whole.

Who are these Slavs and whence came they? History tells us but little, for they pushed into Europe unheralded and unsung in the centuries immediately following the fall of Rome. They were evidently of a low grade of civilization, hunters and fishermen, wanderers on the face of the earth, with few, if any, political bonds to confine them, individualists by choice. They always seem to have lacked to some extent the ability to organize, although it may be said that this defect has been somewhat exaggerated by those who write concerning this race. Dreamy, rather impractical, they may have contributed less than their share to the material side of life, although this may very likely be due to the economic circumstances in which they have been placed, for, when given the opportunity, some of them have attained eminence in these very fields. On the other hand, they have probably contributed more than their share to music and art. Generally they appear as an undeveloped race of great possibilities, but what these possibilities are is hard to prophesy.

Geographically the Slavs form a fringe along the northern and southern borders of the empire, although they have pushed many outposts into the central portion as well. Numerically they are the leading race in the empire, having a larger population than the two ruling races, German and Magyar,

taken together. The majority are Roman Catholics.

The eastern part of Hungary is occupied, in the main, by Rumanians. They seeped in across the Carpathians some time during the later Middle Ages, and ever since the thirteenth century seem to have made up the peasant class in this district. They claim to be the descendants of the Latin colonists left by Trajan in the Roman province of Dacia; actually they are probably a mixed race from many origins, and their Roman antecedents are much more certain as to their language than to their blood. They are still agriculturists for the most part, and, although greatly hindered in their development, have done much through organized self-help.

Last among the nationalities come the Italians, who are almost entirely found in the coast cities along the northern and eastern shores of the Adriatic. Originally they came as colonists, sometimes under the control of Venice, sometimes independent, in order to trade with the people of the back country, and they brought with them an Italian culture that has never died out, even though the Italians to-day are a minority among the population. Traders and culture-bearers they are still, these lost children of Italy, living for the most part in the cities, which are little Italian fortresses in the surrounding hosts of Slavdom. But one after another these fortresses have been falling, and it appears that now the Italians must undergo the melancholy fate of those who in a strange land give it their culture and then are swallowed up. On the northern shore things are better for the Italians, but in Dalmatia the future appears to belong to the Slav.

The present government of Austria-Hungary is based on the so-called *Ausgleich*, drawn up in 1867. By it Austria and Hungary were united together in a loose federation that left each of the parties virtually independent in their internal affairs. Outside of the fact that the Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary, the bonds of union between the two dominions consist of the joint ministries of foreign affairs, finance, and war and the so-called "dele-

gations." The latter are elected bodies, one from the parliament of Austria and one from that of Hungary which convene in Vienna and Budapest alternately, confer with each other in writing, and meet together only after three exchanges in writing have proved unavailing, and then only to vote, not to debate. All in all they leave the impression of two independent powers negotiating with each other and not that of a common parliament for two parts of the same state. Economic matters, such as railways, tariffs, etc., are settled by treaties, having life for only ten years, and each renewal has been accompanied by no little strife.

It is easy to see then that such internal questions as economic reform, treatment of the nationalists, and so forth will not be dealt with directly by the Austro-Hungarian state, but will be left to the separate action of the two parts, Austria and Hungary.

In Austria the problem has mainly centered in the treatment to be accorded to the Czechs of Bohemia. When the Magyars were given favored treatment in 1867, these Slavs of Bohemia confidently expected that they would receive the same, and that a virtually autonomous Czech government would be set up in Bohemia. Four things appear to have prevented this. First of all was the dislike on the part of the Austrian Government to split up further the empire unless it was necessary. Second was the refusal of the German minority in Bohemia to allow the erection of what would be a predominantly Slav state in which they would have to play a secondary rôle. These same Germans, who view with the utmost complacency the crushing out of Slav majorities in Austria and in Hungary, wax exceedingly eloquent over the nationalistic wrongs the German minority in Bohemia would undergo if the Czechs were given control there. Third in the list of reasons was the attitude of the Magyars. Having won for themselves a privileged position in the empire, they had no intention of sharing it with the Czechs. Finally the Czechs at this period appear to have lacked the statesmanship shown by the Magyars. Thus, while the Czechs were far better en-

titled to the control in Bohemia than were the Magyars in Hungary, they failed in securing the desired position and were left under the control of the Germans of Austria.

But they had no intention of remaining in this subordinate position. Instinctively they seem to have felt their needs, better education and a stronger economic position within the empire. These two things they set out to secure. Schools were established throughout Bohemia, a Czech literature was encouraged, and an organized system of mutual help did much to better their economic position. Prague, once German, became a purely Czech city. German, formerly the language of culture, was more and more replaced by the use of the native language. In brief, Bohemia has witnessed during the last forty years a tremendous Czech renaissance that has left that race socially, economically, and culturally the master of Bohemia.

Politically, however, this was not true. For the state was still a power in the hands of the Germans and they used it ruthlessly to hold this Slav movement in check. The Slav-Czech language was not placed on an equality with German in the courts and in government business, and when an attempt was made to do this in 1897, it broke down, owing to German opposition and, it would appear, to threats from Berlin.

The question, however, did not end there. Rebuffed in their attempts to secure their ends by legal means, the Czechs took refuge in systematic parliamentary obstruction. Several deputies gained great proficiency in speaking twelve hours or so at a stretch; others became experts in hurling ink-bottles and other missiles at their opponents. The Germans retorted in kind, and the sessions of the Austrian Parliament were one continuous uproar. Finally, in sheer desperation, the government decided to bring in a bill conferring universal suffrage throughout Austria. Up to this time the suffrage in Austria had virtually been limited to the property-holding classes. In 1906 it was agreed to throw all seats open to manhood suffrage, and it was hoped that by this method the nationalities

other than German would be satisfied by the added power their numbers would bring them, and also that social and economic questions, hitherto untreated in an assembly elected by property-holders, would come to the fore and throw the nationalistic question into the background.

In this hope the Austrian Government does not appear to have been wholly deceived; while the non-German nationalities had some grievances with the districting in the new parliament, they seem to have been willing to drop these and give manhood suffrage a fair trial. And so the nationalistic question faded, at least relatively, into the background. On the other hand, social and economic questions received far better treatment, and much useful work was done.

While Austria was slowly progressing toward a better treatment of the problem of nationalities, the treatment of this problem in Hungary is one long, sordid series of acts of oppression committed by the Magyars against the other nationalities of the kingdom. A minority in the land they govern, but proud of their past and determined to remain the ruling caste, the Magyar has systematically refused to the other nationalities any right of expression except through Magyar channels.

Magyarization strikes the traveler at every turn in the Hungarian kingdom. Street names are posted in Magyar, place names are at least officially Magyarized, time-tables are in Magyar, as are the tickets you buy, and Magyar is the language used by the railroad staff, who luckily also know French and a little English, sometimes, as well. Magyar is the language of the courts, and though interpreters are allowed, they must be paid for at the private expense of the client, a grievous burden on poor litigants. Even tombstones in Budapest bear no inscriptions save in Magyar.

Yet, it may be asked, why do these nationalities not unite to use their numbers in gaining control of the parliament? In the first place the franchise is medieval, giving undue weight to property and education, of which the

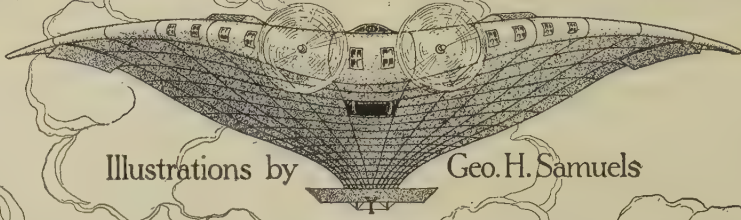
Magyars have by far the greater share. Again the districting, originally bad, has been made worse by systematic gerrymandering. Finally corruption, intimidation, and even the use of troops at the polls have been carried on to such an extent that a fair election is an impossibility.

But it was in one corner of Hungary that the torch was kindled that was to set the world aflame. The diplomacy of Andrassy had given Austria the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, two provinces formerly Turkish, but almost entirely occupied by South Slavs. The occupation began with a revolt of the population, and it is hardly too much to say that this has never really ceased since 1878. These revolutionists, mostly Serbs, are the soldiers of nationality, protesting, dying for a principle, for the right of a people to dispose of itself. Suppressed in one locality, the revolt appears in another; it inspires plots which have planned the death of Austrian governors, and which finally claimed the heir to the Austrian throne.

In the autumn of 1912 the Balkan wars broke out, and the situation at once became critical. Hitherto the Slavs in the empire had only one great Slav power to appeal to, Russia, and this power they dreaded. But with the victories of Serbia there came to all the Slavs of the empire the feeling that they were no longer members of a mean and despised race, but of a race which could fight and could conquer.

"Serbian and Russian intrigues," thus the Austrian statesmen described these events, for they failed to see that the real difficulty lay within their own borders, that these Slav nationalities had turned to Serbia and to Russia only because every attempt they had made to approach the Austro-Hungarian Empire had been rebuffed. Yet that Government refused to see the light. From the summer of 1913 to the summer of 1914 their whole endeavor was to find a way to crush the Serbian state. And so, in the end they delivered themselves, German, Slav, and Magyar, to be exploited by the Prussian.

Air-Travel Possibilities



Illustrations by

Geo. H. Samuels

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

TWO New York commuters sat in the crowded smoker the other day, with morning papers lying idle in their laps, vigorously discussing the future of the airplane.

An air engineer, one of the hundred highly trained specialists this country has developed in the last four years, overheard one of the pair say emphatically:

"I tell you it's coming. It's bound to come. You and I will see the day that thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of us will fly from our country homes to our offices and back every day. Why, say, old man, the flying-machines will be just as common as jitneys in Hoboken and pretty nearly as cheap."

His companion replied in skeptical accents:

"Oh, pshaw! What did you have for breakfast? Pickled dynamite? Perhaps thousands of people will fly in the air, and machines will be built that will carry all the fast mail and some valuable express and freight; but you will never see slaving commuters like us traveling back and forth in the air, for the simple reason that you've got no place to land except in Central Park or on the Hudson River."

The first speaker warmed to his subject as the gauntlet was thrown down.

"Let me tell you," he insisted; "if a flying-machine can be built that can be pushed sidewise through the air by propellers, one will be built that can lift itself straight up in the air by propel-

lers. With that kind of flying-machine we could land right on the roofs of our office buildings."

This man was a dreamer of dreams, the kind that puts the wheels of finance under great things, and keeps them rolling to final successful accomplishment. He knew nothing technically about air craft or engineering, he admitted to the airman, who had craftily broken into the conversation, through a yearning to take part in any discussion which touched upon his great hobby, that ultimately the bulk of all transportation would be in the air.

Why not? Who in 1820 would have believed that a railroad train could be driven safely faster than twelve miles an hour, or who would have placed much credence in the statement that a thirty-thousand-ton ship could be built of solid steel and pushed through the water at better than thirty miles an hour, or that a hydroplane could be made to skim the surface of the water at sixty miles? Who in 1837 would have believed that millions of miles of wire would crisscross the dry land, and great cables would lie upon the undulating bottoms of our great oceans, linking up the vast continents telegraphically? Or who in 1900 could have conceived that vibrant electric waves could be sent through the ether entirely around the world, carrying an intelligible language; or, with nothing but the air connecting the instruments, that spoken language could be transmitted from city to city?

Our commuter is probably not visioning the impossible at all in relation to

the future of air-travel possibilities. There are no insuperable scientific barriers to prevent us from constructing airplanes and possibly dirigibles that will exceed two hundred miles an hour, or machines that can land on the roofs of our tallest sky-scrapers, or even in a back yard, if necessary. In less than a year there will be built machines that will sail through the air in non-stop flights of two and three thousand miles.

It is theoretically true that one can fly in the air on a dinner-plate, a dust-pan, or even on the broom of the old lady of Mother Goose fame, provided one can keep a hand-hold, keep these implements at the right wind-resistance angle, and, most important of all, drive them at a sufficient speed to get the lifting power of the air.

It would require a speed of something like fifteen hundred miles an hour to lift a man weighing 165 pounds on a dinner-plate successfully. Knowing the square area of the dinner-plate and the load to be lifted, an air engineer will accurately calculate the speed needed to lift one and sail perilously off into space.

Pushing aside this absurdity, one may seriously go to the other extreme and state that from a mechanical or constructive or engineering point of view there is nothing to prevent the successful construction of an airplane of one-thousand-foot stretch in wing area that would fly satisfactorily at one hundred miles an hour. Of course the "taking-off" and the landing-field for such a leviathan would be a problem.

Such a monster, if built as a biplane, could lift, including its own weight and fuel, about one million pounds, or five hundred tons. The machine itself would weigh, with its engines, water, and oil, approximately four hundred thousand pounds.

It is usual to-day to calculate that a moderately speedy airplane will lift an extra load equal to its own weight, but, it is thought that a method of bridge construction can be used in large craft that will lighten the machine and perhaps safely permit a very material increase in the load. It must also be understood that engineers would probably design such a model as a triplane or a quadriplane, in which case it would

weigh more and lift more than the figures we are setting forth. If it were to be equipped with our far-famed Liberty motors, of which we have some eleven thousand in cold storage and many thousand more for which the Government must pay, it would require one hundred 400-horse-power Liberty engines, all going at once, to rise easily and nicely into the air with our total one-million-pound load. However, in actual construction the engines would be built in more powerful units of from 2000 to 4000 horse-power each instead of the present smaller engine. There are air-craft engine-builders who have designed and manufactured engines of 850 horse-power.

When we get into the air with this thousand-foot biplane, we shall be carrying for, say, a thirty-hour flight at ninety miles an hour and an elevation of six thousand feet, about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds of gasoline, or, put into the figures of a motorist, seventy-five thousand gallons.

As we fly, however, we consume gasoline, and thereby lighten the ship; so that in a short time engine after engine can be cut out completely, and we still maintain our flying speed of from ninety to one hundred miles an hour. Also, while our air-ship, as outlined, with its huge load, would handle somewhat heavily at the start, in a few hours, as it ate up ton after ton of gas, it would become as mettlesome and light of foot as a high-bred race-horse.

Theoretically, there is no difficulty in proving that with this machine we could fly direct from New York to London in a single flight, and deliver at the end of the route one hundred and seventy thousand pounds dead weight of passengers, crew, and freight.

Eighteen-cent gas would make our gas bill for the trip \$13,500; but two hundred passengers, together with their food, comforts, and baggage, would not weigh over forty tons, the crew and their baggage five tons, and, at a charge of \$500, the revenue would be \$100,000. Four single trips a week could be made, allowing twelve hours for each stop. Without counting extra freight, the revenue would be \$400,000 a week, with full service. Including excessive over-

head and replacements, the operating expense would not reach half the revenue. Think of a thirty-hour transatlantic flight, without seasickness, and with every conceivable comfort! Let the profit-taking and the transportation men work out what they are going to ask per ton for the remaining thirty or forty tons of highly subsidized government mail.

This big airplane is based entirely on present designs and methods of construction, and on materials now owned by our Government or by the airplane construction firms that have been erecting air craft for the United States or her allies. The above-described machine should not be confused with what the two-hundred-mile-an-hour airplane of the future may be, as, in the opinion of some engineers, the design will be radically different.

There is not a competent air-craft engineer in this country who does not believe that there is an industrial and economic future for air transportation, and that the logical way to secure results is to carry through to completion, by means of some form of governmental assistance, numbers of the new and radical air-craft planes that have developed embryonically during the war.

Harking back to ancient history, as the world moves to-day, an interesting side light is thrown on Professor Langley, the former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Congress gave him fifty thousand dollars for aerial-flight experiments. He actually did construct and fly small models; he built a perfectly operating steam-engine weighing only two pounds to the horse-power. Furthermore, he built one large machine capable of sustaining an operator in flight, and then he made the fatal mistake of insisting on launching it from the deck of a vessel instead of taking the advice of some of his co-workers and putting pontoons under it and flying it off the water.

He sank his air-craft in the Potomac River, and there arose the comic artist and jesting newspaper man to make him the laughing-stock of the public press and to secure for him the future derision of Congress. We know to-day that another fifty thousand dollars from

the treasury of this country would have put a successful Langley flying-machine into the air years ahead of that of the Wright Brothers, for the Langley machine has been successfully engined and flown since the war began.

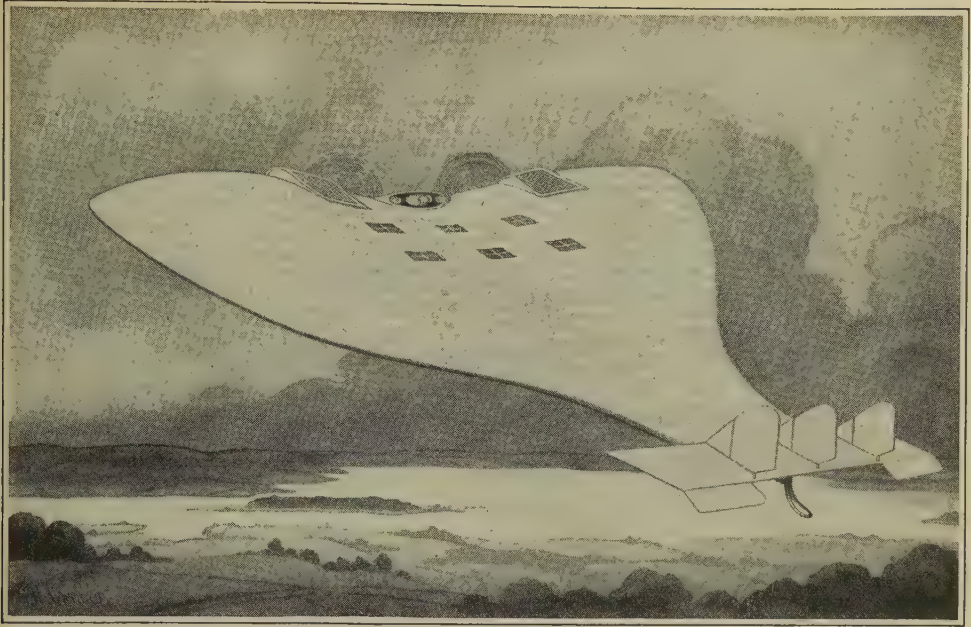
Incidentally, a huge fund could be set aside for the promotion of aerial navigation and the protection of the air-craft industry by the enactment of a law by Congress, providing that all moneys received from the public sale of air-craft materials—the sales are now being made—be placed in the hands of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution or the Air-Craft Production Board, for the specific purpose of carrying to fulfilment all inventions of merit as passed upon by a board of competent engineers.

Such a method would stop all mushroom and stock-jobbing schemes of individual men preying upon an always more or less gullible public. Even very astute financiers have been known to back well-written prospectuses.

The British Government has adopted a broader policy, and is working on plans to further the commercial possibilities of aerial transportation.

The helicopter, or a machine which can rise straight from the ground, hover over any particular place, or speed off horizontally after reaching the desired elevation, and then land in one's back yard or directly in front of the hangar doors, is thought by some engineers to be the positive and best air-craft development of the future. It is true that other technical men scoff at this idea and insist that it is not feasible for air navigation; but as the scientific phases of lifting oneself into the air are entered into, they usually concede the major point: that is, that a machine could be built that would rise straight up in the air and that would lift itself and extra weight. We all remember the little tin propeller, placed on a stick and spun with a string like a humming top, that went sailing off into space, to our great joy and delight. That was one form of helicopter. However, the Patent Office is full of helicopter inventions, most of which are probably inoperative.

That is neither here nor there. When



The bat-wing cantaliver airplane in flight, showing the radiator, pilot, and cabin-windows. Built three hundred feet in width, it could carry from fifty to seventy thousand pounds of freight and passengers

a competent engineer who has designed and built thousands of fighting airplanes in the last few years sits down and, with convincing drawings and more convincing figures, proceeds to prove his position, one must at least listen with respect and conviction. We know that an airplane can be made to travel in a straight line at one hundred miles an hour; we also know that it can be made to travel in a circle. Therefore, if we take an ordinary pair of airplane wings and attach them to a vertical spinning shaft, so that the outer edges of the wings face in opposite directions on the two sides of the shaft, we shall have airplane wings in the form of a lifting propeller. By rotating the vertical shaft, and thereby the wings, we shall secure the same lift as if we had a monoplane being driven straight ahead against the air at a definite speed. The only difference is that in the helicopter the wings go round and round in a circle.

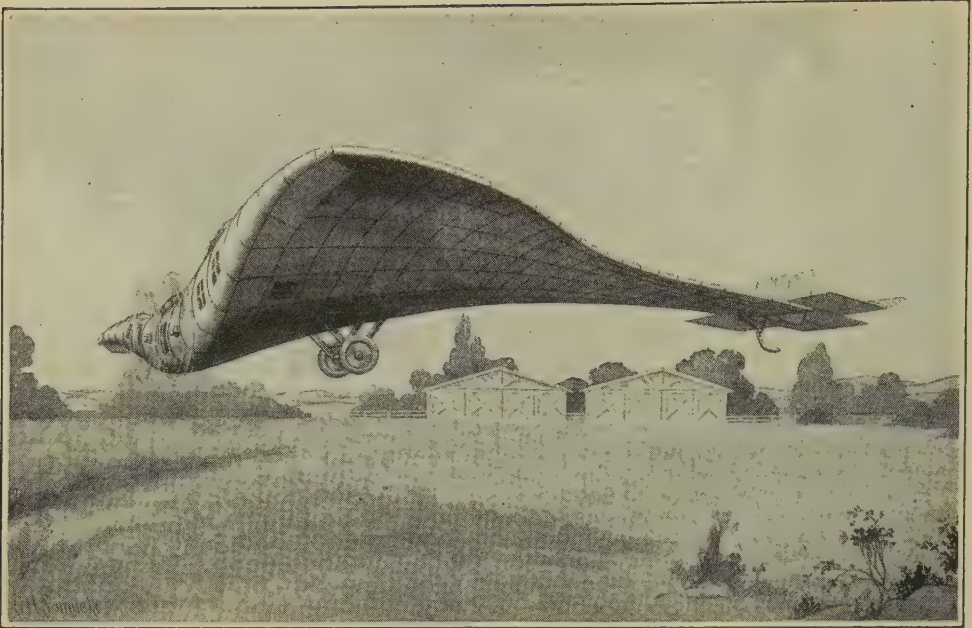
If these wings are spun at a hundred miles per hour, they will lift nearly as much as when flying as straight as an ordinary monoplane. This simple pair of revolving wings will not fly for the

interesting reason that the instant one rises in the air, the boat or the fuselage suspended below, which contains the motor and the pilot, also begins to spin in the direction of rotation; in fact, the fuselage would spin the faster if one had the whole machine suspended from a hook in the ceiling, as the wind resistance is less upon it than on the wings.

This trouble is overcome by putting another winged propeller, spinning in the opposite direction, beneath the first one, with a sufficient gap, or space, between the upper and lower wings, so that the lifting power of either is not affected.

Now, theoretically, when one rises from the ground with equally balanced wing surfaces rotating in opposite direction, the fuselage will not rotate; as a matter of fact, it will slowly spin in one direction or the other because of slight difference in friction and lifting. This is overcome by a form of manual control which throws a slipping band-brake on to one or the other of the propellers, depending upon which way one starts to rotate.

The body of the ship need not differ materially from the present one, it is



The bat-wing cantaliver airplane making a landing, with the wheeled under-carriage exposed

said, and will carry the usual rudders and probably the elevators used on a standard airplane. The ailerons, or the flappy pieces out on each wing of an airplane, which keep one balanced in the air from side to side, are missing, as in this machine we are being pulled upward all the time, instead of sliding horizontally against the air to secure the sustaining flight.

The automobile manufacturers have pointed the way, in their marvelous spiral gears, ball-bearings, etc., for connecting up the vertical rotating shafts that turn the wings.

While the engineers can prove theoretically that this machine is a powerful weight-lifter, far superior to the airplane, they do not yet know what the helicopter will do when put into horizontal flight. The suggestion is offered that by changing the center of gravity of the pilot the machine can be made to cant at an angle, when it will be propelled horizontally; but this is not satisfactory, as the longitudinal speed can be only some small part of the power put into the vertical lift.

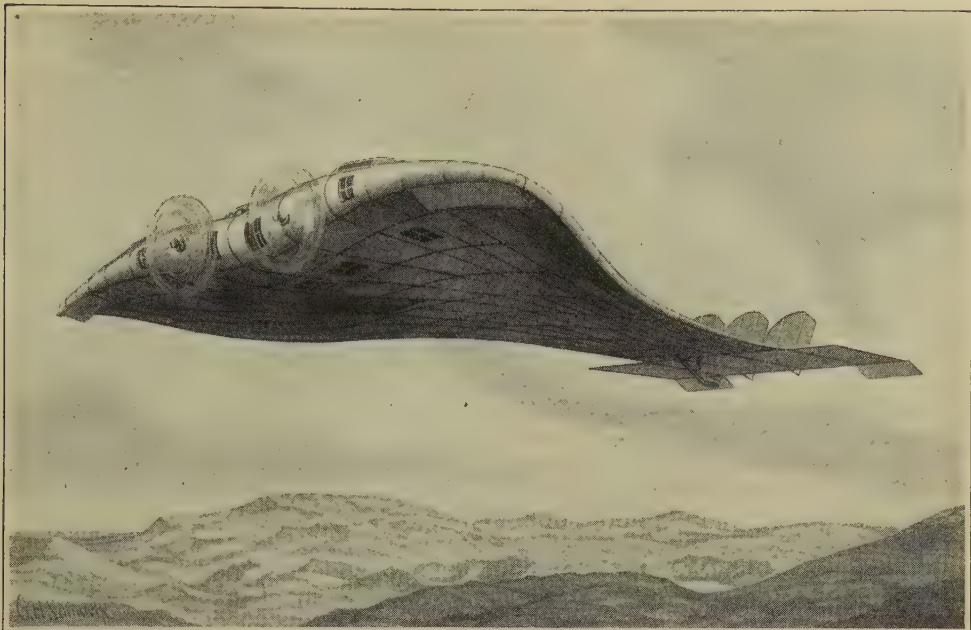
The most promising suggestion is to have a two-engined helicopter, one engine driving the lifting planes and the

other driving the standard propeller used on an ordinary airplane. This is expected to drive the helicopter horizontally at as great speed as an airplane.

There is much difference of opinion as to what happens to the flying-machine if the lifting engine "dies," or stops functioning. The helicopter engineer insists that it is the only heavier-than-air machine that can be depended upon to make a safe landing at a dropping speed not to exceed jumping off a fifteen-foot wall. The planes, or lifting propellers, rotating in the opposite direction, are expected to let it settle slowly, just as some of our spinning winged tree-seeds do.

Certainly a mobile flying-machine, as portrayed in the helicopter, has tremendous advantages over all machines depending upon horizontal flight to sustain them, as well as over any form of gas-bag dirigible, with its massive area perilously exposed to every furious blast of the atmosphere.

Forest fire-fighters could fly to the exact point of trouble and, lacking even a small clearing in which to drop the helicopter safely, they could discharge the crew by life-lines to the earth.



The bat-wing cantaliver airplane in full flight, with the under-carriage drawn up into the body of the plane to lessen air resistance. In actual construction this chamber would be closed

The bugbear of every air-craft designer to-day is what is known as "parasite resistance." This is the resistance of parts of the machine against the air which is non-lifting in character.

Every strut, every stay wire, the radiator, the under-carriage or wheels, the fuselage, and even the small wind-shields that protect the pilot, all serve to retard the forward flight of the airplane and consume horse-power, and there is an unfortunate law of physics, which operates in this case, that the retarding effect of the air against these parts increases in ratio as the square of the speed.

One hears the expression "stream-line bodies" used in the automobile, the boat-building, and the airplane trades constantly. Most of us have a more or less correct, but hazy, conception that it means something which permits the device to travel with less resistance of air or water. It is interesting to know definitely, however, that if you push any flat surface or even a round wire forward against the wind there are two forces which hold it back: one, the direct resistance of the air on the front face, and the other, the partial vacuum

which forms behind the surface as the air rushes around and backward. In fact, most of the lifting power on an airplane wing is not the direct pressure of the air on the under side of the curved wing, but the lifting vacuum which is formed on the back of the upper side of the curve.

It has been found that by filling up this void behind a strut or a wire, or by tapering the body backward from the rounded blunt face presented to the wind, almost all of this dragging effect of vacuum is removed, and that the air glides smoothly backward along the extension.

Every tiny wire on a modern battle-plane is stream-lined to-day, having a round front and a tapering back, like a wedge.

Virtually three quarters of the engine power of an airplane is used up in combating this useless parasite resistance; or, in other words, if a 400 horse-power Liberty motor will drive the present airplane one hundred miles an hour, an engine of 100 horse-power would drive a non-parasite resistance plane just as fast. Conversely, however, a 400 horse-power engine, with this adverse resistance removed, will not force the plane

into a four-hundred-mile speed through the empyrean, because certain other air laws of resistance take effect on the lifting surfaces of the wings as speed is increased.

Remove the parasite resistance, and a machine can easily be made to reach two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles per hour; also much smaller wing areas would sustain a plane in flight.

There are a number of very radical plans in the hands of designers of air craft that are expected to revolutionize the whole art of flying, and which, it is hoped by the more enthusiastic leaders, will give us air transportation on a truly economic basis.

These designs embrace the double conception of reducing air resistance and thereby decreasing gas consumption, together with construction which will give strength and freight-carrying capacity.

The best of these ideas, and the one which will probably be next in the rapid advance of the art of flying, is apparently a huge monoplane, without a strut or a stay wire or a fuselage or an under-carriage visible when in flight. It is just a mammoth wing or wings, if you like, something in the nature of a bat with its head removed.

It is to be built on the cantaliver-bridge principle. At the nose or the forward center of the plane, in a large plane, this bridge-work will be five or six feet high, tapering each way to the extremities of the wings. From the front to the back or from the head to the tail the same cantaliver-bridge construction is used. Toward the tail the machine narrows, or it may be cut out into a definite tail feature, like the present plane. The tail of the machine is equipped with the usual balanced rudders and elevators.

The engines and propellers are spaced equally apart from the nose of the machine, and therefore are what is known as tractors, or pullers. The radiators, instead of being vertical, are placed in a nearly horizontal position, so that they offer little resistance to the air, and the wind rushing over them sucks the air through them, instead of pushing it through as in the ordinary plane.

The ailerons, or sidewise balancing

devices, appear near the ends of the wings as usual.

The under-carriage, or the taking-off or landing-wheels, make their appearance only when the machine is on the ground or about to land. Once in the air, they are promptly pulled up into the body of the machine, to reduce wind resistance. The whole of this structure is covered with fabric or metal sheets.

In flight we have a huge, headless pair of wings, with the front edge rounded in a graceful curve, stretching sidewise to almost feather-like edges on the ends, and backward in a slightly bowed curve to the tail controls. As it purringly cleaves the air there will not be a thing in sight except the burnished wings of this monster.

Inside, amid the cantaliver bridging, is ample space for stowing freight and passengers. It lacks head room, of course, unless built on a scale of from three-hundred to a thousand-foot wing spread.

A three-hundred-foot wing-span, bat-wing cantaliver airplane would be capable of lifting an effective load of from fifty thousand to seventy thousand pounds; that is, dead-weight freight closely and carefully packed to approximately twenty-five tons could be transported in this monster.

One must always make great space and weight allowances for gasoline if long transoceanic flights are contemplated.

It is suggested that the cantaliver plane can be built water-tight, so that, except in extremely severe weather, it can float safely on the surface of the ocean indefinitely, if adversity forces a watery landing.

Twelve hours or even less for transatlantic flights may sound like the romances of Münchhausen, but the non-parasite-resistance airplane of the bat-wing type, or some modification of its form, is firmly believed by certain air engineers to be the final solution of the air-speed problem.

Some day some man will wander into the glaring light of the upper heavens, for it will no longer be azure blue, the color of the air we breathe. Whether he can fly on that unknown ether, no mortal man can safely say to-day.

He will be encased in an electrically heated suit of clothes, his face will peer from the glassy front of an air-tight helmet, and he will breathe from a compression-tank the stuff called air, or oxygen, which we use on the earth. He may even have to be enshrouded in an entire metal suit, to stabilize the air-pressure he has always lived in.

His engine will have to be kept going from oxygen compression-tanks, and he may have to have a pre-heater for his gasoline, unless, of course, some

new form of motor impulses are discovered, such as electrical waves thrown from the ground, or perhaps a radium power generator.

Both the gas-motor and steam-engine problems are being worked upon by many men in relation to functioning in the upper air. Theoretically, the steam-engine will be the airplane motive power of future years, for the reason that the expansion of steam becomes more effective with elevation, while with the gas-motor the reverse is true.

Over Ypres

By JOHN LAVALLE, Jr.

Your flight has gone out on a morning patrol;
You 're hovering above, and you 're guarding the soul
Of a hole they call Ypres.

You straggle too far, and they leave you behind;
You 're new to the game, and your thoughts seem to grind
In your mind over Ypres.

You look to your tail, and you see in the sky
Two "V-strutter" Albatross' waiting on high
To defy you at Ypres.

They 're from Baron von Richtofen's Circus of Huns,
For they 're glistening in scarlet and bristling with guns
For our sons over Ypres.

Like jackals, they 've crouched in their cloud-hidden lair
To dive down and get on your tail unaware
From up there above Ypres.

Like bats out of hell, they 've got under you now,
And you heave your old bus as best you know how,
And you vow over Ypres

That you 'll shoot them both down, for you 're British and proud,
And you give one a burst, send him flaming aloud
Through a cloud over Ypres.

But the other has rolled, and his tracers hit clean
In your back; but you roll her around, and you scream
Like a fiend over Ypres.

He rolls to avoid you; he has n't the knack,
And his ailerons go, and his struts start to crack
On his back over Ypres.

His fuselage trembles, his wings start to break;
Like a demon gone mad, he roars; hell-fires awake
Down in Dickebusch Lake, close to Ypres.



Versailles Goes Bankrupt

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

WHEN a conference of twenty-four victorious states met in Paris on January 18, 1919, hopes ran high. Two months had passed since the Germans accepted an armistice whose terms were an admission of defeat. The armistice had been twice renewed, each time with the screws tightened. The Entente powers and the United States made two statements to Germany, the first, that peace should be on the basis of President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses," with a reservation concerning the liberty of the seas; the second, that Germany should be revictualled. On the other hand, Germany had agreed to pay the bill of damages for the war, had surrendered her navy, had withdrawn from France and Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine, and had submitted to the military occupation of the German provinces west of the Rhine and strong bridgeheads east of the Rhine. Germany also renounced the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bukharest. The victors entered the conference masters of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. They had received back without reciprocity the prisoners taken from them during the war, and had made no promises, even indirectly, concerning the lifting of the blockade of the enemy's country. The Germans were more than vanquished foes: they were criminals. By their methods of carrying on war they had forfeited the respect of their enemies, and were without any claim whatever to our sympathies or to our consideration. No neutral state was friendly to Germany.

Between the signing of the armistice and the gathering of the Allied peace

delegates in Paris Germany was on the verge of civil war. Hunger and defeat had led to the overthrow of the Imperial Government. In some states of the confederation separatist tendencies manifested themselves. In large industrial centers, including Berlin, the extremists were in open revolt. Strikes and a crisis of unemployment from demobilization added to internal difficulties. In the East the Germans were still at war with Bolsheviks and were powerless to preserve their control over territories inhabited in large majority by Poles and Czecho-Slovaks. Great Britain, Belgium, and China sent back to Germany the Germans interned during the war. France expelled the Germans from Alsace-Lorraine. The armies of occupation cut off all communication between Germany and the provinces they occupied. Never was a nation in a worse plight, humiliated abroad, demoralized at home, cut off from food supplies and possibilities of trading, and facing bankruptcy.

As far as Germany was concerned, it would have been easy for the Conference of Paris to present peace terms and have them accepted without question. The situation of the Germans was so hopeless that an absolute dictated peace was possible. But the Allied leaders refused to take one step at a time. They seemingly believed that their victory had given them the occasion and the right and the power to solve all international questions and to establish a new international chart under which the world would be able to live happily forever after. Two months were lost in futile discussion. In the third month of the conference the deliberations of a hundred plenipotentiaries

had given place to morning, noon, and night secret conclaves of four very scared gentlemen who did not know what to do. President Wilson, M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George, and Signor Orlando attempted to draft a treaty of peace that would harmonize the conflicting interests and ideals of the nations they represented. The method of procedure and the guiding principle which inspired their efforts had often been denounced by President Wilson and were disavowed in many a public speech of the British Premier. The result was unacceptable to friends and foes alike.

The Conference of Paris did not lay the foundations upon which a durable peace could be built. At Easter the world peace for which we had been fighting seemed further away than at Christmas. The conference was like a hen on a china egg. It tried to hatch something. The elements of life were not there.

An attempt was made at Paris to accomplish a feat unique in history. A coalition of victorious states met to draw up terms of peace which the defeated states were to accept without discussion. From the beginning of their deliberations it was announced that the peace terms would create new states at the expense of the vanquished; put millions of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks against their will in subjection to the races whose masters they had been for centuries; and establish a new order, ratified by a league of nations, in which the conquered would remain in permanent political, military, naval, and economic slavery. The leaders of the conference, moreover, refused to recognize the fact that in the eastern half of Europe, in territory contiguous to the conquered enemies, their authority was not only openly questioned, but also actively opposed. Heretofore a peace conference has presupposed the common consent of the parties interested to settle their differences by discussion. Victors have put before vanquished peace proposals, have modified the terms where it seemed advisable to make concessions to avoid further fighting, and have been able to threaten a renewal of the appeal

to arms when the vanquished refused to consent to demands deemed essential by the victors. In order to preserve during peace negotiations the unity of purpose and effort that won the victory, the history of past centuries taught the necessity of arriving at a community, or at least reconciliation, of interests on the part of the victorious *bloc*. Had the Allies limited their initial discussions to the terms of peace to be imposed upon Germany, these prerequisites of success would not have been lacking at Paris. But from the very first day of the conference a program of world-wide reconstruction and readjustment was formulated. Ideals and interests came into conflict immediately. As the weary weeks dragged on, divergencies between Allies were more and more marked. The Germans had time to recover from the demoralization of the armistice month. The Bolsheviks strengthened their hold upon Russia and the Ukraine. The Hungarians rallied to Bolshevism. The Turks continued to settle the Eastern question by massacring Armenians and Greeks.

Despite the idealism of the speeches in the opening sessions of the conference, President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses" were not used as the basis of discussion in regard to any single question. In the "council of ten," as well as in the various commissions, delegates thought only of the interests of the nations they represented. Large and small alike, Allied states put forward programs of territorial aggrandizement and economic advantages and submitted enormous indemnity bills. The annexations claimed were mostly at the expense of one another, and ignored the principles of nationality and consent of the governed except where those principles supported the contentions of the claimants. The total of indemnity bills surpassed by far the aggregate wealth of all the enemy countries.

In the league of nations project each great power refused to agree to clauses which it deemed contrary to its particular interests, and proposed amendments to safeguard these particular interests and to acquire additional advantages.

The establishment of a new world

order was constantly on the lips, but never in the minds, of the participants in the Conference of Paris. They refused to interpret the expression "world-wide political and territorial readjustment" in a sense to include territories or colonial possessions in the hands of Allied states. The only readjustments they intended to make were to weaken the four enemy countries, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, or at the expense of the Russian Empire and neutrals. Did races aspire to independence? Their aspirations were entertained only if granting independence did not affect the integrity or interests of an Allied state. The claims to independence of Poles and Czecho-Slovaks were reasonable and just, of the Irish, foolish and reprehensible. The Arabs of the Hedjaz were received into the conference with open arms, but the Arabs of Egypt were regarded as rebels to be shot down. There was sympathy with the Chinese of Shang-tung, but none with the Boers of the Orange Free State. Did existing states have "unredeemed brethren" beyond their present frontiers? They could expect union with the "mother country" only if satisfying their irredentism took territory from one of the vanquished or from Russia. The Poles were supported to the limit in the extension of their territories at the expense of Germans, Ukrainians, and Lithuanians, but Jugo-Slavs were denounced as wreckers of the peace of Europe when they, too, desired to achieve their unity. Denmark was invited to present her claims to Schleswig, but not Spain to Gibraltar! Were there claims to be put forward for rectification of frontiers on economic or strategic grounds? Useless to present them if satisfaction of the claims would be at the expense of one of the victors. The peace conference listened with equanimity to Belgian claims to Dutch territory and to Italian claims to the Austrian Tyrol; but when a group of representative Russians met in Paris to protest against the recognition by the conference of a new status for the Baltic Provinces and an eastern frontier for Poland until the Russian situation was clear, their action was regarded as an

impertinence. When Germany refused to allow Dantzic and the Vistula "corridor" to become a *fait accompli* before the peace preliminaries were presented to her, Marshal Foch was authorized to employ force. And the mandatory idea in Africa was limited to German colonies.

In all these questions one may justify the actions of the Conference of Paris on the ground of the practical necessities of the moment. It would have been foolish for members of the conference to champion the cause of Jugo-Slavs against Italy, of Irish and Egyptians against Great Britain, of Chinese and Koreans against Japan, of Germans and Ukrainians against Poland. The Allies had to stick together. If friends interfere in one another's affairs, they will cease to be friends. This is precisely where the china egg comes in. A world peace, to have within it the germs of life and to bring forth a society of nations, necessitated a renunciation of particular interests and a pooling of general interests. Because there was no tendency to do either, the kind of peace the conference proposed to make was impracticable.

The first cause of failure of the Conference of Paris was the admission into the conference of three new sovereign states whose independence had been recognized as a matter of expediency before their frontiers had been agreed upon. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia and the Hedjaz created difficulties that swamped the conference.

The idea of the reconstitution and independence of Poland was generous and politic. Students of European history are agreed that the partition of Poland was not only a crime against a great race, but also a source of internal and international weakness in eastern Europe. The Polish question contained the same germs of constant irritation as the Alsace-Lorraine question. But no power protested against the partition. It was recognized by the Congress of Vienna. No power gave any encouragement to the submerged race when it rose twice in rebellion during the nineteenth century. The present war posed the question that all the powers were willing to ignore. Unfortunately, Brit-

ish and French, as Allies of Russia, who held the greater portion of the divided territory, regarded the Polish question in the same light as they now regard the Irish question. Expediency, not principle, dictated their policy up to the Revolution of March, 1917. Similarly, Germany and Austria-Hungary, partners with Russia in the crime of partition, had no interest in resuscitating Poland until it became a war measure against Russia. Then the Central empires recreated Poland as a vassal state.

As the revolutionary régime in Russia was not opposed to Polish independence, it was possible for London and Paris to come out openly in championship of Polish aspirations. British and French had no difficulty in convincing the Poles that they were better friends than the Central empires, because they could promise Poland, if they won, large slices of Germany and Austria. But on the side of Russia, the Polish policy of the Western powers remained cautious. It was hoped to preserve Russia as an ally and maintain the integrity of the Russian Empire. Failing that, an attempt could be made to win over the Ukrainians to the Entente. Until Bolshevism gained the upper hand in Russia and invaded the Ukraine, British and French diplomatists tried to carry water on both shoulders, as in the Balkans in 1915. They wanted to remain friends with Poles, Russians, and Ukrainians alike. It was only after the armistice with Germany that the French and British felt they could take sides with the Poles against the Ukrainians and Lithuanians. French statesmen decided that the future of Europe demanded a strong Poland. Keeping the brakes down on Polish irredentism was abandoned. The Entente diplomats began to encourage the Poles in the hope of recreating Poland in the frontiers as they existed before the first partition of 1772. The Poles were allowed to anticipate the decision of the peace conference by occupying Posnania. They were promised an outlet to the Baltic at Dantzig, with a generous coast-line and the valley of the Vistula. They were told that the Allies regarded all Galicia as Polish. The Polish Gov-

ernment was induced to oppose the western march of Bolshevism by the secret promise of a liberal eastern frontier at the sacrifice of Lithuania, Russia, and Ukraina. The French conception of a strong Poland prevailed in the work of the commission, to which was intrusted the task of establishing Poland's boundaries.

President Wilson said at Mount Vernon on July 4, 1918:

The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangements, or of political relationship, shall be made upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its exterior influence or mastery.

The commission on Poland of the peace conference regarded this statement as an example of the American President's idealism, absurd in conception and unrealizable in practice. The commission had one thought in mind, to make a strong Poland. If this could be accomplished only by putting millions of Germans, Lithuanians, Russians, and Ukrainians within the limits of the new state, the rights of "the people immediately concerned" had to be ignored. The "council of ten" did not see their way clear to accept the commission's proposals. The Polish project was sent back for revision. It was returned to the "council of ten" without change. To avoid serious disagreement, President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George gave reluctant consent to Marshal Foch's demand for a free hand in the Dantzig matter. In this way the peace conference impaired its reputation for equity and gave our enemies the chance they had long been looking for to put us in the wrong. Our recognition of the Polish claims to eastern Galicia, which is overwhelmingly Ukrainian, played into the hands of the Bolsheviks. Our attitude toward the eastern frontier of Poland discouraged Russian elements whose support was precious to us.

The admission of Czecho-Slovakia to

the peace conference as an independent state precluded the possibility of reconstituting Austria-Hungary on a federal basis. We burned our bridges behind us without considering sufficiently the far-reaching effects of the dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire. The right of Czechs and Slovaks to unite in a political organism and to shake off the humiliating and oppressive yoke of the Germans is incontestable. Encouragement of Czecho-Slovak aspirations was a necessary step in the reconstruction of Europe. But if we had viewed the Czecho-Slovak problem from the European or the Danubian point of view, we should have hesitated to commit our alliance to the creation of Czecho-Slovakia as an absolutely independent and sovereign state, freed from the political and economic associations of centuries. To Czecho-Slovakia, just as to Poland, viability implies strategic frontiers, essential resources in coal and iron, and unhampered access to international waterways. The first thought of Czecho-Slovak statesmen was to receive from the peace conference assurances of territorial limits which would guarantee the independent existence of the new state. Quite rightly, at the peace conference they pointed out that an independent and self-sustaining Czecho-Slovakia must have the ancient frontiers of Bohemia, which involved the compulsory inclusion in the new state of two and a half million Germans in territory contiguous to Germany and Austria; portions of Prussian Silesia with valuable coal and iron, but inhabited by a Polish majority; and a liberal access to the Danube through the annexation of a part of Hungary inhabited by a Hungarian majority. Without waiting for the decision of the peace conference, the Czecho-Slovaks started to fight with the Poles over Silesia. They raised the cry of alarm against Austro-German intrigues and asked the aid of the Entente powers to prevent the secession of their German border element. They demanded the consent and military coöperation of the Allies in occupying and holding Austrian and Hungarian territories on the Danube. The inevitable result of the admission of Czecho-Slovakia to the

peace conference was the appearance of Austrian delegates at the German national convention in Weimar. France seems fated to be the means of unifying Germany. Have not her statesmen of to-day completed the work begun by Napoleon? The independence of Czecho-Slovakia has been a not inconsiderable factor in bringing about the triumph of Bolshevism in Hungary, and it has confirmed the suspicion of the Jugo-Slavs, whose independence the conference refused to recognize, that they were to be sacrificed to Italian imperialism.

When Emir Feisal, representing the belligerent and independent state of the Hedjaz, appeared at Paris, harmony between British and French in regard to the future of the Ottoman Empire was destroyed. The French had long had an inkling that the Arabs of the Hedjaz were being supported by British money, and that the Arabic program, inspired by the British, would lay claim to Syria, upon which the French had set their hearts. Before the "council of ten" Emir Feisal exposed the Arabic dream of a united empire whose frontiers included Syria and Cilicia. To show that he had a right to expect consideration from the peace conference for the aspirations of the Hedjaz, Emir Feisal exhibited a secret treaty between Great Britain and the Hedjaz which promised him the Emirate of Damascus. By an earlier secret treaty Great Britain and France had agreed upon spheres of influence in Asiatic Turkey that the terms of the later treaty infringed upon.

The result of the recognition of the independence of the Hedjaz and the participation of the Arabs of the Hedjaz in the peace conference, in so far as the peace conference was concerned, has been the indefinite postponement of all readjustments in Asiatic Turkey. Zionists and anti-Zionists do not know where they stand. Arabs, Palestinians, Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks find their hopes of speedy emancipation tabled. In the meantime the Turks remain in control, and the forces of the Entente powers are inadequate to preserve order and to protect Christians. Massacre and oppression of Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks went on during

the peace conference just as if Turkey had not been defeated. The Hedjaz incident seemed a little thing in Paris. In the Ottoman Empire it was a tragedy. The Turks seized upon the antagonism between British and French hopes and aims to continue the old game of playing one off against the other and defying both. The Eastern question is not settled. On the contrary, it has become more difficult of settlement.

The recognition of the independence of the Hedjaz has had a serious repercussion in Egypt. When Arabs on one side of the Red Sea were granted independence by the British, Arabs on the other side of the Red Sea demanded their independence from the British. When Arabs of Mecca were invited to send delegates to the peace conference, Arabs of Cairo asked why they had not an equal right to be represented at Paris. The Grand Vizir Rushdi Pasha, who had loyally supported the British throughout the war, pointed out that the proclamation of a British protectorate over Egypt was a war measure and that the definite status of Egypt had not yet been decided. The wishes of the Egyptians should be consulted and their delegates heard by the peace conference. The British Government refused to allow Egyptian delegates to go to Paris or send a memorial to the conference. This attitude, directly opposite to that adopted in regard to neighboring Arabs, led to a revolution in Egypt, which broke out at a time further to weaken the prestige of the peace conference and to dispel belief in British and Allied championship of the principle of the right of every nation to decide its own destinies.

As I pointed out in a previous article in *THE CENTURY*, the admission to the conference of only three of many liberated nations was a purely arbitrary decision of the great powers, dictated by particular selfish interests. It diminished the confidence of the other races who sought recognition in the impartiality and zeal for the common good of the leaders of the conference. In January, when representatives of the oppressed nations flocked to Paris, President Wilson was their idol. They took him at his word. He promised

every subject nationality a square deal. He declared that no people should be changed from one sovereignty to another without their consent. He proclaimed that the peace conference would be a democratic gathering where the nations of the world should establish a new order for humanity. At the end of three months of hopeless waiting, during which they were ignored and kept in the dark as to the deliberations and decisions concerning them, the representatives of small races came to regard President Wilson as an idol with feet of clay. It was a far cry from the obligatory stipulation of the first of the fourteen points, "*open covenants of peace, openly arrived at*," to the elaboration of a hasty compromise peace treaty, which violated virtually all the fourteen points, behind closed doors in the Hotel Bischoffsheim.

The other day an unkempt, ragged peasant with strong Slavic features came into our press-room at the Hotel Crillon. He asked to see President Wilson. He told us that he was a Lithuanian from the region of Vilna. In a village newspaper he had read a speech of President Wilson which filled him with enthusiasm. The great Wilson preached a gospel that had never before been heard in the frontier marches of Russia. People were going to have a chance to decide their own destinies. They were not to be bartered like cattle and transferred from one master to another. The peasant walked fifteen days through a famine-stricken country to Warsaw. God knows how he got to Paris, but does not faith open all doors? Here he was to tell President Wilson that the Lithuanian people wanted to rule themselves. They could not believe that the peace conference, in defiance of the great Wilson's promise, would transfer them from Russian to Polish masters.

The second cause of failure of the Conference of Paris was the attempt of the "council of ten" to solve conflicting irredentisms without assuming the rôle and adopting the attitude of judges.

Irredentist aspirations, being moot questions, should have been referred to arbiters. We were trying to arrive at

a peace that would lessen, if not remove, causes for future wars. We were trying to establish a society of nations. No single effort of the peace conference was more important than the arrangement of boundaries between states in a way to cause as little friction as possible. The peace conference adopted a sensible method to deal with irredentisms. States exposed their territorial demands before the "council of ten," which referred them to special commissions. The "council of ten" passed upon the findings of the commissions before incorporating them in the treaty of peace. But the success of this procedure demanded a judicial spirit in the commissions and the will on the part of the members of the "council of ten" to decide each boundary question strictly on the merits of the case, and, to quote President Wilson, "not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its exterior influence or mastery."

The reports of commissions on boundary questions and the discussions in the bosom of the "council of ten"—and later among the four heads of states—demonstrated that Europe is far from being ready for a society of nations. The representatives of European states on the commissions were not judicial investigators. They looked upon every boundary question in the light of how its decision one way or the other would affect the interests of the country they represented. The members of the "council of ten," when the reports came to them, were not judges, but partizans, of this or that foreign policy which they conceived to be to the interest of the country they represented or to their own political interests before their electors. The peace conference, from little fry up to chiefs of states, had degenerated before Easter into a struggle for choice morsels. The great powers bullied and threatened and bribed the small states and one another. The small states sought to protect and advance their interests by political and financial *combinazioni*.

As examples of how principle was ignored in the findings of the commis-

sions on territorial changes, one can cite the following contradictory recommendations of the commissions of the Conference of Paris.

Principle: *a state must have a free and unhampered outlet to the sea in order to insure its existence.* In accordance with this principle, the Polish commission proposed to give Dantzic to the Poles, together with a wide "corridor" on both banks of the Vistula and a general coast-line on the Baltic, which would have meant englobing millions of Germans in Polish territory. But the principle was denied by the attribution of Triest to Italy at the expense of the Austrians and Slovenes; it would be by the cession of Fiume to Italy at the expense of the Hungarians and Jugo-Slavs; of Dedeagatch and Porto Laghos to Greece at the expense of the Bulgarians.

Principle: *a port should belong to the country of the majority of its inhabitants, irrespective of the racial composition and economic necessities of its hinterland.* Therefore Triest was awarded to Italy and Fiume has been bitterly demanded by Italy, although the Italian majority is not overwhelming in either city and the hinterlands of both contain few Italians. But Dantzic, with ninety-five per cent. German population, was detached from Germany to give an outlet to Poland.

Principle: *as it is impossible to draw frontiers in disregard of geography, minorities must submit to majorities.* So considerably more than two million Germans of Bohemia were told that they must become Czecho-Slovak subjects. But a few hundred thousand Ulstermen in a little corner of Ireland were the argument used to justify Great Britain's refusal to grant independence or even Home Rule to the geographical unity of the island of Ireland.

Principle: *a nation has the right to the possession of contiguous territory in which the majority of the inhabitants express the will to be united to the mother country.* So Germany was summoned to give up her Danes to Denmark and her Poles to Poland and her Alsations and Lorrainers to France. But Poland was equally authorized to take

by force three million and a half Ukrainians from Ukraina; Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia were given territories inhabited by Hungarian majorities, and the Entente powers and the United States bullied Jugo-Slavia into abandoning the Slovenes and many Croats to Italy.

Why multiply illustrations of glaring injustices and inconsistencies the only excuses for which were (a) to weaken Germany for the future and (b) to preserve harmony among the Entente powers? Those given suffice to show why small states lost their faith in the impartiality and disinterestedness of the great powers, and why Ukraina and Hungary went over to Bolshevism.

The third cause of the failure of the Conference of Paris was the hopeless disagreement over the amount of damages to exact from Germany and the methods of payment.

In the answer of the Supreme War Council of Versailles to President Wilson's inquiry as to whether the Allies were disposed to entertain an armistice demand from the Germans, it was stated that the Entente powers were ready to make peace on the basis of President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses," with a reservation concerning the liberty of the seas. But they wanted it clearly understood by the Germans that the vanquished were to pay for the damages caused by military operations on land and sea and in the air. In the first delirium of joy over the collapse of Germany and when the desperate financial situation of France began to dawn upon the people, the Paris newspapers, imitated by those of the provinces, told the French people that reparations included the total bill of war expenses and the service of military pensions in France. The slogan was, "France will have lost the war if the returning soldiers have to pay one cent more of taxes than in 1914." Similarly, in the electoral campaign of December, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George promised the British that he would secure from the peace conference the entire payment of Great Britain's war bill by the Germans. Then came the claims of Belgium, Serbia,

Rumania, Portugal, Poland, Greece, Armenia, Arabia, Syria, and the United States. As Turkey and Bulgaria were manifestly bankrupt, and two thirds of the population of the former Hapsburg Empire were of Allied nationality, the bills from everywhere were presented to Germany. They amounted in all to more than three times the total wealth of Germany as German wealth was computed before the war. It was evident, as the discussion evolved in the commission on reparations and in the press, that Germany could not, and would not, pay a tithe of the thousand billions. The German financial delegates were the first to arrive at Versailles. They took the ground that "reparations" did not include indemnities or pensions. Even in regard to reparations, they demanded a business statement that could be controlled by experts. They frankly said that there was not the money in Germany to pay more than bare damages, and that if Germany were pushed to the wall, the Ebert Government would follow the example of the Karolyi Government in Hungary.

When it was seen that the untold sums expected from Germany were a myth, the countries which had suffered most, France and Belgium, demanded that they be considered as preferred creditors. They asked that their compensations be partly written off in territorial annexations and the rest guaranteed by an inter-Allied occupation of the Rhine provinces. More than this, it was proposed that the Allied and associated powers form a group to share in common the total expenses of the war, in proportion to their population, wealth, and sacrifices.

The fourth and last source of failure, unlike the other three I have outlined above, was due to the United States. President Wilson, seconded by the other delegates, by representatives on the commissions, and by most of the American press, fought against the fatal egotistical attitude of European statesmen and diplomatists. There was no lack of insistency upon the points of the American program, which involved mutual renunciation and disinterestedness. But when the Americans protested against annexations, they were

asked if they could propose some other sort of guaranties that would serve the same purpose. They were silent. When the Americans protested against exaggerated indemnities, they were asked if the United States would help pay for the war. Silence again. When the Americans protested against French and British and Italian colonial aggrandizement in Africa and the agreements creating spheres of influence in the Ottoman Empire, they were asked if the United States would undertake the task of bringing liberated countries and races to self-government. No assurances could we give.

When it came to the drawing up of the final statutes of the league of nations, much of the opposition was from the United States. By insisting upon the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, the basic principle of the convention was denatured. We made ourselves the champions, also, of the insertion of a clause providing for religious and political equality for all religions

the world over. But we refused to live up to our ideals when the Japanese proposed an amendment which would add to the noble clause of President Wilson the two words "or races."

It is so easy to see the mote in the other fellow's eye! Let us realize our own shortcomings. We went to Paris burning with zeal to reform the world. We were impatient and scornful of the petty ambitions, the lack of straightforwardness, the unwillingness to make sacrifices, the shopkeeper's tricks of our associates. Idealism? There was none, we said, except among ourselves. We had a corner on disinterestedness. But when we were asked to assume responsibilities in the near East, to mount guard on the Rhine, to see through the job that we had begun, to pay our share, and to put the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal and Asiatic immigration on the table, we turned sorrowfully away from our vision of a durable world peace and went to live in a glass house like the other fellows.

Indifference

By ZOË AKINS

There was a day when I looked everywhere,
 Seeing no thing I loved, feeling a bare,
 Stark space about my life, as though I stood
 Alone beyond the world; and to my mood
 A city was a toy, the sea a scarf,
 And all the white, tossed ships along the wharf
 Were beads I might have hung about my throat.
 But neither city, sea, nor fairy boat
 Was worth to me the burden of a glance.
 Indifferent to all the fun of chance,
 I watched black spiders of inertia spin
 The far-flung web that I was strangling in.

Days came out of the east and watched me sleep,
 Too tired for tears, although I longed to weep;
 Always the moon looked down and saw me deep
 In wakefulness, and hours and moments stole
 Across the dead, still waters of my soul.

I spoke, and cared not; smiled, and did not care,
 Moved without feeling; watched, and was aware;
 But I was like a corpse that took the air,
 Passing beneath the cypress-trees that loom
 Over the endless avenue of doom,
 Wearing luxuriously, idly there
 The everlasting ennui of the tomb.



An English Childhood in the Eighties

By Anne Bosworth Greene

Illustrations by George van Werveke

IN the early eighties my father and mother went to England and settled in the ancient borough of Chippenham, in Wiltshire. "Chipp'n'um," as it is locally known, is a clustered, piled-up old town, gray with age, through which wanders a River Avon, not Shakspeare's, but the southernmost of those three streams of like name which England perplexingly owns. This Avon might appear eventless enough to us now, no wider than some of our lavish American brooks, but in our childhood it was the river of rivers. It was spanned by a solemn and beautiful old bridge of many arches, over which one passed into the very middle of the town—High Street, where stood the town hall and the cheese market and many small-windowed and unassuming shops, all of them low, aged, and reposeful of mien. Small, solidly built streets curved here and there; between two of them ran a tiny arcade. Everything was charmingly crooked. We possessed, to be sure, no town wall, but our railway embankment was colossal, and to our young minds quite as satisfying, suggesting to our awed imaginations fortifications untold.

It was at a time, now happily gone, when Americans were looked upon over there as an unknown race; no one, therefore, knew what to expect of us. It was gradually discovered, however, much to Chippenham's surprise, that there was nothing specially remarkable about our establishment, which my mother deftly adapted to English customs; my father attended the mayor's banquets and rode with the Duke of Beauford's hounds, two unfailing signs

of normality in the British mind; and so we eventually became accepted members of the little rural society. Being Americans, we were in a way exempt from the rules of class that desperately annoyed my democratic father, and he made a point of hobnobbing with all alike, from Lord Lansdowne, our agreeable neighbor at Bowood Park, who sent us pheasants, to the respectful, cap-touching laborers breaking stone by the roadside.

During these first years in Chippenham we lived in a gloomy old graystone house on the Langley Road, surrounded by walls deep in ancient ivy. Behind the house was a long, damp, dark garden,—it so often rained in that garden!—with a thatched summer-house at the end, and more high walls smothered in ivy. These walls were another of my father's annoyances in England. They were everywhere, around everything. Their expression was somewhat grim on the blank outer side; but within what flowers, what hospitable lawns, what tea in the garden! Being brought up inside a series of these English walls, where household diversions could proceed unchecked, and where our happiest hours were spent, I have an abiding affection for them.

The routine of our ordered childhood is at first necessarily dim, but I have the clearest memory of our nurse Ada, a rosy, sweet-tempered girl of unusually good class. She was the daughter of a farmer who drove a smart gig and had laborers of his own, and it was only our exemption from rigorous class rules that enabled my mother to secure so elevated a young person as a nurse. I am extremely glad it happened so, my

entire memory of Ada being of rosiness and smiles, of a pleasant, low voice, of sympathetic walks among fields and flowers, and of that charming hour, twilight, with Ada rosily presiding over little pots of things keeping warm on the hobs of the fireplace in the long, narrow nursery, which looked out on the long, damp, narrow garden. There was little friction in that nursery, Ada's most awful threat, which never failed to bring us into instant submission, being to lay an unmeaning hand on the door-latch and remark in her gentle tones, "Then I'll go tell your ma, Miss Anne."

When it was discovered a few years later that pretty Ada was resolved to wed our excellent coachman William, also good-tempered and rosy, like our dear nurse, and of all the virtues, but a person of low social origin, who stuttered and put all his h's on wrong, there was dismay not only in Ada's family, but in our own.

"She'll have to live in *Lowden*," I heard my mother say despairingly to my father,—Lowden was a lowly, hedge-bordered lane at the rear of our grounds, where William's cottage was,—"she's a farmer's daughter, who has been used to—" I quite forget what Ada had been used to, but it was something comparatively sumptuous; and I was so unhappy to hear this that I ran out to my rabbits and cried. Lowden, I knew, was a place where we were *never* "taken to walk," the supreme test to which we were accustomed to hear various localities subjected, and which, to our young minds, weighed immensely.

About this time a little person in brown, very meek and humble-looking, knocked one day at our door, and, on being admitted, disclosed herself as Miss Rumsey, our first governess. I was already five at the time and advanced in learning, having been pre-

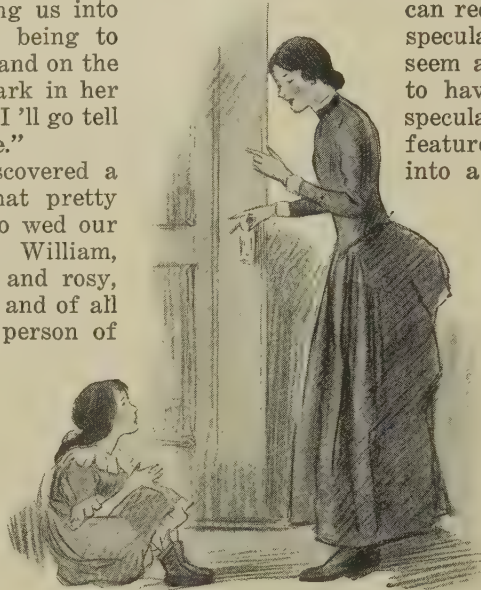
viously instructed by my father in reading, in spelling by sound,—how I abhorred the hissy syllables of this process!—and in making curly capitals. I suppose Miss Rumsey continued to give us our lessons, though I remember little about it except that she wore sad, woolly, grayish-brown dresses, that she had a low voice, a rather thick fashion of speaking, and an upper lip in some

way vaguely memorable. I can recall staring at it and speculating about it, as I seem always in those days to have been staring and speculating. Beyond these features she disappears into a sort of educational mist, though her neat English writing survives clearly in my early books.

As the little governess vanished, we heard "of a sudden," as things happen in childhood, that we were no longer to live in the gloomy house on Langley Road, but on Rowden Hill, a glorified eminence out-

side the outer edge of Chippenham. Fine old estates bordered this gently ascending road, and one day, presto! our wagonette turned proprietarily in at the tall gates of one of them, and we found that we belonged there. The servants were at the door to greet us. Our new home was of cream-colored stone, very bright and sunny, with all the accessories of lawns, gardens, green-houses, stables, and paddocks indispensable to an English country house.

Its grounds were arranged in the usual protective order: a high stone wall bounding them, trees within the wall, shrubbery against the trees, and flower-beds against the shrubbery. Thus were we bulwarked against the intruding eye. Well defended as our new abode ostensibly was, however, on one of its sides, for a short distance, it was protected only by a hedge, and, oddly



"Then I'll go tell your ma, Miss Anne!"

enough, this omission seriously annoyed my hitherto wall-decrying father. We had been walled in now for so long that any gap in the usual fortified aspect of English grounds worried him. It was as if one were in complete armor except, say, for a sleeve. That would never do. The hedge was removed, and soon another six-foot wall, with a broad coping on its top, added itself to the neighboring assortment.

One crisp morning nurse called me in from the garden. I climbed up-stairs, wondering. She and my mother then proceeded to dress me in the strangest clothing—long, blue-serge trousers first, with straps under my little boots; then a queer, long skirt, longer on one side than on the other; a tight-fitting jacket, with a row of buttons down the front and two tails behind. On my astonished head they set a little derby hat, with a broad elastic under my curls. Then, still wondering, I was walked carefully down-stairs,—the long skirt made one clumsy and top-heavy,—where in the driveway outside the library windows, held by good William, my amazed eyes saw,—could it be?—yes, a pony! A black, shaggy, adorable one with a thick mane and a gleaming eye. How desperately up to this time we had yearned for a real pony! William, smiling broadly, set me on my small steed, mounted his own horse, and we moved off, I in an absolute daze of bliss; I believe I had so far not uttered a single word. Later, waking from that daze and begging to “go fast, please, Will’um,” we trotted, William having strategically replied, in answer to my entreaties, “When we gets to where your ma ain’t lookin’, miss, we ’ll hev a bit of a go.”

To me, bumping wildly, it seemed indeed very much of a “go”; but I held on with determination, and profiting by William’s hints, till at last the leading-rein was left off, and we came home across the common and had an incomparable gallop.

From that day dates the setting in of the system; for, with the acquirement of the pony, the advent of a new and more enterprising governess, with gardens and tennis-lawns, and an approved environment of walls, all the require-

ments for well-regulated childhood were at hand. The system was virtually invariable. At eight o’clock we breakfasted; at eight-thirty, with William or my father on a big horse, we went for a ride; at a quarter to ten we returned; at ten the governess arrived, and from ten till twelve every day there were lessons—very real lessons. I remember, at the age of seven, standing up, with my arms folded behind my back in a particular pattern approved by the governess, and reciting French irregular verbs. We had a serious-minded school-room at the top of the house, fitted with desks and blackboards and other equipment, from which, however, was omitted the English blackboard, an appliance to which young ladies of that day were attached for a certain period every morning in order to acquire proper carriage. Our governess, possibly resenting this departure from custom, made up for it by her invention of the backward-folded arms, in which exacting position we always stood to recite.

After lessons we played in the garden or tended our rabbits till one, when we lunched with the family; immediately afterward, putting on thick boots, we took our baskets on our arms and went for a walk with nurse. Even if it rained or drizzled we walked for at least two hours. Rubbers were unknown, our little thick boots, made by Mr. Lewis, the polite village bootmaker, who doubled himself with bows whenever we appeared, sufficing for all weathers; but with umbrellas we were lavishly provided, and under mine, a tiny one with a hooky yellow handle, I felt as secure and residential as any tortoise tucked inside its shell. Indeed, many of our most charming walks were taken with the chaperonage of these companionable umbrellas—walks in which we learned to love fog, gray days, and even the gentle precipitation frequent in the British Isles which can hardly be called rain, that interdictory term, but merely a mild, moist freshening of fields and copses, with their ravishing resultant scent of damp earth, fallen leaves, and wet greenery.

Returning from walk, we had an early tea in the nursery, an hour or so

of play outdoors in the long English twilight, and then a prompt and unvarying bed.

Every other week, on a Saturday, we were conveyed to the historic old town of Bath, twelve miles away, for dancing lessons. This expedition necessitated the use of the horses, the coachman, and wagonette, and the time of my mother or some one as her equivalent for the entire day; but all winter long, and as regularly as we did everything else, we unflinchingly went. In the very worst weather we made the trip by train, much to our joy; for in the station at Bath stood year after year the Guinea-Pig Man, a dirty, but wide-smiling, Italian, with an animated trayful of these small pets hanging from his neck. And they were trained guinea-pigs! Being requested, on sight of a penny, to "go dead," they sprawled out flat upon the tray; then, at a fierce shout of "*Bobby comin'!*" from the Italian, they leaped up and scuttled madly back into their box. It was a tremendous performance. Strenuous and intellectual guinea-pigs, these, compared with our comfortable pets at home, which did nothing but munch contentedly from morning till night.

In Bath, with its crescent-shaped streets, Mme. Arnold's establishment for dancing was to be found on one of the roundest of the crescents, in a house distinguished from others in the long gray curve by a black awning over the door. That awning in itself seemed to announce the dignity and solemnity of the establishment. Mme. Arnold, a tall, slim, awesome person with marvelously piled-up brown hair, and dressed always in long-trained black satin gowns with lace fichus, we seldom saw; she appeared only at the more formal end of the afternoon when we were marshaled in the salon up-stairs, with its glittering chandeliers, for concerted and decorative dancing. On the floor below there were several young-women assistants

(in short black-silk frocks) who put us through the prelude to this stately performance, the prosaic drill, and where the patiently studied parts of an entire effect to appear later up-stairs were taught obscurely, but thoroughly.

At the end of this room a door opened into what always seemed to us a small chamber of horrors, where little boys and girls who were stiffly made, and whose toes would not turn out at the proper dancing-school angle, were inserted in a sort of wooden



"In which exacting position we always stood to recite"

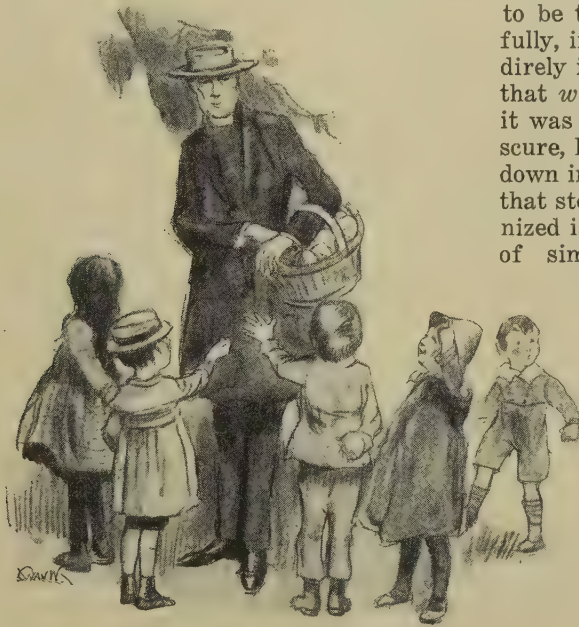
stocks, fitting tightly about the ankle, and were there forced to pump up and down, up and down, bending their little knees, while by some mechanism their feet were slowly twisted outward into correct position. I sometimes used to peep in fearfully, and see them in the dimness, pumping up and down. There was one little boy in a white sailor suit, with red cheeks and flashing brown eyes, who seemed to be always at it. I suppose he was a specially stiff little boy. It

was a dark little place, this chamber of horrors, and I could never be thankful enough that I had been made limber, and could stand with considerable comfort for a minute or two with my slippers pointing directly east and west, so that I did not have to be set in those direful implements and pump humiliateingly up and down.

After several hours of these preliminaries, we all, with our hearts in our mouths, were marched up-stairs to make our bows before Madame Arnold, who responded with the deepest and most approved of curtsies, billowing miraculously downward into her black satin. Then the decorous dancing began under her majestic leadership, ending with a restrained grand march of small couples and the final, sublime disappearance, between bowing ranks, of Mme. Arnold, curtsying right and left, and marvelously managing her long, black-satin train, which made curving patterns about her on the shining floor, and

which we never tired of watching. In fact, we stared fascinated. It was exactly like august pictures of court ladies that we saw in the London weeklies.

After this, the spell being broken, we scrambled out into the dressing-room, bundled into our stout British outer garments, and drove home again the long, chilly, but refreshing, miles behind "Will'um's" broad back. But we liked dancing-school. It was pleasant



"They each received an orange to take home"

to be one of the blessedly exempt who did not have to stand in the stocks, and to glide around on slippers with soles so velvet-smooth that one liked to stroke them. They were amusingly different from our habitual little thick boots which, like Tennyson's famous wheels, went "low on the sand, and loud on the stone"; often embarrassingly loud, as I found later when I went to an American school, and clumped so noticeably about in my imported British footgear that the pupils stared and tittered.

When Sunday came, we walked with our elders to St. Paul's, an old gray Norman church with a plain interior of stone and time-blackened oak, and a

venerable, white-haired rector, whose churchly voice and refined, meager features seemed an intrinsic part of morning service. After service there was the quiet walk home again over the arched bridge across the Avon, up our hill-road, bordered with aged walls in the mossy crevices of which flourished the most delightful, tiny, purple flowers and clumps of baby ferns. No one stayed to Sunday-school but those known to us as the "poor children" of the parish, who did not have proper instruction at home, and therefore needed to be taught the Bible, quite disgracefully, in a school. We should have been direly insulted if any one had suggested that we ought to go to Sunday-school; it was as far from our lives as the obscure, half-guilty thing called "Chapel," down in Lowden, or the big stone Union that stood back from the road in recognized isolation, or any other institution of similar degree. *Proper* children

were supposed to be taught Sunday matters at home, as indeed they systematically were, the hour of Bible study being a definite part of our day, and the Sabbath no more exempt from the rulings of the system than any weekday. On Sunday afternoon, as on others, we went for a walk, but more quietly and unnoticeably than our weekday wont. We carried no baskets. There was no acquisitiveness about the expedition; we merely walked, in pensive

Sunday-afternoon mood, in little paths through fields, over stiles, oftenest in the meadows by the Avon, whose peaceful flow I still associate chiefly with an English Sunday afternoon. The horses were never taken out "of a Sunday," and brash indeed would have been the repute of a family going driving or pleasuring on that day. It was a day, apparently, for contemplation; whereat we children cheerfully contemplated hedgerows, ditches, river-banks, and sometimes, though quite casually and unofficially, the untoward excitements of fox-hole or rabbit-burrow.

Once or twice a year the rector opened his grounds to the "poor chil-

dren" of the Sunday-school, and there proffered them what was known as a "Sunday-school treat," anything agreeable that happened to one in childhood being a "treat." The children first played games on the lawn and around the shrubbery, then they stood in a long row and sang; and then we other children of the parish passed around trays of lemonade and great slices of currant cake, that richly colored, weighty, English currant cake, with its delicious fragrance, which was the height and consummation of all true treats. The children, pinafores and rosy-cheeked, stood in their rows and ate; after which, speechless with the enormosity of the occasion, they each received an orange to take home, a handshake, and a smile, in itself an event, from the rector, and filed silently out of the gate into the lane. The rest of us, exhausted, but uplifted,—a usual frame of mind among philanthropists!—then sat about the lawn and had our share of the cake and lemonade, and were driven grandly home in our wagonettes to late nursery teas.

There seem to have been at that time two unvarying standards for the dress of English children: sailor suits for little boys, pinafores for little girls. Some sort of dress, the dress of the period, existed beneath the pinafores, but the pinafore itself was the prevailing fact. We were never exhorted or worried about our clothes because they were always safely sheathed in pinafores. How well I remember being tied up to the neck every morning in nice fresh, lavender ones, in which one felt so safe and well armored! Beneath them, in winter we wore serious little woolly dresses, very ugly, very beautifully made; in summer, holland frocks of similar workmanship.

But there was one glowing, glamorous aspect, like a skyluf of sunset clouds, about a certain phase of our youthful dress that shed a glory over the entire subject. My mother had a friend, and the friend a sister, and the sister was something remote and ineffable, I think a lady-in-waiting to the queen (God bless her!); and every little while a trunkful of treasure was sent on by the lady-in-waiting to my

mother's friend, and thence to us. In it, tenderly packed, was an assortment of the young princesses' dresses, actual, dainty, hand-embroidered, silk-lined little royal frocks, with an august initial worked in crimson silks on the inside of each exalted little collar-band. "L," said some; "M," stated others, which signified, as we knew, either H. R. H. the Princess Maud, or the Princess Louise, daughters of the Prince of Wales. Princess Maud was just my age (delicious thought!), the Princess Louise, my sister's. It is impossible to describe our very real and British ecstasy over the possession of these garments, or the mist of glamour that enveloped them. With them came the delightful legend that they were worn royally but once, and then, as a mark of gracious favor, distributed.

I am glad to recall this story, for at this distance, and at a cooler age, this amiable custom appears in retrospect not only somewhat germish, but so alive with patronage that democratic shudders assail me as I reflect upon it. Such a point of view being unheard of in England at that time, however, we accepted these rainbow favors with loyalty, and unfeignedly rejoiced in them. One little fragile gown of *écru* India mull, with tiny Eastern embroidery of old red and old blue, used to catch my young breath with joy of its color; it made me feel as if I were eating all at once cream and jam and scones and shrimps and everything else I deeply loved. Another dress of embroidered white, with inset, pale-pink ribbons, and low neck and very short sleeves,—exactly as seen in portraits of royal children of that day,—I admired, but distantly. I never could feel at home with that dress. The climate was too damp, fortunately, for little children to be seriously *décolleté* in the daytime, and as our healthful upbringing provided no evening at all, but merely a very early bed, I found with relief that I was not expected actually to wear this embarrassing little frock, in which I felt uncomfortable and unclad. I suspect, indeed, that the young princesses, who were most sensibly brought up, put on this rash costume only for portrait purposes, or for occasional state appear-

ances in palace rooms where, although palaces are usually chilly, one hoped it was warm and dry.

Selections from this gala attire we occasionally wore at the neighborhood archery parties, where there was a special distance for ladies' shooting and a shorter one for us children, who had bows and arrows to fit our various sizes. Drawing the bow-string out by one's ear, one loosed the arrow, which flew with a delightful *whing*, and lit, occasionally, on the target, where it hung with the deserved relaxation of an arrow that can do no more. We never could seem to make ours stand out boldly from the target, as older people's did. They always drooped, and we were divided between joy at sharing in such noble sport and mortification at not being able, like one of Kipling's heroines, to "shoot divinely over ladies' distances." That was a dream leading us forever on, and laborious, between parties, was our practising. It might seem odd now to practise archery in a pinafore, but this we assiduously did.

A great event of our year was the "Sports." These were held on the meadows by the Avon, and were a gallant sight. There was a roped inclosure, a person taking tickets, tents, tea, and ladies in pretty gowns, and in the middle a green space where Chippenham did athletically what it could. Real races there were, and mock races, which both looked equally serious to us, and then every one trooped to the banks of the Avon to watch the water sports. Doctor Jay, the homeopathic physician in Chippenham, looked upon as a person of new and therefore dangerous opinions, was one of those who, on these occasions, did extraordinary things in the water. He was a tall, trim, dark-bearded man, who loomed to our minds as a sort of doubtful river-god; for all winter it was his habit to swim daily in the cold, dark water, breaking the ice, if need be, and it was rumored that his seven small daughters were regularly obliged to do the same.

So on the day of the sports, which was usually nice and hot, Dr. Jay swam under water, made dives from a horrible height, smoked a pipe under water,—one could see the smoke coming up out,

—changed into a new suit of clothes, and ate a whole sponge-cake under water; and finally, having arranged his seven young daughters in a long line, graduated according to size, each floating on her back in white robes, with a



"In it, tenderly packed, was an assortment of the young princesses' dresses"

wreath of flowers supported on her breast, he then swam to the head of the line, the eldest child attached herself to his foot, and he towed the entire family, those seven floating daughters, down the river and out of sight around a curve! This performance, however, merely fixed more firmly the opinion of the village that he was a dangerous man. Watching, not without anxiety, that row of little girls laid out upon the water in their white robes, and disappearing down the current in the wake of this alarming parent, I thought so, too.

Another amusement dear to our hearts was the picnic, not the simple, sandwichy sort, but large, Dickens-like picnics, with carriage-loads of friends, and hampers and hampers of solid things to eat. Chippenham had many historic spots within easy distance, King Alfred having been particularly active in that region, and we often went to the high downs where the huge White Horse that commemorates these exploits is graven. He is a huge beast,

visible for many miles, his leisurely form extended along the mild line of the down, and in the spring, if he looks grimy, they very simply whiten him by going over his chalky soil with a plow. It was pleasant to sit on his eye, a raised circle of turf, and see who could "chuck a stone to his tail." The top of the down being necessarily treeless, we lunched in the shadow of Alfred's monument, which had an unkind way of moving along in the midst of festivities and leaving fringes of us unprotected in the hot sun.

A ruined abbey that stood in the edge of a forest was another favorite spot. The abbey, among its oaks, was a fine bit of Gothic remnant; inside, it was gratifyingly dark and lofty, with tracery in the high windows, and heavy oaken tables and benches where the monks had sat. The atmosphere of this place affected me profoundly; I can remember moving about over the old stone floor with a sense of ineffable romance. Once, when it stormed, our hampers were brought in, and we ate around those historic tables. Our elders, I noticed, were less jocose than usual; their voices were lowered; the rain pattered on the roof high overhead, and it was so dusky we could hardly see. An air of older and forgotten times, of cowed brothers, of knights jingling through forest ways, was heavy about us, and I dropped into my bed that evening worn out with thrill.

Quite the wildest of our diversions, however, we knew as "going to the meet," usually held at Corsham, four miles away, where the Duke of Beaufort's hounds met on a wide common under great elms. We drove there in the wagonette behind a gray mare that had been a hunter in her youth, and which, on hearing the yelping of the pack, capered and danced delightfully. On the common, horsemen in scarlet and the whips in their green velvet circled on excited horses as the wagon containing the hounds drew up, while we gleefully watched the row of wagging tails that waved from one side of the black cover, and the corresponding line of open-mouthed heads on the other, from which came a tireless chorus of whines and howls. Released

from their tight quarters, the pack gathered about the master of the hounds, and soon they were off, with glorious whoops, leaving the green deserted, while we jogged back again through lanes that seemed unwontedly dull and silent. Once, as the mare trotted meditatively along between home-going hedges, a confused, tumultuous noise came to us across the fields, and a fox scrambled out from the hedge and trotted across the road directly under our horse's legs! His brush drooped, and he looked dejected. Casting a weary glance at us out of the tail of his eye, as one who had worse things than wagonettes to consider, he crawled through the other hedge and disappeared; whereat William, forgetting everything but the needs of the hunt, sprang wildly to his feet from his coachman's box, letting off a tremendous and informational shout. "Tally-ho-o-o!" screamed William, and with an answering shout the entire field, hounds, whips, horsemen, and all, leaped the two hedges in front of our very noses, and swept furiously on in pursuit. Our mare, mad to follow, reared and plunged, the wagonette plunged about the road, while William, scarlet with the consciousness of what he had done, tugged and soothed till she was quiet. Then, stuttering frightfully, William's wont when embarrassed, he abjectly addressed my mother.

"Hi seen 'im a-comin', mem," said he, speaking thickly over the collar of his livery, "and hall Hi c'u'd think was, the 'unt don't know where 'e is; they 'll lose 'im. So Hi sings hout, mem, forgettin' the mare. Hi axes pardon, mem."

As for me, I found myself wildly wishing, like the gray mare, to leap that hedge and follow. I did want to see what became of the fox, his weary glance having affected me as I never before dreamed a person could be affected by an animal undoubtedly created to be run down by men and horses and dogs. But I sat obediently still in my seat behind William's broad back, with the two round silver buttons in which one could see one's face, and the mare trotted on in the confining shafts, to that dutiful *click-clack* of well-shod feet

that always put me in mind of William's favorite verse:

It ain't the 'eavy 'untin' that 'urts the
'orses' oofs;
It 's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the
'ard 'ighroad.

Our yearly program would have been incomplete, however, had we not been taken for a stay at the sea-shore, aquatic education being an established feature of British upbringing. We went to the inclosed baths for swimming-lessons, where there was shelter from the dashing waves of the coast, and where we were taught by a dripping young woman in a bathing-suit perpetually wet, from whom I yet retain an impression of blue lips and chattering teeth. Putting a belt about one's waist, she let one down into the water, which looked dreadfully deep, then stood on the edge and drew one patiently up and down, attached to a line at the end of a pole, as if she were playing a sluggish and reluctant fish. As she deployed, she instructed; and precise indeed were one's resulting gestures under the transparent water. She could see so dreadfully well what one was doing! Let loose in the real ocean, later on, we resorted to most unmoral practices, digging a toe into the sand to get up speed, or indulging in other unorthodoxies of arm or foot; but in that clear tank, and pendent at the end of an all-powerful pole, we became the most accurate and obedient of frogs, the creature toward whose aquatic perfections we were continually urged.

At home once more, it was usually in the garden that our spare hours were spent; when not at walks or at lessons, we flew there as a matter of course. It had paths of cheerful yellow gravel, edged with a border of box, behind which bloomed ranks of standard roses. The paths ran through these blossoming lanes, ending at the raised bed that followed the brick wall, where Hull, the gardener, was usually training the fruit-trees, with his tacks and strips of leather, fastening each twig in place and driving the tacks into the mortar between the bricks. The pear-tree twigs were gratifying to watch, as they

grew with the most obliging regularity, and could be trained with delightful precision. It is hard to say when this wall was prettiest, when it was a mass of bloom in the spring, or when later golden egg-plums and rosy peaches hung thickly among the leafage. The part of the garden devoted to gooseberries had always a painful fascination for us, as Hull had a habit of smearing the branches with bird-lime to catch depredating birds, who seemed to have a frightful taste for gooseberries. The sight of a poor blackbird struggling to free himself from a branch covered with this cruel stuff haunts me yet, and I used to run eagerly out before breakfast to see if there were any I could rescue. But I think the gardener managed always to be ahead of me, as the bushes, though glistening with lime, were empty when I reached them.

And in our garden nothing was more real and literal than that region

. . . away behind the currant row,
Where no one else but cook may go,

lines that are a perfect description of the rear of the usual English garden. There *was* a currant-row, and behind it, among horse radish and trenched mysteries of various sorts, no one indeed but Phœbe, the cook, ever ventured to go; and why even Phœbe should want to go there we never could understand. It was not a pretty place, there was not even a path, and Phœbe waded on her mystic errands among plants that looked unpleasantly like dock, or some other great weed that should be pulled up at once. Our Hull was not the proverbial cross gardener. We were not obliged to "keep the gravel walk," nor was he averse to occasional talk; it was merely one of the inevitabilities of gardens that there were sections where one must not intrude. But our neighbor's gardener, Grant, had all the classic attributes of his tribe, being a crabbed, bent old man, with a venomous eye on the young. His gardens and greenhouses were perfection, but his crossness was the one blot on our environment, and we came sadly near hating sour old Grant. When you are not picking anything or even stepping on the

grass, and would not dream of indulging any such obvious villainy as leaving the greenhouse door open or picking a peach from the wall, it seems unjust that an old person with a trowel in his hand and an atmosphere about him of perpetual flower-pots and mold should inevitably come around the corner where you are and snarl at you.

Our Hull never snarled; on the contrary, he had moments of extraordinary benevolence, and gave me one day my first guinea-pig, a lively, darting little fellow, to whom was added one day, from over the high wall, a fat lady guinea-pig, delightfully roly in the hand, by the Harris's gardener. The "Harris place" was our neighbor on the left, and was always a source of fascinating mystery. It had fearfully high walls, and tall, gloomy evergreens overhanging them. Its gates, within which silence seemed to brood, were always closed except when two frightened-looking young girls in deep mourning went out in the carriage. Their mother had died suddenly, and since then Mr. Harris had scarcely been seen. The servants, like the daughters, had a frightened look; the hemlocks and spruces whispered darkly above the great walls. We were never quite at ease on the same side of our grounds with these forbidding walls and the black trees hanging over them; we preferred to play well out in the sunshine; and that anything so genial as a guinea-pig should ever emerge from that source was an almost disappointing surprise.

This particular black-and-white animal we always referred to as "that Harris guinea-pig, you know," any less extended title seeming to belittle the mystery of her origin. For why should the Harris's gardener, a strangely thin, white-faced young man, roll his eyes nervously and lower his voice in evident trepidation as he let the little creature down to my level? Whose guinea-pig might she have been? I wondered thus

only for a moment, then stood on the rim of the ash-pit, a brick affair by the wall, and received this treasure into my arms. She was not beautiful, but she had her uses. By the end of the year our guinea-pig family numbered seventeen, and the perambulator was crowded; for it was my habit to fill the discarded perambulator of my infancy with a load of these very vocal pets—in place of dolls, which I despised—and wheel

them, while they chattered and scuttled in alarm, around and around the garden paths, coming back to the rabbit-house with a hoodful of carrot-leaves and milk-thistles with which to comfort them on their return home. We had an entire little stone building dedicated to the accommodation of our pets, and definite times in the day apportioned to their care; it was, like everything else, a part of the system.

Though the method of our young lives was thus invariable, we never found it monotonous. It was to us the only possible mode of

existence. We liked it; we liked even our lessons in that high school-room, with its peep across the meadows by the Avon to the downs beyond, and the "golden gates" of Bowood Park shining through the trees. Our daily walks were full of happenings. Did we yearn for metropolitan noise and bustle, we were allowed at intervals to go townward and visit the lollypop-shop, from which a penny bag of our favorite raspberry-drops, red and bumpy like real raspberries, was a sufficient indulgence for many a long day; or next door in a dear little bakeshop, very low and warm and caky, we invested in penny sponge-cakes, each slipping with admirable neatness out of its tiny tin.

Another day, we might go on an errand to old Miss Vaisy's and bring home a new tea-cozy; we *adored* going to Miss Vaisy's. She was a plump, brown little spinster with a large, kindly face, and one gold tooth sticking entertainingly straight out; she wore



"A ruined abbey that stood on the edge of a forest was another favorite spot"

stuff gowns and shawls and solid English bonnets, and she lived all alone in a little tucked-in house in a street with small shops here and there among the dwellings, a lowly, lovable little street. It was Miss Vaisy's province to make for my mother helmet-shaped cozies of black satin, rimmed with a yellow-silk cord with three loops at the summit, and lavishly embroidered with birds-of-paradise, whose tropic coloring was one of my meal-time joys, and in whom Miss Vaisy doubtless found some expression of the visions of her youth. She never praised or even mentioned her cozies, yet I once saw the hunger of her lingering look at one, and I felt she was loath to let it go.

Her house was dark inside and wainscoted, with a bit of bright fire, a little black kettle steaming away, a parrot in a wicker cage, and the never-failing British cat purring on the hearth. In every panel of the wainscoting was a different cupboard. Miss Vaisy would walk heavily up to the wall, for she was lame, tapping it almost anywhere, and a little square door would promptly jump open, disclosing the particular "treat" of the afternoon—nuts, an antique fig or two, shells brought home by a sailor brother, or the delicate old china cups in which she gave us tea. The parrot always squawked and clamored while these ceremonies were going on, but Miss Vaisy merely smiled at him indulgently. He was a rude and fretful parrot, without bright color, clacking unprofitably about in his cage; but he had been brought home by the sailor brother from some far strand, and, like the birds-of-paradise on the cozies, he was precious in her eyes, bringing with him into that dim house "the blue of Adriatic waters, the yellow of Algerian sands."

When we went thus to town, we opened the heavy oaken gate in our wall and turned to the left; instantly a brisk, businesslike feeling assailed us, and we walked fast. When we turned

to the right, however, and set out country-ward, we went dreamily; our baskets were on our arms and we conferred, as we strolled, as to the special hedge or copse or roadside ditch that might best reward our search for treasure. For these walks always had intense purpose. If we were not going "primrosing," it was perhaps "cowslipping"—for thus actively acquisitive was our floral vocabulary—or blackberrying or birds'-nesting, which last was not so destructive as it sounds, for we loved the birds. We had many friendly ones always about us at home. Brown wrens, very tame, and enchanting us with their tipped-up tails, built their tunneled nests in the thatch of the summer-house; starlings, bold, blue-black birds, lived in a loft over the carriage-house and were almost too familiar, swooping audaciously in and out, and showing great appreciation of the mulberries



"We adored going to Miss Vaisy's"

that ripened on our much-prized tree near by.

But the wild birds were the most fascinating. As we walked, we peered into the hedges, scrutinizing their dusky interior for nests, in which sometimes a little mother bird sat, hugged tight to her precious eggs, when we retreated as silently as we could. The gardener had told us that if you frightened them they would never come back to the nest, which would have been terrible. Our

rule was this: if the bird was off the nest, and there were four or five eggs in it, we might take one; if there were only three, they were not to be touched. To this we faithfully adhered. The eggs thus secured went through careful ceremonies of preparation, and were then placed on beds of cotton-wool in labeled compartments of our collections. Aged nests, gray with wintering, we were allowed to bring home with us, and heart-breaking was our grief one day when, on showing one of these, a particular architectural trove, to our authority, the gardener, he pronounced it a brand-new nest in which an egg had never been laid. It was a bitter moment; the mischief was so irretrievably done! The gardener said they would not look at it if we put it back ever so carefully.

Sometimes the direction of our walks led us past the entrance to the Union, which stood bare and grim at the head of the avenue. Mothers lived there, with little children; sometimes we saw them forlornly pacing the bare yards, and every day troops of hatless Union boys passed our gate, going to the village school.

On past the Union the road turned abruptly, as if to pleasanter matters, and soon set us in open country. There lay the marshes, where we were sure to see the active little marsh-hen scoting about over the water, among the clumps of reeds in one of which we knew her nest was deftly hung. These marshes were memorable, too, because we sometimes heard there the clash of skates, brief and thrilling in that easeful English season, during which the downs are ever brightly green, and where, one rare Christmas-day, we once picked a red rose in the garden. Snow, an inch or so of it, we occasionally saw, and then the hatless little Union boys, surprised out of their usual apathy, tore by our gates of a morning in a very passion of snowballing.

Beyond the marshes our road stretched away for a mile or more, somewhat bare and absolutely straight; but what endeared it to us was its persistence in hedge and ditch, not only on one side, but on both, so that going out we could explore one ditch, coming back, the other, with satisfying thorough-

ness. The fascination of these ditches, let me hasten to explain, was not merely that of the unfairly exploited joy of the young in things soiled, wet, or muddy, but that they were old, overgrown, and time-softened affairs, dear little roadside moats on the banks of which flourished treasures untold. There was a layer of clear water at the bottom, and on the rounding edges, just striding-distance apart, all the floral riches of the season. If an English white violet—the long-stemmed, fragrant sort—loved anything, it, like ourselves, loved a ditch; as did primroses and blue violets and tiny ferns and an astonishingly lovely fungus called Fairy-cups, small, perfect shapes, round like an acorn-cup, smooth as rose-petals, and clear scarlet in color. They grew always comfortably bedded in moss, which we here found fresher and more varied than anywhere else. In the shallow layer of water at the bottom of this ditch interesting creatures of biological charm carried on a hazardous existence, since ditches, even in nice damp England, do go dry, when their romance ceased.

At the other end of this profitable stretch of road copses began, straight young cocoa-colored copses, where anemones were thickest in spring, and where I once almost walked into the nest of a brown thrush that sat crushed down upon her eggs, staring at me with bright, fierce, unwinking brown eyes. We were so near that I could have counted the speckles on her throat, her nest being perfectly placed for depredation. She swelled slightly as I stared back at her, ruffling her feathers and looking so war-like, so little suggestive of "careless raptures," that I backed away, embarrassed by her gaze, and fell upon anemone-gathering as a safer occupation.

Returning, we rushed to the nursery to dispose of the precious contents of our baskets, which were unfailingly brimming-full, and by the time they were fittingly arranged, tea was brought in, and we ourselves had assumed the clean pinafores and strapped slippers of the evening meal, together with that cozy, lamplit, I'm-not-going-out-any-more feeling which is the great

thing about slippers and tea. Little pots simmered on the hobs, there were muffins hot from the grate, jam, and Devonshire cream. Soon coziness became drowsiness, and hanging our garments one by one—a final demand of the system—on the knobs of our small beds, we climbed gladly aboard those nocturnal barks.

My bed is like a little boat

had yet to be written; but even without it, and with the aid of our combined imaginations, we had, I am sure, all the thrill of those who definitely embark.

Alas! the day was soon to come, in the midst of this happy life, when we should embark indeed. We were told that we were to leave England and go to America, where our dear relatives lived, of whom, naturally, we had only a dim idea. The call of the blood is not very strong when it comes to one diluted by an ocean, and when one has lived all one's short life scarcely aware of it. These transatlantic cousins seemed as fantastic to us as Finlanders, Sinbad the Sailor, or Eskimos living in ice and fur. They spoke our language, we knew, though it would have been no surprise to us to learn that they did not.

At these tidings, the overturn of all our world, we went about in a daze of bewildered grief, cherishing everything we held dear in a heartbroken attempt to realize that we were soon to leave it forever: our pets, the garden paths, the special pussy that was allowed to sleep

on the table in the library window, the Avon winding through its fields, the tall gates in our wall. On the morning that we drove for the last time through these gates, behind a William scarcely recognizable, so changed was his faithful face with sorrow, a last glimpse of that pussy stretched asleep on her table, with her white paws in the sunshine, did more to bring on the storm of tears that I had been laboring to hold back than the thought of all other charms of English life. I did love that pussy so!

As a kindly attempt at consolation on the part of our elders, we were allowed to take our carrier-pigeons with us on our journey to Liverpool. Each of us was to write a note to a selected person at home, attach it to our birds' necks, and let them fly away. It seemed a fearful risk. Folding my note feverishly tight, I fastened it to my pigeon—such a funny little *pipe* of a neck, down in his feathers!—while he rustled his wings in alarm against the paper lining of the basket. As the train slowed down for a lone station in that wide north country, a window was opened for us, and with a toss up went our two pets into the air. They circled about for a moment, and then, to our vast relief, struck off together, straight southward. Leaning far out of the compartment window, with a parental clutch upon us in the rear, we watched them, with all our hearts in our eyes, till they were mere specks on a cloudless sky. They vanished. Blindly we lapsed backward upon the cushions; our train puffed stolidly on its way.





Detail from "The Lace-maker"

By GABRIEL METSU



(See frontispiece to this number)

ANATION fares ill without an ideal, and Holland of the seventeenth century, newly formed into a nation, found hers in the confidence in her own destiny, founded not upon vague aspirations, but upon actual achievements at home and abroad in every known field of intellectual, industrial, and commercial activity. It is this ardent life of the people that is mirrored in the painting of the period. Its truth of portraiture is the reason of its abiding interest, and the fact that its craftsmanship involves the same integrity of purpose and intensive skill which had enhanced all the standards of living is the secret of its merit. The Dutch painters, as a school, were honest and consummate craftsmen.

In the portraiture of the national life Gabriel Metsu occupied his special field. It was the intimacies of the home life of the well-to-do burghers that he betrayed with peculiar tact and geniality. It would seem from the few surviving particulars of his career that he was early recognized as an accomplished painter, and when he moved from his birthplace, Leyden, and settled in Amsterdam, he received there the rights of citizenship, and soon enjoyed good social standing in the community. His self-portrait, now at Buckingham Palace, shows a well-dressed man, with pleasant, intelligent face; shrewd, humorous gaze; strong, expressive hands; and a general air of easy elegance. In fact, he looks to have been himself a feature of the society that he charmingly recorded.

It is always some simple incident of family routine that he portrays, as, in the present instance, a lady seated at her tambour, looking away for a moment from her nimble fingers and dainty bobbins to watch, perhaps, her child at play. As usual with Metsu, the simplicity of the incident is echoed in the terse and telling way of treating it. The lady's figure is the heart of the story; satin and fur and velvet garnish it, while the face and the area occupied by her hands and work supply the notes of piquant intimacy. The setting is of the simplest: a mirror to interrupt the plainness of the wall, and in the original—for the present picture is only a detail—a curtained window, and a very homely-looking cat perched upon a foot-warmer.

This tact of taste that instinctively chooses a few details, and disposes them in due relation of subordination to the main theme, is characteristic of Metsu, and is charmingly suggested in Timothy Cole's engraving. In addition one must imagine a limpidity of color and fluent ease of brush-work, qualities that have secured for Metsu so high a place among the little masters of Holland genre.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



Decoration for memorial altar for St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, Maryland

From a painting by R. McGill Mackall

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A Servant of Reality

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price

CHAPTER I

ANTHONY ARDEN closed his eyes; he was trying to let the unutterable misery of two years slip from him. It was over; it was all over, as over as an extracted tooth, but he could not yet feel relief or exultation. These feelings must come later, when he saw England. When he closed his eyes he escaped seeing the very fat, red neck, passing without gradation into the round-shaped head, of his German guard.

In two hours he would be over the frontier into Holland and have no guard. He kept saying to himself, "Free! free! free!" The word sounded perfectly meaningless. Fears assailed him; he was quite used to fears, ordinary fears about food, vermin, a bullying sergeant, or the collapse of a fellow-prisoner. These were reasonable fears; the new kind were n't. They were too much like hopes; they were really terrible.

He had never been one of the men

who collapsed, but he knew all about collapses. He had fought them as St. Paul fought with the beasts at Ephesus.

He knew their beginnings, the ominous vacillations of the will, when a man would wait for a quarter of an hour before deciding which foot to put his boot on. This would be the prelude to a fearful lethargy. Anthony had watched the restlessness of the driven body before the mind suddenly ceased to drive it; the rush and flutter of the helpless thoughts till the interludes came; the blank spaces when the thoughts subsided, and the thinker, exhausted, overwrought, and trembling, would appeal to him for drugs. Bromide was useful if there was any tiding over to be done, but too often it edged stupor with despair, and one could seldom tide over the illimitable seas of prolonged imprisonment.

Anthony was a wonderful hand at keeping people up. Even the Germans appreciated his power, and as they had by that time learned to prefer sane

prisoners to mad ones, they gave him all the drugs he asked for, and freedom to apply what other methods he pleased.

Anthony had entered the war as one of the fighting forces; but in another life, a strange, safe, horizonless, dignified world, where men thought and acted without compulsion and knew next to nothing of fear, he had been a rising young surgeon with an unshakable nerve. He was the type of man who always rises; he could absorb himself in his aims and control his desires and yet escape the tyranny of self.

The universe was his center; he was not the center of the universe. He had no use for emotions and was not easily put out. He loved his home and went there very seldom. He disagreed with his father whenever they met, and wrote to his mother regularly once a week, on half-sheets of paper, without telling her anything.

Daphne, his favorite sister, infuriated and delighted him; he disapproved of everything she did, and generally found himself helping her to do it. His eldest brother Tom he never wrote to, seldom saw, and loved ineradicably. Anthony would not have called it "love," neither would Tom; but neither would have hesitated an instant to die for the other. Tom had been killed. There was a third brother, Henry, cleverer than Tom, who fortunately had varicose veins. Owing to this, he knew nothing about the war except what he was told and what he had gathered from the newspapers. He had a flat in London. Anthony was going there now.

London! He did n't really believe in it; that was why he shut his eyes to see it better. While he was a prisoner he had never dared to make pictures he could see; that was one of the ways in which men collapsed. They got to seeing things; quite sensible things at first, things that were there. Then they started seeing things that were n't. It was always better to keep one's eyes fixed on little, every-day facts.

Anthony knew that London was safe. Zeppelins had done their best, aëroplanes had touched London as a boy's catapult drops pebbles into a field. You had to hunt to find the pebbles; the field remained placidly unshaken.

Daphne always slipped into her letters, "Funny old London is just the same." It was one of the faults he used to find with Daphne that she overlooked the essential, but he had not known how realistic it made letters. All his people had been wonderful about writing; they had arranged it among themselves so that somebody, even if it was only an aunt, wrote to him every day in the week. And they had thought of everything in the way of parcels.

There had been six months' hell first. Hell is a place where you are forgotten by all you love and remembered by all you hate. Fortunately, this was at the beginning, when Anthony had his self-control intact except for the first forty-eight hours. Anthony had n't been self-controlled then, but he had not expected to have his broken leg kicked. It had startled him very much. He had resented it, and they had hurt him. They had hurt him so that when he remembered it he began to tremble all over and to feel like ice. It was n't the actual physical pain alone; it was the cruelty and the surprise. It was such a strange feeling, to be quite powerless and hated, especially when one had lived a particularly normal and kindly life and never known anything about hate.

Hate is such a funny, medieval, little word, like devil or hell; it means nothing till one has tried it. When Anthony was a young man and knew everything, and had learned nothing, he had laughed at these little medieval words. He had called them, rather proudly, to his mother, "theological nursery toys," and she had said, "I wonder." But he would n't have believed then that men could cry like children, or stop crying and go to pieces—utterly to little pieces before other men's eyes. He had n't supposed, either, that other men could laugh at them or have such cruel eyes.

It had shot through him once or twice during those first six months that he had believed, actually believed, that people always behaved like human beings. He might just as well have swallowed the old story of Jonah and the whale. It was much better afterward. He himself had helped to make it better; he had n't realized his own struggles. It just seemed very gradu-

ally to have got bearable; and when it was bearable, he had discovered that he was old.

All the tops of his short, tight curls were gray, he could walk straight with a very slight limp, and hold his head up; but his keen, gray eyes were not as steady as they used to be, and if any one spoke loudly, he jumped, or if they moved near him quickly, he flinched like a beaten dog. Yes, he knew all about hate, and when the letters and the parcels broke through, and he found the other world still existed and he was remembered, passionately remembered and loved, just as if he were alive, he learned something about love.

His mother ceased to be a not very clear-thinking, extremely old-fashioned, middle-aged lady who had lived in the country all her life, and who would keep asking him to go to church; she became instead a steady hand to hold on to in a darkened room.

And as for Daphne, incapable, inconsequent, and most flirtatious Daphne, who forgot everything and never answered any one, and was always doing what she had much better not, and suggesting you should bear the consequences of it because you were so sensible, he could n't have told any one what Daphne meant to him. She never forgot a post, and knew mysteriously the very moods in which he would meet her letters, and she would go on being just what she always was, only regularly. Her voice reached him like a lark singing under his window at dawn. It was her letter he got first about Tom; he always saw it in her words, but as if she had first put her own heart between him and the blow.

It was incredible to him that he could once have thought it a bore to go down to Pannell for week-ends. The whole of his body and all his being ached for home. Every night for a few minutes before he slept, if sleep was possible, he had allowed himself to think of Pannell. First the railway station "Boscott," with its blue lobelias picked out with white chalk stones by Tuppins, the station-master; then Daphne, with her hair half down her back, because she'd driven the pony in by herself and it "had n't exactly" bolted; then, beyond

Daphne's hair and eyes, the line of the downs, sometimes swathed in milky mists, and sometimes very firm and velvety under a fleet of flying clouds.

Boscott was a small village, with yellow barns, dropped in a hollow.

Pannell Manor was in Pannell woods. There was an open space for it, and the downs rose up in front of it. The church had been built at its gate, on a lawn with flitting shadows of deer. The deer slipped delicately in and out of patches of bracken. A wall separated them from the smooth green terrace in front of the house, but you could always look over it toward the downs, and watch the deer steal between the trees.

Pannell was an Elizabethan house, and the front of it was a mass of tall, thin windows shining out of old gray and yellow stone. It had suited Tom to perfection. It made Anthony sick to remember how it had suited Tom. It would be Anthony's now, and he was n't a landowning type; he would simply have to do what he could with it in the intervals of his profession.

Unfortunately, Pannell was n't a place to do things with in intervals. It wanted the steady land lore of a practical, unimaginative Sussex man. It wanted Tom. It had always belonged to people like Tom, slow, patient, good-natured people who knew how to leave things alone and never hurried anything except a fox. The land would have to miss them for a generation now, because most of them were dead.

THEY were at the frontier at last. Anthony got out on the platform with several other men. They all looked dazed and a little uncomfortable, and tried to pretend that they knew how to move above on platforms and get freely, without shouted directions, into trains. Fortunately, the Dutch guards helped them.

They had very little to say to one another. They lit cigarettes with shaking hands and grinned nervously when they met one another's eyes. Of course they were enjoying themselves awfully, and were n't afraid of an accident on the train or the boat going down or suddenly finding they were dying of some acute disease and could n't get home

first. It was absurd to suppose that they could have such fears, for they were all quite ordinary young Englishmen who had been in German prisons only a few years. They were perfectly all right, really; they had made a point of saying this in all their letters home.

Anthony knew exactly how they felt. He advised them to get a drink, but they were all too afraid of missing their connection, which could n't start for half an hour. Anthony forced himself to go into the waiting-room and order a drink. He was very proud of still being able to make himself do things, and a little self-conscious about it. He had forgotten the time when he was n't self-conscious and never had to make himself do perfectly obvious things.

They took the journey through Holland by moonlight. The country stretched out in a sheet of silver; water and land melted together into a delicate mist. The windmills moved across it like the black wings of strange, inanimate birds. There were no walls and no barbed wire; just wide-open spaces, with a low, broad sky above them.

They got on to the boat at midnight, and some one said it was England already, for boats were always England. There were a few wives who had not been able to wait for their husbands to reach England. They met them shyly and without words; and afterward, Anthony noticed, even though they were together, they still had a look of stubborn longing in their eyes.

Anthony was not going to be met at all; he had arranged everything with Henry. He would go to Henry's room for a night and just hear how everything was and be told about Tom; that would make things easier for his mother. He would go down to Pannell next day; he had particularly said he did n't want Daphne to come up. He wanted to get into things gradually.

There could be no possible danger of the boat sinking; he told several fellows who asked him that all the accursed mines were swept away, the seas were free. They were English and they were free. Of course he did n't say this, nor did the other men; they merely felt it moving stubbornly in their hearts without words.

Anthony fully intended to go to sleep. He had wired for a berth, and the other men were quiet as mice; but he was under the impression that none of them slept. There were all quite ready to run up on deck if by any chance one of the mines had been overlooked. His idea had been to get up very early and watch the cliffs creep close across the sea. He remembered a poem of Macaulay's which he had learned as a boy; it was called "The Jacobite's Epitaph" and was a short, reticent poem, with a line in it which had always haunted him:

By those white cliffs I never more may see.

Well, he wanted to see them; but when the boat arrived, England was lost in a blur of rain. He saw nothing but a solid wall of grayness rising up in front of him. The other men were on deck very early, too; apparently the same idea had occurred to them, but none of them said anything about Macaulay's poetry.

It took eternity to get alongside the wharf, and lots of accidents might have happened. Nobody spoke except the youngest of them, who had been in prison only a few months, and he remembered that it would be jolly to get a good hot cup of tea, and wondered if they still made dear old moldy buns.

There was no cheering to greet them, because they were not the first boatload of prisoners to reach England, and it was particularly early in the morning. But there were two trains waiting, small, comfortable English trains that ran on velvet lines through an endless expanse of wet, green fields.

Two hours later the London terminus closed on them like a large black shell. Nobody took any notice of them; they were n't, of course, any different from anybody else, except that they were n't quite so smart at picking up a taxi as people who have n't been in German prisons. They let opportunities slip.

Anthony was one of the first to get one. He shook hands with several of the fellows who had n't been specially met, and gave a lift to a particularly bewildered-looking boy who had forgot-

ten where he lived for the moment, but thought they 'd remember it for him at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. He was very proud because, although he had forgotten his address, he could remember his own name perfectly.

Anthony wanted to explain to the boy that they had got back into a world where people were in the habit of remembering their own names, and that they must try to appear as much like ordinary people as possible. But when Anthony began to explain, he was brought up short, because he realized that he himself could n't quite remember how ordinary people behaved.

Just as the quick, organized traffic in the streets was a dangerous blur to his unaccustomed eyes, so were those old unconscious ways of normal people a strange and perilous blur to his insecure and unaccustomed senses.

Fortunately, some one at the club did remember the boy's address, but there was no one who could fill in the curious, unexpected gaps in Anthony's hidden mind.

CHAPTER II

CIVILIZATION had gone to pieces, but outwardly London looked just the same. The winding loops of traffic weaved their perpetual chain, checked by imperturbable, blue policemen; picture palaces and public houses, congested tubes and swinging busses, the long, blue shadows of the dusk and the hard, arched lights of the street corners, had no new secrets to reveal. The husks of everything Anthony saw were mercifully indifferent to change.

But surely the people would be different? People cannot pass through hell and keep their values of life the same; they cannot lose security and not gain a certain spiritual significance.

It was startling to Anthony to find that Henry had not altered at all; he did not even look older. He lived in the same charming rooms, full of old French china. Henry could not afford good pictures, so he had very wisely limited himself to excellent prints. His books neither frightened the unreading public nor shocked the cultivated. Henry had kept an expensive cook, and

during the war by her help had evaded food difficulties while keeping patriotically within his rations. There was no track once beaten that Henry did not follow, nor had he ever found it difficult to believe what he knew to be generally accepted. He shook hands with Anthony with some emotion, and asked twice how he was.

"This is really tremendous," Henry exclaimed, "quite tremendous." The situation promptly dwindled under his qualifying adjectives. "By Jove! what a lot we shall have to talk over! How does it feel to be back?"

"I can't tell you yet," said Anthony, sinking into a luxurious arm-chair before the fire. "Physically it's comfortable. I've often thought of this arm-chair."

Henry said, "My dear fellow!" deprecatingly. He hoped he was n't going to hear too much about hardship; he always skipped what he referred to as "literary horrors" in the accounts of war correspondents. "Things," as he often used to say without specifying what things, "were quite bad enough without unduly harrowing one's feelings."

"We 'll have dinner in a minute," Henry continued cheerfully, "and then we 'll make history. Of course I know everybody has written regularly to you, but it's quite extraordinary how facts drop out one way or another in correspondence—quite important little facts."

"I have n't written everything back," observed Anthony in a queer, tired voice, which sounded thick. "You see, I could n't—lots of things. I could n't; but I dare say they don't matter now."

"I knew you 'd take a sensible view," Henry agreed eagerly. "It's no use raking over old troubles, is it? I assure you we've all had hardships to bear as well; air raids, for instance, *most* unpleasant and so noisy. The servants felt it a great deal. The one thing that has kept me up during the last few years has been the spirit of cheeriness. I've insisted upon taking a bright view of things, and I've found it paid; over and over again I've found it paid."

"You would find it pay," Anthony agreed after a short pause, looking

round the room with curious, inattentive eyes. "And none of the china has been broken, has it? It seems to me I remember all the pieces."

"No," Henry replied; "Mary is very careful, you know. I should n't let her touch them if she was n't. Some of this is priceless."

"Quite right," agreed Anthony. "Only being careful does n't always prevent things from being broken, does it? There's an awful lot of luck in what breaks and what does n't. D'you mind, before we have dinner, telling me what's known about Tom?"

Anthony moved as he spoke, and crouched forward a little over the fire as if he were cold. Henry could n't see his face; he was privately shocked at the thin, rather weak, and shaky look of his restored brother.

Anthony had not kept his spirit up; he had lost smartness in a manner that, if it was pitiable, was also annoying to a relative who had been prepared to be proud of him. And it showed a certain lack of tact upon Anthony's part to ask Henry about Tom before dinner.

"I expect," Henry said in a grave, constrained voice, which indicated deep feeling without transgressing good taste, "you know practically all there is to know already. Tom was acting as forward observing officer in one of the woods on the Somme. It is a little confusing, as no one actually saw what took place, but they suppose a shell caught him and his telephonists. The messages stopped, and when they advanced they found the bodies. The major wrote, of course, and several of his brother officers. Mother will show you all the letters. Dear old Tom, he did his duty like—"

Henry stopped abruptly. He was going to say a Briton or a hero; a burst of most appalling profanity checked him.

He stared blankly at the crouched and blasphemous figure in front of the fire. Anthony cursed steadily and monotonously for several seconds. He seemed beyond his own control; then he pulled himself together."

"I beg your pardon, old man," he stammered. "I—I—my nerves, you know; that was why I wanted to have

my home-coming over gradually. Don't pay any attention to me. I'll be all right in a minute. What I want to know is, How long was it between the time they got Tom's last message and found the body? That's all I want to know."

"Have a whisky and soda," Henry murmured sympathetically. "Of course it's quite natural you should be upset; it would have been better to go into all this after dinner. As far as I can make out—the major was a little vague—there were three days before they actually found the body; but of course Tom was killed instantly. All of them said so in their letters. It was a great comfort to us to feel that there could have been no actual suffering—my God! Anthony! don't laugh like that! It does n't sound human; it really does n't. Here, take this whisky and soda!"

Henry had to force the glass between Anthony's stiffened lips. He was bowed and contracted with his unearthly laughter. His hands shook as if he were in an ague; his whole body shook. Henry had never been in such a situation in his life, and all of it was perfectly unnecessary. Tom had been dead two years. Then Anthony gasped out:

"Thanks. Yes, that's what I wanted to know—three days." The whisky and soda had quieted him. He stopped trembling.

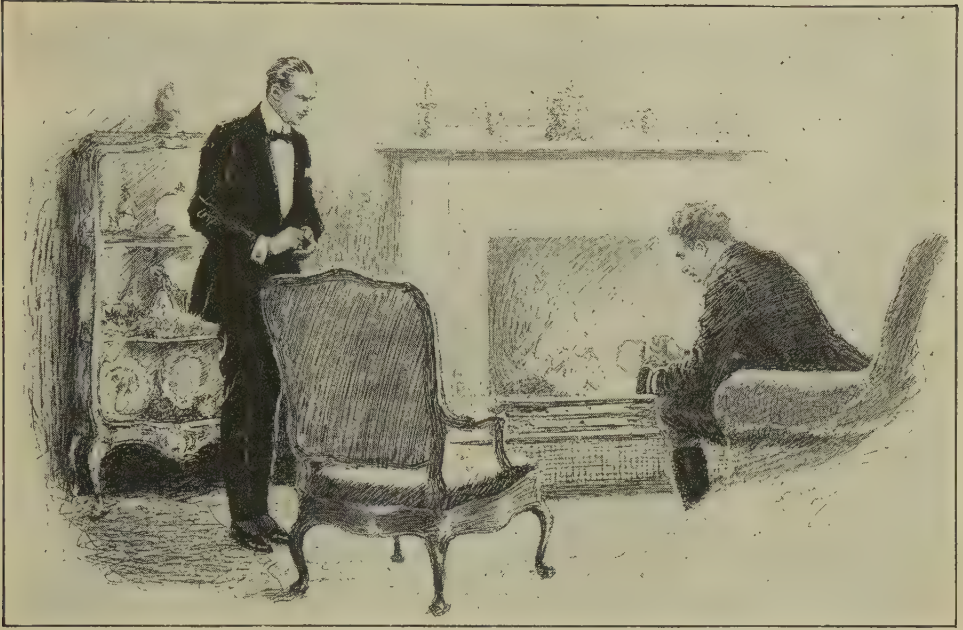
Mary came in and announced dinner.

Henry asked Anthony considerably if he would like to wait five minutes, but Anthony, without any consideration whatever, refused to wait. He really did seem very hungry, and ate like a wolf, but he drank nothing. Henry heard him say in a whisper that was perfectly audible:

"If I drink anything, I shall go to pieces. If I drink anything, I shall go to pieces."

Henry looked anxiously at Mary, but her eyes were intent upon a green vegetable, over which she noiselessly readjusted one of Henry's solid silver spoons. Anthony did not notice Mary at all, but in helping himself he dropped the spoon.

When they were back again in Henry's drawing-room, Anthony moved restlessly about and tried to pull the curtains to look out of the window.



"Anthony cursed steadily and monotonously for several seconds"

Henry said:

"Sit down, my dear old chap," and Anthony sat down with a jerk, as if some one had pulled him.

"I don't know if you would like to run over the terms of Tom's will," Henry suggested. "I suppose we must dip into business some time or other, but perhaps—"

"Run over anything you like now," said Anthony. He leaned back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes, but he was n't asleep. He followed Henry's excellent account of business affairs with his old clear-cut attention. Henry was greatly relieved at the questions Anthony shot out at him. He went on to speak of Pannell.

"It would n't be a bad thing if you were home for a time to look after things," Henry suggested. "Father has lost grip. You'll notice a difference in him, and in mother, too. The strain upon those who remained at home has been greater perhaps than you fellows quite realize." Henry sighed a little reproachfully. He wanted Anthony to understand that he had not been the only one to suffer; he felt that self-pity would be bad for a man of Anthony's type. "I must n't weaken him by my

sympathy," Henry reminded himself.

"Yes," said Anthony, without opening his eyes. "If people realized it, it must have been—I was going to say worse for them; but mercifully we're so built that what we don't see reaches only the most imaginative. Knowledge and realization seldom meet. I see that now. I used to believe, as a doctor, that I knew something about pain; but of course I did n't. I knew as much about it as people know of an earthquake shock from reading about it in a newspaper. My nerves were untouched."

"I have always thought doctors must be rather insensitive," said Henry, complacently. "Frankly I have never been able to stand the sight of suffering. I suppose things were pretty rotten over there for you?" As Anthony did not answer, Henry added tactfully, "You must tell me all about it some time when you feel more up to the mark, and things get easier to talk about."

Anthony's eyelids flickered; the lines between his lips and his mouth were as deep as furrows.

It was obvious that with his usual good sense he agreed with Henry that it was better to postpone the history of his captivity.

Still, Henry did not want to postpone it entirely. He was curious to be told something about it—how many meals one got a day, and what amount of exercise one was allowed to take. He wanted to hear the kind of things one could afterward talk over comfortably at the club with the other fellows.

But Anthony had lost the faculty of realizing what was expected of him in conversation. He did n't follow the line of Henry's thoughts. He began abruptly:

"Those were awfully good cigarettes you kept sending me. Wonderful what a civilizing thing a cigarette is! Did some fellows good, you know, just to look at them; kept them up to the mark. 'Pon my word, I should n't wonder if it helped 'em to be straight more than their prayers. What one wants, you know, out there is some point to hold on to, some point outside oneself. Religions that push you inside yourself make a shocking mess of it, and all religions do it too much. What you want is to get out, no matter how small the point you 're aiming at; then you 're safe—I mean that 's your chance of keeping sane. Of course it 's only a chance."

Henry cleared his throat, nervously.

"The Young Men's Christian Association," he said, "has really done wonders in this war. Is is one of the charities I made a point of backing up. I quite agree with you that the social element in religion is extremely important. The church has overlooked it shockingly. I put down its comparative failure to its inability to deal with its congregations socially."

Anthony opened his eyes and stared at Henry. He looked as if he did not know what his brother was talking about. Apparently he had not been referring to the church.

The door burst open.

"I can't help it, Mary! No matter what Mr. Henry said, I will see—Tony!"

She was in his arms; when he heard her voice he had got up and felt for her as if he were blind.

It was Daphne; of course she had done exactly what they had arranged for her not to do. Her eyes blazed at

him, fierce with tenderness; he could hardly meet them. He felt her arms tighten round him.

"Ah, they 've hurt you! they 've hurt you!" she gasped.

Anthony tried hard to hold himself together. He kept telling himself that he must n't make an ass of himself before Henry. Daphne pushed him back into his chair and knelt beside him, gazing at him with the piercing eyes of mercy and love. There was no use trying to hoodwink Daphne. She saw what war had done to Anthony; she saw nothing else.

Henry hovered ineffectually in the rear of the situation; he tried hard to stop its being a situation, but Daphne overpowered him. She took no notice of the halves of inconspicuous sentences which escaped from his lips except to say, after a moment or two, casually over her shoulder, as if he were n't a member of the family and her host, "You 'd better go, Henry."

If Anthony had lifted his little finger to keep him, Henry would have stayed; but Anthony did not look in his direction either. His lips had started trembling; he held his elbow on his knee and his hand over his eyes. Henry tiptoed out of the room as if he had inadvertently strayed into a prayer-meeting.

Daphne took Anthony in her arms again.

"Oh, what have they done to you!" she murmured. "They have eaten half your life."

Then she began to cry terribly, and it gave back Anthony all his self-control to see her cry. He laughed at her, and patted the back of her obstinately untidy curls. They were just like his own, only made out of spun gold. His had turned gray.

"Don't be a goose," he protested. "It 's all right now. Nothing 's the matter really. I 'm perfectly fit. Are you crying about me or is it Tom?"

"Oh, you!" she sobbed. "Tom 's only dead."

"Well, I 'll be all right soon," Anthony reassured her. "I 'll be just as usual in a little while. All the fellows feel rather queer at first, you know. You ought to be at Pannell. I kept thinking you 'd meet me there to-mor-



"Daphne pushed him back into his chair and knelt beside him"

row. I suppose they 're all right, are n't they? Henry would have told me if they were n't."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Daphne, quickly; "everything 's quite all right." Her sobs had subsided now, and she searched through his pockets to find the handkerchief she ought to have had the sense to bring with her.

"Something 's changed," said Anthony, sharply. "What is it, Daphne? You 're hiding something from me."

"No, no, not changed," whispered Daphne. "I 'm not changed, Tony; only I did n't mean to tell you to-night. Don't you see how old I am, how monstrously, awfully old?"

Anthony studied her beautiful, radiant face with keen, questioning eyes.

"You 've turned into some kind of grown-up woman at last, have n't you?" he asked slowly. "Hullo! what 's that on your finger?"

"Yes," she said, "it is really. Is n't it funny? I can't get used to it. I did n't want to be happy a bit by myself without you, but he was in the Flying Corps, and I was so anxious. We were married last June. I made them all swear not to tell you. I censored their letters for months for fear of its dropping out. You see, I knew, if you were with me, you 'd be glad. O Tony, does n't it seem wonderful! It 's over, and he 's all right. I keep saying that instead of my prayers all day. 'It is over, and he 's all right.'"

Anthony nodded.

"Yes," he said; "yes, I suppose so. It 's over and it 's all right, either way you look at it perhaps."

They were silent for a moment, then she said quickly:

"O Tony darling, Tom was killed at once. Jim found out for me; I can prove it to you. Tell me you believe me? You know I would n't rest till I found out. Jim went over and saw the major. You know I would n't lie to you. You do believe me, Tony?"

Anthony was not looking at her; he was looking straight into the heart of the fire.

"Yes," he said in a perfectly level voice; "yes, I believe you. I say—I say, Daphne, d' you think Henry 'd mind if I kept a light in my room all night?"

CHAPTER III

ANTHONY would not have admitted that he had a creed, because he thought creeds unscientific; but if you habitually act up to certain unspoken principles, they become dogmas. Anthony's creed ran as follows:

"Play your best whether you are likely to win or not. Never let any one down for the sake of your own convenience; never lie; face disaster readily, even if you could by exercising a little ingenuity evade your share of it. Back whatever you believe in except your own mistakes. Own up to a blunder instantly without the emphasis of egoism. Do not involve other people in your actions, and do not be involved by them, and let the end of your work have the same quality as its beginning."

It was an excellent creed, full of self-respect and armed at all points against the inroads of reality; the kind of creed that gives a man peace at the last, unless he has had too bad a time in the interval. It had no mercy in it either for himself or for others. Prison shook it to its foundation. Anthony had not allowed for a life that was a hideous nightmare beneath the plane of self-control, nor for a moral chaos without rules. There was nothing he could act upon; he simply suffered as those under the harrow of acute physical pain suffer, without horizon.

Incidents in Anthony's hospital career flashed into his mind with a new meaning. He remembered a woman dying in childbirth who had told her agonized husband with unfaltering mendacity that it was n't nearly so bad as she had expected. Anthony had admired her then, but he had not thought her superhuman; he had believed that people could always bear pain properly.

The last words of a boy of nineteen crushed in a street accident came back to him: "I don't want to live; it 's too cruel to care about." At the time Anthony had believed this remark to be a proof of the lack of discipline in the lower classes.

He knew now that there are moments in which it is a miracle to behave properly, when life becomes simply too cruel to care about. He felt that there

was a power which sometimes saved people at these moments; but that it was not a virtue inherent in themselves; and he lost a little of his self-respect.

The other prisoners taught Anthony that kindness was more necessary than skill. It was n't enough to do things for them; many of them were beyond the more direct aids of science, and even if they had not been, Anthony had not the proper means for assisting them.

What was necessary, if he was to be of any use to his fellow-prisoners, was for him to involve himself in their sufferings. It was precisely what Anthony had made a point of avoiding throughout his career. He had to put aside his personal fastidiousnesses and to overcome his love of independence.

At first the other men were afraid of Anthony's self-control, and they had left him alone in consequence, and Anthony had to destroy this salutary fear to which he owed his privacy. Nothing but the fact that he hated being useless gave him the courage to persevere. He wanted to work. He did not love his fellow-prisoners; they maddened him. They had had codes, too, once, but either they had not taken their codes as seriously as Anthony had taken his, or their power of control was slighter. They grumbled without ceasing, quarreled readily, and were often disgusting.

Only one or two of them were really complaining, quarrelsome, or disgusting men; these were the things that happened to them from outside, through the gigantic pressure of adverse circumstance playing upon their unnourished bodies. They could not help themselves.

In time Anthony realized the power of adversity, and it made it much easier to get on with his fellow-prisoners; he saw that their temper was no more to blame than their indigestion. Even their vices, or their endless references to vice, were merely like the outbreak of a tedious delusion. The difference between them and Anthony was that Anthony *could* help himself. It ceased to be their self-control that mattered; his became vital. If that went, he could be of no use to anybody. Anthony guarded his self-control as if it were

the elixir of life. He measured it out by inches; when he left it menaced, he retired into absolute silence. It was the only thing he could retire into; there was no space for solitude except in his own soul.

It was a long and difficult task, and Anthony never got to the end of it; but long before he realized that he was succeeding, every one in the camp came to him with their troubles. They saw that he had a margin of strength to deal with the affairs of other people, and most of them had become men without margins.

There were plenty of damaged bodies for Anthony to treat, and added to these were the more complicated cases, broken hearts, bad habits, and the deadly collapse of the will. These attacked Anthony's inner citadel, and found him at a loss for supplies. He tried hard to evolve comfort for his patients from his scanty spiritual stores, because he had discovered that very unhappy men cannot live without spiritual comfort even when they are being half-starved. Men were going to pieces because they missed religion just as much as because they missed bread. It was even more disintegrating. The religion that they missed had no definite form; it was that of human ties, traditions, and the obligations of love. The prison rules did not take the place of these obligations, nor did quinine act as a substitute for love.

There was no give and take between their former existence and their present one. They could not send anything home except their hopes, and after a time these were broken by the endless monotony of expectation. Anthony fought against despair as if it were the German Empire. It became part of his profession. He had always fought death as if it were despair, and now he fought despair as if it were death. But his methods had to be more empirical.

"You'll have a hell of a time if you don't keep straight," he reminded his menaced patients. "A much worse hell than if you do." But he soon found that this was not a successful argument. Self-preservation has to be an instantaneous need before it can resist despair.

Tradition was a better specific.

"After all, we 're Englishmen," Anthony urged. "We don't want them to think they 've reduced us to behaving like pigs or sinking into idiots. We 've got to keep our end up."

But this sentiment wore out in time. There was nothing fundamental in it; there is a greater need of letting go under great pressure than in preserving appearances. Men ceased to care what anybody thought of them; they even ceased to care what they thought of themselves.

Anthony was more successful when he appealed to their feeling for their people at home.

"We must n't go back spoiled," he pleaded; "we must pull ourselves together so that there will be something to take back worth taking. One could n't let one's people down."

Anthony often laughed at himself over his own methods, they were so rough and ready, and reminded him so often of the attempts at religious reformations, which he had always despised.

"It takes more," he said to himself, "to make a good Salvation Army lass than I should have thought possible."

And, after all, nothing answered for long, nothing that Anthony could find to say. He had no idea that what kept the tone of the camp considerably higher than it would otherwise have been was the quiet persistency of his own example. Anthony planned his advice, and it was good as far as it went; but his example was spontaneous, and it went very much further.

For two years Anthony fought in the dark the battle of the soul in which he did not believe, and now he told himself the battle could stop. There was nothing else to fight against except a few strained nerves. He could go back to his proper work, the study of how to heal the human body, a much more reasonable and satisfactory adventure than how to keep alive the human soul. He was still nervous, and he did not feel happy yet; but that was because he had the meeting with his people before him, and the memory of Tom's death standing like a shadow across his return to Pannell. The first few minutes would be difficult, especially with his father.

Tom meant Pannell to Mr. Arden; the rest of his family was only a pleasant and expensive annex. He had built all his future, and the future of his race, upon his eldest son. Mr. Arden had never understood Anthony; he did not see why any son of his should wish to be a doctor. There were the army, the navy, the civil service, the church, and the bar, ample professions for any one with brains to find a career in. Ardens had doctors; they did n't expect to *be* them.

Mr. Arden told Anthony plainly that a surgeon's was not a gentleman's profession. Quite good fellows went to it sometimes when they could n't afford anything better, but the squire was prepared to do something better than that even for his second son.

But Anthony had been obstinate about this low taste for science. He had clung to it as if it had been a barmaid, and there were moments when the squire would have preferred a barmaid; for it is easier to get rid of a woman than of an idea. Anthony knew that he had a painful struggle to face with his father, for he had no intention of giving up his profession for the sake of Pannell, and if science was a blunder in a younger son, it would be considered a crime in the eldest.

He thought perhaps it was because of this impending struggle that he could not enjoy the approach to Pannell. The velvety green fields did not move him, nor the wide expanse of the barebacked downs. He was nervously aware of the passing stations, as if he wished to retain them between himself and Boscott. Daphne would n't be there now; he had left her with her husband. His first meeting with this new brother-in-law had hurt him intensely. Anthony had immediately liked Jim Wynne, but he had n't got over the fact of the marriage; it made him feel absurdly lonely, and as if his return to his profession would n't be the final satisfaction he had expected. Of course going to Pannell would make it all right if he could overcome being afraid of rows. He 'd always rather liked rows before. His father used to get hot over them, and Anthony used to get cold. They said outrageous things to each other, and

neither of them ever came within range of the other one's arguments; but there had been no fear on either side, and no favor. Anthony was aware of fear now. He did not want to hurt his father.

Boscott came, after all, with a rush. Anthony saw his father's face as the train drew up at the tiny station before he recognized the two tall young sisters who had shot up into women during his absence. He reflected that his sisters had grown, but they had not changed. His father had changed.

The squire shook Anthony's hand with welcoming vigor, and looked him between the eyes.

"I'm glad to have you back, my boy," he said heartily; then he looked away suddenly, as if he were seeing some one else.

The squire had determined to be cordial. He had prepared the words all the way down to the station, but he had not known what it would cost him to meet the wrong son. And then Anthony refused to drive Vixen.

"Please yourself, of course," said Mr. Arden, gruffly. "She's a fine little mare, goes like silk. You won't have seen such a horse anywhere where you've been." The squire did not wish to say the word "Germany." He considered the bare existence of such a country indecent.

Anthony kissed his sisters' cool, firm cheeks. They were pink with excitement and extremely shy. They wondered if Anthony noticed how grown up they were, and why he was so terribly thin despite all their parcels.

"We did n't bring the dogs," Ursula explained. "We thought they would be too excited; but Max is quite well."

Max was Anthony's own dog, a brusque, unamiable, and frantically loyal Aberdeen.

"He simply hated your being away, you know. He sleeps in your room regularly, because he won't sleep anywhere else, and he bit Mary for cleaning it last week—not badly—on the ankle."

"A quarrelsome, bad-tempered, crochety cur," Mr. Arden asserted, with restored good humor; "but your mother thinks the world of him because he refused to eat for three days after you left. The girls tempted him with raw

meat, and in the end he gave way to 'em. But he's borne a grudge against 'em ever since."

"That was awfully nice of you," Anthony said gratefully to his sisters. He would have been ashamed to say how often he had thought of Max during his captivity, and that he had n't liked to ask how he was for fear of hearing he was dead.

"Your mother did n't come to meet you," Mr. Arden explained as they seated themselves in the dog-cart, and Vixen, after a slight premonitory shy at the gate-post, darted off down the long, white road like a swallow. "I persuaded her not to. She's not up to much excitement nowadays, and of course we're not giving any celebration in the village for your return. You'll understand all that."

Anthony nodded.

It was too early for the trees to be out, but there was a misty look over the budding boughs, and the tilled fields and woodlands had already slipped from the hand of winter and lay open for the visiting spring. The white road stretched between the Pannell woods and the Pannell farms, and straight before them, as the road wound up toward the low, soft skies, were the sloping shoulders of the downs. Pannell stood under them, gray and weatherbeaten, facing the shifting shadows with its unchanging stone.

As they passed into the drive, Vixen moving as if she ran on velvet springs, the gray walls of Pannell rose up in front of them. First the clock-tower in the massive stone stables, a stretch of open park, and then the long, uneven lines of the roof. Anthony's heart struck suddenly against his side. He had not realized before what it would be to own Pannell. The knowledge flooded him with a kind of awe. The ancient trees, the mossy lawns, were his, and his the evanescent spirit of the changeless place.

Mr. Arden glanced sharply at him. Neither of them said anything, but Anthony knew that his father divined his feeling and bitterly resented it. Anthony flushed painfully. He wanted to explain how gladly he would have given up that strange thrill of possession for the sight of Tom, broad-shouldered and

casual, strolling out of the stable door, a gun over his shoulder and a dog at his heels. If his father could only have guessed that deeper feeling, that stubborn sense of loss which had become part of Anthony's very being since Tom's death, he would not have been hurt at the momentary pride of place which had swept over him without replacing or touching the deeper sense of his grief. But it was Mr. Arden's misfortune that he could not read deeply into the mind of his younger son.

The last moments of the drive were intolerably long; even his sisters, who had been pointing out all the changes of three years to Anthony, ceased chattering.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the February light lay level across the lawn, fugitive and without weight.

Vixen consented to draw up on the familiar gravel after a slight pretense that she never had been there before and could not be expected to remain an instant in so strange a situation. A groom ran to her head, and out of a French window poured a torrent of dogs. A fox-terrier, two white West Highlanders, and more gingerly, as a matter of form, came Max.

For a moment he stood stock-still, his whole being centered in an anxious, questioning sniff, and then three years, a third of his brief lifetime, ceased to exist. He hurled the two white West Highlanders to right and left of him; he passed straight over the back of Demon, the ecstatic fox-terrier, he leaped at the thin, gray figure of Anthony fiercely and without a sound. Three times he flung himself upward silently at his master's chest, weaving like a shuttle the pattern of his desperate joy; then Anthony found a voice to say his name huskily, and Max, the sober, the undemonstrative, that foe to emotion in fox-terriers, sat down on the top of a flight of steps and proceeded to have a fit of violent hysterics.

Anthony had to push him aside in order to hurry through the open French window to his mother's arms.

As he caught her against his heart, he heard her whisper over and over under her breath:

"Are you sure you 're not hungry,

Tony? Are you sure you 're not hungry?"

She knew he had been in Holland and overnight in London, but she wanted to hear him say he was not hungry. She had thought of nothing else for two years. Anthony felt quite happy at coming back to his mother, because he knew she would not want him to be Tom.

Tom was not the race to Mrs. Arden as he had been to his father. He was Tom, and the son she held in her frail arms was Anthony.

"You must have tea at once," she whispered tremulously. "It 's quite ready, and I hope you won't mind eating a new-laid egg with it; it 's more solid. Oh, you 're so thin, my darling!"

"I 'm not nearly so thin as you are, Mother," said Anthony, trying to see her face through misty eyes. "By Jove! you 're like a little leaf."

His mother shook her head smilingly at him.

"I 'm not thin, Anthony," she murmured; "I 'm only old."

And then Anthony saw that was what had happened while he was away: his mother had grown old.

CHAPTER IV

THE house was extraordinarily quiet. Anthony kept listening for the heavy tread of a sentry, the raucous cry of a German voice, or the sound of a restless fellow-prisoner turning on his bed. Instead, he felt like a tangible substance the guarded silence of the old, thick walls. He was glad he had the electric light fully on. It showed him that it was, after all, an ordinary, empty room, a place you could get in and out of easily.

It had been his own, and everything in it recalled the memories of his boyhood. He could count the roses on the worn carpet, and see the hole he had burned in it under the window by a drop of acid. The old oak wardrobe was roughened and eaten into by time. It had made a splendid, sly hole for treasures, mixed up with superfluous underclothes.

The book-case in the corner held all Anthony's school prizes, a fine, solid row

of young achievements. It had always hurt Anthony's feelings that the squire never cared to look at them, and it had hurt the squire's feelings that Anthony had cared to win them when Tom was content with cups and bats.

Everything in the room came back to Tom. Tom was in old school photograph groups on the walls. It had seemed incredibly important to Anthony at the time to buy them, though, as a form of decoration, they resembled a paper of pins, and now he could hardly remember the fellows' names. They were healthy, well-made boys, with short futures. Most of them were dead. Tom was usually sitting in the center with a cup or a presentation bat. Anthony tried to hurry away from that direct gaze, looking straight out of the photograph at him; but however fast he hurried, Tom's eyes followed him. Anthony tried to fix his mind instead upon the prints of Watts and Burne-Jones which he had bought with a sense of compulsion in his early twenties, and had n't time to get rid of afterward.

He remembered that he had once encouraged the tenderest fancies for the half-starved, anemic creatures with long necks and heavy hair; but he could not rouse in himself the faintest interest in these weary ladies now. Anthony had not wanted real women in his youth. He had been afraid of them, and later on he had despised women. It is always simpler for young men to despise what they are afraid of; it makes them feel less afraid; but it sometimes gives them in later life more reason for fear.

Anthony despised women because he thought that they interfered with a man's work. Bad women interfered with it intermittently, and good women interfered with it all the time. They did not understand the abstract, and Anthony, perhaps fortunately for himself, had not time to stop and explain it to them. Anthony remembered a curious, wistful saying of Tom's. "It must make a fellow feel rather like the Almighty to keep as straight as you do." It *had* made Anthony feel rather like the Almighty, but his virtue had isolated him. In order to exercise it he had become rigid, and rigidity is seldom popular with women.

Anthony had never been a success with them. Either they wanted to attract Anthony, and found they could n't, or they did not want to attract him, and suspected him of thinking they did. In either case women misled Anthony, and avoided him when they could n't mislead him. But for the sake of Pannell he would have to marry now.

Anthony's mind slipped indolently over his sister's friends; he had none of his own under forty. "Women become interesting," he thought, "when they cease to be attractive."

Ursula and Gladys's friends were far too young to suit him. They considered themselves grown up, of course. They had round, firm cheeks like pink tennis-balls, and the eyes of intelligent puppies. Physically they were everything a woman should be, but they never opened a book, and would look frightened and drop things if Anthony spoke to them.

Daphne's friends were of the right age, but she was apt to like clever women who had been misunderstood by their families. Anthony disliked women who were misunderstood, and he suspected all cleverness in women. If it was genuine, and not a mere ruse of the unattractive, he considered that it led to grave nervous disorders.

Anthony wanted a wife without a nerve, with great practical common sense, like the best type of elderly trained nurse. She must not be more than twenty-five years old, with plenty of knowledge of actual life and its processes and no abstract intelligence.

Abstract intelligence played the devil with women. They carried their emotions into it, and thought with their blood. They poured personality into the universe as a man pours water into a jug, and the universe was not made to hold personality. Women were never impersonal, and they were most dangerous when they were being clever about hiding it. They could not deal straight with fact. They did not have even a temptation without a serpent to support it, and they were capable of melting down the multiplication table into a channel for personal charms.

Anthony's thoughts became a little vague at this point. He did not exactly want to marry a woman without charm;

but he had got his mind away from Tom, at all events, or thought he had.

An owl shrieked under his window. He knew it was an owl, but the shriek curiously haunted and disturbed him. He got out of bed and began to walk up and down the room; it did not help him very much, because he had already got all the help there is to get from this form of exercise while he was a prisoner. Still, it was curiously better to think about prison than to think about Tom.

To-morrow he had promised to tell his people his experiences; his mother had helped him to put it off for a day. It would be wiser, perhaps, to prepare beforehand what he meant to tell them. It would n't do if he ran off the rails anywhere and told them the truth.

It was not that the truth was so bad, but that you could not tell it. It was so misleading. It would be like giving a coherent explanation of Christian Science to a hard-headed business man with a toothache.

It would have been easier to tell them perhaps—everything would have been easier—if they had not all been so silent about Tom. That was what made the house so infernally full of his presence. There was nothing secret about Tom; he was the most open person alive: but now he was being hushed up until everything became aware of him.

The moment Anthony had entered the hall he had felt aware of the weight of this silence. It was in the servants' faces, and had taken possession of inanimate things. The very walking-sticks in the hall seemed under the weight of it, and silence brooded over the staircase and in all the empty spaces of the rooms. Everything was waiting for Tom to come and use it; everything had belonged to Tom and was still his.

All the evening the house waited. They had n't put off dinner, because that was a meal which was never put off for anybody; but when the clock struck eight all their eyes had gone to the door expectantly.

The squire gave an impatient sigh. He had always been impatient with Tom for being late, but he had never really minded. Nobody said anything; they

had just gone into dinner, and the squire had opened a bottle of old wine and been vexed with Anthony for not drinking more of it. Of course he was really vexed with Anthony for being Anthony, but he had put it down to the wine.

Anthony made up his mind to speak of Tom to his father directly they were alone after dinner, but the words stuck in his throat. He was afraid of breaking into something that must n't be broken into. He had a feeling that the beauty of his home was unsubstantial. He was intensely aware of it: the spotless, delicate linen; the shining, unobtrusive silver; the quiet comfort and security of all its simplest processes. It seemed to Anthony that the bared voice of pain might break it all to pieces. It would be like touching porcelain with a hammer.

He longed for his father to speak of Tom, but Mr. Arden said nothing. He was heroically accepting the return of the wrong son, and his heroism cost Anthony his father's confidence. Mr. Arden was kind to Anthony and even mildly cheerful, but he held his son away from his grief. The squire had not shared his sorrow even with his wife. He had spared her. "I think we won't talk of Tom, my dear, at present," was what he had said to her after the first few desolate hours, and Mrs. Arden had appeared spared. She had kissed him silently and left the room. Tom unspoken of had settled down upon the house; no one spoke of him, and no one remembered him as Tom, and no one forgot him as a grief. It made Anthony feel in some strange way as if he was to blame for not being killed as well. He had gone to bed as soon as he could, and even here he could n't get away from his false impression of Tom.

He opened the door of his room and listened. The house was perfectly still; he could hear the old clock down-stairs creak every time its heavy pendulum swung to and fro.

It used to creak like that when he and Tom were in the night nursery upstairs, and they came out of it to hang over the banisters and listen. If it was very dark and late, they sometimes thought it was n't the clock, but a bad

old man creeping up-stairs to catch them; but they never went back into the night nursery until they had stopped being afraid, because they knew they must n't be cowards. They knew that as soon as they knew anything.

Tom's room was at the end of the passage nearest the stables, because Tom loved to hear the grooms hiss over the horses early in the morning. Anthony felt that he must go to Tom's room and find him. It was n't any use waiting any longer; only Tom could drive away the weight of this delusive ghost.

Everything was in order, and except that the order was a little too perfect, it looked as it used to look when Tom was in it. There were his boating-cups and sport trophies on the mantelpiece; a cricket-bat stood in the corner, and Tom's school cap with colors hung over his fishing-rod.

There was a row of pipes over the writing-table by the window, and a series of sporting prints decorated the walls.

Nothing had been changed; the familiar smell of good leather, a great deal used, lingered over all the furniture. Anthony went to the writing-table and picked up a small, shabby red book. It was called "My Friends' Opinions," and had been given to Tom by Daphne on his sixteenth birthday.

It contained a series of printed questions on one page, with blank spaces for answers upon the opposite side, and would probably, as far as Tom was concerned, have remained blank if he had not been overtaken by influenza and a rainy day.

This unfortunate combination had produced Tom's opinions, written in a round school-boy hand, and as he had not changed them since his sixteenth birthday, they remained the sole expression of his unexpressive personality.

Anthony read it slowly, as if he were listening to Tom's voice.

"What is your favorite flower?" the inquisition began.

Tom had written, "A rose," because he felt that he was safe with roses. You could not catch him out there; most people preferred roses.

"What is your favourite Christian name?"

Tom had felt this to be a snare, and had confused the issue. He had put "Bluebell" and "Eleanore." Bluebell was Tom's sole excursion into prose fancy. He had never met a "Bluebell," and the name corresponded to Anthony's Burne-Jones ladies. Eleanore was supported by fact; she was Tom's favourite mare.

"What character do you admire most in fiction?"

"*Hereward the Wake.*"

Hereward was n't really a character at all, but all that fighting had made him sound like one to Tom, and his battle-cry was worth many austerer virtues.

"In history?"

"Richard Cœur de Lion." Richard, too, has escaped the strictest moral elevation, but his title and the Holy Land preserved him.

"In real life?"

"My father." There was nothing to be said to this statement except that in the day of calamity the squire had come across it and had been enabled to hold up his head.

"Your favourite book?"

"'Black Beauty' and 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Besides, these are the only ones I have read through by myself except when I had to."

Hunting was, of course, Tom's chief pastime.

The questions did not go very deeply into religious matters. Tom had got out of them neatly by mentioning "the Church of England" and "the Bible."

The inquiry ended romantically with, "What is your favorite quotation?"

This surprised Anthony, for Tom had written "Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel." Of course this was what Tom would do, but Anthony had not known that he read Shakspeare, and Tom had added another line, though he was obviously unaware that it did not belong to the quotation above it: "For truth is truth to the end of the reckoning."

Anthony put the book down. He felt as if Tom could n't haunt him any more. Tom had got to the end of the

reckoning first; that was all there was to it.

The night before Tom's regiment had left England, Anthony had asked Tom what he thought about death. He had not put it like that, of course, because Tom would not have known how to deal with an abstraction. He had said: "What do you feel about things, old chap? D'you mind awfully the idea of going out?" And Tom had answered after a pause, as if the question was not wholly new to him: "Oh, I don't know. It seems simple enough. Look at rabbits—you know what I mean. You're awfully alive one moment, and then just a little bit of limp fur the next. I've often thought it funny, but never particularly terrible. What do you feel about it yourself?"

"You must n't judge by my feelings," Anthony had answered. "You see, it's my profession to fight death. Frankly, I hate it. I've tried to get the better of it for years, but beyond a certain point you can't. Nobody ever has. It downs you. I dare say I sha'n't mind extinction for myself. The act of death is generally unconscious, and if it is n't, it is so disagreeable that no sane man would wish to prolong it. I never have believed there was the ghost of a life afterward."

This had shocked Tom considerably. He had said:

"Oh, well, you know, I believe in the church and all that up to a certain point, of course; and then there's the Bible. I'm not a clever chap like you, but I honestly feel as if it must be all right somehow, if one does the best one can, you know, and all that. There must be something in it."

Anthony smiled at this remembrance; then he shivered as he went to his room.

He was wondering again if death had come to Tom quickly, like the shot rabbit, one moment all alive, and next a little bit of limp flesh and blood, funny, but not terrible?

He dared not let himself think of the alternative, and either way, what *had* come afterward? Nothing, as he believed, or whatever it was that Tom was groping after, when he asserted that: "It must be all right somehow. There must be something in it."

"For truth is truth to the end of the reckoning." That was the only enigmatical statement that Anthony had ever known Tom indorse; for it was enigmatical to any one else but Tom.

It was all very well for Tom to talk as if truth was the next door neighbor's pig, but how was Anthony to find it so ascertainable? And how could he bear not to find it, when it included, as it included now, the possibility of Tom's own immortality?

There was a tentative scratch at the door. Max had waited to find Anthony gone and tracked him methodically down the passage. Truth was not enigmatical to Max. He had only to follow his instincts, which led him unerringly in the direction of his master.

CHAPTER V

ANTHONY'S breakfast was sent up to his room on a tray. He felt an absurd inclination to cry at the sight of the delicate linen, the golden creaminess of the butter, the liquid sunshine of a honeycomb, and the thin eggshell china, white with a green sprig, which had been one of his mother's wedding presents.

He wished he could get used to the physical beauty of inanimate things. Beauty struck raw against his strained and awakened senses, like the piercing music of a violin.

After breakfast Anthony found his mother in the morning-room. She was always to be found there at the same time, interviewing servants, going over household accounts, or writing her family letters. Her even, blameless existence was full of little cares and arrangements for her family's comfort.

Nothing had ever broken into Mrs. Arden's habits. She was always willing to assist poor people if they had anything usual the matter with them; and if what they had the matter with them was unusual, she referred it to the squire.

The room looked south on to the terrace, fronting the downs. It was full of sunshine. On the table by the window stood a bowl of early daffodils. Mrs. Arden turned as Anthony came in.

"I hoped you'd come here, dear," she



"Anthony read the letters out loud to his mother"

said as he kissed her. "I rather wanted you all to myself this morning. The girls are in the garden, and your father had to go out. While we are alone together, I want to show you all the wonderful letters about dear Tom. You would hardly believe people could be so kind; every one wrote to us."

Anthony sat down on the window-seat, and Mrs. Arden took out the letters.

They were kept in a long, open box on her writing-table, and labeled in her exquisite, neat hand-writing: "From Tom's friends." "From his relations." "From the people on the estate." "From his regiment." "From the clergy." "From public people."

"I think I like his friends' letters best," Mrs. Arden explained quietly. "They sound more like him, and some of the villagers wrote about when he was a child. It is such a comfort to know how well he was understood and loved. What I like best is to think of him being remembered. I don't know how to put it quite, but when people live a very long time, they are connected with so many things and events, are n't they? Even if they're quite dull people, they don't drop out so easily; but short lives like Tom's might disappear and be lost,—I mean humanly speaking,—might n't they, if people were, n't specially kind about remembering? Dear Mr. Mallard is so good to me! He preached a wonderful sermon on purpose to reassure me about the remembrances of God. I think that was what he called it. But of course one believes that God remembers only sometimes. People forget. Perhaps you'll understand what I mean better than Mr. Mallard did. One wants to think the *earth* remembered Tom as well. He did so much for it, did n't he, here at Pannell?"

Anthony nodded. He knew exactly what his mother meant. He, too, had the same feeling. He wanted the earth to remember Tom—the earth which he had tended with such care and had slipped out of at the last so unobtrusively.

Anthony read the letters out loud to his mother. She sat beside him, with her hand on his arm, and every now and then she cried a little, because it was

such a comfort having Anthony read the letters out loud to her.

Anthony read packet after packet, holding on to himself and keeping his voice even. When he had finished them all, Mrs. Arden said:

"Now, then, if you would n't mind telling me all about Germany before your father comes in, then I should really understand what you have been through."

Mrs. Arden could say "Germany" better than Mr. Arden could, but she could n't for the life of her say "prison."

"I tried to read all that the newspapers said about it, you know, Anthony," she explained, "and all the books that came out on the subject. I am sure they were wonderfully written, and no doubt their authors knew all about their subjects; only, you see, they never said any of the things I particularly wanted to know. I dare say it was my fault. I am so stupid at understanding descriptions in books; I always wish people would just tell you what happened."

Anthony cleared his throat and looked at the daffodils.

"Perhaps," he said, "you had better ask me just what you do want to know." Anthony expected to get off rather cheaply with his mother. She was, as a rule, very easy to get off cheaply from. She never saw points very clearly, her own or any one else's. He had not counted on her asking questions, which, if he had n't been very careful, would have told her far too much. He did not know how the most ignorant fears, if they come direct from the heart, hit at truth.

Of course he was intensely careful. He got round all her questions, he evaded the sharp issues of her fears, and he told her the strictest minimum of painful things. The Ardens never frightened women except by reassuring them.

Mrs. Arden listened anxiously to Anthony's answers. She did not press her points. She saw after a few moments that Anthony was sparing her, and that it made it easier for him to spare her.

Once she sighed a little, and at the end she said:

"People's hair is n't usually so gray at twenty-eight, Anthony."

Anthony got out of that very cleverly. He said it was the climate. Quite young Germans had gray hair or else they were bald. She could n't say his hair was n't thick.

"And they were really nice to you," Mrs. Arden murmured, "after the first?"

Anthony had admitted to her that at first they were n't very nice to him.

"They were all right," he said a little restlessly—"what they had to be, you know, Mother. Guards are n't supposed to be friendly, and the commandant was quite a good fellow, really. He had to be a bit stiff, you know; that was what he was there for. I generally took him the complaints; he was always quite decent to me."

"And what complaints did you take him, dear?" Mrs. Arden softly questioned.

Anthony did not meet her eyes.

"Oh, ordinary prisoners' complaints, you know," he explained carelessly. "Sometimes we wanted more exercise, or the heating went wrong, or what we had in the way of food was n't quite up to the mark. You know the kind of thing."

Mrs. Arden was silent for a moment. She was not quite sure that she did know the kind of thing, but she saw that Anthony wanted her to know it. Then she said:

"Your father has asked Mr. Mallard to dine with us to-night. He wants so much to see you again and to hear your experiences, and so does your father, of course. I thought perhaps you would tell them after dinner, when the girls and I had gone, you know."

Anthony stiffened. He did not want to see the vicar or tell him his experiences; he saw that his mother thought he would talk more freely to the two men.

He did not guess that she thought it would be good for him to talk more freely, and still less that if he had told her everything, she would not have known more surely than she did what he had suffered.

"I suppose I shall have to see Mallard sooner or later," he agreed after a pause; "only I don't want to see people just yet or to be asked questions. I

don't mean yours, Mother, of course. It is n't that one's had such a hard time, you know. Most fellows have had a far worse one; only one wants to get used to things gradually."

"Yes, dear, I understand," said Mrs. Arden, gently. "Only, of course, you'll want to tell your father, and I thought Mr. Mallard might be a help. After all, he's almost like one of ourselves."

"He is n't much like one of me," said Anthony, with a rueful grin. "You forget he has n't got over my shocking opinions. He told me that I was the most poisoned skeptic he ever prepared for confirmation."

Mrs. Arden smiled.

"Well, dear," she said, "have n't *you* got over your shocking opinions yet? I think one does, as one gets older, cease to shock."

But Anthony had not got so old as that yet.

"I'm not the least more religious, if that's what you mean, Mother," he confessed a little uncomfortably.

Mrs. Arden sighed gently, but she waived the question. She did not think that with a really good man like Anthony it mattered very much what he thought he believed. Mrs. Arden never interfered with men's opinions or children's toys; it was her experience that they both preferred what you would least have chosen for them. But that as long as they were kept amused, it did not greatly matter what object their choice fell upon.

"Max is longing to take you round the garden," she said. "You'll find the girls out there waiting for you; they want to show you their improvements. They've been really wonderful since the war, you know, helping your father on the estate; and Ursula is quite pretty, but not, of course, as pretty as Daphne. Go out and be nice to them; and don't, if you can help it, be too clever, Anthony."

Anthony could n't really help it. He always had been too clever for the rest of his family. His mother and Daphne overlooked it, but it stuck in the throats of the others; they found it as difficult to swallow as a fishbone.

Ursula and Gladys did what they could with him. They strolled round

the park together, and showed him where they had planted potatoes when the Government had made all that fuss about potatoes, and how much ground they had persuaded father to have cut up into allotments for the villagers. Ursula knew all about the land. It had been her war work, and she was rather disappointed to find that Anthony knew something about it, too. He was apologetic over his knowledge, but he had to admit that he had picked up a thing or two in Germany and had ideas of his own.

Gladys had been a V. A. D., and of course she expected Anthony to talk to her about the extraordinary cases they had had in their cottage hospital. All their cases had been extraordinary, and what was the use of having a doctor in the family if you could n't talk things over with him, and tell the other V. A. D.'s afterward where they were wrong? But Anthony said it was no use theorizing about a case you had n't seen; you might as well try to paint a picture from a description of your great-aunt.

When they asked him about his experiences in Germany he told them how he and the other officers had got up charades and mock parliamentary debates. They had had really tremendous fun over women's suffrage, and Anthony had argued on both sides so persuasively that nobody had been able to guess what his real opinions were.

"But you do believe in suffrage now, don't you?" both his sisters cried breathlessly. "Almost everybody does since the war. It's not a bit like what it was when the Suffragettes were so silly, and father got so angry about it. Besides, we've got the vote!"

"It seems to me exactly what it was," said Anthony, aggravatingly, "and I always agreed with it. That is to say, I always agreed women had as much right as they had ability; until they have the right, of course we cannot judge of their ability. My theory has always been, if you want people to hang themselves, give them the longest rope."

"But do you want them to hang themselves?" Ursula asked uncertainly. "That's not being on their side, is it?"

Anthony looked from one flushed

young face to the other. He felt he was, after all, tremendously on the side of women. But he was not considering them at all as they wished him to consider them; an intense tenderness pervaded his judgment.

His sisters were eighteen and twenty years old, bewilderingly young and untied. Nothing had finished for them, nor had they ever seen the betrayal of illusion.

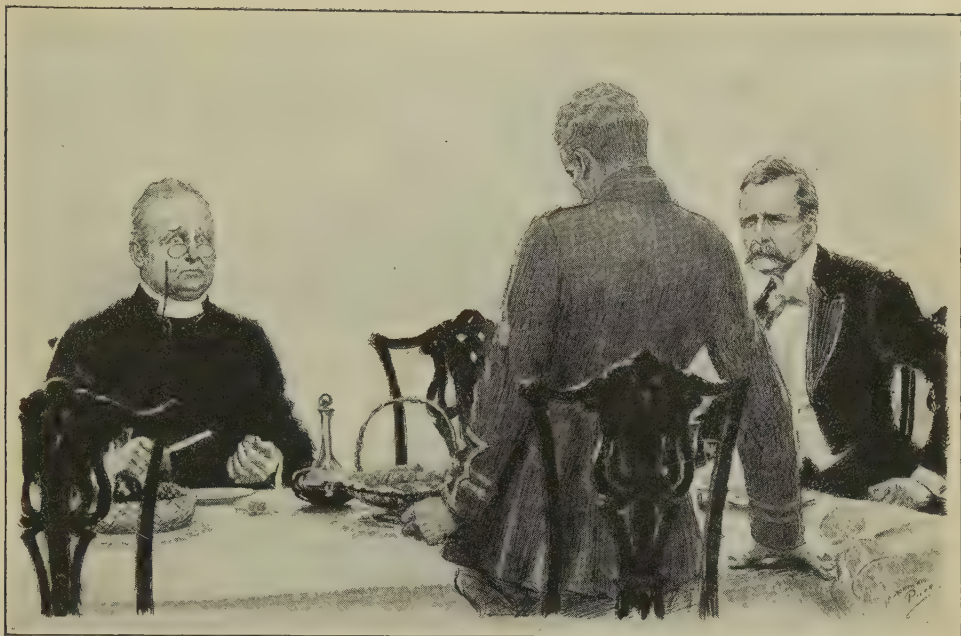
The war had been a great call on their young and unawakened energies; they had met it dauntlessly, protected from all its horrors and free from its indelible stains. The tragic early deaths of their contemporaries had saddened and ennobled their lives. They had been tried by sorrow, but they had not been brutalized by pain. They had made the sacrifice of the pleasures of their class and race with a willing heart. All that had come to them and all that they had given up had developed and enriched them.

They had found out what was in themselves, and had acted capably and conscientiously on the material that lay to their hands. Beauty had never left them; love and companionship remained the unconscious support of their lives. They had never been terrified or beaten down or come to the end of their tether. Anthony, looking at their smooth young faces and fearless eyes, hoped passionately that they would continue to escape all such realities. If he had believed in prayer, he would have prayed that they might never know anything more terrible than their protected duty. He looked away from them so that they should not see his haunted eyes.

"I am on your side," he said after a long pause, "more, perhaps, than you know. As to believing in you as individuals, I believe in you very strongly. It's quite a part of my creed to believe in my sisters."

Neither Ursula nor Gladys were satisfied with this answer. They did n't wish to be believed in as sisters, and they could n't explain what they did wish, so they showed Anthony the stables instead.

There was no doubt that Mr. Mallard helped at dinner. He had a great deal of natural tact, and a good many open-



"'Mad!' spluttered the squire. 'What d' you mean, my boy? What did any one go mad for?'"

ings arose for the use of it. The squire was irritable. He did not like Anthony's ideas about land, he suspected him of socialism; and though, of course, a certain amount of socialism had to be let in to save worse, if Anthony was socialistic, it would n't be in the kind of way that the "Times" suggested canny landlords should adopt.

Mrs. Arden was nervous because she thought it would be unfortunate if politics or religion turned up; but when there are one or two large subjects which it would be unfortunate to mention, the conversation has a strange way of turning slap in their direction, especially if you are nervous about it.

The girls were a little nervous, too, because they felt they had the position of women to uphold before Anthony, and were not quite sure that their father and Mr. Mallard would remember to show Anthony that they were quite grown up.

Mr. Mallard did, however; he remembered it beautifully. He recounted all the girls had done for the cottage hospital, drew out the squire's well-known theories on agricultural prospects, and touched lightly on the histories of village families (not related

to the footmen) in a way that did credit to his cloth.

Mrs. Arden kept thinking:

"How wonderful clergymen are! I am sure they must be specially helped."

And Mr. Arden gradually thawed over the food. It was very good food, but if the conversation had gone wrong, he would have thought it was n't. They did not talk about anything painful till the women had left the room; then the squire said:

"Now, Anthony, my boy, we should like to hear how those scoundrels treated you. Let 's have the whole thing from the start, without any gloves on. I understand you were all taken in a lump, the men on your flanks having retreated without your knowing it. They killed some of you after you had surrendered, did n't they?"

Anthony looked down at the white table-cloth and began to play nervously with his empty glass. It had been a very long day. Of course he was n't going to break down and see things, and only housemaids scream. He would get through quite easily if he just steered clear of a few awkward corners.

"Three hundred of us were taken together," he began in a low, even voice,

"but they killed about fifty or sixty before they were stopped by a fat man with glasses. I think he was a Bavarian. He said, 'My God! these are men, not chickens.' My leg was broken, so I was on the ground." This was an awkward corner. Anthony could n't tell them anything about that. He went on hurriedly:

"It was awfully cold, you know, in December, and we had five days on the train. For two days we had n't any water,—I think it was two days,—and I don't remember much about the food on the journey. The guards were rather rough. I was in a hospital for three months. It was quite well managed, on the whole, a little dirty, according to our ideas; probably on account of the nursing. Some of the nurses behaved well, and others did n't. There were one or two who took the patients' food, and nobody had any too much food.

"For the first six months we had rather a bad time; that was before we got the letters and parcels regularly. We were shunted about a good deal in cold, badly arranged camps; the bedding was very insufficient.

"We must remember that the Germans were not organized for a long war. They expected a short war and great victories, but not large quantities of prisoners to keep indefinitely, without definite prospects of final victory; and then there was the blockade."

"Ah, yes; we had them there," said the squire, cheerfully. "What happened when you made complaints about the food?"

"We did n't make complaints then," said Anthony, slowly. He looked up across the shaded electric lights, covered with yellow silk in the shape of tulips, at Mr. Mallard's face. Mr. Mallard was following Anthony with kindly intentness and peeling a walnut. He had a benevolent, comfortable face, with fixed ideas behind it. It was quite funny to think what his face would look like if a shrieking woman had spat into it and called him a cursed pig dog.

When Mr. Mallard was preparing Anthony for confirmation, he had warned him against certain temptations which he might be called upon to face in his future life. A scene in the prison camp

flashed before Anthony's eyes; it was another of his awkward corners. There was a temptation in it, but not in the least like anything the vicar had mentioned.

"When I could walk all right," he went on after a short pause, "I was put in the Westphalian camp I told you about, Father. It was in a bad sanitary condition; there was a great deal of dysentery and light typhoid, with some graver cases. I made complaints then, regularly, till they altered the conditions. I was n't very popular with the authorities. You have no idea how difficult it is to face a well-fed, angry man and state your rights as a human being. When you are rather down in the mouth, you do not feel as if you have any rights, and they don't either, of course."

"They 're not human beings at all," shouted the squire, banging his fist on the table. "Damned bullying blackguards!"

Anthony jumped as if his father had struck him.

"It's funny your saying that, sir," he said after a pause. "They struck me as very human always, and very like some of our own people. It occurred to me that we might be treating Germans just the same if we thought of them what they thought of us. I often used to wonder if we were n't. War makes lying minds."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Mallard, softly, before the squire could interfere, "it is your run-down condition which makes you feel like this. An underfed brain is hardly master of itself."

"That's quite true," agreed Anthony; "and yet you have no idea how clearly one sees things when one is underfed. One sees everything as clear as glass. And not only the usual things, but what people are thinking as well, and why they think of it. It is curiously disturbing to see so many things so plainly, and not to be able to help them."

He pulled himself up; this was n't what he had meant to say at all.

"We cleaned the camp," he went on, "and the condition of the men improved greatly, and the rest of the time we just—well, you know—waited. I got a certain amount of exercise allowed me,

and I taught the men Swedish drill to make them fit. They let me act as camp doctor, with a German medico to refer to if I needed outside help. I used to need outside help, you see, when any one went mad."

Mr. Mallard stopped peeling walnuts.

"Mad!" spluttered the squire. "What d' you mean, my boy? What did any one go mad for?"

And then what Anthony was afraid might be going to happen to him happened. He began to see things. He caught hold of the table to steady himself, and his glass rolled on to the floor and smashed to pieces. He tried to get up and go outside the circle of the light. Light infuriated as well as terrified him.

He saw the vicar's face in a kind of blur jumping between him and the pictures, his large, round, contented face as frightened as a startled rabbit.

Anthony's teeth began to chatter, and he felt he was going to scream. He caught hold of his lips and bit them till the blood came. That helped him to get to the window and open it without screaming. The cool, clean air from the downs caught and soothed him like the touch of a friendly hand.

He stood there breathing deeply, while the merciful, soft darkness covered up all he could not forget. The things themselves had never been so terrible as the pictures. Anthony had been able to deal with what had happened, but he could not deal with the memories of what had happened. They ripped his self-control as if it was calico.

He felt his father's hand on his shoulder.

"Are you all right, my boy?" the squire asked unsteadily.

"Quite all right, sir," said Anthony.

For a moment they stood there together, and it seemed to Anthony as if some ineradicable stubbornness of blood

connected him with his father and his father with him. It was an instinct stronger than any misunderstanding.

The squire said nothing, and in a minute they were all three sitting round the table as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Mallard looked the most disturbed of the three.

Anthony finished his experiences quite comfortably without any more awkward corners.

"D' you know, Mary," said the squire when he joined his wife in their room, "those German pirates have upset that boy of ours; I don't think I quite took it in at first. His nerve 's shaken. What do you think we 'd better do about it? Mallard suggests sea-bathing. Did you notice the boy was at all upset?"

Mrs. Arden looked at the back of the squire's head with tender exasperation.

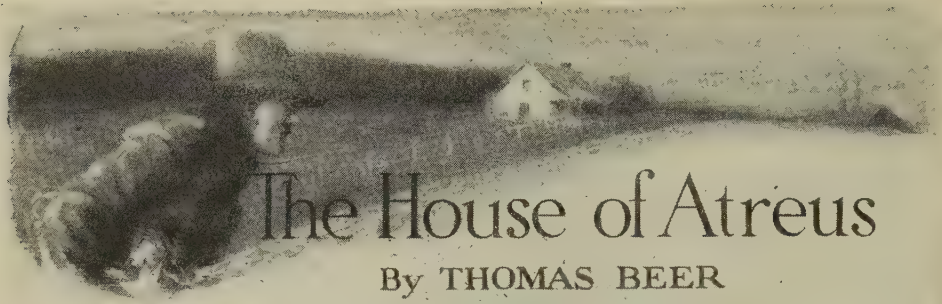
"Yes, dear," she said. "When I gave him his tea—when he first came in, you know—his hands shook. Anthony always had such perfectly steady hands. I don't think sea-bathing would help him at all. I want him to go and stay with Daphne. So many young people run in and out there in such a simple, free-and-easy way, I think it might be good for him. I have written to Daphne about it. It seems to me that some really nice girl, whose people we know all about, would quiet Anthony's nerves down better than anything."

"Marry him?" said the squire, reflectively. "That 's what you 're up to, is it? Well, of course he 's Pannell to think of now; but falling in love might n't have such a quieting effect as you seem to fancy, Mary. I can remember that it had rather a stimulating effect on me."

"It depends," said his wife, slipping his pocket-handkerchief under his pillow, "on whom you fall in love with. I specially said to Daphne a nice, quiet girl."

(To be continued)





The House of Atreus

By THOMAS BEER

Illustrations by D. C. Hutchison

ALL the way from the station, in the river-bed, to the crest, where the clay road flattened into the valley among the upper hills, Captain Sanford Rawling sat beside his father, saying nothing, his hands locked under a knee, his lean body swaying a little to the jolts when the wheels met a loose stone on the ascent. It was May. A great gale of cedar smell and the allied scents of flowering underbrush drifted down to engulf the mounting motor, a welcome of the forest, silent and gracious; but when the machine gained the crest, and the valley itself came to view, some one fired a rifle. The whistles of the huge sawmill and the engines of the logging-track yelled together. Feathers of steam shot above the village hidden in the pines. Rawling's Hope got its heir back from the wars, and so announced its pleasure to the hills.

"And now," Rawling said, "you're going to be a hero whether you want to or not, San."

"All right," said Sanford.

It was rather arduous, since neither a university nor sixteen months of military command had stripped him of his shyness. The motor slowed at the veranda of Rawling's gray-flint house, and the procession of lumberman began to trickle up from the village, arriving in the order of their dignities; old Jim Varian, a haughty relic of Sanford's grandfather's day, foreman of the mill; Ian Cameron, the Scotch smith; Nattier, who had cut timber in 1880 and persisted in the practice. All these,

with such sons as had come home, their wives, and descendants, including several who had occurred after the armistice, tramped solemnly up the steps, disregarding their amused employer, and seethed about Sanford, who shook hands resolutely, unflinching even to the babies, and was frequently kissed.

Rawling leaned on a veranda pillar and watched, content in his temporary abdication and sorry that Mrs. Rawling was obliged to stay in New York with Margot, their daughter. She had prophesied this procession. Rawling owned the valley, with its sixty miles of peace, and his word therein was absolute; but he knew that to these people Sanford was a far higher head. They came with no attitude of duty or flattery, wanting to see San. Having seen him, they would go back to their cottages along the single street of the village or scattered on the slopes about the dammed pool where the logs were floated, and they would discuss San down to the smallest remembered scrap of conversation. Peter, the younger son, faded behind the slim, plain captain, and became a mere restless mote in the still afternoon.

"Oh, good Lord," he complained to Rawling, "tell 'em to go home. I want to—"

"You're insignificant," said Rawling; "you don't exist. If you shut San up in the cellar, they'd dig down and find him. Even if I'd let you enlist, and you'd come back covered with medals, you would n't exist just now. Anyhow, you're supposed to be getting over the flu. Go in and lie down."

The procession thinned. Sanford could give Peter some attention at intervals and rub his right palm covertly free from sweat.

"Hanged if I can remember all their names," he whispered. "Who 's this girl coming up the steps?"

"Kate Pollard," Peter prompted.

Sanford could not recognize her. She had for escort Corporal Jock Cameron, who strutted somewhat, the gold chevron on his right sleeve very prominent, and Jock shoved her forward with a gesture of ownership. Against his bulk, she appeared childish, the twin ropes of her dark-red hair making her pointed face curiously white. She seemed frightened, and dreadful embarrassment took Sanford when she clung to his hand.

"I—I wanted to ask you somethin'—"

"She wants to know if you saw her brother Andy in France," said Jock Cameron. "I told her you would n't of—"

"Yes," she gasped, "that 's what I wanted, sir."

The "sir" alarmed Sanford. He shook his head helplessly. The girl was entirely strange to him.

"I 'm sorry. No, I did n't. What regiment was he in?"

"I don't know. He 'd *be* in the army, though. He 's awful' brave." Her weak little mouth trembled. She sniffled without decorum and turned away. Jock Cameron followed her down the steps and hustled her off into a group of lilacs, where he stayed, administering consolation and pats, while the remaining visitors moved up. Presently the lawn cleared, and Peter gave a howl of relief, dragging at the idol's belt.

"Now," he snarled, "come and sit down."

"Now," said Sanford, "I 'm going up and take these clothes off."

But he subsided with Peter on the cushions of the living-room hearth and weakly let himself be worshiped while the servants brought in tea and sandwiches.

"It 's disgusting. I ought to remember every one, but I got caught three or four times. Who on earth is that girl who cried? Pollard? Who are the Pollards?"

"She 's McCarthy's step-daughter," said Rawling. "McCarthy married Pollard's widow."

"He did n't have any wife along this afternoon," Sanford pondered.

"Mrs. McCarthy 's probably up at the house, drunk," Peter said and grinned, crawling over Sanford to the sandwich-plate, and pausing to admire Sanford's silver wristlet, which he had just borrowed. "You ought to know her, San. She 's a fat old cow with red hair and she 's usually soused."

"McCarthy lives up beyond the Nat-tier's. It 's a brick house. But I don't remember Mrs. McCarthy at all. Old age, I expect. Well, I don't remember any Andy Pollard, either. If you 'll get off me, Pete, I 'll go up and take a bath."

"You look pretty clean," said Peter, motionless, "and I don't see why I should get off you—Captain. Oh, no fair!" Sanford rolled him over in the cushions, spilling the sandwiches. The room filled with the noise of their scuffling and Peter's laughter. Rawling smiled through his cigarette smoke until a woman's voice, a harsh dissonance, cut over the din.

"Mr. Rawling—"

"Oh," said Rawling, "Mrs. McCarthy. Come in, please."

Sanford let go Peter's leg and stood up. The large, red-haired woman fitted, with a snap of memory, into her place. Two years had made her more gross, and she came over the rugs in a needless curve, panting.

"I won't have Jock Cameron foolin' after Kate," she said, "an' I want you should put a stop to it quick."

Certainly she was not sober and she frowned at Rawling, her hands folding the front of a soiled pink wrapper with a sullen concentration. The owner of the valley frowned in return.

"Suppose you tell Jock that, Mrs. McCarthy."

"I have, an' I 've had McCarthy to tell him. An' I 've told Cameron I won't have none of his foolin' with my girl." She gave a beastly grunt, stamping suddenly. "I ain't good enough for Cameron an' his wife, see? Then Katie ain't good enough for 'em neither, see? I want you should stop this thing. The

big fool 's been comin' after Katie ever since he come home—"

"I 'll speak to the Camerons," said Rawling, patiently.

"An' I want you should speak good an' loud."

"I 'll speak in my usual tone of voice, Mrs. McCarthy. Was that all you had to say to me?"

Sanford saw her wavering eyes narrow on the suggestion that she had offended. She nodded and receded, a queer and ugly picture, across the floor. Yet, he thought, she had been handsome.

"Poor old Jock!" said Peter, carelessly, rubbing butter from his breeches. "Fine mother-in-law he picked, huh? I *think* those boots would fit me, San."

He despoiled Sanford of the boots and wore them next day when they rode up the valley, revisiting old clearings, marking fresh trails here and there, crossing tranquil fords of the dozen streams, and halting to kill a young rattlesnake not far from the graveyard.

"I wonder," said Peter, pensively, kicking a hole for the crushed skull, "does Mrs. McCarthy see snakes. She drinks a heap. None of the other women like her."

"She 's not a pleasant party. I wonder if Jock 'll marry Kate?" Sanford was absently asking when Jock Cameron, remarkable at any time for his bull-calf basso, began to sing inside the graveyard fence. A savage strumming accompanied his ballad, announcing a ukulele.

"That 's 'Quand Madelon,' is n't it?" Peter inquired, scrambling on to his irritated horse.

"He means it for that," Sanford admitted, rising in his stirrups for a view. Corporal Cameron, seated on a clover-covered grave, was bawling manfully. Kate Pollard stood absorbed and pleased by her lover's accomplishments. The bellowed refrain made Sanford's mare snort. Peter giggled.

"Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!"

"My!" Kate said, in the soothing silence, "it must be awful' hard to sing an' play at the same time, Jock. Sing some more."

"Good Lord!" said Sanford, "she likes it! Let 's go."

They let the horses carry them out of earshot and down the trail through the outer scattering of cottages, where Peter pointed his whip to the slovenly garden before the McCarthy door. The little house itself had an unkempt look. There was a broken shutter, and the vines wandered shabbily about the porch.

"I expect Kate 's not what you 'd call wonderfully happy," Peter observed.

"Probably not. I 'm going to stop at the office to see Jim Varian," said Sanford; "so you take Sally on home."

He gave Peter his bridle at the office building opposite the vast, silenced mill and went in to talk gently with Varian. The old man was waning. His hawk nose seemed gaunter. There was the beginning of dusk in his eyes. He lounged in a chair by Rawling's empty desk and watched the clerks like a fierce, ancient dog. McCarthy gave Sanford a sleek bow over his ledgers.

"Hello, McCarthy. Well, Uncle Jim, let 's go find a bear to-morrow and kill it, huh?"

He revived bygone forays, honey-hunts, fishing-trips, camp nights on the hilltops, avoiding any mention of those three sons who would never come back to the foreman. But their names came, after a while, when the clerks had slipped away and left them.

"D' you mind Reuben fightin' Andy Pollard over by the dam?"

"No, I don't," said Sanford. "Fact is, Uncle Jim, I don't remember Andy Pollard at all."

"You 'd ought to,"—Varian was peevish—"he run off from here when his ma married McCarthy. But that 's twelve years, ain't it? Twelve, thirteen. He 's your age, if he 's alive."

"The girl was asking if I 'd seen him in France. I 've forgotten him completely."

"He did n't play so much with all you boys," said Varian; "he was always taggin' after Pollard. Pollard was a good man. Went out West to bury his brother an' took typhoid fever. He come home an' died of it, or his wife killed him, I ain't sure which." He gave a mild chuckle, and reached for Sanford's cigarette-case, drawling on: "McCarthy was foolin' with her. She



"A savage strumming accompanied his ballad, announcing a ukulele"

was pretty back then. Anyways, she nursed Pollard on whisky an' fried pork. I mind old Doctor Laidlaw raisin' Cain over that. All the women kept talkin', too. Well, she married McCarthy in about, say, six months; five or six. She 's got some money, I guess. I like seein' her go down to the store mornings. All the women kind of look at her sideways, like she was a case o' smallpox bustin' loose."

A smell of cooking suppers blew out of the village street, and the noise of children. Jock Cameron strolled by, fitfully twanging his ukulele. They became shadows in the darkening room, and both started at a shadow in the door.

"I wanted a job," said the shadow in question.

"Well, come round in the mornin'," Varian snapped. "This is a fine time to be lookin' for jobs."

"I walked up from the station, Mr. Varian. That 's ten miles."

The husky voice was dogged. Sanford pressed a light switch and peered, blinking. The shadow was an unshaven young man, with a wretched broad scar that made him frown ceaselessly.

"How 'd you know me?" Varian complained. "I 've seen ev' one on the property time out o' mind. I never saw you."

"They said to ask for you, down at the station." He considered Sanford's whipcord trousers and went on: "I was in a forestry outfit after I got done hospital, sir. I 've got my discharge."

He had also a scarred hand. Sanford read that Private Joseph Collins was honorably discharged April first, and smiled.

"I think you can get supper and a bed at Mrs. Nattier's, up by the engine-house. Come down in the morning."

"If Nattier can't feed you," said Varian, softened entirely, "go on up to my house an' tell that Swede girl to give you your supper."

"Thanks."

The man nodded quickly, gave Sanford a half-salute, and wheeled off. Next morning Sanford saw him, still unshaven, pulling a great log in toward the chain of moving hooks that would drag it up to the shrill saws. He

watched the trunk rolling in the water, steered by the pole, and spoke to Joseph Collins.

"Did you get in at the Nattier's? That 's the best boarding-house."

"Yes, it 's pretty good."

The log caught and slid upward, dripping in the damp trough. Collins turned methodically, reaching for another. Under the felt hat his hair showed chestnut.

"Let me know," said Sanford, "if I can do anything for you."

"Thanks." He glanced up from his pole, and Sanford thought his eyes oddly bright, feverish in his tan, or that the scar made them seem so. He walked away, meeting Rawling as he crossed the street to the office.

"Your mother just 'phoned from New York. You 'll have a nephew or a niece next week. Anyhow, I 'm going up."

"I 'll come."

"Oh, no,"—Rawling sniffed,—"you 'll stay here. You 'd be in the way, you know. You 're boss of the works. Kindly see that the engines get cleaned and that Peter does n't go in swimming."

He began to talk of details, interrupted himself as McCarthy came up with a check for signature, and while the clerk waited, Sanford eyed him side-long. He had the remains of a dark beauty, although his eyes were puffed and his cheeks sallow.

"This business about Jock Cameron and that girl, Dad?"

"Oh, let it alone. I spoke to Cameron. The boy may get tired of it, or Mrs. McCarthy may give in. Personally, I wish Jock would marry her. They say her mother beats her. She looks miserable most of the time. I wrote the adjutant-general in Washington last month to see if her fool brother 's in service. She thinks he is. He might be. And I wish he 'd come home and look after his fool of a mother." Rawling was testy, thinking of Margot and her prospective child. "I wanted to ship McCarthy off when he married Pollard's widow; there 'd been a deal of noise about them. But he 's a good office man, so I let it go by. But I 'm getting fed up with Mrs. McCarthy. She 's a damned nuisance. By the way,

you 're a deputy sheriff while I 'm gone, if any one happens to kill any one else."

The owner departed that noon, and Sanford reigned placidly for several days, disturbed only by Peter, who developed an attack of versifying, the germ arriving from a volume of Swinburne. Once or twice Sanford noticed Kate Pollard in the door of the forge, listening to Jock's ukulele and any amount of rubbish about the Argonne. The lads began to swim in the log-pool, and a few more soldiers came home. On this peace a storm of gossip broke, swelling as the crowd emerged from Sunday church. Kate Pollard was imprisoned. Her mother had torn her from Jock's minstrelsy in the graveyard. Jock had spent the night singing on a log outside the McCarthy garden and was in bed with a chill.

"I 'll bet," said Peter, "that Kate is having a jolly time at home. Let 's let Jock elope with her, huh?"

"I sha'n't do anything of the sort. And you keep out of this mess, Pete."

Sanford strode downhill and into the forge, where a circle of elders stood about Cameron, stolid and shirtless, beating rivets on the anvil. He gave Sanford a grim scowl and stopped.

"You 'll go up an' speak wi' Jock, San. He 's to bed in his room, wi' a cauld on his lungs an' a mustard plaster." The audience snickered. "I 'll have no son o' mine yawlin' love-songs all night long in the wet to yon female's daughter. I ha' lockit him in. All night long in the rain like a tomcat on the roofs! An' I 'll be obliged to the rest of you to be out of this smithy."

Jock was meek and dilapidated, smelling of camphor and inclined to tears.

"You fix it up, San. I never was in love before. It 's awful—"

"You look pretty awful," said Sanford, observing the ravages of the disease called love. "That 's what you get for staying out all night."

"But, San, that old devil 'll lick Kate again. She does. You go up and stop it and—"

"Does she really beat Kate?"

"Sure, she does," said Jock. He choked, and turned his stupid face into the mustard-smearing pillow. Sanford

walked away to the window and stared down at the lane, studded with children. Their bare legs twinkled in the green of the neat dooryards, and they yelled, foregathering here and there, purposeless, and pleased with the fair day. Peter had come down to share the excitement, and sat his horse before the forge, talking to Varian, whose worn amusement showed by the twitching of his hoary mustaches. To so old a man life was nothing but a spectacle, the repeated figures of a tapestry. To Sanford the comedy was very sour, with Jock choking in the untidy bed behind him.

"You keep quiet and be good," he said, "and I 'll see what I can do." He went miserably down-stairs and joined Varian; but Peter touched his shoulder.

"Listen, San. She 's up at Uncle Jim's. Shall I go up and tell Jock?" he whispered.

"The girl 's got more spunk than I thought," said the foreman, and chuckled. "Yes, she got out this mornin'. She 's bunged up some. McCarthy an' the woman are both drunk as lords. What 'll I do with her?"

"Keep her," said Sanford after a second. "I 'm deputy sheriff; we 'll make that do. Lord! I wish dad was here! You keep your mouth shut, Pete."

He felt moderately masterful and very foolish arranging the destinies of people under Varian's eye.

"I 'll go see McCarthy," he suggested.

"What 's the good? They 'll stay drunk all day. I can see their place from my porch. They ain't been out yet. No, I 'll talk to McCarthy in the mornin'. Keep out of women's business, San. You ain't old enough to be safe in it. You, Pete, if Jock Cameron comes yawpin' round my place, I 'll fill him up with bird-shot, an' his blood 'll be on your hands."

Varian left them on this threat, and the administrator led Peter home to lunch, wondering if there would be an eruption of Mrs. McCarthy before night.

"We really ought to let Jock run off with her," Peter argued.

"We won't do anything of the kind. She 's a minor and she can't get married without her mother letting her. When

dad comes back he can settle the whole damn business. Hello, Collins."

Collins, passing by, gave his jerk of the hand near his hat-brim that approached a salute, and halted, as if to speak, his feverish eyes on Sanford; then went on.

"How rotten to get a hunk of shrapnel in the face like that!" Peter mandered. "I noticed him in church, off in a corner. I suppose he does n't like being stared at. I would n't either. I suppose people look pretty awful all smashed up. Don't they? I wish I'd seen some," he added, with the cruelty of poets; and, his mind revolving the subject, he spent the afternoon composing a sonnet on battle-fields.

Sanford was restless and worried. It was impossible to forget these people. Their affairs lay with him that night and kept him wakeful until the owls stopped hooting. His responsibility itched. Life was behaving badly, with June a week away and a new cutting begun. He rose gloomy, and breakfasted without interest.

"I'm going down to the office to see McCarthy."

"I'll come," Peter promised.

"Then you are n't to start giggling. I never told a man to stop his wife licking her daughter before."

"Better practise up," said Peter and beamed. "I'll be McCarthy. Now, go on."

Sanford threw a napkin at him and went to see the horses saddled. But McCarthy was not in the office when they reached it, and Varian was already barking.

"McCarthy better not begin missin' time. After nine already, an' he ain't here. I had her sleep with my hired girl," he told Sanford, privately; "she's scared to be alone. She's a silly kind of fool. There's a war-department letter here for your dad."

Sanford discovered that the war department was officially unaware of an Andrew Pollard in its lists. He crumpled the double sheet with a shrug, studying McCarthy's vacant desk.

"Send some one up to see what he's doing, Uncle Jim."

"I'll go," said Peter, glad to mix in this romantic business. Sanford's ob-

jection was too late. The boy cantered off up the lane, whistling, and a train-load of logs clattering down the track covered Sanford's shout of dissent.

"Peter thinks it's all pretty funny. I don't," Varian muttered. "That girl's so scared of her ma it's a pity to hear her go on."

"What the deuce will Mrs. McCarthy do when prohibition sets in?" Sanford asked, trying to be cheerful, since the old man was depressed.

"She'll find somethin' she should n't do an' do it. Some folks are that way, San. After I give up playin' poker, I started smokin'. There's yesterday's Pittsburgh paper."

The paper contained an amount of trivial rubbish, and Sanford raised his face from it to listen.

"I wonder why a horse galloping is such an exciting sound."

"I don't hear nothin'," said Varian.

"There is, though. Look at Sally." The mare was stamping nervously in the sun outside. "There, hear now? That's Pete. The little fool, galloping downhill!"

Some one yelled far up the road. Varian straightened, with a great shiver, moving to the doorway. The beating rose to a mad rattle.

"Somethin' wrong, San; yes."

Peter came out of the saddle crouching, and Varian caught him; but Sanford dragged him free of the old man, burned by the empty eyes, which had seen something.

"San! O San! I'm glad I did n't get to France. I could n't stand seeing—people—"

His body doubled limp over Sanford's arm. The riderless horse galloped on down the street, frightening children.

A CORONER found that Daniel McCarthy and his wife had been killed by some person or persons unknown, presumably while asleep, during the night of May 25, 1919. As Jock Cameron and Kate Pollard were both accounted for during that period, not even the women reporters arriving from Pittsburgh and Buffalo could outline a complicity, and in early June the detectives withdrew their intelligence, the Camerons took



"The man eet his valise on the road and stood thinking"

Kate to live with them, and Peter's nightmares lessened in frequency.

"Any fool could get away from here if he's got legs to walk on," Varian grunted, analyzing the tragedy for Rawling. "We could n't get no bloodhounds nearer than Oil City. By the time we did get 'em, was n't any scent left. I've told that Swede boy Neilsen he can have the house. He's movin' in Monday. So Margot's got twins?"

Neilsen and his bride took over the cleansed house and mended the shutters promptly. More soldiers came home, two of Varian's boys in the collection, and the trout pools engrossed Peter. Curious, Sanford thought, how the space of a moon obliterated this pair. Some one had stolen upon them, clubbed them to death in their bed, and vanished into the hill forests as noiseless as a ferret. Their few hundred dollars passed to Rawling as a trust for Kate, now learning decent cookery under Mrs. Cameron's warm direction. He fancied even the murderer as already forgetting the act. Its reality was lessening in his own mind when one afternoon he drove back from the river-bed station. He saw a single man, tramping down, and pitied him for carrying a valise through the summer dust. He recognized Collins with a gentle surprise, and slowed the car.

"Going away?"

"Yes; Oregon, where I was before the war."

"Oh," said Sanford. "Sorry you did n't like us better."

"It was n't that." The man set his valise in the road and stood thinking. Then he gave Sanford his queer, fevered stare, less wild since he was clean shaven and a cap covered the scar. "I've friends out in Oregon. Have n't any here. Lived out there ten years. After I run away, I tramped with some Dagoes; then I worked in Oregon. Always meant to come back here."

"Here?" Sanford said. "You've been here before?"

"Sure. I'm Andy Pollard."

Sanford sat rubbing his gloves on the driving-wheel, startled and dumb. But after a while words were forced out of his mouth.

"I see. You boarded at Nattier's,

did n't you? That's only a couple of hundred yards from the—their house. You simply walked up and—did it, and went back to bed."

"Was n't in bed. Y' see, Mrs. Nattier did n't like us smokin' in the house; so when it was dark I lit my pipe and went out. After I'd killed 'em, I came back. Then I went to bed." He corrected Sanford patiently and continued: "It was just right. Kate was at Varian's. Old Cameron had got his kid locked up. Nobody could put it on them, y' see?"

"Yes," said Sanford, "I see."

He could feel neither horror nor loathing. Instead, he sat waiting courteously for the slayer to go on.

"But what I wanted to tell you was that I did n't do it so much for Kate. Truth is, I killed 'em on account of dad." He took a long breath and looked up at the sky, smiling contentedly. "I'd always meant to come back an' kill 'em—her, anyhow. Y' see, San, I was old enough to catch on about her an' McCarthy. She killed dad. Sure, she killed him. Whisky an' grub when he was near gone with typhoid an' did n't know what he was takin'. McCarthy come up the night he was buried. I heard 'em laughin'—the night he was buried! If I sent you some money, you'd have a nicer stone put upon his grave? Would you?"

"Of course, Andy," said Sanford.

"Thanks. I'll write Kate pretty soon, from Oregon, an' say I heard they was dead. Think Jock Cameron'll be a good fellow to her?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Andy. Jock's a good boy. Don't worry."

"All right. Much obliged. I'd like a white stone, please. Well, good-by. Of course I'm sorry Pete got mixed up in it. A kid ought n't see things like that." He hesitated, and finished shyly: "I liked seein' you an' your father walkin' round. He's awful proud of you. Good-by."

"Good-by, Andy."

Sanford reached down his hand. Then he started the engine again. On the hill-crest he looked back and saw Andy Pollard walking steadily, under a tiny haze of pipe smoke, at a comfortable pace.

In a Russian Tea-House



By MANUEL KOMROFF

Illustrations by C.F. Peters

A TEA-HOUSE in Petrograd during the Revolution was a clearing-house for the events of the day. You entered, sat down, and talked to any one you pleased in a most democratic fashion; and it was a sporting proposition, too, for the man you talked with might be prime minister next week. When tea was served, you took your own sugar from your pocket, and, if you could afford it, gave a bit as a peace-offering to your heavily armed soldier neighbor or your loquacious friend. Conversation never dragged. It died out only when traveling minstrels, often in uniform, wandered in to entertain their comrades. Some of them were talented, and the story of the man who rose "from tea-house to opera-house" was a commonplace. The spirit of their entertainment was as devoid of commercialism as could be; the hat was seldom, if ever, passed about, but you contributed if you chose. In every restaurant and tea-house you found large placards which read, "Our patrons will kindly not insult their fellow-citizens who happen to be waiters by offering them tips."

A small group was seated about a large central table one dismal afternoon when the conversation changed as mildly as the wind from the care of horses to law and order.

"Crime and punishment is a subject we know very little about," said an officer in the group. "We have progressed in everything else. We have revolutionized the world a hundred times in the last century in science, in art, in industry; but the silly laws of

Solomon remain unchanged. I do not mean merely the laws of Solomon; I mean the whole legal system. For instance, a reasonable man would say, 'The more enlightened a people, the fewer laws they require'; but it works out just the other way. If a man has a rotten appendix, he has it cut out; but if society has a bad law, it is amended with another, and so we keep piling up laws until it takes seven judges and twenty-one lawyers to find out whether a man is guilty or innocent. As no man can be innocent with so many laws outstanding, he is almost always found



guilty. That is, if the lawyers and judges have had the proper training and can lay their fingers directly on the correct sections of the code."

He paused a moment to pour himself another glass of tea, and as nobody seemed to object to anything he had said, he continued with more confidence:

"But punishment is a different story. We punish people because they do not obey the laws or because, either from stupidity or ignorance, they do not know the law; then the way we punish them is to put them in such a position that they won't be able either to obey or learn the laws. Prison or Siberia! Many people say that the punishment is more serious than the crime. Certainly I think it is more ridiculous."

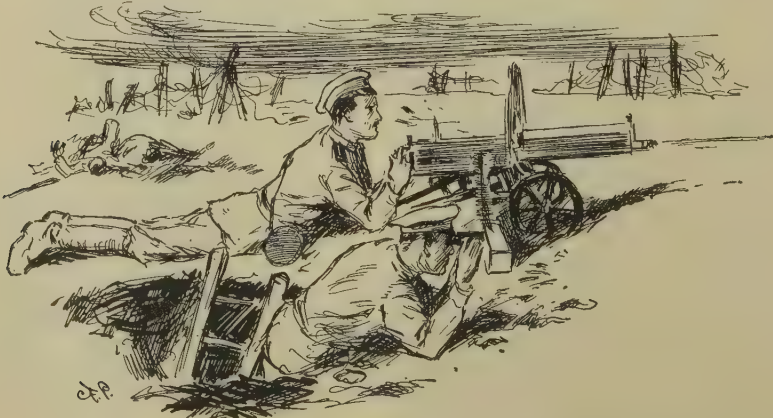
"No, but we are improving in that way," interrupted a soldier; "for instance, there was a gunner in our regiment who was a very fine fellow and one of our crack shots. After the first year he had charge of a machine-gun, and he certainly made it whistle. A fine fellow, but always with a troubled look on his face. 'Too much killing,' I said to him one day, 'is good neither for the soul nor for the complexion.' But



"Our patrons will kindly not insult their fellow-citizens who happen to be waiters by offering them tips"

that was n't what bothered him; it was more serious. His wife was flirting with other men, and he was of a jealous nature and could not bear it. He would get up in the morning and, sitting on the edge of the cot, with a boot in one hand, become absorbed in thought, and I would often hear him mumble, 'Yes, I love her; but she will die—she will die.'

"Well, to make a long story short, she did; he killed her. It was when he had two weeks' leave, and he was returning with a St. George Cross for bravery. When he came home he forgave her at first. I accidentally met them in a res-



"'He had charge of a machine-gun, and he certainly made it whistle'"



"They were the gayest couple you ever saw"

restaurant, eating supper, and they were the gayest couple you ever saw; but a black cloud must have crossed their horizon, for in the middle of the night he shot her through the heart. He was a crack shot."

"It's cruel of you to say that," interrupted one of the company.

"Not at all," said the soldier, "if you knew how he suffered. It all came out in the trial. I was one of the witnesses, and so was his wife's mother. She defended him. It was all very interesting and would have been amusing had it not been that my friend, after facing

death fearlessly for two years at the front, before an enemy armed to the teeth, was now facing death before his own countrymen, armed with beautiful leather-bound books and documents.

"He would have gone to Siberia for life had this not happened just after the Revolution. The revolutionary court did not know the laws, and the man who defended him was a friend and not a lawyer. His friend was very clever. In summing up he said: 'Here is a comrade before you charged with murder. If ever a man was guilty, he is. The objection I have is that you charge him with only one murder, his last. He has been murdering for over two years; and, what is more, he has been killing people in cold blood. Those he killed in cold blood were individually innocent, although collectively, I admit, they are a pest. But my friend is not accused of these crimes at all. He is accused of killing the woman who betrayed his love, sold his home, and starved his baby; killing her not in cold blood, but in the heat of passion. For killing hundreds of people that he did not know he was awarded a cross of honor, but for killing a snake who was once a woman and his wife he is brought here in the clutches of justice. My friend is guilty, and we shall not attempt to squirm out of the charges confronting him; but I must ask the court, I must insist, that the charge be corrected to read, 'Charged with murder of two thousand men and one prostitute.'



"'You charge him with only one murder, his last' "



"Broke down and cried like a child"

"Then the judge got up and spoke. 'Comrades and friends,' he said, 'this is a strange case, and it pleases me greatly to see that professional lawyers are not participating. A good lawyer would divert the issue to the psychology of momentary mania or to the unwritten law. To me the case is simple. Human life has become of little value; it is a pity. We have enlisted this man, now a prisoner, to defend our country against invaders, and we must realize that he is forced to kill to do his duty. We have instructed him in the art which he has practised these last two years, and now we ought not object if he happens to kill some one in a rage. This talk about crime against a society or nation differing from crime against a person is beyond me. I must confess

that I see little difference, excepting that in one case the prisoner has had our permission and sanction, while in the other no one asked him to do wrong. Both cases are bad, but to say that one is worse than the other appears ridiculous. At any rate, should there be any real difference, it would be so slight that either to reward a man for one or exile him for the other appears to me too extreme.

"In the conference we just held it was suggested that this act and similar ones, if there should be any, should not be encouraged, and that to insure against this a minor penalty be inflicted; but one of my comrades suggested that in view of the fact that we are assured of the love the prisoner had for his wife, her loss, which he could have averted, is nature's punishment, with which we ought not to interfere."

"At this moment," said the soldier, as he took a little sip of tea to moisten his throat—"at this moment," he repeated, "my friend, the prisoner, broke down and cried like a child, and I, too, would have cried if I had not been ashamed of him; and the judge continued:

"It is a pity that human life has become so undervalued. It is our duty to try to restore it to its former condi-



"Our comrade here is right"

tion and make it even more sacred. However, it is the opinion of the court that this cannot be done by inflicting the same crime the prisoners are guilty of upon the prisoners themselves. If we deprive this man of his life, we are guilty of a crime similar to his. This is not the way to get people to respect human life. Something different will have to be devised, something more natural than the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The prisoner is therefore freed, and ordered to return to his regiment.'

"It seems the judge was right, as our comrade suffered greatly over the loss of his wife; in fact, so much that his hand grew unsteady, especially when sighting his gun. His face was always sad, and there was often a far-away gaze in his eyes even under strong enemy fire. I warned him several times to be careful or they would puncture him some day when he stopped to look into space. And so they did. The poor devil! They got him; and it was n't quite fair to shoot a gazing man.

"We lost one of our best men. The

morning after we buried him an officer, sneering at me, said: 'Say, old man, why is your face so long? Are you still mourning for the murderer?'

"The words, 'the murderer,' got under my skin and ate like acid into my flesh. I was boiling with rage, and hit him such a crack in the face that it shook his teeth. Of course I was arrested, but the general only shook his head sadly and released me. I think he must have known my friend.

"Our comrade here is right: we know very little about crime and punishment; but you shall all agree that it is n't quite fair to shoot a gazing man."

Only the clinking of tumblers being washed behind a partition disturbed the silence which now invaded the tea-house. An old man in a corner shook his head as though to say, "Such stories stir nothing within me, for something has long been broken." The officer at the central table took an envelop from his pocket containing a few lumps of sugar, and there were many calls for tea as the minstrels struck up a plaintive melody.



The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustration by George Giguère

CHAPTER XXIX

HORRIBLE as were the cries of the drowning, Newcomb's major fear was that they would cease. He clung to his broken grating, and strained his eyes in the changing light. Off there to left of him—not *again* the submarine! She had checked her course and swung round. As quickly as she had shot away after her murderous work was done, here, describing a half-circle, she was rushing back.

Almost at the instant of recognition of the changed course there, only a few yards off, a head, two heads, showed above the water. Newcomb remembered crying out a warning, "She 's coming back!" as the swift seconds brought the swifter U-boat and the sound of renewed firing nearer. Newcomb could see the figure of the commander jumping about grotesquely on the narrow platform of the conning-tower, and heard him calling down to the armed sailors on the deck. And all the while the commander himself kept firing, like a madman, down on the water at every head he saw. As the submarine raced by, he shot even the bits of wreckage; he shot the shadows.

Meanwhile the torch-lights and the flash, sweeping again the farther reaches, lighted fiercely whatever they played on, and thus the intervening lanes of blackness between the lighted ridges of the waves offered momentary asylum. Up one of these dim stretches Newcomb trod water, clinging to his fragment of grating.

How long after it was he never knew before that moment when he sighted the moving shadow that turned into a lifeboat. A man clung to the gunwale with one hand, and with the other helped

hands outstretched from the boat to drag some one on board.

"There is no r-r-room!" a voice cried. In the midst of a passionate altercation between the officer in charge and a woman in the boat Grant and Newcomb were hauled in and given rum.

At intervals, with his flash, the officer in charge swept the circumambient shadow. Though Newcomb was beginning to revive, he could n't face that void. He turned to the human presences nearest him. At his side was a man the officer called Gillow, thick-set, ruddy, with close black beard and lively eyes. Among those last confused recollections on board the *Leyden* had been this fellow's running up on deck in his underclothes, and bare-footed. He sat now in somebody's overcoat, with a blanket muffled about his legs and feet. A child somewhere behind began to cry.

Newcomb turned to look back. The exploring light picked out a head in a close-fitting cap tied well down with a heavy veil that left the face uncovered. For an instant Newcomb met the challenging eyes of Greta.

In the bottom of the boat, dead or unconscious, lay the girl, Nan Ellis.

The night wore on, with low-voiced tales of what they had been through. Engineer Gillow told how, in the confusion of the launching, lifeboat No. 11, originally in charge of the officer of the watch, had collided with two other boats. All three were damaged, No. 11 so seriously as to be virtually useless. In the end No. 11 was n't needed, was Gillow's terse summary of what followed. It had n't been possible to save everybody; they had done their best. There was a poor devil there in the bow, a naked stoker they had picked up.

He'd had his clothes burned off by the fire in the engine-room. Assistant-Engineer Gillow himself had as narrow an escape as any; he'd been asleep while the torpedoed ship was sinking. A rush of water had washed him out of his bunk barely in time, as he put it, to catch the last boat. Now he was going to catch forty winks. He folded his short arms with an air of resolution, and dropped his beard into the turned-up collar of the borrowed coat. In two or three minutes he slept. The rest sat waiting for the day.

That dawning, passionately longed for, showed no hint of man or of his work on all the plain of ocean, not so much as a shattered thwart.

On the lifeboat itself the gray, sunshrouded morning showed a company of eight men, counting Newcomb, Grant, and the stoker; seven women; four children, fretful from chill and hunger; and a half-grown cabin-boy. The second officer, a wiry, hard-bitten Welshman, was staring through his binoculars north, south, east, west. Hardly would he persuade himself to put the glass down when he would grip hold of it again. Up it would go to eyes that had gleamed an instant with some new, some always futile hope.

The naked stoker had been partly clothed. He lay in a stupor of exhaustion under damp coats and sodden canvas. The gray daylight showed Julian Grant with feverish eyes, and dry lips that said, "Nan's sleeping, too." She shared the tarpaulin which had been spread in the first place for the stoker and two children. Grant and two women, a stewardess and a passenger with a baby, occupied the seat facing the captain and the bow, facing that still figure of Nan Ellis. Miss Greta, as the morning showed, was the only woman not disheveled. Whether in the collision she had been wet at all, she looked dry now, and still rigorously buttoned up, tied down, and belted in. She was still wearing the small flat rucksack, lying high on her high shoulders, and she kept her eyes on the second officer, especially when, after he had shut his binocular case with a snap, he began to serve out rations of biscuit and water.

A child began to wail. "I can't keep

him warm," said the mother. Her face was wet.

After consultation with Engineer Gillow, the second officer decided it was no use waiting for the rescue ship. He called for rowers. He called for something white for a flag of distress.

A man offered a gray sweater for the crying child if the mother would take off its white frock and let that be flown as a signal. The mother wanted to take the sweater and keep the white frock, too. With difficulty she was persuaded to the exchange.

Grant had roused Nan Ellis to take her share of the biscuit and water ration. She opened heavy eyes, ate, drank, and slept again the profound sleep of exhaustion.

Newcomb and Grant had been among the first to take each his turn at the oars. They kept it up in shifts all the windless day, and all day long the baby's frock signaled the distress which there seemed no eye on all the globe to heed.

Toward evening the stoker grew delirious. Out of the wrappings that concealed him he lifted a huge head, bristling with coarse, red hair.

"I know," he shouted in a Devon accent—"suffocated in the bunkers! That's it; yes, suffocated!" The giant choked and began to thrash about.

"Can't have that!" called out the second officer. "Quiet there!" The stern voice seemed to bring the man to himself for a minute. At the first sign of disturbance Newcomb had turned with an impulse to reassure Nan Ellis; but she slept on.

The eyes of the second officer came back once more from that endless interrogation of the ocean.

"Boat won't stand much," he said in an undertone. "Mended one leak."

Down at his feet the red-haired giant was stirring again. He heaved, he cursed at some obstruction there under the canvas. He sat up and pulled out a block and tackle, and with it he fell to hammering at a rib.

"Open the hatch!" he shouted, with a string of foul language.

Nan Ellis started up, and turned with horror to face the incredible apparition.

"Lash him down," ordered the second officer, calmly.

It was a horrible performance. The girl hid her eyes till Grant had put her in his own place, but facing the other way, while he helped the engineer, the cabin-boy, and Newcomb to overpower the man. The girl sat crouched at Greta's side, each looking a different way. In an interval in his grim business Newcomb watched for the moment of recognition between the two, a moment strangely long delayed. Presently it dawned upon him that each was intimately aware of the other's presence and that neither meant to make a sign.

In the little breeze that at last was springing up the second officer, with help of Gillow and the cabin-boy, was getting up the sail. For the space of a good hour the boat sped over the water. At dusk the wind freshened, the sail was reefed down for the night under a sky all nimbus near the horizon, the zenith full of drab-colored cumulus moving sullenly northeast.

"It's below freezing all right," some one said.

Another spoke of the effect of icebergs drifting down.

"It's the time of year that happens."

"I wish it would freeze the stoker's tongue," said the cabin-boy.

An hour went by, longer than the longest day. Newcomb was dropping into a painful doze when something brought him back to a yet more painful consciousness. What was it? He was too much reduced to take the smallest initiative in finding out. He sat huddled, staring at the moon risen well above the nimbus and for the moment riding clear even of the scattered cumulus. Engineer Gillow had the watch. The captain sat in the bow, with rigid back and open eyes. The stoker moaned. Every one else slept or seemed to sleep. No, not the two women.

"I did n't know it was *you*, Nan." It was the second time those words were whispered.

"You knew it was somebody," came the answer at last.

"All I could think of is, he's waiting for me! He's escaped. I dare not die while Ernst needs me."

The girl made no sound.

"Can't you understand what it means

to me that he should say, 'For the sake of everything we care for, I must come and help him! It all depends on you, Greta'; that's what he says. He'll see that I'm safe, he says, '*and happy!*' For the first time he speaks of marriage. He *needs* me!" she cried. "One last great service is laid upon us, then Buenos Aires—Ernst and I."

The stoker's moaning mounted to a horrible, hoarse yell. It waked the sleeping, half-numb children. They, too, screamed with fright and misery. So the hours wore on, with appeals for water, with weeping and with worse. Once the stoker wrenched himself free. They bound him again. That made him more violent than before. All the rest of the night he raved. In the morning he was gone. No one asked a question.

* * * *

THE sail went up early that day, though the sea looked threatening and the wind was squally. Within the hour all canvas had to be furled and the sea-anchor streamed. The lamentable figures in the boat huddled closer. Of Greta you could hardly see a distinguishing sign, she was so muffled and surrounded. The seas rose higher and the wash came flooding in.

"Just as well they should think we get it over the gunwale," the captain said to Newcomb. "Some of the damned rivets must have got strained."

The passengers began to crowd up, half toward the bow, half at the stern. Amidships was awash.

The hail turned to sleet, and the sleet to fine rain. In the stark misery of it the longing grew almost irresistible to jump overboard and end it all. More than one of that tragic company thought again and again: "I've come to the end. I can bear no more," not knowing yet the awful power of the flesh to endure and keep the soul imprisoned.

But the chance-made captain knew. "A hand here!" he ordered, and Newcomb helped the engineer to spread the boat-cover over the people, and to do it despite the icy wind that tore the freezing canvas out of one's grasp and seemed along with it to tear out one's finger-nails; failing that, to wrench one's half-frozen fingers out of their

sockets. Yet at last the thing was spread and fastened. There was no one who did n't welcome it, and none to whom, as shelter, it was n't a mock. Some craned out and held the canvas so as to catch the rain. There was enough to sting, enough to chill the marrow, but not enough to drink; yet furred and feverish tongues were pressed against the moisture.

Toward evening the appeals for water became demands. One of the women, a thin, febrile creature with insane eyes, grew violent. For more than one the early stages of hushed despair had passed. Few were able to sit still. They came out from under cover with faces that made the heart shrink. They climbed about the boat in the failing light, complaining, threatening. Among the worst was the cabin-hoy. It was clear he was light-headed.

"You 've been drinking sea-water," the captain arraigned him, fiercely.

The boy denied the charge, whimpering.

"I think, sir," the engineer interrupted, "the sea-anchor 's gone." The captain lashed two oars together and made another anchor. In the early darkness the wind freshened, drenching the boat with spray.

GRETA had joined in the bailing. She came up out of the stern like some hibernating brown animal of the bear family. She worked well.

They bailed in shifts, hour by hour. The men bailed all night long. They bailed till the buckets and pannikins fell out of their swollen hands. In the small hours of morning Nan Ellis had crawled to the seat by Grant.

Another eternity went by. Slow daylight battled long with the mists of night and fog. The girl sat with her arms round the rigid figure of Julian Grant; but for that he would have slipped away like that other. Did any one know besides Newcomb of the gray head lying face downward in the wash that was suckling and slapping to and fro in the bottom of the boat?

Newcomb himself lost all sense of time in those intervals of partial unconsciousness too full of suffering to deserve the name of sleep, but he recol-

lected the timbre of the voice that called out something inarticulate in German just before Gillow shouted, "Light! a light!"

And there it was, far away to eastward, infinitesimal, but steady, a gleam. At first it looked as if it might be the morning star shining through the breaking fog-veil, red like Mars. Then, changing like only man-made brightness, the light showed green.

The excitement among those who still were conscious bore its touch of mania. Where the captain's stern call to order might have failed, the question, "Who knows if it is n't a submarine?" sobered the most hopeful.

"Whatever it is, it 's coming nearer!" Nan Ellis cried the news at Julian's irresponsible ear. Out of the cage of despair her flagging voice soared in a rapture of recovered faith: "Light, Julian! A light!"

And now there stood out against the streak of dawn the hull and funnels of a steamer. All eyes watched that phantom ship as though for an instant to lose sight of her would be tantamount to letting her go to the bottom. They held her to her holy purpose by that thread of vision, the optic nerve. And to those passionately watchful eyes the course of the steamer had seemed to lie in a direct path across the lifeboat. She could n't miss them. Then suddenly the course diverged; she was bearing to the west! Newcomb saw the captain's hand shake as he lighted a signal, his only and most precious Coston Light. Ah, she got that! Another feeble cry went up from the lifeboat, for the steamer slackened speed, she turned. She had altered her course for fear of running the lifeboat down. Now perhaps she could see—

Anyway, eyes in the lifeboat could see the steamer sheering off to southward. The captain and the engineer shot off their pistols. Others in the boat, not too far gone, screamed like creatures on the rack. It was n't tragic so much as horrible. They howled like animals.

The ship went on. She faded. She was gone.

"They 're afraid it 's a trap," said the engineer. "You did n't know it, but we

're a decoy-boat, ha, ha! Signals of distress? Ha! ha! Too thin. We're a submarine. Did n't you know?"

More than men and boats had been sacrificed in the war.

CHAPTER XXX

NAPIER was not yet out of the hospital when the cable came, telling the date of Julian's sailing from New York and that Nan was returning by the same ship.

Nine days after, Napier sat in his sister's London house, raging feverishly at his slow convalescence, which was n't in reality slow at all. To him, there, caught, as he said, "by the foot, like a rabbit in a trap," came the awful news—they still cried these things in streets—of the torpedoing of the *Leyden*.

He sent his man Day to Liverpool that evening to give help or, at the worst, to send back instant news. The knowledge that Sir James and Lady Grant had taken the first train on the same errand was a thought to lean on. Yet those next days of waiting! They were followed by the news, wirelessly from the *Clonmel*, which told of falling in with a handful of *Leyden* survivors among a boatful of dead. "Identities not established," it announced. That meant people too injured or too delirious to tell their names; people rescued too late, people dying.

Who could sit and wait in London? Not Napier. Within two hours of a stormy interview with his surgeon Napier was on his way.

Leaning on his crutches, he stood in the crowd on the Liverpool wharf. Among the faces all about him, fear-darkened, hope-lit, tear-stained, or merely curious, one of them caught Napier's eye for its look of detachment. Or was it for something familiar? The blue eyes crossed his with no flicker of recognition. But when Napier looked round again, the man was withdrawing from the line of vision, and to do that was no easy matter in the crush. Was it Ernst Pforzheim, with his mustache shaved off? Napier had decided against so far-fetched an assumption before the incident was forgotten in the wild cheering that broke from the crowd,

and which rose again and again, as the *Clonmel* steamed up the Mersey with its tragic remnant.

There was no glimpse of Julian among those ravaged faces, and no use, Napier told himself no earthly use, to look for that other. Yet all the forces of body and of soul met in the concentration of his scrutiny from end to end of the slowing ship.

No, she was n't there. Napier's right hand tightened on the bar of his crutch. He leaned an instant against the shoulder of his servant, feeling the dreaded onset of that dizzy sickness which comes back upon men who have had a touch of gas. Still, he was master enough of himself to notice that the captain moved a little as he put up his hand in recognition of some one on the wharf. Then Napier saw her—or was it Nan?

The face, with the scarf wound round it, was like a mask. Lines, features, the pale *brune* coloring, were there; but where was Nan?

A second cheer had gone up from the docks as the *Clonmel* made fast. The crowds surged forward, shouting questions about the fate of certain Liverpool stokers and seamen. The police intervened, and opened a lane as the first passengers came down the gangway, hatless, unshaven, in borrowed clothes. Women in the crowd below, crying out names, questions, had to be held back by main force. "Let the passengers land first!" And still the cries went up, one sharper than all the rest: "Is Jimmy O'Brian saved?"

The pressure was relieved about the gangway when Nan, one of the last to land, had reached the wharf. She stood with those vacant eyes of hers on Gavan's crutch instead of on his face.

"You—wounded!"

He had not shaped the words, "Where's Julian?" and yet she answered him.

Napier tried ineffectually enough to shield her from a man with a note-book, volleying questions.

While Napier and his man, with the girl between them, slowly made their way through the throng, Napier told her she must take over the rooms he had engaged.

"You won't be able to travel for a day or two," he said.

She stopped short at that, and began to look about with those unseeing eyes. She was "quite able to travel." She "must travel." She was going to Scotland.

A chill gripped Gavan's heart. Was she delirious?

"Anywhere you like when you've had a few days—"

"A few days? I can't wait a few days. *She* can't wait—Julian's mother. I'm going first to her."

An immense relief swept over him. The mind was there, the faithful, loyal mind.

"You need n't go to Scotland. The Grants are behind you, in that crowd, talking to the captain."

Vision rose again in the dimmed eyes. A great tenderness lit the still features as Nan caught sight of the tall, bent old man beside Julian's mother, and the changed face of the woman.

When once she had reached them, the last threads that had seemed precariously to hold her to Napier snapped. Her meeting with the Grants was very quiet, but evidently it changed the old people's plans in so far as they had plans. Sir James took Nan on his arm. The policeman, piloting Lady Grant, led the way out of the crowd within a yard of Napier. The girl turned to him.

"Gavan, where shall you be?"

"She'll be with us, naturally," said Julian's father, his eyes resting an instant on Napier. "And you—soon you'll come—" he did n't try to finish. That "soon" had said enough. The old man could not at the moment bear even Gavan near his grief. The look in his eyes brought tears to Napier's as, forlornly, he watched the little group disappear in the crowd.

What a world! Would people ever be happy again?

The reporters, who had got hold of the captain and one of the survivors, surrounded the pair three and four deep. Their ranks were broken by a distracted woman with a shawl over her head, strained tight round her piteous face.

"Is it here he is, the gentleman who was saved? For the love of God, sir, did ye see Jimmy O'Brian? I'm his mother."

Napier leaned more heavily on his servant.

"We must get out of this," he said. But they could n't. People who had n't found their friends were not to be convinced they were n't on board. Again and again denied access to the ship, they pressed through the crowd with cries and questions. They could n't see the crutch. Napier was knocked and jostled. The old gas-sickness was heavy on him. He took refuge on a sea-chest behind a pile of luggage, and sent Day to secure places in the train. When he lifted his swimming head, struggling still against that tide of nausea rising to choke him, Napier saw that the crowd had thinned now to a few groups of last, despairing, lingerers. Even the cries for Jimmy O'Brian had sunk into the same stillness that wrapped the sailor at the bottom of the sea. A little old man in a threadbare coat closely buttoned round a meager body went up to the guard at the foot of the gangway.

"You are quite sure? The passengers are *all* off?"

"Have n't I told you no end o' times? They're *gone*, every man Jack of 'em, and we're hoistin' the gangway."

The old man walked forlornly away, his threadbare ulster flapping against his shins.

"Any idea when the other lady will be coming off?" a foreign-sounding voice asked on the other side of the luggage.

"Other lady! What other lady?"

Napier, leaning over, saw something shoved into a grimy fist. The *Clonmel* deck-hand had no need to look at the aid to memory. The faculty of touch had applied the stimulus. "There *was* another lady," he said; "but she ain't comin' ashore here. Goin' back with us to Ireland."

Napier watched the sailor take the inquirer over to the guard. The guard proved amenable. In a moment the stranger with the square back had passed up the gangway. No detectives were with him; he had gone on board alone. If it was n't Ernst Pforzheim, it was some mustacheless person extremely like him in feature, and as unlike as a seedy bowler, shabby clothes, and a slouching air could render the

smart young gentleman of Glenfallon Castle. What did it mean?

The same question seemed to have occurred to a reporter who observed from a distance this case of flagrant favoritism. He was further rewarded for his patience by seeing presently the sailor who had been tipped beckoned by a steward from the top of the gangway. The reporter came strolling along the now nearly deserted wharf. He coasted gloomily round the piled-up luggage, looking at the labels. When he had passed out of Napier's range, voices suddenly rose.

Napier shifted his position again. Two men who had given no sign of life before were being asked some question by the reporter. One of the pair caught Napier's eye. Singleton! Napier's chilled blood ran swiftly. It was Ernst, then, who had gone on board! And if he did n't come back, if he was for escaping to Ireland, Singleton and his companion would search the ship. Plainly Singleton was trying to get rid of the reporter. Whatever was afoot here, it was not desirable to have it in the papers. The secret-service man and his companion, who looked as if he might be a plain-clothes policeman, turned a cold shoulder on the reporter, and fell back in the direction of Napier. Suddenly the reporter darted out from the shadow of the luggage and stood hovering near the gangway. The sailor and a steward were bringing down a shrouded figure in an invalid chair—a lady, you might think, if you did n't strongly suspect it to be Ernst doubling on his track after getting wind of Singleton waiting down there behind the luggage. When quiet had descended on the wharf and the ship was searched, Mr. Ernst would be far away.

"Put the lady down." Singleton's companion had planted himself in the way of the little procession, his coat turned back to show the police badge.

"Go on, I tell you!" The voice that came shrilly out of the veils was bewilderingly unlike the one Napier had been waiting for. The rest was mere pantomime from where he sat. The veiled head turned and seemed to catch sight of Singleton. Whereon the invalid darted out of the chair and ran with

extraordinary fleetness down toward the warehouses. When Gavan had pulled himself up on his crutch, he saw in the middle distance Singleton's companion and the reporter running along the wharf, while some yards further on, a squat, petticoated figure struggled fiercely in the arms of a fat policeman. Hat and veil were torn off, and Napier had an instant's glimpse of the face of Greta von Schwarzenberg, horrible with fear. The next instant she had succeeded in drawing back far enough to lift her foot, and to launch at the policeman a totally unexpected blow in the belly. Stark astonishment, as much as anything, sent the man stumbling back a couple of paces. The woman darted past into a region of piled barrels, casks, and cases, policeman and reporter in pursuit. Napier had fleeting glimpses of a game of hide-and-seek, despite the fact that it was played with passion, Greta appearing, disappearing, the others hot on her track, Greta tearing off scarf, ulster, and jacket as she ran, and casting them forth for her pursuers to catch their feet in. The policeman again fulfilled her hopes, but in vain was the net spread in sight of Singleton. He it was who at the most critical moment headed her off from the street. Back she doubled toward the water and was once more lost to view.

"If it was anybody else," Napier said, struggling to a balance on the well foot, "I'd say she had n't a dog's chance."

"No, sir," the returned Day remarked obligingly as he steadied the crutch.

Owing, Napier afterward learned, to police orders in connection with the apprehension of a passenger off the *Clonmel*, the Euston train was still in the station. As Napier hobbled along the platform, Singleton and one of the ship's officers went by, making hurried inspection of each carriage. One door they opened revealed a man lying out at full length on the seat. As he raised his head, Napier recognized in the changed face Hallett Newcomb. The *Clonmel* officer asked if his late passenger had seen anything of "the lady, the older one."

Newcomb shook his head. He'd heard she was going on to Ireland.

"So did we," said Singleton. "We sent a man on board to induce her

quietly to change her mind; but that woman's the devil. Simply vanished into air, or, rather, *I* believe she dived." All the same, they went on with their examination. Napier meanwhile had his bag brought into Hallett Newcomb's carriage. The fruitless search for Greta ended; the train was allowed to proceed.

On that journey back to London Napier heard what the survivors of the *Leyden* had lived through, what Julian had succumbed to.

IN those next days Nan lay in that house in Berkeley Street where she had helped to nurse Julian back to health. Napier sent or telephoned daily to inquire for her. "Great care, complete quiet," Lady Grant wrote at the end of a week. "Not easily or soon will she shake off the horror of that voyage and of Julian's death."

Napier was less prepared for Singleton's visit, a few days later, hot-foot from Berkeley Street. Singleton had, as he said, hunted up Miss Ellis "as a last hope." Oh, yes, he'd seen her.

"She'd been on the point of sending to you to get my address. What I hoped she'd tell me, I've come to doubt if she knows. I want your opinion on that. I see now I shall have to go warily." Singleton drew his chair closer to the fire and held out a hand to the blaze. There was not wariness only in the fine eyes, but the passion of the quest, and behind all a suppressed excitement, new in Napier's knowledge of the man. "For months," he said, "there's been a leakage at the War Office."

Yes, Napier knew that. What he did n't know was that Schwarzenberg had been the one to make first-hand use of it. Singleton had come to believe she'd engineered it. However that might be, there was still leakage.

Napier caught the infection of Singleton's excitement.

"Job for Pforzheim!" he said.

"After he'd let her into the Liverpool trap?" inquired Singleton with scorn for such innocence. "Pforzheim's the last one she'd trust." The secret-service man studied the fire, frowning. "I did n't get what I went for, but I've had a rather curious interview with

your American friend. She'd been looking at back copies of the newspapers. The library, where she was lying, was half snowed under with newspapers. Been poring over accounts of the torpedoing and the rescue. But she had n't been able to find anything about Greta, not a breath. 'Well,' I said, 'does n't that mean there's nothing to say?'

"Only something to keep dark," she suggested. Oh, she's no fool! She sat up and looked through me. I explained that all I meant was that Schwarzenberg might n't be of such general interest as she imagined. She thought that over a moment, and then she said something that astonished me a good deal, given the terms Newcomb tells me they'd been on. 'If it is n't known where Greta is,' she said, 'that's bad all round.' I asked, 'Why, all round?' She would n't answer directly. 'To be able to vanish like that! It's true, then; you do some things badly over here.'

"Undoubtedly we do." Singleton smiled again as though recalling a compliment paid the British service.

"I thought I'd ask you first," she said.

"And second?"

"I shall have to pull myself together and find out if somebody does n't know where she is."

Singleton asked, "Why?" Then, as she did n't answer that: "Is there any great hurry?"

"Well, there is," she said, with a nervous clasp and unclasp of her hands. "I can't say any more, but the authorities have got to know."

"To know—" He waited.

"That she ought to be found."

"And when she is found?" Singleton inquired innocently.

Her answer evidently cost her something.

"She ought to be sent out of the country."

Singleton suggested the futility of that had been proved.

"That's why, that's why." She clutched the silk coverlid and drew herself up. "The people who know how to deal with these things have got to know. Though for *me* to have to tell them,"—her eyes filled—"it's an awful thing!"

He saw a way to ingratiate himself.

"I think I can save you that," he said.

"Can you? *Can* you? Oh, I'd be endlessly thankful!"

"I did n't say that *nobody* knew where to find the lady. Lord, it made her sit up!"

"I was right, then," she said. "I felt you'd be the one to know. But you are keeping back something. Mr. Singleton, what has happened to Greta?"

He told her nothing very serious had happened *as yet*.

She lay back on the cushions an instant, with her chin up and her eyes on the window cornice.

"Then—I'm—not too late," she said.

"Too late for what?"

The head on the high-piled cushions turned suddenly.

"Where is she?"

"I did n't tell you *I* could put my hand on her," he said lightly. "I told you, very privately, of course, and as a great—the greatest—mark of confidence, that there were those who could."

"Well, I've got to be one of them," she said in her short-cut American way. When she saw he was n't going to notice that observation, she went on: "Ever since I got better, I've lain in the room up there waiting for a letter from her." She had said it precisely as though her last encounter with the Schwarzenberg had been one of ordinary friendship. "I telegraphed Lady McIntyre to forward any letters, and she has. Not a thing from Greta."

"No, I dare say not," Singleton had answered.

"But why do you 'dare say not'?" Anxiety settled on her face again. "You make me all the surer of what I've been feeling so strongly that I can't sleep. Greta is in terrible need of help. All the more because of what she's done."

"And do you imagine, if she were in need of help, she'd turn to you?"

"Oh, quite certainly."

Singleton had n't been able to repress the rejoinder:

"It's a good thing, then, she *can't*."

He was n't the least prepared for the sensation created by that innocent utterance.

"She *can't*!" The girl had risen, and the silk coverings fell about her feet as she stood there with frightened eyes,

saying under her breath, "*Why* can't she?"

He did his best to soothe her.

"You've just admitted you would n't have her free to carry out her designs."

"No! no!" She dropped weakly on the edge of the sofa and sat leaning forward: "Not free to do harm, but surely she is free to write to a friend?"

"I would n't, if I were you, be heard calling yourself a friend."

"I *was* a friend," she said. "How far can you go back, once you've been an intimate friend?"

"You have never been a friend, intimate or otherwise, because you never really knew the woman." And then he told her not the details of the struggle on the wharf, the escape at risk of drowning, and the two days' pursuit of one of the most notorious spies in Europe. He told her merely that Miss von Schwarzenberg was under detention during his Majesty's pleasure.

When he had done so, he devoutly wished he had n't.

"Instead of helping us to find out who the woman's accomplices are," he complained to Napier, "she'll be worrying us about the woman herself."

The two men discussed "the more than unlikelihood," as Napier put it, of Miss Ellis's having been intrusted with knowledge that could lead to tracing the leakage in the War Office.

Then Singleton developed the idea that had come to him after leaving Berkeley Street. Might n't it be possible to get the all-important clue out of Schwarzenberg herself by means of the Ellis girl?

Napier was quite sure that when Singleton left he was convinced of the hopelessness as well as the inadvisability of that device. Napier thought the less about what he characterized to himself as "the fellow's crazy project," because his mind was occupied with endless speculations about the girl.

A sentence in a letter which came the next day in answer to one of Napier's, shed a certain light. "Don't you, too, feel I must tell Lady Grant how things are before I see you here? I have n't the strength for that just yet." She went on to say she'd seen Singleton and she had since tried to get more defi-

nite news through the authorities. "But you won't want to hear about Greta, though I must just tell you that Mr. Singleton has found out she's a prisoner of the first class. That's so like Greta, if she was to be a prisoner at all."

In his uneasiness Napier managed, two days later, to get Singleton on the telephone. He was told in a voice faintly tinged with impatience of "the unceasing efforts of that girl to get permission to see the elusive one. I've advised your friend"—Singleton's laugh came metallic along the wire—"to ask *you* to get her the permit."

"She knows better," retorted Napier. Something seemed to go wrong with the line after that. He did n't get Singleton again. Singleton was greatly occupied about that time.

As a special, indeed an unprecedented, concession, a permit was obtained for an unnamed lady to pay a visit to a person designated only by the Number 96 in a metropolitan prison.

Singleton did not show Miss Ellis the permit until he had talked to her for some minutes about the superhuman difficulties that had to be surmounted before he had been able to get their request so much as listened to. He had sworn not to yield up the all-powerful piece of paper without exacting a pledge from Miss Ellis. She was to promise on her word of honor that she would n't let the Schwarzenberg know who had moved in the matter.

CHAPTER XXXI

"WHERE are we now?" Miss Ellis peered through the blurred window of the taxi.

"Oh, it's a part you don't know. You have n't an idea," Singleton began again, "what a triumph it is—this permit. Nobody believed it could be brought off. And you are to see her alone! What do you say to that?" He sat back in the car and looked at Miss Ellis.

"Is it so unusual?"

"Unusual! Bless my soul, it's unheard of! The rule is, either you stand outside a grille and talk through bars,

or you sit with a table between you and the pr—the person you've come to see. The warder, or in this case it would be the wardress, stands there two feet away, hearing every word you say and watching your hands to see that nothing's smuggled."

"They behave like that to prisoners in the first class?"

Singleton halted a second.

"If a prisoner is dangerous, she has to be watched, whatever class she's in. As a rule."

"I see. In this case they trust to our honor."

Again Singleton, on the brink of speech, paused.

"A—yes. It'll be an immense relief to her to have some one she can talk to freely. I would n't be surprised—you see, she's bottled herself up so long—I would n't be surprised if she took you more into her confidence than ever she's done yet. I'd be careful if I were you," he said with unusual earnestness, "very careful not to discourage that confidence."

"I don't think it the least likely she'll take me any further into her confidence," the girl returned on a note of regret, not daring to admit the thrill that ran through her at thought of being the chosen confidante of a prisoner—a prisoner of the first class, above all, of the erring, the wonderful Greta. Nan was the freer to wonder about her now that the pain of cutting her out of her heart was eased. To serve the woman who had once been her friend would satisfy every canon. If it satisfied a hitherto unquenched curiosity as well—

"You could n't make a greater mistake," Singleton was saying with that new earnestness of his, "than to discourage her."

"Oh, I would n't, not for the world I would n't discourage her."

"*Do the other thing*," he said impressively in her ear as the car stopped.

"Are we there?" Nan started up in excitement.

"Wait a moment." He let down the window and put his head out to speak to the driver. The car turned in the gray light and went on a few yards.

"Tell her you'll take any message to

her friends," Singleton suggested to the girl over his shoulder.

"Her friends?"

He was staring out at glimpses of stone wall. "I should say"—he spoke in his most detached manner—"I should say, you 'd have a rather interesting half-hour, particularly if you let her unburden her soul on the subject of her allies."

The car stopped. Singleton got out, and rang a bell. The car was drawn up close against a massive gray wall. Just beyond was a great iron-studded door. In a moment it opened. A man stood there who looked to the irreverent eye like the jailer in a comic opera—a big, saturnine man with an enlarged waist, or an enlargement where his waist might have been, and round this great girth of his a broad belt with the largest keys hanging to it Nan had ever seen out of a pantomime. She asked afterward if they were real keys. She thought that, like the halberds of the Beefeaters, they must be symbolic, "just to impress on people the degree of the locked-upness they 'd got to expect here." As to the jailer himself, he, like his keys, was "too good to be true." He was n't only like an actor. His forbidding manner, his black-avised scowl, and gruff voice had for the eyes at the car window exactly the same air of unreality as the keys. To Singleton's horror, she confided presently that it was all she could do not to applaud and call out of the window, "*Is n't* he doing it well!" with the mental reservation that really he was overdoing it.

The basso profundo with the keys stood frowning at the paper Singleton had presented.

"Is she here?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, I 'm here." Nan nodded and beckoned at him out of the window. He gave her a yet more frightful scowl, and she nearly burst out laughing as Singleton, in the act of helping her out, saw, to his consternation.

The scowling giant showed them into a bare little room with an open fire and a chair in front of a table, where a big book like a ledger lay open. Between table and fire was a telephone; all round the walls were benches; nothing else.

The basso profundo left them there

in front of the fire. A warder passed the door with a man in prison clothes who was carrying a bucket. The warder spoke to the man. What he said was not intelligible, but the quality of voice struck the light-minded smile from Nan Ellis's face. "How he spoke!" Singleton said he did n't notice anything unusual, but he was rather relieved that she had stopped smiling. When the head jailer came back, he had a wardress in tow. The jailer did n't speak, did n't even look at the two waiting.

"This way," said the woman, and led Miss Ellis briskly down a long stone corridor. Another wardress stood by a door slightly ajar.

"Be quick," she said to some one inside. "I can't wait here all day."

"She speaks just as the warder spoke to the man with the bucket," Nan thought. "Does anybody speak like that to Greta?" They would n't do it twice, she decided, even before the reconciling phrase "first-class prisoner" recurred to her. She imagined Greta turning these wooden women into human beings with a lash of her tongue.

Going up the skeleton stairs Nan broke the echoing silence. "Does Miss—the lady know I 'm coming?" she asked in a low voice.

Stolidly pursuing her way, the wardress looked straight in front of her for so long, Nan thought, as she told Napier afterward, that the woman was n't going to speak at all. But when she had sufficiently marked the fact that she was n't there to answer questions she said, with that same hard tonelessness, "I don't know who 'd tell her." Through more corridors they passed till the wardress stopped just short of an open door and rang a bell. A younger woman of the same type came round a corner.

"Tell ninety-six she 's to come down," Nan's guide called out, but she went to meet the other wardress, and the two stood talking a moment. They seemed to resent the visitor's inquiring eyes. "That 's where you go," said the older one over her shoulder. Nan found, to her surprise, that the direction was addressed to her, with a curt motion of the head toward the open door. As she entered, the door closed behind. Nan's heart began to thump. "What if they

take me for a prisoner, and no one comes to put them right!" she thought. Her spirits had been steadily sinking ever since she heard the warder speaking to the prisoner with the bucket. Mr. Singleton had been wrong. Even for a prisoner of the first class this was a terrifying place. She remembered something she had read once that a captive in the Tower had said centuries ago, "'T is not the confined air; 't is the apprehension of the place." It was just that. The atmosphere was thick, choking with apprehension. How long "96" was in coming down! On reflection, it was almost consoling that after that rough message Greta should take her time. And Nan rested on the confident faith that the apprehension would lessen, if not vanish altogether, when Greta came, vanishing before that dauntless step.

This room was even barer than the other: no fire, no open book, no telephone; only a long, narrow table down the middle, several stout wooden chairs, a window heavily barred, nothing else. Sounds outside came muffled, and the more charged with apprehension for that. What was happening?

The door opened on a glimpse of the tall wardress shutting herself out and shutting in a squat figure clad in shapeless gray serge garments and a foolish cap. Greta? *That?* The girl held her breath, held all her being back from admitting that the apparition by the door *could* be Greta. For it was n't the disfiguring dress alone or chiefly that in the first instant had paralyzed the visitor's tongue and rooted her where she stood. Greta, yes. They had clothed her body with ridicule, but what had they done to her spirit? There was a horror about the change that overtopped pity, but only for that awful first moment, while Greta stood, grotesque, dreadful, not so much looking at the girl as looking through her, looking out of eyes too haunted by other shapes to take in an apparition so insignificant as Nan Ellis. Even when Nan was able to move forward, "O, *Greta!*" was all she could say, but she held out her two hands.

The changed woman had n't even one to offer.

"What have you come for?" she said in a queer voice.

"Why, to—to see you."

"To see what I look like. Well, you see."

"O Greta!" The girl shrank as if the other woman had struck her. After a quivering moment she added, "I came to ask if I can do anything."

"Who sent you?"

Nan knew now what was the matter with the voice: it was purged of personality. Greta spoke like the wardresses, in a tone out of which all modulation had gone.

"Nobody sent me," said Nan.

"No, of course not."

"I *swear* to you, Greta, you're wrong if you think—nobody wanted me to come. I've had to move heaven and earth, I had to beg and beg—"

"Beg who?"

"Why, beg—no, I was n't to say that. It does n't matter now. But it's been more difficult than you can think. I gave them no peace. I *had* to see you."

"Why?"

Nan felt guiltily that Greta had guessed that part of the answer was because of a consuming curiosity. What Greta would n't, could n't, know was the pain and compassion that swept the girl after her first moment of recoil.

"Why?" Nan repeated. "Because of—what used to be." Greta seemed not to hear. The girl was so aware of this that she raised her voice a little and spoke with deliberate distinctness. "I did n't know if you had any one you could depend on."

"You *do* know I was fool enough to tell you."

"Only Ernst."

The fierce warning in Greta's face had stopped the girl too late.

"But they'll have got that out of you before you came here," the woman said contemptuously. And then she found the strangest ground for triumph. "He can take care of himself. They learned that at Liverpool. And because he can take care of himself he can take care of me. If only"—her voice fell huskily—

"If *what!*" The girl's self-possession broke. "Oh, I can see it's terrible to you to be here! But *how* terrible is it?" In the silence she collected herself. "No,

you may n't want me to know that. Tell me only what can be done."

Greta walked to the window, a strange shambling gait. She looked out and then turned round, but not to face Nan. The strained eyes went carefully all around the room. As she turned sidewise, the gray light fell more merciless on the ravaged face, above all on that patch of discoloration under each eye; no mere violet shadow such as Nan had seen on the faces of the sleepless or the sick. This was as if a muddy thumb had set a deliberate smudge under each eye, and as if the printing of that broad, brown stain had been done with so ruthless a pressure that it had forced in the lower arc of the socket. The eyes made careful circuit of the room. They inspected the ceiling. They scoured the floor. Then Greta bent down and looked at the under side of the table-top. She looked with absorbed attention at the chair before she sat down in it—all signs of mental aberration in the sight of the speechless girl, just as was the loud, toneless voice in which Greta said:

"I suppose they 've sent you to get out of me what they 've failed to get."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, you don't know what I mean?"

"Greta! Greta!"—the girl dropped in to the chair opposite and leaned across the table,—“if I can put away hard feeling and suspicion, can't you? I don't ask you to be friends outside this place. I don't *want* that any more. But can't you for this little time we have here together just let me help you if I can?"

"How do you propose to help me?"

"It is n't for me to propose how. I don't know what you need."

Again those eyes made circuit of the room.

"What I need?" the hoarse voice repeated. So humped her figure was that it gave her an air of crouching in the chair. The quick turning of the head, with all the rest of the body rigid, to look first over one shoulder, then over the other, had in it, taken with the crouching attitude, something animal-like; but the intensity of that listening was not given to the voices in the corridor. Those voices seemed rather to reassure, almost to soothe; for as they sounded nearer, she repeated quietly,

"What I need?" Moreover, she looked at Nan as if she really saw her, as if she remembered who she was. "I sha'n't need anything long."

In the eyes bent on her across the table tears sprang up.

"Are you so ill, Greta?"

The woman made no answer. She was listening again. It seemed to be the silence that spoke to her, not voices.

"That 's one of the things I thought of," the girl went on. "I might get them to let me bring a doctor."

"It would be a great doctor who should cure *my* ill!"

The words were despairing enough and spoken faintly, but that touch of the old theatricalism was so much more natural than the hoarse, uncadenced speech alternating with the insane listening to nothing at all that Nan took heart. "May I say you are ill? May I try—"

Greta shook her head.

"What 's the use? I 've always known I should n't live long. We don't."

For a moment Nan could n't speak. As to Greta, whatever she had come through, whatever she was going toward, she had n't got beyond enjoyment of tearing at another's heart-strings on the way.

"You must n't say, must n't *think*, you are n't going to live! You must remember—" Nan longed and did n't dare to quote the precedent of the old father in the Berlin brewery, still watchman of the night, as Singleton had told her. She was the more glad she had n't ventured to speak of him when she presently found that Greta's "we" linked her to no blood kin. She had sunk down farther in the chair, a huddle of coarse serge and misery, and her hands slipped off her lap and hung at her sides.

"The strain is too great," she said under her breath, speaking the truth at last.

The strain *was* too great. It had broken the Greta of old days. And just as, after the wreck of some great liner, only trifles are left floating over the grave of the Titan, so the woman's surface theatricalism survived the loss of more considerable things.

"With people like us, our hand is against every man," she declaimed in a

husky voice, "and every man's hand is against us."

"That 's not true. My hand is n't against you."

"We shall see."

"*Indeed we shall!*"

Greta had made an effort to pull herself up and face the girl more squarely, as though that call to "see" had imposed some change in the focus of vigilance.

This was not the visit she had been expecting. It had taken her unaware. With a new self-distrust, an unwonted slowness, she was collecting her wits and her physical forces, without for an instant losing sight either of the obvious danger or the possible unique opportunity presented by Nan's coming. To seize the occasion to recover some of her hold over the girl, that could endanger nothing. It might even serve.

"If you must believe," Nan was saying, "that my hand is against you,"—barb-like, the phrase had stuck, quivering,—"you need n't think everybody's hand is."

"Whose is n't?"

The question was awkward.

"Well, there are your friends." She waited while Greta's eyes arraigned her fiercely. "And there are the people who from their point of view owe you so much."

"You mean—" Greta waited warily.

"Those who set you on. The people you 've run such awful risks for."

"Oh, the powers in Germany! They 'll trouble themselves about me!" Her ghost of a laugh was more horrible than cursing. Some of the dullness went out of Greta's eyes for a moment at sight of the impression she was making on the girl. "You think, if we make a single misstep, they spare us?" The slack hands came up and met in a hard grip on the bare table-top. "They set us superhuman tasks in the midst of strangers. A *woman*, set to play a lone hand against overwhelming odds, day in, day out, with no let up. One false move,"—the locked fingers parted, the hands were lifted a few inches, and fell heavily on the board,—"you are first suspect; then you lose your liberty; then you lose your life."

"No! no!" The fascination of horror

that had held the girl broke before that evocation of the final doom. "You must n't be afraid of that! You *must* n't—"

"What do you know about it?"

"I am sure, I am sure—"

She ought to have been satisfied with the degree to which she had wrought upon the girl. But that was n't Greta's way. It did n't suit her that any knowledge of intended clemency should dull the poignancy of Nan's compassion.

"You think I 'm afraid I 'll lose my life *here!* Pfui!" She forced out breath too contemptuous to lend itself to words in that first emission. "It is n't my life these creatures want. I 'm no good to them dead. I'm no good to them alive if they had the sense to see." She flung it to the wall over Nan's head.

"Oh, if you *knew* how you 've relieved me! Greta! Greta! I would n't *let* myself be afraid of the worst. And yet, deep down,—since I came into this room—I *have* been afraid. Thank you, Greta, for taking that horror off my mind."

It was n't at all what Greta had intended. She looked at the girl.

"A person like me," she said with an effort at that high air of old,—oh, the piteous travesty!—"a person like me, who is supposed to know too much, if she does n't pay with her life, it is n't always the fault of the people she works for.

"I don't understand," Nan breathed.

"Probably not. We ourselves don't 'understand' till it 's too late. What idea had I when I began that every hour of my life I should be saying: 'Is it today? Will it be to-morrow I shall go under?' We mostly do go under when we 've served our turn."

There was the ghost of the old satisfaction in the marred face as she read in the young one how well the old trick worked. "Be very sure it is n't our enemies we fear most; it 's our friends."

"You can't"—Nan gasped—"you can't mean the German authorities who—ask to have these things done?"

"Oh, can't I?" She positively revived before her manifest success. "One of my own friends was let in for an English prison by a German agent acting under orders from the Wilhelmstrasse. My friend has n't come out. He never will come out. Two others I knew, one

a woman, made the mistake of knowing too much, and paid the penalty."

"The penalty!" whispered the other.

"They"—Greta stared in front of her—"they disappeared." Her fixed eyes moved, came back to Nan. "You imagine my friends were set against a prison wall and had their account settled by an English firing squad? Oh, no! We in the service"—with the old arrogance she threw back her head, crowned by the horrible cap—"we know we have no such need to fear any foreign power as we have to fear our own."

Nan failed lamentably to respond to this form of professional pride.

"It's a ghastly trade."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Greta said harshly. "The best brains in Europe are at this work. Ask your friends of the British secret service."

"There's a difference between the secret service and spying."

"Oh, is there! Then it would take a Jesuit to find and a fool to believe. We are all in the same business. Only the other nations play at it, and we work. No questions with us, no limits. You others, yes, all of you,"—she flung it out,—"you paddle. We? We're up to the eyes!" Her own, marred and mud-stained, were lifted to the opposite wall. "We're over the eyes!" she said triumphantly. "We hold our breath down there under the surface till we crack our lungs. And smug people judge us! People who have never done even a safe thing to serve their country—they judge us—who face death hour by hour!"

"Not you, Greta, anyway." Nan Ellis had her pride, as it seemed, though its roots were deeper than nationality. "Lucky for you, you're in England!"

"England!" Her face as she turned it away was hideous with hatred.

Nan stood up. "Though you refuse to be, I at least can be glad that in England they don't—"

"Oh, don't they!" She clutched at the edge of the table and leaned across it. "I'll tell you what the English don't do. *They don't talk about what they do.*" As Nan opened her lips, the other raised her voice to the level of a hoarse scream. "But there's a thing they don't

understand—your friends the English. They imagine they can wear us out. *Hein?*" Again she addressed an invisible audience, still believing, as Nan thought, that she was under the ceaseless observation that had turned her wits. "These *English!* They think they can force a German woman to sell her friends, to give away her country! A German! I tell you"—she staggered to her feet—"these devils can go on as long as ever they like. I don't know why they stopped—"

"Stopped? Stopped what?"

"Torturing me," she said, gutturaling the r's till they sounded like the tearing of a fabric. "Who is my friend in the War Office?" The words acted on her swifter than poison, more like the twist of a knife in a wound. She opened her mouth and gasped for air. When it came she cast it back in a cry that was n't human.

Nan shrank against the wall. A bell clanged.

"The name of the man in the War Office.' Forty times he asked me that, that devil they sent to torture me." She was speaking too rapidly to swallow; the saliva gathered in bubbles at the corners of her lips. "Every sort of question! Every sort of trap! Insinuating, gentle, quick, sharp as pistol-shots. Over and over and over and over, till you long to die. Then at last, when *he's* worn out,—not I! not I!"—she cried to the walls,—“then I'm led away, back to my punishment cell,”—she staggered and caught blindly at the chair back—"and the board bed is soft as a cloud in paradise. Two minutes. The wardress! 'Come, they want you.' I'm taken back. 'The name of your friend in the War Office?' and *da capo*. You see the plan? *Hein?* The devils in hell must envy the inventor of that third degree."

The thing itself comes out of the Dark Ages, but the phrase was framed in America. Nan had heard it before. This method of procedure was contrary, perhaps is still contrary, to English law; but there was no more doubt that Greta von Schwarzenberg had been subjected to the third degree than there was doubt of its fearful effect.

"Surely they know it's possible not to answer," the girl said, bewildered.

GEORGE 19
CIGUÈNE



““The name of the man in the War Office!” Forty times he asked me that, that devil they sent to torture me’”

"Oh, they *know!*" Greta had fallen back into that hoarse whisper. "It is n't in nature not to answer some things—to answer something that sounds innocent, that gives you a rest, or to answer something dastardly. Taunts—God! the things they say! Oh, you'd answer some of them as long as you could keep your wits and wag your tongue; and then—" She beckoned. Nan came to her round the table. Greta seized her by the shoulders, and with so fierce a grip the girl, in a new access of horror, tried to draw back; but those big, square fingers held like a vise. Greta bent her trembling, froth-flecked lips to the girl's ear. "They don't let you sleep. That's what does it, if anything will." She did not so much let go her hold as fling Nan from her as she raised her voice to its highest pitch. "Not even that is going to make Greta von Schwarzenberg a tool of the English. Never!" she flung to the right wall. "*Never!*" she screamed to the left. "*Never!*" She choked suddenly, fell sidewise against the chair, and dropped heavily to the floor.

Nan ran forward with a cry. The door opened, and a couple of wardresses rushed in.

As they raised Greta up, she pointed down the corridor.

"Ha! you see? You see?" The backs of two men were disappearing in the distance.

"You have failed again!" Greta shouted after them. "Always you'll fail!"

The wardresses quickly had her on her feet. They handled her with a respect so scant that Nan broke in:

"Let me, please! Oh, gently!"

"She'll show you the way out." The tall wardress nodded curtly at the other.

Greta shot out a hand and clutched Nan's sleeve.

"You wanted to help me? Then find a way to see *him*. Say as long as it's for *him*, nothing can break me."

"I'm going to get them to send you a doctor," the girl cried.

"Come." The tall wardress seized the disheveled figure by the other arm. Greta seemed not to know the horrible cap was falling off. "I'd rather have you, after all, than any doctor." She

still maintained that fierce hold on Nan. "Specially now that I know you're as"—that laugh!—"as silly as ever. Oh, why could n't I be *selig*, too!" Her drooping lips quivered. She fell to feeble crying. "I *wanted* the good things. More than any one in this world I wanted—since I was little I've wanted to get away from ugliness and evil. I wanted to be a lady. *Ai!*" she shrieked. "Damn you!"

The younger wardress had slipped round behind the others. She had thrust a hand in between Nan and Greta and loosened the prisoner's hold by some sly use of pain.

Greta turned on the woman.

"Damn you! you—" words from which Nan fled shuddering along the corridor, a wardress at her heels.

CHAPTER XXXII

SINGLETON had spent a great deal of time on the case. He staked much on that meeting between the two women. In his disgust and rage at the Schwarzenberg's self-control under all her surface emotionalism, her shrewd conviction that the interview did not lack auditors, spoiled all his plans. He had as good as pledged himself.

"Shut those two up in an empty room," he had said to the chief, "and you've only to turn on the tap."

And behold Greta, with a watch set on that tongue of hers, talking tosh, and entirely content to work on the feelings of that little fool!

"SHE is delirious!" Nan caught up with Singleton and a strange gentleman in the lower corridor. The strange gentleman hurried on and was lost to sight. She was too excited at the moment to wonder how Singleton happened to be in the corridor or to notice his black looks. Breathing quick and hard, she said, "Greta is delirious!"

"Oh, is she?" She got no more out of Singleton till they were getting into the car. Nan asked him to tell the chauffeur to drive to Whitehall.

"Whitehall?"

"Yes, to the Intelligence Office."

"What for, in the name of—"

"We must get her a doctor."

"They have a doctor here."

"Not a proper doctor. You ought to see the condition she's in. We must go to your chief and get him to allow—"

When he'd spoken to the chauffeur, he followed her into the car, slammed the door, and relapsed into moody silence.

Above the profoundly stirred deeps a trifle rose to the surface.

"I thought," she said, "prisoners of the first class could wear their own clothes."

"Well?"

"Miss von Schwarzenberg was in prison clothes."

"Then it's her own fault. She started first class."

"How could it be her own fault? You don't think she would *choose* to wear such—"

"She chooses to give trouble." Singleton relapsed again into silence.

What had happened to Mr. Singleton after she left him? It struck her from time to time that this man, who had been so sympathetic, nearly as keen for the meeting as Nan herself, once his objection had been overcome, seemed to take strangely little interest in the issue. This knowledge marred and certainly shortened the account. She found herself dwelling mainly on what Greta had told her about the third degree. Singleton's silence got on her nerves.

"What do you say to their not letting her sleep?" She waited to hear him deny the charge. "You don't think they'll ever try that again?"

"She'd much better have talked freely to you." It was n't the coldness of the reply that struck the girl so much as the latent menace in it.

"Why should you have wanted her to say more?"

"Well, did n't *you*? I thought you were for the Allies."

"So I am."

"After my persuading the chief it was better to let you do the job unconsciously, then you and"—with a gulp of bitterness Singleton swallowed his too unflattering opinion of what, precisely, Miss Ellis had gone and done. Only one count in the long indictment slipped out: "To forget even to press the question of the friend in the War Office

when Schwarzenberg had broached it herself—to let slip a chance like that!"

"How do you know I let it slip?" came from the dark corner.

"Well, *did n't* you?"

"I have n't told you so." There was a moment's silence. "How did you know?" the girl repeated.

"Well, how do you suppose I know?"

No word out of her for the rest of that awful drive till she saw they had reached Berkeley Street.

He apologized for not going to Whitehall. Too late. Everything shut up.

"I'll go and see the chief to-morrow and let you hear," he declared.

He scribbled a note that evening, reporting to headquarters:

No result yet. Particulars given to-morrow.

Singleton did n't sleep much that night. He made up for the loss in the morning. Before he was dressed a message summoned him to the chief.

At Whitehall he learned that Miss Ellis had been waiting there that morning before the doors were opened. She had sent in her card a good hour and a half before the chief arrived, but she refused point-blank to see any one else. The chief passed her waiting there in the hall. He had her in.

"You ought to hear the chief!" Singleton said grimly to Napier that afternoon. Singleton himself had enjoyed the privilege of "hearing the chief." She had come "to demand an extension of privilege for that woman, a doctor!"

The chief talked with her long enough to make up his mind she was no good for the business.

"He did n't spare her, I'm afraid. He says she cheeked him. Can't imagine it, can you?"

Napier could n't say.

"Well, I said he must have misunderstood. I reminded him she was an American. The chief says in one breath she told him he was inhuman and in the next demanded a permit to take a doctor to the prison.

"Oh, I know," she interrupted, 'you're going to say they've got a doctor—'

"I beg your pardon, that was not in the least what I was going to say."

"What, then?"

"I was going to say, why should she

have any doctor at all? Your friend,' the chief told her, 'has it in her power, so Mr. Singleton imagines, to do us some little service. If she won't, what's the good of her? Whether she *could* do us this particular service, since that is n't what you've come about, we'll leave unconsidered. What there's no doubt about is her power to do us harm. Your friend has got to be suppressed.' And he shut that mouth of his like a steel trap.

"Suppressed!" She stared at him. Can't you see her? '*Suppressed?* How?"

"Ah, that's been the problem. Not with *me*. I've known from the beginning there was only one way.'

"Only one way? You mean to murder her?"

"The chief blinked several times at that. He has n't got over blinking yet, by Jove! He says she went straight from there to the American embassy. Before she got any one to see her, the ambassador had been telephoned to. So that's all right; but *my* chance is gone. Schwarzenberg is to have her final hearing on Thursday."

"Is it likely to go against her?"

"Likely? Sure."

The butler came in with a folded half-sheet of note-paper on a tray. Napier opened it.

Get rid of him, please, Gavan. I am waiting.

N. E.

Napier put the note in his pocket.

"Say I'll be there in two minutes."

As he opened the door, he faced the messenger standing there in the middle of the room with wide, scared eyes.

"O Gavan!" She fled into his arms.

He held her there against him in the corner of the sofa till she could speak once more. Every now and then she broke out crying afresh as she told in incoherent fragments what that last horrible twenty-four hours had brought of knowledge, of anguish, of loathing.

"I've come to get you to help poor Greta and"—she took for granted he'd do that—"to help poor me."

"Help you, my darling?"

She gave that quick nod.

"You must please do something for me and do it quickly." Her eyes went to the clock. "Forgive me for not being able to take the time to explain it all, but they—the Government of your country—is likely to"—she caught her breath, and the voice sank—"to do the most horrible thing, a thing you must prevent." In the silence she leaned forward the better to see his face. Plainly it made her anxious; she looked away with that fold between the brows. "I've just found out," she went on in a half-whisper—"it's no hearsay!—the authorities consider that Greta was caught 'red-handed,' as they call it. There's no time to go into that. It does n't matter—"

"Does n't matter!"

"Not now. Oh, don't look like that!"

She put up her hand and drew her finger-tips down across his face.

He caught at the wrist and held her while he talked very quietly. There was no trace of exultation over the woman who had served him so ill and served his country worse.

"But we can't, to save our private feelings, leave a person of that sort—"

"Whatever she's done, you can't let her be killed, Gavan! Gavan, you can't! Not a woman who was my old friend."

"Don't!" he cried out. "It's more than I can bear to hear you calling her your friend. Of course you are horror-struck—"

"I am more than horror-struck; I'm haunted. I'll be haunted all my days unless you—O Gavan," she held out her hands—"if you're sorry, take me out of this nightmare!" As he took the hands in his and tried to draw her to him again, he felt her shuddering. "It is n't horror only. I've been through vileness, too. It's all clinging about me. I've seen a man making use of holy things for hideous ends. I've seen a woman broken by torture. I've seen—" She jumped up, with a hand dashed across her wet eyes—"If you can't *do* something, if you let Greta be shot, I shall never sleep again. I shall go mad."

"Hush! hush! Don't you see that if I were to do everything in my power, this business has gone too far? I am as helpless as you, as helpless as she."

"You can't say that till you've tried

—tried everything. If you 'll only *try!*"

Without her saying so, he felt that to have tried to save that wretched woman, even to have failed, as fail he must, would count for something.

Well out of his reach, she was watching him with an intensity that held her breathless.

"What you suppose I can say, feeling as I do, *I* don't know."

"I know." She came a step nearer. "Make them see that Greta can do them one last greatest harm of all. Oh, she 'll have the best of it yet if you don't do something to stop them! Can't you see?"

He shook his head.

"Well, just think! They 've got her absolutely in their power. *That's* an awful responsibility. They can do what they like with her. They think she can't retaliate any more, but you show them she can. Oh, she 'll have her revenge if she can goad them into being cruel! I thought I was asking you to do something for my sake, for our two sakes, when I came here. But I see now you 'll do worse than make me miserable as long as I live if you let them—kill Greta. You 'll be doing a bad service to England."

"You mean," he said, "that because she 's a woman—"

"Let *them* think that if they like!" She watched him hobble to the bell. "Oh, kind and dear—"

Two days Gavan spent seeing people, pulling strings, arguing, urging. Unblushingly he used his friends, he pledged his credit. He had never worked harder in his life; and then, to save their faces, the authorities said they had never intended the death-penalty for the woman. In England they did n't, and so on.

Napier took the news to Berkeley Street that same afternoon.

"But understand," he stood up before Nan's chair, leaning only on his stick, "it 's right to tell you, no power under heaven will make me either in the near future or the far future, *nothing* will make me raise a finger to have that woman set free."

"Free! Oh, no, she can't be allowed free."

"Very well," said Napier, relieved; "just so you understand."

"She 's lost her right to freedom."

He looked at her.

"And you don't think death is better?"

"Yes, death is better for Greta, but not for us. I mean, *we* could n't do it, nor let it be done as vengeance. That is n't for us."

His eyes followed her.

"Where are you going?"

"Going to push the little sofa to the fire. It 's bad for you to stand."

While he waited, not offering to help, just looking at her, a servant came in.

"Mr. Singleton, Miss, on the telephone. I 've connected this one."

Nan went up to Gavan with a harassed face. She did n't want to talk to Mr. Singleton.

"Could you, do you think—"

She left him at Sir James's writing-table, and went back to make the cushion comfortable.

"Oh, you 're speaking for her, are you?" Singleton said. "Well, you can tell her, then, that the play is *ausgespielt*."

"What do you mean?" Gavan's voice was sharp. "They did n't go back on their word?"

"No, no; and she took the finding of the court this morning gamely enough—death-sentence, commuted to imprisonment for life. They let me see her a minute before she was taken back to her cell. Game? Never saw anything like it till I proved to her that Ernst was acting for us. *That* got her! But when they came to take her away, she was quiet enough. 'Tired,' she said. Thought she 'd sleep at last. 'Rather a strain, these last days.' When they went in with her food—dead."

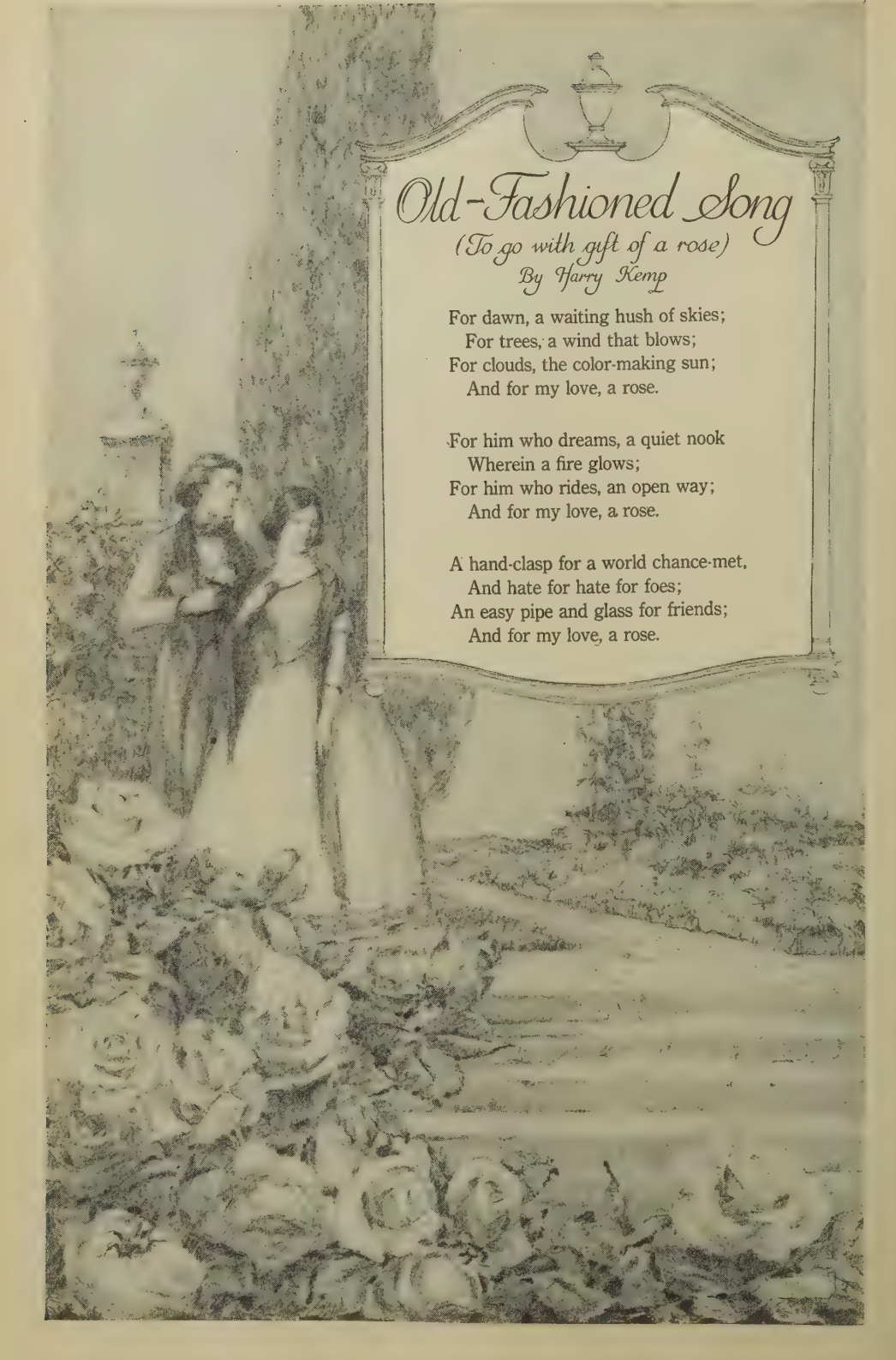
"What? Say it again."

"Dead!" Singleton repeated.

"Heart?"

"Not a bit of it. You remember my saying to you at Lamborough that we 'd found everything except a pinch of white powder? She had it all right, and she had the grit. Jove! I wish we had one or two to match her!"

Gavan hung up the receiver and turned back to the figure at the fire.



Old-Fashioned Song

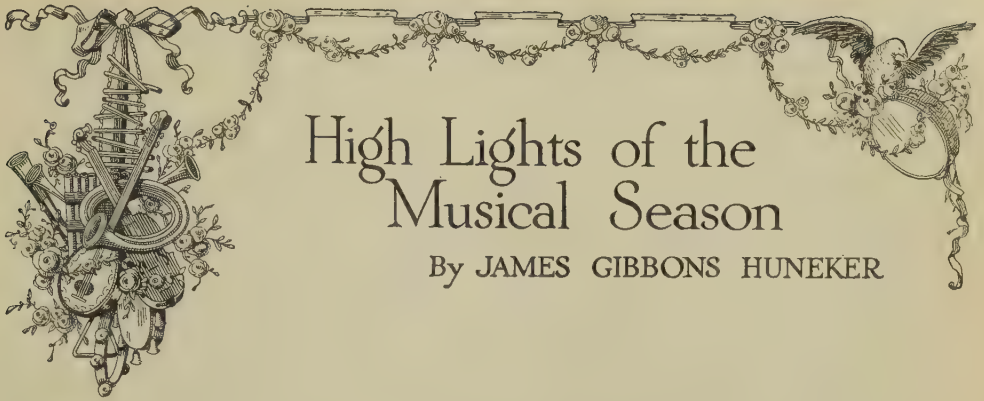
(To go with gift of a rose)

By Harry Kemp

For dawn, a waiting hush of skies;
For trees, a wind that blows;
For clouds, the color-making sun;
And for my love, a rose.

For him who dreams, a quiet nook
Wherein a fire glows;
For him who rides, an open way;
And for my love, a rose.

A hand-clasp for a world chance-met,
And hate for hate for foes;
An easy pipe and glass for friends;
And for my love, a rose.



High Lights of the Musical Season

By JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

“**M**R. HUNEKER, I presume.”

“Yes?”

“My name is Siedle. I am technical director of the Metropolitan Opera House.”

“Drop the mask and quit your fooling, Teddy,” I retorted. “I want you to pilot me about the shop.”

“Impossible, sir. The folks are rehearsing ‘La Reine Fiammette,’ but I’ll do what I can for you.” The technical director is rather rotund, and his hair gray; but the face is boyish, and he is always up to some prank. No one would suppose this placid American—with a marked English accent, for he is British born—carried, like Atlas, an entire world on his shoulders. We hear a lot, read more, of Caruso, of the other singers and the orchestra, and of Manager Gatti (for short), but good old Teddy represents a mainspring of the big yellow barn on upper Broadway. Without his omniscient ego an opera could easily become a concert; that is, there would be singing, but no opera, so much does the illusion of this hybrid, exotic art form depend upon stage settings and elaborate machinery. In such complicated matters Edward Siedle is monarch of all he surveys. And he has the invaluable coöperation of the young Pole, Stage-Director Richard Ordynski, and of Armando Agini, stage-manager.

It happened to be the scene in which Geraldine Farrar extinguishes with such incomparable grace and experience those candles that would have lighted the flowery road of the amorous queen to her lover, the mad monk. A thrilling

moment evidently suggested to the librettist, Catulle Mendès, by the candle-snuffing in “La Tosca,” but in this instance the “corpse” is a live one; hence the alacrity with which the queen acts as an enemy of the light: in “Tosca” her movements are more deliberate. *Scarpia*, murdered, no longer menaces. And with the exception of the malachite room, I can’t recall another thing about the Leroux opera. Of the music, naught. I do remember the flamboyant scenic settings of Boris Anisfeld and the gorgeous peacock—perhaps I should say peahen—which Miss Farrar showed us.

Mr. Siedle kept his word. I soared aloft on dizzy bridges, I dived into the bowels of the earth, where I was terrified by subterranean explosions—the new subway—or fascinated by the electric system, truly the nerve-ganglia of the opera-house. Mr. Siedle, who could pass as own brother to Secretary Lansing, finally washed his hands of the job and left me in the amiable custody of Librarian Lionel Mapleson, in whose interesting chamber I saw the plans of the new opera and one million signed photographs, more or less, of vanished operatic celebrities. It had been a busy morning and a memorable date.

I mention this rehearsal, which occurred January 22, 1919, as a typical high light of the operatic season at the Metropolitan. Putting aside the revivals of “Oberon” and “La Forza del Destino,” the remainder of the novelties of 1918-19 are quite as negligible as “La Reine Fiammette.” I am not a date-hound. I make this admission in a chastened mood, as I envy those math-

ematical minds that can build up a vast edifice of data from first performances, from total performances, from the nationalities of composers, and all the rest of the sorry luggage. They are absolutely necessary to the equipment of a music-critic, those cold figures; but, then, I am not a music-critic, never was, though "I 'opes to be," as the little girl said on London Bridge when asked of her future prospects. The reason I recall "La Forza del Destino," an ancient, rusty machine dug out of the debris of the Verdi boiler-shop, is because it served to introduce Rosa Ponselle to the New York public. This young woman of Italian parentage, born at Meriden, Connecticut, was formerly in vaudeville, the "other end of the sketch" being her sister—"The Ponzelli Sisters." Thus William Thorner, an exponent of the De Reszke vocal method,—"Il fabbricante delle prime donne,"—as Gatti-Casazza calls him, heard Rosa, and straightway her path was paved with the lyric gold of grand opera. She came. She sang. She conquered. I described her scale as seamless. No one taught her how to produce its "linked sweetness long drawn out," although I have been told that her singing was crude when her teacher took her in hand. But what a pure, silvery, natural voice! What a handsome girl! Not satisfied with sharing honors with Caruso in the absurd jumble of Verdi, she studied with Conductor Artur Bodanzky the difficult leading rôle in Weber's "Oberon," and because of her this antiquated, but beautiful, work was sung six times during the season. Her "Ocean, thou mighty monster," was for a mere girl a remarkable achievement. She still lacks many inches of the grandeur that was Lilli Lehmann's or Melba's, Ternina's or Olive Fremstad's, but she will, I hope, grow with the years. Miss May Callender, a seasoned vocal authority, suggested to me that the best thing Ponselle could do would be to flee the opera-house for several years and study in Europe—study by keeping eyes and ears open. Excellent idea, yet I fancy Miss Ponselle will go her own way heedless of advice. She is self-contained, a hard worker, ambitious, and she has the whole world before her. A couple of un-

happy marriages and happy divorces might work wonders in her artistic development. There are modern instances elsewhere that seem to indicate such possibilities.

The Puccini triptych, "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi," proved enjoyable, especially the last named of the trio, a veritable musical comedy, the best since "Falstaffo," though a hundred thousand miles below that masterpiece in artistic importance. "Suor Angelica" was a soporific despite the participation of Miss Farrar, and "Il Tabarro" only a shilling-shocker, a grand *guignol* thriller. The American trinity, "The Legend," "The Temple Dancer," and "Shanewis," the first two novelties, did not turn out well. The books and music are commonplace. "Shanewis" was revived for a solitary performance to fill in a sadly dull evening. It, too, does not belong to the Metropolitan. A few modifications in the texts of all three compositions would transform them into palatable material for the operetta stage. However, Manager Gatti did his duty, and we may only wonder over the dearth of good viable music and dramatic poems in this country. (I said wonder.)

The revival of "Crispino e la Comare" was a happy idea. It gave us an opportunity to see and hear Frieda Hempel in a new part and to applaud Antonio Scotti's superlative art. Miss Hempel was in the best of voices during the season, and in "La Traviata," "Marta," "Daughter of the Regiment," "L'Elisir d'Amore," she gave us delightful singing and acting. When "The Rose-Cavalier" is revived, we hope again to hear this finished artiste in one of her most charming impersonations. "Le Coq d'Or" was sung only five times. I wish it had been thrice that number, for it was an oasis in a wilderness of stale and stupid productions. Apart from the daring novelty of its scheme, singers and mimes separated, the freshness of the music is a joy forever. Maria Barrientos had not bettered, vocally speaking, her singing in this piece, though Mabel Garrison was a close second as the prophetic voice of the gilded rooster. Rosina Galli and Queenie Smith were both admirable, Rosina in particular a rare

apparition. The cast remained substantially the same. Adolf Bolm is always wonderful. A new Russian ballet, "Petrushka" by Stravinsky, was diverting enough, though hardly as significant as "Le Coq d'Or." Galli, Bolm, and Bonfiglio were principals.

Of Gounod's "Mireille," another revival, there is not much to say except that it had some pretty stage-pictures after designs by the great singing actor, Victor Maurel. The score is insipid, and the general performance was not exhilarating. Barrientos did some excellent acting, and the stalwart Clarence Whitehill had a sort of bull-fighter part in which he easily outshone his associates. He is the best toreador in "Carmen" since Del Puente, and the Lord only knows Georges Baklanoff of the Chicago Opera Company is startling. Charles Hackett, a young American tenor who has studied in Italy, made a promising début as *Alfredo*, but in "Mireille" has failed to impress at the première. Later in "Tosca" he won his vocal spurs as *Mario* and astonished us by the vigor of his singing and the virility of his acting. The various *Marios* from whom we have suffered faded into the limbo of inutile things after the sincere *Mario* of Mr. Hackett. He may go far if he so wills.

One of the most satisfactory revivals was "L'Amore dei Tre Re," for "Boris Godounoff" awaits the revivifying touch of Arturo Toscanini or Artur Bodanzky. The Montemezzi music to Sem Benelli's strong libretto is always worth hearing, even if the interpretation is not above the mediocre. Ferrari-Fontana, Lucrezia Bori, Amato, Didur, made the composition attractive. Caruso, season before last, sang *Avito*, but did not repeat the experiment. Martinelli promises well, and Florence Easton, in a single performance, at a few hours' notice, Claudia Muzio being ill, revealed possibilities of a high order. Miss Easton is one of the props of the institution. There are few works, indeed, which she cannot sing, although her opportunities are limited. Miss Farrar led in personal popularity, and her "Madama Butterfly," that ineffable muddle of sloppy sentiment, false Japanese lacquer, still sloppier music, headed

the list of all the operas, numerically speaking. To such desperate straits of bad taste has art fallen into at the Metropolitan.

Margarete Matzenauer, magnificent Meg, proved a Rock of Gibraltar during the season. Her *Dalila*, *Amneris*, *Fides*, *Azucena*, to name only four among her many rôles, brought home to her audiences the fact that she belongs to the race of great singers and actresses. She has the traditions of the grand manner and she has a beautiful voice.

Mabel Garrison, another American girl who has "arrived," made more than satisfactory débuts in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto." There were several flashes in the pan earlier in the year; names are not necessary to specify. "Faust," "Lodoletta," "Thais," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci,"—"the ham and eggs of Italian opera," as Fred Donaghey, the Chicago critic, has wittily rechristened them,—"*Bohème*," "*Marouf*"—pretty, decorative and bringing to us picturesque Frances Alda,—and the rest of the staple repertoire call for no particular comment. Like the rich and the discontented, we shall always have them with us. "Le Prophète," "Carmen," "Aida," brought Enrico Caruso, whose voice was in splendid condition from November till May. One shudders to think of what the box-office would be if Caruso stopped singing at the Metropolitan. He is the whole shooting match there, if you come down to brass tacks. We said the same when Jean de Reszke departed,—thrice wonderful Jean!—yet Caruso filled his place. Therefore Gatti should worry! However, golden-voiced Enrico may be trusted to be with us a long time. He is at the apogee of his career, the true "Coq d'Or" of the lyric stage.

As this is not a catalogue of singers, I shall ring down the curtain, merely noting that in De Luca, a veteran, the Metropolitan boasts a genuine artist. Good, pure singing is not too common nowadays. Incidentally, I wish to remark that I am probably one of the few living critics of music who has not volunteered to tell Manager Gatti-Casazza how to run his singing shop. Probably that is the reason I am not a "real" critic.

II

NOT having heard the Chicago Opera Association at the Lexington Theater during its 1918 season, I was prepared for the worst last January, when Manager Cleofonte Campanini, that mature young Lochinvar from out of the west, announced his five weeks of opera. What a tedious burden! I sighed for shoulders and ears already wearied with the squawking of squaws, the howling of braves in the wigwam over on Broadway. "A fly-by-night company," I was told by zealous upholders of local talent. With his formidable list of novelties Campanini did not endear himself to the critical tribe. To be sure, it was a relief to escape the seemingly endless repetition of shop-worn operas; nevertheless, no one likes to work overtime, and I am no exception to the rule. But Conductor Campanini—and he is a conductor—was obdurate. Night after night he had us nailed to our seats listening for something worth while, and usually listening in vain. After all the groaning of his musical mountain, one mouse emerged, a charming little mouse, "Le Chemineau," music by Xaver Leroux, who had suddenly died at Paris, the book by brilliant Jean Richepin, and that composition is the only one I can still recall with pleasure. It is simple drama, with music without a trace of the artificial, a quality absent in the work of this minor master. Its interpretation brought to us the best that is in Yvonne Gall, Alfred Maguenat, Georges Baklanoff, and Gustave Huberdeau. The novelty next in importance was "Loreley," by Alfredo Catalini, the story based on old Rhine legends, the music eclectic—question-begging word, simply meaning a lack of personal profile, with other men's ideas, no originality. Anna Fitziu, Alessandro Dolci, Florence Macbeth, Giacomo Rimini, and Virgilio Lazzari participated. Giorgio Polacco, a conductor of verve, though by no means a second Toscanini, made the most of the pallid scene.

"Fedora," by Giordano, is not so detestably meretricious as "Gismonda," though it is pretty thin stuff. Dorothy Jardon, also a graduate from vaudeville, —to which delectable no-man's-land of

art she has since returned,—was the *Fedora*, and a most imposing Dorothy she was. "Isabeau" was revived, and the best one can say of it is that "Lodolletta" is worse, that weakest offspring of the musical loins of Mascagni. "Monna Vanna" of Henri Fevrier, like the "Cleopatra" of Massenet, surely a senile music, depended entirely on the genius of Mary Garden. Then we had "Madama Butterfly," with Tamaki Miura to lend it vraiseemblance, and the inevitable Amelita Galli-Curci in "Linda," a revival, and in her other favorite rôles, of which "Dinorah" revealed her at her best. The little lady was a drawing card, although "Linda," her opening offering, was a "frost." But as *Violetta*, *Lucia*, and in "Crispino e la Comare," she soon recovered the missing legions and their vociferous applause. Her *Annetta* in the Ricci Brothers' operetta is not comparable to Miss Hempel's version, any more than the cobbler of Vittorio Trevisau, amusing as it was, can be compared with the finished *Crispino* of Scotti. Galli-Curci did not disclose anything new during her stay. Her personality is attractive, her voice warm, velvety, and of a lovely legato in the middle register, so-called. Her fireworks did not splutter, she did not sing flat as often as in 1918, and her acting, always conventional, was more spontaneous, especially as *Dinorah*. That she will never be a great coloratura singer, as were Melba, Sembrich, Patti, or even Tetrizzini, is a foregone conclusion; nor do we care for her art in song recital, though as a singer of certain songs she will be remembered. At times there is a lark-like quality in her tones that woos the hearing. I confess, notwithstanding my critical strictures, that I enjoy listening to Amelita with the Renaissance face and the mid-Victorian curls.

For me Miss Garden was the artistic magnet of the Chicago season. Whether as *Mélisanda* or *Manna Vanna*, as *Jean* in "Le Jongleur," or as *Cleopatra*, she displayed the extraordinary gifts of miming and singing. She was each one of these widely dissimilar characters, and her voice changed color to match the rôles in a manner that would make a chameleon envious. Too

much stress has been laid upon her personal beauty. The truth is that Mary Garden can make herself ugly in person, mood, voice, when she so desires. She is quick-silver that escapes the measuring eyes of the critical surgeons. Baffling this versatility of moods, but you may have noted that with all her temperamental play, every pose, gesture, attitude, every pace, inflection, and facial expression, are carefully studied. The cerebral element in her various interpretations predominates; yet she is variable, charming, disquieting, enigmatic. The sunny, irresponsible charm of *Jean*, the almost spectral and other-worldliness of *Mélisande*; and the touch of grandeur in her *Monna*, at finish tenderly self-sacrificing, then tragically despairing; or the less admirable *Gismonda*, that panther, queenly drab; or the cruel, lascivious *Cleopatra*; or *Thaïs*, courtesan and saint, who dies, her heart a live coal of desire—the roll-call is a long one, especially if we go back to her “*Traviata*,” which I saw in Paris; her *Louisa*, *Salome*, and *Aphrodite*. Needless here to expatiate upon her superlative merits, which are still challenged by those who do not realize that a new art has been born of which Miss Garden is the supreme exponent. That she will direct her own theater some day in New York is more than a possibility. Huysmans wrote that “he who carries his own most intimate emotions to their highest point becomes the first in file of a long series of men.” Change the sex, and you have Mary Garden, a pioneer. She stems from French lyric and dramatic art in its best estate. She is individual and she has imitators. If she is alluring, there is also an astringent quality in her art and personality that keeps both tonic. She is never entirely the voluptuous charmer of the footlights, but a rare artiste with brains as well as beauty.

III

I HAVE perhaps given too much space to operatic happenings, but I do so because of the paucity of novel music in the concert-hall. Good singers, pianists, violinists, orchestras, conductors, we

have had in abundance, but new music of a lofty character only too little, and I was unlucky enough to have missed the most significant works of the year. I refer to the Lincoln-Gettysburg symphonic poem by Rubin Goldmark, one of the most gifted among contemporary composers; and Charles Martin Loeffler's string quartet written in commemoration of valiant Victor Chapman, who sacrificed his young life while battling for his country. The string quartet by Fritz Kreisler I had to forego because of indisposition. The most promising among native-born composers are John Powell and Alden Carpenter. Otherwise, I cannot say much in praise of the novelties I did hear, with the exceptions of some music made by Russians, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Leo Ornstein, and Serge Prokofieff. Among the singers in concert I most enjoyed Emma Roberts, Mabel Garrison, Alma Gluck, Mary Garden, Reinald Werrenrath, John McCormack, Yvonne Gall, Merle Alcock, and Emilio de Gogorza. The pianists were headed by Leopold Godowsky and Josef Hofmann. I should have better liked it if they had been fewer in number. They were an army terrible with technic. For the most part they were like peas in a pod, a resemblance heightened by a sickening similarity in programs. Harold Bauer was different, and so was Ossip Gabrilowitsch; they always are. On the score of sensuous pleasure I have not heard any one to excel the Brazilian, Guiomar Novaes, whose luscious contralto touch—what other voice but contralto like Matzenauer's “*chalameau*” register!—and lucid style would have pleased Anton Rubinstein. Among the fledglings Winifred Byrd has a future if she does not let that cerebral mechanism crowd out the emotional element in her nature. But of all the talents, Mischa Levitzki is the most charming. Nor should I forget John Powell and Alfred Cortot. There are a dozen other girls I should dearly love to throw bouquets to,—my aura in 1919 is distinctively inclined to the distaff side of the human family,—but space and the high charges of florists inhibit my desires. Unquestionably, the most hellish joy I experienced was hearing Serge Prokofieff play his own concerto for piano and

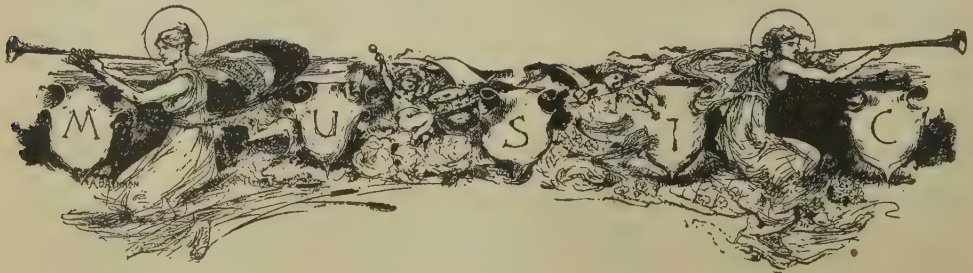
orchestra, written in eleven keys and thirty-nine rhythms. But clever! In virtuoso piano-playing, this young Neo-Scythian has few equals. Here is the new music with a vengeance. Schoenberg and Stravinsky are classical in comparison; Prokofieff is a dynamic genius.

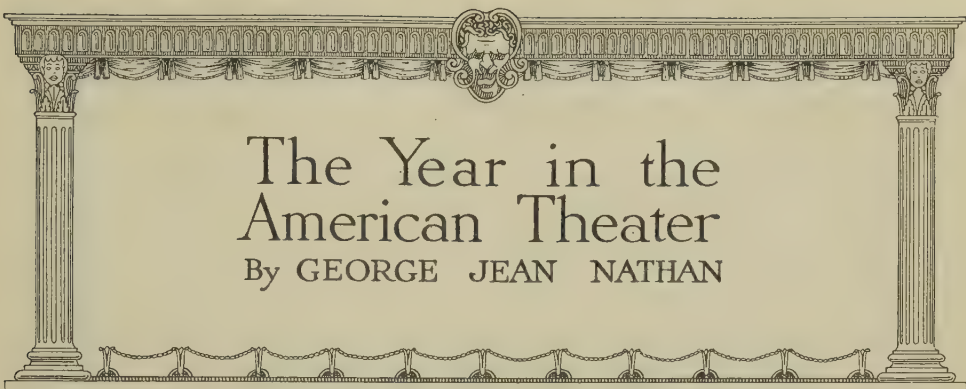
Certainly none but a musical glutton would complain of a dearth of orchestral concerts. To put it mildly, the half in this case would have been better than the whole. With the Philharmonic, the Symphony Society, the Russian Symphony Orchestras, we got along nicely; then there were the ten concerts of the Boston Orchestra, and five matinées by the Philadelphia organization of which Leopold Stokowski is the conductor. This orchestra announces five evening concerts for next season, a mistake to my way of thinking. As an afternoon diversion sandwiched between Monday and Wednesday attractions the Philadelphia band was all very well; evening concerts may prove quite another matter. However, Mr. Stokowski is a prima-donna conductor, a young man of personal charm and undeniable musical gifts. He pleases the ladies, and that way lies success here, though not necessarily artistic salvation. The Boston Orchestra is again to change leaders, the distinguished composer of "Marouf," Henri Rabaud, having resigned. Pierre Monteux, who conducted the first pair of concerts in New York last November, will resume his position at the head of the band next autumn. He is said to be more at home in front of an orchestra than in opera. Both the Philharmonic and Symphony Society orchestras did not surpass their accustomed pedestrian gait. Walter Damrosch or Josef Stransky: Safe, sane, and soporific. You pay your money, and make your choice. As a matter of record, the Russian Symphony

Orchestra, Modest Altschuler, conductor, presented more interesting novelties, withal Russian, than the other four organizations combined. The New Symphony Orchestra, of which Edgar Varese directed one concert, is yet in a chrysalis state. If Artur Bodanzky could be persuaded to continue as its conductor, then something good would be bound to result. Bodanzky is not only one of the great living conductors, but he is the greatest conductor in America, and his versatility is not confined to opera. His two appearances in May were personal triumphs.

I have not dwelt on the horrors of our local choral singing. Why gild cab-bages? In the world of four strings Mischa Elman is still monarch; Jascha Heifetz his artistic consort. No lovelier tone has been heard than the tone this Narcissus coaxes from his magic fiddle. The woods are full of Leopold Auer pupils, and then along comes a Fritz Kneisel pupil, Sascha Jacobsen, who makes us all sit up. The violoncellists were not numerous this year, brilliant Hans Kindler of the Philadelphia Orchestra heading them. Maurice Dambois has an ingratiating style; and the great Spaniard Casals, where has he been? *Hasta la vista, Pablo!*

And now what music gave me unalloyed pleasure, purely absolute music? Can't you guess? Of course, the Flonzaley Quartet, unique among string-players. Such music as they made will outlive in my brain-cells all the lath and plaster, electricity and costumes, screaming and other expensive noises of grand opera. Having registered my personal likes and limitations,—about all any critic is able to compass,—may Phœbus Apollo spare me another such musical season as the one just past! Furthermore deponent saith not. Good wine needs no Flatbush.





The Year in the American Theater

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THOUGH artistically a period of mean and negligible achievement, the theatrical season of 1918-19 has witnessed the peculiar and astonishing phenomenon of the budding of New York as the theater capital of the world. To what degree of flower, if any, this budding is destined to attain only the future may accurately show; yet the fact remains that here and now the American theater as an institution is enjoying its day in court as the dominating influence upon the world's stage.

To this eminence, in all probability but temporary, various things have conduced. Though engaged with every available resource in the World War, the geographical position of the United States was such that the shock of cannon was far removed from its shores. The shock of cannon, sounding close to London and Petrograd, Berlin and Paris, disturbed for the time being what controlling influences the theaters of these several capitals exercised over one another and, more important, what emphatic influences they severally and separately had constantly exercised over the American theater. Thus from the misfortunes of these theaters the American theater profited; and, profiting, seized forthwith the dictatorship. For, extravagantly buoyant cables to the contrary notwithstanding, the theater prospers on a large scale only in an atmosphere of comparative calm,—physical calm, if not mental,—and for one great war-time popular success in Lon-

don like "Romance," for one in Berlin like "The Czardas Princess," for one in Paris like "Kit," and one in Petrograd like the revival of "Night Shelter," there were for three years innumerable stark failures. London, with the war coming to its close, retrieved some of its antecedent stride. But the Berlin theater is still in the grip of the war echoes; and so, too, is the brave theater of Petrograd; and so, too—for one need only read into the wholesale transference of theater leases to believe—is the theater of Paris.

In every nation, whatever the turmoil into which that nation may be projected, there are, of course, certain small groups of persons in whom the love for the theater is so deeply inborn that nothing can make them desert its stalls; and in the several war-racked capitals these groups have kept the life-blood in the theaters of those capitals. But the theater of a nation is not the theater that can be supported by small groups; it is the theater, fortunately or unfortunately, of the great masses of the people. Upon this theater, this theater of England and France, of Russia and Germany, the war dropped temporarily the curtain. For a nation does not go to the theater when its heart is either trembling or broken. It seeks the theater, as the majority of men seek alcoholic liquor, primarily when it is care-free and happy. And though the heart of America was with these trembling and broken hearts among its allies, the truth remains that its own heart, until Château-Thierry, was largely the heart

that aches not so much for its own as for others. Nor was it a heart a-tremble, for the tide of war seemed to turn with the unfurling of the American flag on the battle-line, and from the moment of that unfurling there was a cocksureness on this shore, and small misgiving. Thus the vital theater mood departed from the peoples of Europe, and remained with the American people; and thus the American theater not only kept its enormous public of the earlier war-years, but, by virtue of the increasing confidence of the American people in the outcome of the conflict, added to that public in such great numbers that the theatrical season recently concluded proved—the statistics are readily accessible—the most amazingly prosperous financial season in the history of the theater of the world.

So great has this prosperity been that it has surprised even the most optimistic among the American managers and producers. Plays that in other years would have been dire failures have run many weeks to paying houses, and plays that in other years would have been only moderately successful have enjoyed a roaring trade. Though this has not been true on so large a scale throughout the rest of the country as in New York, it is true that many cities have similarly experienced their greatest theatrical season, that other cities heretofore regarded as dubious theater towns have changed overnight into theatrical gold-mines, and that still other cities whose general theatrical prosperity has not been so great have yet made box-office records in the instances of certain weeks. Thus Washington and Detroit, never heretofore regarded as so-called "good" theater towns, became in this last season two of the most profitable cities in the country. Thus St. Louis paid out in a single week the record price of thirty-one thousand dollars to see a single attraction. Thus Philadelphia, one of the least profitable of the large cities, showed a greater profit—greater by over sixty thousand dollars—on its leading theater than it had ever shown before.

These are not the merely sordid facts they may seem to some. As only a mil-

lionaire, whatever the depth or quality of his artistic appreciations, can buy the finest art treasures, so can only a rich theater buy the treasures of new dramatic art and present them as they should be presented. There is much nonsense written contrariwise by amiable souls who agreeably believe that the best dramatists are glad to give away their plays for nothing if only to serve the cause of art, and who believe further that these plays may be presented with rare beauty in side-street little theaters by amateurs who are occultly able to make thirty-eight dollars worth of cheese-cloth look like three thousand dollars worth of Gordon Craig. The notion gained from reading breathless articles by visiting school-teachers to the effect that the greatest art theater in Russia, if not in the world, was operated with the few dollars taken in from the small audiences is a notion more pretty than true. The greatest art theater in Russia, if not in the world, enjoyed from its inception the fat and liberal sustaining purse of a wealthy champion, without which it could never have existed. Reinhardt and his fine enterprises in the enemy capital were financed by wealthy Berlin society people. The Odéon of Antoine and the National of Stockholm were subventioned theaters. And even our own Washington Square Players, though it is not generally known, were compelled to rely, for all their noble effort to make cheese-cloth look like satin, on the bank-book of Mr. Otto Kahn. Though these young impresarios did much excellent work, the fact persists that, when Mr. Kahn withdrew his life-giving purse in order to devote that purse to the institution in America of Copeau's Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, the art theater of the Washington Square Players had to throw up the sponge and close its doors.

The most grasping dramatists are generally not, as is commonly supposed, the hack playwrights of Broadway, the Strand, and the boulevards, but the best, or at least the most famous, dramatists. Rostand, with the help of shrewd counselors, practised upon Charles Frohman's French agent an auction sale of the American rights of "Chantecler" so adroitly manipulated

that Frohman was compelled to pay an exorbitant price for those rights. Shaw's contract, which he has written himself and caused to be printed at his own expense, is three feet long and, in addition to demanding a flat fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts,—the customary percentage is five, seven and one-half, and ten per cent. on the first five thousand, seven thousand five hundred, and ten thousand dollars respectively,—clairvoyantly demands a share of all tickets sold to hotel agencies and speculators at an advance over the box-office price. To obtain the plays of such dramatists as these takes not mere "art talk," as the Rialto phrase has it, but cold hard cash, and a great deal of it. To obtain even the good theater plays of such considerably lesser playwrights as Sacha Guitry, it is necessary, as in the instance of the latter's "Dubureau," acquired by Mr. David Belasco, and "L'Illusioniste," acquired by Mr. A. H. Woods, to put up a substantial bonus of from five to ten thousand dollars.

A theater may have Shakspeare and Molière for the asking, but it cannot have the best in modern drama unless its purse is well lined. A poor theater, further, though it may have Shakspeare and Molière for the mere taking, cannot present Shakspeare and Molière beautifully, satisfactorily, however much one may pretend, for the brave poor theater's sake, that it can. And it is because the American theater is to-day the richest theater the world has ever known that it possesses the power to make of itself the greatest theater in the world. How it will use that power, whether, indeed, it will even lift its arm to use it at all, we must wait—and waiting, hope; and hoping, doubt—to see.

Never has a theater been invested with so splendid a trust and opportunity; and, to come to the fact, never has a theater, dripping as this theater with gold, contemptuously turned upon that trust and opportunity a nose so cold and disdainful. For in this period of unparalleled potentiality, a period when fine and beautiful plays might for once have been rewarded with the support of the great crowds that, crowding, had willy-nilly to crowd into something somewhere—for in this unusual period

the American theater has exerted its world influence with the soul of a stock-broker and the conscience of a harlot. It has used this influence, bestowed upon it by the roguish gods, to import trash, export trash, produce trash, deify trash. When it might have brought over all but one or two (these latter, Germans) of the great producing artists of the European theater,—for some of them have suggested that they lacked only the invitation to come,—it brought over instead only a second-rate French mimic of the masters and a second-rate ex-employee of the Russian leaders. Lugne Poë, who came to America of his own will, got never a curious ear, and departed promptly, and probably not without an amused smile, for more hospitable South America. And Gordon Craig, eager to present his ideas to the American theater, was allowed to twiddle his thumbs in far off Rapallo. When it might readily and cheaply have brought over a new beauty, the American theater brought over nothing; and when it might readily and reasonably have built itself up from within, it did but little more. Thus the richest year that the American theater or any other theater has known has been the poorest year that the American theater or any other theater has known.

From all the many American professional dramatic producing managers probably only Arthur Hopkins stands out persistently to-day as one who, for all his periodic excursions into banality, has the best interests of his nation's theater at heart. For the rest, we find only professional business men who frankly confess that they regard the theater as a sales-shop and so cater to it, and other professional business men who regard the theater equally as a mere sales-shop and so cater to it, but who, by way of gratifying their vanity through fascinating the impressible yokel, make themselves up to look like profound art-lovers and employ expensive press-agents to invent and proclaim all the qualities they lack. Hopkins himself, true enough, is no stunning virtuoso, no great man of the theater; there is in him also a share of hocus-pocus: but, unlike these others, he does usually the best he can do as beautifully

as he can do it, and above these others, as by Mill's familiar observation, he thus relatively high lifts his head. With Ziegfeld, the unduly dismissed Ziegfeld, who has brought to the American stage the greatest music-show richness and beauty that the modern music-show stage knows, Hopkins has brought consistently to the American stage the only new flash of genuinely enduring grace and beauty that it in turn has known in the last decade. There have been flashes of beauty before and since,—Faversham brought such a flash with his "Othello," Ames with his "Betrothal," and these are by no means all,—but each of these has been a flash that has lasted only for a moment, a bit of moon flashing fleetingly upon the jungle from behind the clouds, a flash that has been most often preceded or followed by surrender to the old producing and production rubber-stamps.

Ames has of late, in the main, squandered his time, his resources, and his equipment upon weak and petty manuscripts. Belasco has in the main devoted his energies to the production of lugubrious piffle. Williams is constantly announcing first-rate plays, but not producing them. Stuart Walker has produced Dunsany's and Tarkington's "Seventeen," on the one hand, and a score of amateurish pseudo-art products of the Greenwich Village accent, on the other. Fiske, when he emerges from his cave, does good work, but he emerges only at great intervals. And the rest, taking it by and large, is silence. Save, again, Hopkins. For Hopkins, as he is generally an exception in the matter of direction and producing, is also relatively more often an exception in at least the effort, if by no means always the accomplishment, to lift the native stage composition above the grade of dramatic writing in which Smith and Wesson have superseded Meilhac and Halévy.

What, specifically, has the last season in the American professional theater revealed? It has revealed, out of its literal deluge of new plays—there have been as many as eight and nine new productions made in certain single weeks—it has revealed, out of all these hundred

and one productions up to the hour of my writing (May 1), an extreme maximum of twelve plays that might—with in half the instances an excessive stretch of the imagination—be conceivably pictured as capable of engaging the attention of a man or woman of the average breeding, manners, habits, tastes, education, and intelligence.

The best of these plays, and by long odds, was Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," presented briefly in the repertory of Mr. Walker. In the qualities of imagination and fancy this small derisory satire stood head and shoulders above the general produce of the local stage, a vividly impressive fable of the didos of the droll deities who hide in the hills and pass sentence upon the heads of kings and men. Inferior to its author's masterpiece, "The Gods of the Mountain," it yet carried with it much of the same eery and melodious power, and the same sterling technic of contriving the essentially untheatrical in terms of the strikingly theatrical. For the rest, what were the plays marked as being conceivably interesting to the theater-goer who makes bold to seek in the playhouse a somewhat more subtle entertainment than is provided through promiscuous drama of the kidney wherein Chinese girls beloved of rich young American polo-players conveniently turn out in the last act to be Swedish maidens who were stolen from fashionable English boarding schools at the age of six by Italian white slavers, and comedy of the polite sort wherein laughter is chiefly solicited with such injunctions as "Perkins, please to refrain from addressing me as 'My Lady,'" followed by the rejoinder, "Yes, my Lady"?

These plays, in the most extravagantly liberal estimate, were "Tea for Three," an adaptation by Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue from the Austro-Hungarian "Am Teetisch" of Karl Slaboda, presented by Messrs. Selwyn; Tolstoy's "Living Corpse," locally named "Redemption," presented by Mr. Hopkins; "Sleeping Partners," an adaptation by Mr. Seymour Hicks from Sacha Guitry's boulevard *divertissement*, "Faisons un Rêve," presented by Mr. Williams; "Be Calm, Camilla," by Miss

Clare Kummer, presented by Mr. Hopkins; "The Betrothal" of Maeterlinck, presented by Mr. Ames; "Dear Brutus," by Barrie, presented by the Frohman management; "The Gentile Wife," by Miss Rita Wellman, presented by Mr. Hopkins; "The Marquis de Priola" of Lavedan, presented by the actor-manager, Mr. Leo Ditrichstein; "Molière" by Mr. Philip Moeller, presented by the actor-manager, Mr. Henry Miller; "The Jest," adapted by Mr. Edward Sheldon from Sem Benelli's "La Cena delle Beffe," presented by Mr. Hopkins; and Miss Zoë Akins's "Papa," presented by Mr. F. C. Whitney.

Of these plays, to speak critically, not more than three or four are entitled to any degree of serious consideration. "The Gentile Wife," despite a certain formlessness and the several weaknesses and excursions exhibited in the manipulation of fable and philosophy, is the first long play written by its author and, as such, not without a surprising and quite unusual merit. It is, indeed, one of the few engaging dramas contributed to the American theater by an American playwright in the last five years, a retreatment of the racial problem already set forth variously in half a hundred plays of the nature of "Professor Bernhardt," "The House Next Door," "The Vanquishers," "Behind the Walls," etc., that at once makes no sentimental compromise with the Hebraic influences largely operative in the local theater and no gesture toward mere amateurish sensationalism. "The Marquis de Priola," written seventeen years ago, is one of Lavedan's weakest endeavors. The typical French dramatic over-emphasis and exaggeration contrive to delete the manuscript of sound effectiveness; and the play, whatever view one takes of it, was already an old and familiar play to persons interested in the theater long before its delayed local exhibition. Miss Akins's "Papa," probably the best Continental farce comedy written by an American, if I may so describe it, has similarly long been available in book form, and was similarly familiar to the better-grade theater-goer long before it was exhibited in the theater. The same thing holds true of Tolstoy's "Living Corpse,"

a greatly overestimated piece of dramatic writing that is, at best, but third-rate.

"Be Calm, Camilla," much inferior to Miss Kummer's "Good Gracious, Annabelle," is a graceful performance, but of little or no consequence. "The Betrothal," beautifully produced by Mr. Ames, is intrinsically Maeterlinckian pish-posh of the deceptively gaudy sort that appeals curiously to a group of persons who, in all other matters, are moderately intelligent. "Dear Brutus" is pale Barrie, the last gasp of a successful sentimentalist. "Tea for Three" is light, amusing Viennese comedy, excellently adapted. "Sleeping Partners," as before observed, is amiable boulevard froth by the cleverest young man in Paris, though far beneath his best work. "Molière" is stiff biographical comedy-drama; and "The Jest," colorful and theatrically effective, is at bottom only a second-rate opera libretto.

Surely there is small splendor in the record of such a year. Two dramas and two light comedies of some worth, or approximate worth, alone emerge from the debris. As against this lonely quartet, two interesting performances of "Hamlet" by the actors Walter Hampden and Fritz Leiber, and the named handful of plays that, though at best of extremely dubious merit, still may be considered to lift themselves above the incontrovertibly meritless ruck, the American theater took advantage of its rare opportunity only to dump upon its stages, with a beaver-like assiduity, more piffle *coups*, pot-boilers, and eighth-rate masterpieces than it had ever in a single season dumped before.

The great and rich subject of war, seized on, as may be imagined, by any number of native playwrights, provided these latter only with such Dutch comedian vaudeville sidewalk conversations as "Friendly Enemies," such spoken motion-pictures as "Three Faces East," and the species of dramatized dime novel in which the supposed German spy casts aside his disguise at the finale, announces himself as of the United States Secret Service, and claps the chains upon the sinister aliens with whom he has made himself intimate. On the side of importation, there were

only such amplified London music-hall protean sketches as "Under Orders," and such French inflammations as "Where Poppies Bloom," the rubber-stamp appeal to the patriotic emotionalism brought about by decking out the two male angles of the ante-bellum triangle in military uniforms. In addition to these "war-plays," of which there were about twenty, the stages were occupied chiefly by crude Park Row attempts at risqué boulevard farce, turning inevitably upon the occupancy of a bed; stereotyped detective fables in which figured the theft of precious necklaces or priceless jewels; amateurish revampings of the ubiquitous Cinderella story; Chicago exposés of New York society; extravagantly sentimental comedies in which the pleasurable yokel heart-ache was wooed with quasi-darling stage children; melodramas and comedies the plots of which were motivated by aphasia and amnesia; the usual number of usual "crook" plays patterned after such successes of several seasons ago as "Get-Rick-Quick Wallingford" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; the customary heavy-handed imitations of Shaw; and the customary dramatizations of third-rate magazine stories.

Then, too, were exhibited the usual number of so-called uplift plays wherein the young leading woman, her face illuminated by a spot-light, recites the legends of the cloud and its lining and of the darkest hour and the dawn; of "star vehicles" in which the venerable leading lady is provided with the opportunity to appear first as herself and then as a girl in her teens; of risqué farcical revampings of the pursuit theme in which the ancient chase after the scrap of paper becomes the chase after a lady's undergarment; of reduplications of such mother-love dramas as "East Lynne" and "Madame X," such propaganda clinics as "Maternity," and such sentimental back-slapping, toast-drinking comedies as "When We Were Twenty-one." This, impressionistically, was the character of the bulk of the season's dramatic fare; this, with the minor exception noted, the quality of the American stage in the most prosperous year it has ever known.

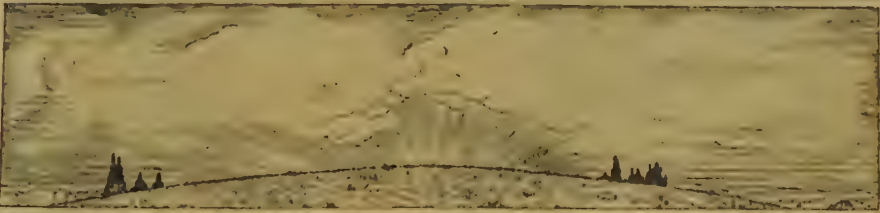
For the time being the dominating stage of the world, the American stage has seen fit to exert the enormous influence thus given it, at home only in terms of increasingly strepitous Punch and Judy, abroad only in terms of boodle. In its year of greatest hope, greatest promise, and greatest challenge, it has sent abroad to the stricken theaters of its allies not a single first-rate or even respectable American play, not a single example of what theatric art it has accomplished, not a single thing that might reflect a moment's credit upon it as an institution and bring it to be admired and respected. When it might have exported a play by some American who has tried sincerely to write for the stage rather than for the stalls, it has exported instead only its cheapest melodramas and most imitative farces. To retort here that the American theater is not responsible, that it could export only what the foreign importer called for, that it obviously might not dictate the foreign taste, is to believe that the American theater itself might not import, as it has on occasion in previous seasons imported, the plays of such as Galsworthy, Hervieu, and Hauptmann on the theory that its public preferred the stuff of Horace Annesley Vachell, Alexandre Bisson, and Blumenthal and Kadelburg.

The honor of a theater is ever in the hands of the few, whether in its own country or whether in its estimate and appraisal at alien hands. And to this honor, this elevation to a position of respect, this reception as an institution with some artistic quality or force, the American theater has failed, on trial, to aspire. It made not a single step to avail itself of its uncommon grant. Not a single step? Yes, one. And that step was made not by the American dramatic theater, but by the American music-show theater. For it was left to the American Ziegfeld alone, whose taste and talent have given to the world its most beautifully adorned and soundly artistic music-show stage, to grasp the opportunity of the American year and to dictate to Europe an American standard of beauty in the lighter form of theatrical entertainment that it had never known before.



ETCHINGS
By ERNEST HASKELL

*The Baby Sequoia
The General Sherman
The Cypress Vale
The Head of the Ostrich
The Cemetery Live-Oak
The Hill of Dreams
Stevenson's House*

















The American Mind

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IN England there developed long ago, perhaps as far back as the days of Shakspeare, who was aristocratic in his tastes and democratic in his sympathies, a curious political animal called the radical-conservative. The radical-conservative, as Lord Fitzmaurice once said, is a man who would have been a radical outright if radicals had not been dissenters; by which he clearly meant that the species agreed with radical principles, but objected to radicals because they did not have good manners, seldom played cricket, and never belonged to the best clubs. Therefore the radical-conservative stays in his own more congenial class while working for social justice toward all other classes. He is willing to vote with the conservative party in return for concessions in labor laws, inheritance taxes, or the safeguarding of public health.

Thence arises the curious circumstance, most mystifying to foreigners, that a good share of the really progressive legislation in Great Britain of the last half-century has been led by young gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge who have no more intention of becoming part of the proletariat than of leaving off their collars and going without baths. Bismarck was an out-and-out conservative who for his own nefarious ends furthered what a Rhode Island Republican or an Ulster Tory would call radical measures. But Lord Robert Cecil in our own day is a convinced aristocrat, as befits a son of Lord Salisbury, who is more sincerely effective than

many Liberals in various movements which we are accustomed to call reform.

The conservative-liberal is quite a different animal and far commoner, far more familiar to Americans, even if they have never called him by that name. His habitat is America, and thanks to the populousness of this country, he is beginning to have a very important influence outside of his habitat. To define him is difficult, but for purposes of rough classification he may be said to be the man whose native liberal instincts have been crystallized by a combination of interesting circumstances—and sometimes petrified. He is the man who was born a liberal in a liberal country and intends to remain as he was born. He is the man who will fight for the freedom proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence against any later manifestation of the revolutionary spirit. He believes in conserving in unaltered purity the principles of life, government, and industry that his forefathers rightly believed to be liberal. In brief, he is a revolutionary turned policeman, a progressive who stands pat upon his progress, a conservative-liberal. I believe that he is our closest approximation to a typical American mind.

Whether familiar or not, the effects of this political disease—for it is a disease, a hardening of the arteries of the mind—are easily observable all about us in the America of 1919. Indeed, we see them so frequently that they awaken no surprise, are scarcely seen at all in any intellectual sense of the word. They are like our clear atmosphere, our mix-

ture of races, our hurried steps—things we scarcely notice until an outsider speaks of them. I am not an outsider. I am so much a part of America that I find it difficult to detach myself from a mood that is mine in common with many other Americans. And yet, once one sees it plainly, the educated conservatism of liberal America becomes portentous, a unique political phenomenon.

I think that this peculiarity of our political thinking first became evident to me on an ocean voyage in war-time. There were a score or so of Americans on board, members, most of them, of various government missions, picked business men, picked professional men, thoroughly intelligent, intensely practical, and entirely American. They were democratic, too, as we use the word in America; that is, good "mixers," free from snobbery, and nothing new in action was alien to their sympathies. They could remold you a business or a legal practice in half an hour's conversation; tear down an organization and build it up again between cigars. Their committee meetings went off like machine-guns, whereas the English officers and trade diplomats, when they got together, snarled themselves in set speeches and motions and took an afternoon to get anywhere. The English, indeed, seemed puzzled and a little dazed by the ease with which the Americans seized upon and put through reorganization of any kind. They seemed positively to leap at change, so long as basic ideas were not involved. "Nothing," said an Indian colonel, "is sacred to them. They would scrap the empire and build a new one—on paper—at sixty miles an hour."

He was quite wrong. The system my countrymen lived by permitted change, urged change, up to a certain point. They would demolish a ten-story building to erect one of twenty or scrap thousands of machines in order to adopt a better process, but when it came to principles and institutions they were conservative. The founders of their social and political order had been almost a century ahead of the times. The instruments of life and of government they had provided had served with

slight modifications for the free-moving America of the nineteenth century. It had been a game for Americans, and a splendid one, to realize the liberality and democracy possible under the Constitution, to work out the independence available for the common man in a rich and undeveloped country in which his political power guaranteed him every advantage that could be gained in a capitalistic system, including the acquisition of capital. It had been a splendid game, and our wits had been sharpened, our faculties strengthened, our prosperity fortified, our self-confidence enormously increased in playing it. Given our rules, we could play the game more resourcefully than any other people on earth. And they were wise rules, which provided for growth, but not for a different kind of contest. We were so sure that America stood for freedom, independence, and liberality in general that we could not take seriously people who did not believe in democracy, nor conceive that there might be an idea of democracy different from our own.

Indeed, on board that ship, a curious experience came to all of us, Englishmen, Americans, and I, the humble observer, when in the course of argument or conference the theories of life upon which we were variously living came momentarily into view. The Americans, it was clear, were certain that they were the most progressive people in the world. This certainty was like the fixed dogma of a Roman Catholic; it gave them elasticity and daring. Being sure of their principles, so sure as to be almost unaware of them, they ignored precedents, and solved or dismissed problems with equal ease. They made plans for a league of nations, they approved of a temporary autocracy for the President, they put the labor question on a business basis, and so disposed of it; they were afraid of nothing but a failure to act and act quickly. Nevertheless, as they talked and worked with the English, it became increasingly evident that their road ended in a wall.

There were walls on the English road, too,—walls of caste thinking and social privilege that seemed as ridiculous as a moat around an office building. Our wall was invisible to most of us,

and as a body we never tried to pass it at all. It was the end wall of our liberal ideas, beyond which, if we thought of it at all, presumably lay socialism, anarchy, chaos.

Just that far the American mind, like some light tank, ran, surmounting everything, taking to the fields if the road was blocked, turning, backing, doing everything but stop; only to halt dead at the invisible barrier, and zigzag back again. By such a free-moving process within the limits of law we had scrambled across a continent in turbulent, individualistic exploitation, and yet had built a sound political system carefully and well. And there we had stopped, convinced that we had solved the problem of democracy and equal opportunity for all. This explains why America is twenty years behind the best of Europe in social economic reform. (To be sure, Europe needed reform more than we did.) This is what it is to be a conservative-liberal.

The Englishman is different. He is much more likely to be an obstinate Tory, blocking all advance, and living, as far as he is able, by a system as antiquated as feudalism; or if not a Tory, then an out-and-out radical eager for a legal revolution. But in either case he knows what different-minded men are thinking; and if there is a wall on his road, he looks over it. If he is a Tory, he understands radicalism and fights it because he prefers an inequality that favors him to a more logical system that might be personally disagreeable. If he is a radical, he understands Toryism. But the American conservative-liberal acknowledges no opinion except his own. He insists, in the words of a contemporary statesman, that the American system, as founded by our forefathers, is the best in the world, and he is not interested in others. There are a thousand proofs that it is not the best possible system even for America, and plenty of them are in print—proofs advanced by capitalists as well as labor leaders, by Catholics as well as socialists; but they do not trouble him, because he neither hears nor reads them. It is easier to call the writer a crank or a Bolshevik.

This is the liberal-conservative mind

that will not look beyond its own fixed principles and refuses to understand those who differ from it; that suffers a kind of paralysis when confronted by genuine radicalism. The American college undergraduate has it to perfection. Bubbling over with energy, ready for anything in the practical world of struggle or adventure, he is as confident and as careful of the ideas he has inherited as a girl of her reputation. He is armored against new thinking. The American business man fairly professes it. He speculates in material things with an abandon that makes a Frenchman pale; but new principles in the relations of trade to general welfare, questions of unearned increment, first bore and then, if pressed home, frighten him.

And yet the college undergraduates, after hatching, and the American business man have made for us a very comfortable America, just now the safest place in the world to live in, the most prosperous country in the world, the most cheerful. The liberal-conservative way of doing things has its great advantages. America is its product, and the ranter who describes the United States as the home of super-capitalism, a sink of cheaply exploited labor, a dull stretch of bourgeois mediocrity, does not seem to be able to persuade even himself that the United States is not the best of all countries for a permanent residence.

And the great Americans of the past have nearly all been conservative-liberals. Washington was a great republican; he was also essentially an aristocrat in social and economic relations, who kept slaves and did not believe in universal suffrage. Lincoln, politically, was the greatest of English-speaking democrats, but he let the privileged classes exploit the working-man and the soldier, partly in order to win the war, chiefly because problems of wages and unearned increments and economic privilege generally did not enter into his scheme of democracy. Roosevelt fought a good fight for the square deal in public and private life, but hesitated and at last turned back when it became evident that a deal that was completely square meant the overturning of social

life as he knew and loved it in America.

And these men we feel were right. Their duty was to make possible a good government and a stable society, and they worked not with theories only, but also with facts as they were. The Germans have argued that the first duty of the state is self-preservation, and that rights of individual men and other states may properly be crushed in order to preserve it. We have crushed the Germans and, one hopes, their philosophy. But no one doubts that it is a duty of society to preserve itself. No one believes that universal suffrage for all, negroes included, would have been advisable in Washington's day, when republicanism was still an experiment. No one believes, I fancy, that the minimum wage, the inheritance tax, and co-operative management should have had first place, or indeed any place, in the mind of the Lincoln of 1863. Few suppose that Roosevelt as a socialist would have been as useful to his United States as Roosevelt the Progressive, with a back-throw toward the ideals of the aristocratic state; as Roosevelt the conservative-liberal.

But too great reliance on even a great tradition has its disadvantages. I know an American preparatory school that for many college generations has entered its students at a famous university with the highest of examination records, and a reputation for courtesy and cleanness of mind and soundness of body scarcely paralleled elsewhere. I have watched these boys with much interest, and I have seen them in surprising numbers gradually decline from their position of superiority as they faced the rapid changes of college life, as they settled into a new environment with different demands and more complex standards. They leaned too heavily upon their admirable schooling; they were too confident of the strength and worth of their tradition; they looked backward instead of forward, and stood still while less favored men went on. Their fault was the fault of American liberalism, which stands pat with Washington and Roosevelt and Lincoln.

Perhaps the greatest teacher in nineteenth-century American universities was William Graham Sumner. In his

day he was called a radical, and unsuccessful efforts were made to oust him from his professorship because of his advocacy of free trade. Now I hear him cited as a conservative by those who quote his support of individualism against socialism, his distrust of co-operation against the league of nations. His friends forget that an honest radical in one age would be an honest radical in another; and that the facts available having changed, it is certain that his opinions would change also, although just what he would advocate, just how decide, we cannot certainly know. Is it probable that Dante, the great advocate of imperial control in a particularistic medieval world, would have been a pro-German in 1914? The American liberal who proclaims himself of the party of Lincoln, and is content with that definition, might have an unpleasant shock if that great reader of the heart of the common man could resume his short-cut life.

Indeed, an inherited liberalism has the same disadvantages as inherited money: all the owner has to do is to learn how to keep it; in other words, to become a conservative. That is what is going on in America. While we were pioneers in liberty and individualism, wealth and opportunity and independence were showered upon us, and although wealth for the average man is harder to come by, and opportunity is more and more limited to the fortunate, and independence belongs only to good incomes, nevertheless the conservative-liberal keeps the pioneer's optimism, and is satisfied to take ready-made a system that his ancestors wrought by painful and open-minded experiment. In practice he is still full of initiative and invention; in principle he can conceive of only one dispensation, the ideas of political democracy which were the radicalism of 1861 and 1840 and 1789 and 1776.

Suppose that he could conceive of industrial democracy, of a system where every man began with an equal share of worldly privilege as he begins now with an equal share of worldly rights. Would he not work it out, with his still keen practicality, and test its value precisely as he tests a new factory method or an

advertising scheme? But he cannot conceive of it. It lies beyond his dispensation. His liberalism turns conservative at the thought. It was different with political democracy and with religious toleration. The first cannot even now be said to be precisely a perfect system, and the second has left us perilously near to having no religion at all. Nevertheless, the liberal ancestor of our American never doubted that they were *his* problems, to be worked out to some solution. He followed boldly where they led.

What has happened to the political and economic thinking of many an American much resembles what has happened to his religion. He learns at church a number of ethical principles which would make him very uneasy if put into practice. He learns the virtue of poverty, the duty of self-sacrifice, the necessity of love for his fellow-man. Now, saintly poverty has not become an ideal in America,—certainly not in New York or Iowa or Atlantic City,—nor is self-sacrifice common among corporations, or love a familiar attribute of the practice of law. Does the American therefore eschew the ethics of Christianity? On the contrary. Religion is accepted at its traditional value. The church grows richer and more influential—within limits. The plain man keeps all his respects for religion as an ideal; but he regards it precisely as an ideal, a formula beautiful in its perfection, not to be sullied by too close an application, not to be worked out into new terms to fit a new life.

And that is just what the conservative-liberal does with the vigorous liberalism of his forefathers. He buries it in his garden, and expects to dig it up after many days, a bond with coupons attached. He has accepted it as the irrevocable word of Jehovah establishing the metes and bounds wherein he shall think. It is his creed; and like the creeds of the church, the further one gets from its origins, the greater the repugnance to change. He stands by the declaration of his forefathers; stands pat, and begs to be relieved of further abstract discussion. Business is pressing; controversy is bad for business; ideas are bad for busi-

ness; change is bad for business: let well enough alone.

But by all odds the most important fact as regards this conservative-liberal mind of which I have been writing remains to be stated, and that is its success, for it is now the prevailing mind in America. As our soldiers in France, though bearing Italian names, Irish names, Hebrew, Polish, German names, yet in helmet and uniform looked all, or nearly all, like the physical type we call American, so in this confusing country of ours, immigrant-settled, polylingual, built upon fragments of the empires of England and Spain and Russia and France, there is indubitably a mental type which we may call with some confidence American, a mind liberal in its principles, but in its instincts conservative.

Indeed it is arguable and perhaps demonstrable that this American mental type is the most definite national entity to be found anywhere in the Western world. I know that this sounds paradoxical. We have heard much for several years now of the lack of homogeneity in America. We felt in 1914 our German-Americans cleave away from us (to be sure, they came back); we saw in 1918 and 1919 the radical socialist and the I. W. W. and the vehement intellectual manifest symptoms that were certainly not American as the nineties knew America. We began to realize that the immigrant changes his language more quickly than his *mores*, and frequently changes neither. All this is true. And yet, in spite of it, this conservative-liberal way of looking at things which we know so well in America comes nearer to being a definite national psychology that acts in expected fashions, has qualities that you can describe as I have been describing them, and characteristics common to all varieties of it, than either the "British mind" or the "French mind" of which we write glibly.

For the British mind includes the Irish, which is as different from the English as a broncho from a dray-horse. It includes the Tory mind and the Liberal mind, which in England are as dissimilar as were Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. It includes, if we

use it loosely, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Asquith and H. G. Wells, each of whom represents a considerable British constituency. And they could no more think alike on any topic on the earth below or the heavens above than a Turk, a Greek, and a Jew. Certain fundamental attitudes would unite all three of these latter if they were civilized: they would all eat with knives and forks. And in the same fashion certain definite racial traits unite the Britons aforementioned. But the differences imposed by social caste or diverging political and social philosophies are far greater than anything to be found in the true America, which latter I define as lying between the fringe of recent immigrants on the one hand and the excrescences of Boston intellectual aristocrats or New York radical intellectuals on the other.

Is there a "French mind?" Intellectually and esthetically, perhaps yes. Politically and socially, to a less degree of uniformity than can be found in America. From the simple homogeneity of France, as we casually see it, has crystallized out the aristocracy and much of the church, whose respective parties differ not merely as regards the policy of the Government, but are still opposed to that Government itself.

The United States, far more heterogeneous in race, far less fixed in national character, threatened by its masses of aliens, who are in every sense unabsorbed, is yet much more homogeneous in its thinking. In America weekly magazines for men and women spread everywhere and through all classes but the lowest, and so does this conservative-liberalism in politics and social life which I have tried to define. In Connecticut and Kansas and Arizona it is displayed in every conversation as our best known national weekly (itself conservative-liberal) is displayed on every news-stand. Irrespective of racial or financial differences, everywhere in America, between the boundaries I have already indicated—the alien immigrant on one hand, the advanced intellectual on the other—nine out of ten of us are conservative-liberals; everywhere, indeed, throughout the American bourgeoisie, which with us includes

skilled laborer and farmer, professional man and millionaire.

And the mental habits of this contemporary American are of more than local importance. We who are just now so afraid of internationalism are more likely than any other single agency to bring it about. Our habits of travel, our traverse of class lines, our American way of doing things, are perhaps the nearest approximation of what the world seems likely to adopt as a modern habit if the old aristocracies break down everywhere, if easy transportation becomes general, if there is general education, if Bolshevism does not first turn our whole Western system upside down. Already in newspapers and books, in theaters and politics, in social intercourse and in forms of music and language, one sees all though Western Europe (and, they say, also in the East) the American mode creeping in, to be welcomed or cursed according to circumstances. And those great international levelers, the movies, are American in plot and scene and idea and manners from one end to the other of a film that stretches round the world.

Thus the American mind is worth troubling about; and if politically, socially, economically the spirit that we and the foreigners call American has become stagnant in its liberalism, it is time to awake. In liberalism inheres our vitality, our initiative, our strength. Its stagnation, its inertia, its blindness to the new waves of freedom sweeping upward from the masses and on in broken and muddy torrents through the world are poignant dangers. We must open eyes; we must change our ground; we must fight the evil in the new revolution, but welcome the good. Our own revolution lies before the deluge; it is no longer enough to go on; it is not now the sufficing document of a political philosophy. We must not stop with Washington and Lincoln. We must go on where the conservative Washington and the radical Lincoln would lead if they were our contemporaries. Radical-conservatism is good, and Toryism or radicalism have their uses; but conservative-liberalism, preserved, desiccated museum liberalism, long continued in, is death to the minds that maintain it.

Exploring A Neighborhood



By MARY FRANK and JOHN FOSTER CARR

Photographs by Brown Brothers

I HAD come from the new Yankee land of the Pacific Northwest, the land of young people, where American equality expresses itself aggressively, and life in general is an emphatic unity of democracy. There in Washington I had been librarian of a little lumbering town that boasted a population of thirty-two thousand and was the fourth largest city in the State at that. To me, born in the East, it had seemed from the first, in blood and spirit, the most American place in America.

Here I was to have charge of the Rivington Street Branch of the New York Public Library. Here my bailiwick was to consist of forty square blocks, inhabited by sixty-six thousand people, chiefly newly arrived Russian and Oriental Jews and Italians, crowded into tenements that a generation ago had housed other armies of immigrants of other races. Like those vanished predecessors of theirs, they were struggling to adapt themselves to the strange and perilous new life of America, just as strange and bewildering to them as the life of Rivington Street was to me and to all but one or two of my staff. It was my business to put my library more fully at their service, to give them friendly help for every need that we could fairly serve.

There was reason here to know my community, to make my library an essential part of it, to connect my books with my people, above all, at this time of need of national unity, to make that book connection a thing of patriotic use, to try to bring to these newest colonists an understanding of America's ideals.

We promptly started some thorough reading to learn the history of our different national groups and their social and religious backgrounds. Clearly, however, helpful sympathy, the useful and practical point of view, could come to us only from a knowledge of the lives of those whom we were to serve, a knowledge not only of what they had been in the lands of their birth, but of the details of this new living of theirs and of the new problems with which they were daily struggling.

I remember stepping outside the door one of those first nights, two winters ago. There was a covering of snow everywhere, whitening and softening the gray lines of tenements and shops. The street was crowded with people. Up and down, as far as the eye could range, rows of push-carts lined the curb. Gray-bearded patriarchs, mothers with babies in their arms, bargained for fruits and vegetables, hardware, handkerchiefs, hats, underwear, furbelows of a thousand kinds. Aged grandmothers, bent, stood aside from the

crowd and gazed with tired and wrinkled faces on the rushing life; and there were children, children, children, dodging in and out, running up and down, everywhere. Over it all the flickering torches of the push-carts threw an Old-World light. This was the very heart of New York's Ghetto, a great city it-

They can never guess at the heart of its life.

And so we decided, my staff of twelve and I, to explore our neighborhood. To each was assigned a section of our territory of forty square blocks. As we started our investigations—I admit it—we went out with something of the



Rivington Street

self, of vague and distant boundaries, all within our Greater New York.

"Does Rivington Street end down there?" I asked a small boy.

"Oh, no; it keeps right on till it walks into the river," was the matter-of-fact answer.

The good folk who view this topsyturvy world of our immigrant peoples from the vantage-seat of one of those huge sight-seeing cars have apparently a certain mild curiosity, mixed with smug complacency, as they are whizzed through the narrow, dirty streets, and the colorful panorama crowds upon them. The vibrant voice of the street reaches them, but that is all. They see and hear, for instance, nothing of the spirit of eager and joyous intercourse that on the East Side is so unreserved.

tourist spirit, as if embarking on an adventure. We, too, no doubt, had some complacent expectation of seeing things that were curious and interesting. Our sixty-six thousand potential readers were an overwhelming number. We were sure that we could never really know very many of them. Yet on our very first trip hosts of children recognized us, signaled our approach, saluted us. Everywhere they were our enthusiastic introducers and sponsors. Through them we met mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins of wide degrees. Friends multiplied, and soon we had a very comfortable feeling that those whom we had not yet met were still in a very pleasant and human way our neighbors. Our sixty-six thousand

then appeared not such a portentous number after all.

Our daily work at the library and these new friendships all pointed to the urgency of our need of knowledge. It was a human knowledge of facts that we wanted,—characteristics of the different nationalities, their occupations,

his native sheepskins, yet here for a certainty he was engaged in some kind of work that he would never do in Rumania; perhaps peddling from a pushcart on a paved street. And there were many amazing surprises. We found Italians who had lived so intimately with Russian Jews that they were ac-



The Bowery as a watering-place

living conditions, community life,—and we sought information wherever it could be found. Yet we limited our investigations strictly to our needs; we violated the privacy of no home; we asked no personal, inquisitive questions. Many of the first results were, no doubt, superficial and impressionistic, but our stock of useful human information rapidly increased. We had as helpers several old friends of the library, some of them notables and leaders of the different foreign-born groups. We needed such experienced guides, for we found appearances very apt to be deceptive. The shabbily dressed old man, most unlikely and unconsidered, might turn out to be a great scholar. And one could always be sure that every one on the East Side was earning his bread in a way that was entirely novel to him. A Rumanian peasant might be wearing

tually speaking Yiddish with greater fluency than English.

When at the end of two months our staff began meeting together to talk over the work done, nearly every one was speaking of "my section" with an air of proprietorship and rivalry and complaining that it was impossible to cover all the ground, the detail of it was so great, and so numerous, fascinating, and practical were the discoveries. Of course we were unable to "take off" two months of the busy season for this agreeable task of getting acquainted with our neighbors. Far from it. A small part of the time spent we were able to crowd into hours of duty, but most of our exploring was done at odd moments, perhaps a half-hour saved from lunch, or a free forenoon when we were on duty at night. Happily, after a while our expeditions of discovery be-

came so largely visits to undoubted friends that we no longer took thought of time allotment.

But to go back to our beginning, our first practical acquaintance with the streets, our geography. Even the boundaries of our district were all tenement streets of nearly meaningless names except our western line, the famous Bowery. This old Dutch word for "a suburban farm" pleasantly recalls the jovial times of the Knickerbockers. Here on the corner of Rivington Street, two minutes' walk from our library, one can still see a relic of stage-coach days, an old mile-stone, grooved and battered, the first on the famous post-road that ran from New York's city hall to Boston. But the One Mile House, a stately old tavern, has been replaced by a cheap saloon. The same kind of transformation has visited the entire neighborhood. Gone are the colonial farms, gone the prosperous homes of the merchants of a century ago, gone even Suicide Hall and the other notorious dives of the last generation. The Bowery is now only a broad and dirty thoroughfare, with double lines of street cars, and the Third Avenue "L" rattling, rumbling dismally overhead. It is a squalid street, degraded; but not by our recent immigrants. Except for their use of it as a necessary avenue of travel and business, fewer of them are probably found there than in any street in our district. It is filled with employment agencies, cheap clothing and knickknack stores, cheap moving-picture shows, cheap lodging-houses, cheap eating-houses, cheap saloons.

New York is the country's great labor mart, and in the Bowery more than anywhere else in the city will you find cheap manual labor "on the move." Here, too, by the thousands come sailors on shore leave,—notice the "studios" of the tattoo artists,—and here most in evidence are the "down-and-outs," the failures of our former immigrant population and of our own civilization. Often they live with the new-comers, and though their corrupting influence cannot be denied, yet the marvel is that our latest immigrants are so little corrupted by the association. If one would know what this sorrowful flotsam is,

one should visit the Bowery missions and see how it fills the chapels, some, apparent converts, praying for forgiveness; others leering behind hands covering hardened faces; others slumbering comfortably and unafraid, and all waiting for the time of the bread-line. Then one will see them grasp with eager, pitifully trembling hands the tin cup of coffee and the hunk of bread handed out. But these are not our recent immigrants. Remember that. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a Jew or an Italian among them.

In all our social theorizing no greater injustice is done than to confuse these woeful derelicts, hopelessly on the down-grade, physical, moral, and economic, with the great mass of the newly come, who are full of health, youth, good humor, ambition, definitely and joyously on the up-grade. For the moment, it is true, one ascending, the other descending, both happen to be on the same rungs of the economic ladder, and for the moment both live in the same sort of dilapidated tenements that are the disgrace of our civilization.

As one watches these mingling folk on first coming to Rivington Street, it is hard to be a social optimist. One cannot differentiate. One does not know its bounding, healthy, ambitious life. One looks only at the dingy stores, the streets with their blown litter of dirt; one sees that the prevailing color of our district is an oppressive and leaden gray. And when the elevated adds its shadow, it seems as though there were no morning in the Ghetto, only twilight. One sees our section at its worst in disreputable Allen Street, of infamous red-light memory. Here are a conglomerate of Oriental and "kosher" restaurants, of small shops selling brasses, second-hand furniture, clothes, and junk. Overcrowded tenements of the worst sort honeycomb it. It is a dark, damp channel for the Second Avenue "L," where a ray of sunlight seems never to penetrate long enough to dry the dank pavements. How one comes to welcome the lights and the gay posters of the moving-picture houses, and the piles of bright, fresh fruit on the push-carts, the only spots of cheery color in these sodden streets!

And our people! In tenement New York the boundaries of the so-called foreign colonies are forever changing and shifting. Just a short while ago the quarter was almost exclusively Jewish. It is still predominantly so, almost overwhelmingly so. But the proportions of Russian, Austrian, Rumanian, and Turkish Jews are continually varying, and lately, for the first time, Italians have entered the district. They are crowding nearer and nearer Clinton Street, that hustling business center in the heart of Jewry. They are increasing in number, and their rights and their needs must be recognized in the library. They must be supplied with guides in their own language, books in Italian describing the political, social, industrial life of America, simple books on learning English. Their peculiar library necessities will soon require far more intensive study at Rivington Street. They are proving very friendly people, and if we are to judge by the good-humored intercourse witnessed on the streets, they soon come to a practicable understanding with Jews of every class. Of course they have a certain pride of birth, a feeling of superiority in certain respects, but so have the Jews.

The Jews? Predominating, almost overwhelming, I said. In our ignorance we first thought of them as a national, a social unit, presumably the same in all essential characteristics. But what differences we found among them! Russian, Rumanian, Galician, each group clanning together and with its own community life. Compare them, Occidentals all, with the Oriental Jews, and but for the saving consciousness of the bond of blood and faith, one will discover differences as broad and deep as any to be found in our common humanity.

Consider first our Jews from the Orient. How easy it is to class them together, and yet how different they are! Turkish, Greek, Arabian, Egyptian, Tunisian, Algerian, Moroccan, and

a certain number, mostly of European origin, from the Holy Land itself. All these, with a few exceptions, like some of the recent colonists of Palestine, are the Sephardim as distinguished from the Ashkenazim, or Northern Jews. Here, at last merged in common living, they have wedged themselves into the heart of the thickly populated regions about Orchard, Essex, and Ludlow



Rows of push-carts lined the curb

streets. One of their rabbis tells us that they already number about ten thousand. They have their own shops and stores, their own synagogues, their own coffee-houses, and their own newspaper, intent upon Americanization.

Most of these Oriental Jews came originally from Spain, whence they were ruthlessly driven during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. They were kindly received by the Turkish sultans, and settled in their dominions, in the Balkan Peninsula and in Asia Minor. But through all these centuries they have maintained unchanged many Latin characteristics. They are proud. "We are the aristocrats of the Jews," one boy told me. And during all the four hundred years and more since their tragic dispersion from Spain they have jealously retained their Spanish speech, which they call Spaniol, or Ladino. Even where the Oriental Jew has been

born with another language, the Ladino is usually his *lingua franca*. It is written and printed in Hebrew characters, and retains a surprising number of characteristics of old Spanish. If one knows modern Spanish, one will have a very satisfactory, if occasionally halting, means of communication with them.

Since the Balkan wars, the Jews, who formerly were left in peace in the lower part of that war-cursed peninsula, have suffered severely and have been coming to America in great numbers. The community on the East Side has lately welcomed a large and interesting colony of their refugees from Saloniki. The homes of these people, even of the poorest, are usually very clean. They are hospitable; they are gracious with an elaborate courtesy that one may think

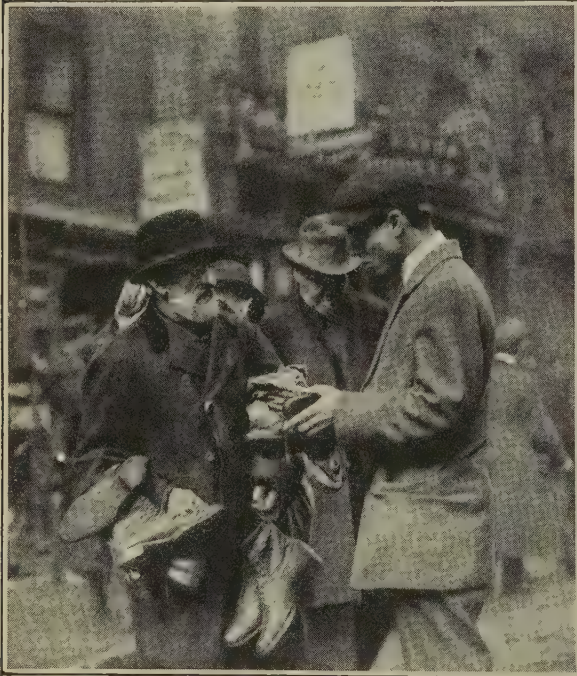
est in all our immigration, with these Orientals its curve rises sharply until it becomes a distinct problem.

But of course our main interest, if only at first for their numbers, lay with the Russian Jews. The Russians are vociferous and talkative, keenly clever, never discouraged in the face of the most barren prospect, eager to be and to be thought "Yankees." Proudly they use that word. What pleasure there was in learning their story and getting to know them and their community life! Nearly all of them speak Yiddish, though some few know only Russian, just as one will find Jews from the Caucasus and Dagestan who speak nothing but Tatar. Hebrew, of course, remains the written language of cultivated intercourse between the various groupings, no matter from what land they come.

But Yiddish is spoken everywhere on our East Side. There is a great diversity of Yiddish newspapers; there are several dailies, and among a variety of other publications even a comic weekly called "The Big Stick." So here was the language that called for special study, and we found the important facts about it of remarkable interest. Seventy per cent. of Yiddish words are of Teutonic origin, like the Spanish spoken by the Oriental Jews, an enduring record of another historic Jewish migration; ten per cent. of Yiddish words are of Slavic root, and the remaining twenty per cent. are mostly Hebrew or corrupted Hebrew. These Hebrew elements include a number of familiar words of the household, but they are largely words of ritual use; for his religion is the very essence of life to the Jew. Yet for nearly

all these Hebrew words there are also in constant use substitutes of Germanic root. The matter is further complicated by the large and constantly increasing infusion of English.

Going to the theaters, it was a pleasant surprise to find how much Yiddish one could understand through a very



An itinerant shoe-vender

either Spanish or Oriental. They are more even in temperament than the Russian Jews, are indifferent to their new surroundings, have a kind of Oriental languor. They love poetry and have a taste for mysticism; but while the percentage of illiteracy is exceedingly low with the Russians, among the low-

inadequate knowledge of German. It seemed a slurred, a hoarse, a more guttural German. But the grammar is far simpler, and the order of words is more as in English. In Yiddish, as in Spanish, Hebrew characters are used, sometimes in a rather loose way, to give the phonetic equivalents of words, and, as in Hebrew, they are read from right to left.

This Yiddish tongue, often called a jargon by partizans of the pure Hebrew speech, has had an extraordinary history. In large part its origin dates back to the devastation of Galicia in the thirteenth century, when German Jews were among those invited to the wasted province. In time following, the Polish kings, also, induced German Jews to form town settlements in agricultural Poland. The language itself shows that its basis was Middle High German, largely Bavarian and Saxon. It is now very rarely heard in Germany, but it is widely spoken not only in Russia, but in former Poland, Austria, and Rumania.

For hundreds of years Yiddish was essentially a speech of the home, and it was not until after the middle of the last century that it was used with a conscious literary purpose. Russian oppression and the Russian censor have driven to America so many of its best-known writers that these last years it is in the United States, and not in Russia, that it has had its most significant literary development, especially in poetry, fiction, and the drama. That at least is the claim of many of its enthusiastic literati. A serious movement, adequately financed, has lately been set on foot to translate into English its notable works of literature. But again, as with the languages of all our immigrant peoples, it is a vanishing tongue. The young folks who have been born here very rarely speak it except to their parents, and many of them seem to show a certain pride in not even understanding it.

Ladino and Yiddish, what recondite mysteries, impossible of initiation and mastery! Yet how quickly they were reduced to the general norm of common, human, daily speech, once we took the small trouble of learning the Hebrew letters. In a way no less simple we

found that one can dispel the strangeness of the life of these foreign-born folk. Friendship and knowledge are the solvents.

It seemed to us at first that the sole occupation of the entire district was selling "off a push-cart." These, under autocratic police regulation, line the curb of almost every street, and everything imaginable is sold from them—cutlery and socks, furs, jewelry, and lingerie. If rents rule prices, as business men say, these carts should be a very inexpensive kind of shop, because they are rented for ten cents a day. There are many "stables" near by for housing them overnight. One in particular accommodates 150 of them, and is open until 1 A. M. In very few cases is a deposit required, for in the Ghetto neighbors know one another.

First in evidence are push-carts laden with bright fruit and almost every variety of food except the meat that is specially killed for "kosher" cooking, the ritually clean cooking ordained in multitudinous detail by the Mosaic law. Particularly is this true on Orchard Street, which does not bear its name in vain. Here in endless line appear before one carts piled with great pyramids of apples, pears, peaches, oranges, bananas, grape-fruit, and "Spanish figs." And the onions! The air is odorous of frying onions, boiling onions, onions peeled and raw. During the time of the food strike, when onions were a scarce commodity, a moving-picture theater advertised "A Box Seat for an Onion." No questioning here the popularity of the health-giving, sleep-giving onion, the one vegetable sure to give flavor to the dish that without it might be unsavory. Was it an Oriental philosopher who called it "the apple of content, the companion fruit of man?"

Just before a feast-day the carts tower high with huge loaves of bread and cake, with pickles, the bread-rings called *beigel* that one will wrongly think doughnuts, with candy, and nuts, not only chestnuts and walnuts, but India nuts and pine-nuts, pistache-nuts and pumpkin-seeds. Baked potatoes and baked apples, steaming hot, and, in season, corn on the cob are to be found on every block. In summer sliced pine-

apple and watermelon are on sale early in the morning and late at night, and the watermelon-wagon is as popular as a soda-fountain in a corner drug-store.

During cold weather most of the trade suddenly changes to articles of apparel, while the shivering peddler endeavors to keep warm by huddling over a cement-covered metal pail in which he has built a fire.

It is not an unusual sight to see about a push-cart a regular bargain-counter crowd being exhorted with frenzied zeal to purchase. The language is half English, half Yiddish. "*Ein pennie—here you are—one cent—package needles—eire hoisen zu menden,*" yells a man who is trying to persuade helpless bachelors to patch their own trousers. And another, urging the sale of a mountain of striped shirts, jumps on top of his great cart, gathers the shirts in his arms, and strews them about with the dramatic athletics of a Billy Sunday.

It is always a marvel to the newcomer from every part of Europe to see how well shod Americans are. And here in our push-cart market shoes may also be bought. The shoe-vender, whenever possible, takes his stand on the curb near a building with steps, perhaps one of the fine residences of other days, now turned into a tenement, so that his patrons may conveniently sit down to try on the shoes and slippers.

We were much impressed with the display of pictures on the push-carts. For the most part they were small portraits of such celebrities as President Wilson, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Shakspeare, and Sholem Aleichem—the Yiddish Mark Twain. For five cents one could buy a series of highly colored post-cards depicting the life of Abraham Lincoln, the great hero of the Ghetto. A mark of their high popularity was that the Lincoln cards were also on sale already framed.

Close to the library steps, in permanent station, is a vender of eyeglasses. Even the tortoise-shell-rimmed variety may be found on his cart. Our friend is a member of the library and is a regular borrower of books in simple English, which he uses to test the eyesight of his patrons. The prospective buyer dons the spectacles, eyes the book,

and is asked solicitously if he "can see." He leisurely tries on a dozen pair, and seldom fails to find lenses that satisfy him. Our itinerant optician plies a profitable trade.

But though selling "off a push-cart" may be the most striking street occupation of the Ghetto, the great army of our people are employed in the manufacture of clothing, for we are in the very heart of the garment industry. Here are factories making skirts and suits and men's clothes by wholesale, supplying the "latest thing" to the exclusive shops of Fifth Avenue, and "New York models" to the large department stores of the West. Sweat-shops may be found in nearly every block, and business is usually so grouped together that often one street will be devoted to a single trade, skirts perhaps, while another is filled with factories making dresses, waists, or suits. On Eldridge Street twenty out of twenty-four shops we found given over to the wholesale manufacture of woollens. In front of these great factories, of course, are the inevitable push-carts beyond number. Small boot-blacks, often lined up about a foot apart, pursue passers-by with accusing fingers, pointing at dusty shoes. Sometimes these busy blocks have an appearance of prosperous importance that contrasts strikingly with the dreary dinginess of the usual Ghetto street, full of bakeries, smoked-fish stores, junk-shops, and second-hand stores.

Factory work of every kind imposes upon the Jew the necessity of accepting the Gentile's working week. Our hard-working statistician, a young man of the neighborhood, who is taking a course in sociology at the university, told us that about ninety per cent. of those in the district who are willing, or permitted by their parents, to work on Saturday, their Sabbath, are in this clothing trade. The workers are mostly men between the ages of eighteen and sixty; among them are a few middle-aged women and a large number of immigrant girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, doing "piece work" until, happy day! they are married. Some of the girls take lightly this industrial interim of their lives

and earn as little as three dollars a week. Others work desperately hard, and in normal times make perhaps as much as fifteen dollars a week. The men prosper, and their wages often go as high as thirty or forty dollars a week. But they have to work twelve hours a day to earn this much, and the opportunity exists only during the busy season. Some six months of the year they are out of work unless they fill in their time with "a side line," such as peddling.

One might think that with all this feverish production clothes could be bought at a bargain in the very place of their manufacture; but they are in fact costly, though the hats, suits, and dresses are all manufactured of the cheapest of materials.

We had been puzzled by the daily demand we met at the library for books on printing; but we understood this later when we found a number of printing shops scattered through the side streets. The push-carts, however, carried no books printed in these shops. The books we found on them were usually dilapidated and dog-eared; they represented almost nothing but cast-offs. On one cart a few Yiddish books, a Department of Agriculture Year Book for 1904, and a Congressional Directory for 1899, on sale for five cents each, were making patient appeal to those who crave possession of books and nothing else. Evidently the primitive bibliotaph is also found on the East Side. On another cart we found a display of worn-out and antiquated textbooks, mostly medical, among them a "Traité pratique des convulsions dans

l'enfance," dated 1837. Still another cart contained nothing but some small paper-covered editions of Dutch, Hebrew, and Irish joke-books.

We soon found, however, that these ambulant book-shops gave us no fair idea of the literary tastes of the East Side. We visited two more or less pretentious book stores. In one we found, specialized, a collection of what the East Side prints in Yiddish. Here were Tolstoy, Gorky, Andreyeff, Kropotkin, Bebel, Graetz's "History of the Jews" and Chan's "History of the United States." Among a pile of opera librettos, also in Yiddish, we found some paper-covered novelles with such titles as "Zelda Goes



The "Little Father"

to the Theater" and "The Dead Guest."

The other book-store was a revelation. There were some Yiddish books, chiefly philosophical or socialistic. There were a few devotional books in Hebrew, and in the same ancient tongue Shakspeare, a volume of Mark Twain, a tale of James Fenimore Cooper, and a number of other surprisingly American titles. But it was English that held the call. There were cheap reprints galore, the Modern Library, and a large selection of the Everyman's Library. There was great variety of books on learning English, books of mathematics, of law, of American history and biography, and of economics. To meet a constant demand, there were several copies of Buckle's "History of Civilization." Most astonishing of all, there was a large selection of books of essays and critical literary studies, some of them expensive books. Replying to our exclamation of

surprise, the proprietor laughed and said, "You can't frighten a Jew with the price of a book."

On the news-stands papers in English are far outnumbered by those in Yiddish, Russian, and Polish; but the magazines are nearly all in English, and represent the cheaper and more popular ones found at any stand.

Whenever I see a huge tooth hanging out for a dentist's sign, I think of Frank Norris's "McTeague" and how proud he was of the gilded giant molar that was presented to him by his bride-elect, glittering insignia of an honorable calling! There are two greatly professed professions on the East Side. Both are lucrative. One is law; the other, dentistry. Law is the obvious outlet for the individualistic youth who loves to argue, debate, orate. It is also a natural vocation for the young Russian Jew, whose ancestors for centuries have devoted themselves to the study of Mishnah and Talmud, delighting in the shrewd logic and endless disputations of this training in Jewish civil and canonical law. But not all can be lawyers. I once asked a boy who was working his way through high school why he was going to be a dentist.

"I'd rather be a farmer," he said, "and if ever I have a son, he's going to Cornell to study agriculture. But I have to be a dentist."

"But why?" I asked. "You can be what you choose, can't you?"

"No, I have to be a dentist. I've got to get an education and pay the cost of it back to my father right away. I've got to make money quickly, and dentistry is the way."

Several times we went to the movies. Most of the pictures shown are on the usual level of popularity, "The Barrier," "War Brides," "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." Clara Kimball Young and Charlie Chaplin are as great favorites with the East Side as they were in my Western town. A few five-cent movie theaters are of the worst type. One of these, on the Bowery, is patronized entirely by Italians. We saw there the "Fiends of Hell," and could hardly sit through the performance because of the foul air and the dancing devils thrown on the screen by

poor apparatus. The "show," a wild melodrama, was hissed and clapped and cheered in turn by our emotional Italian friends. The applause was tumultuous when a policeman appeared on the screen to rescue the unfortunate hero, who was about to have his head lopped off by a barbarous Chinaman manipulating a veritable scythe of time. "An Alien, the Play That Makes Dimples to Catch Tears," was of socialistic trend, contrasting, with overwhelming detail, the life of ease of the rich capitalist with the struggling hand-to-mouth existence of the poor laborer.

The Yiddish stock companies which play in two of the legitimate theaters deliberately hold up the mirror to East Side nature, and their theaters might well be called "people's theaters." To a remarkable degree they reflect the community life and interests of the Ghetto. One of them is under the management of Boris Tomashefsky, and the other, a rival, is directed by his one-time wife, Bessie Tomashefsky. We went to several plays and noted how quiet and eager-eyed were people about us, so different from our bored Broadway audiences, who are ever restlessly crawling in and out and over one. We saw very few young folks in the audience, for their tastes are more sophisticated, and with them English is the thing.

The plays produced at the theaters of the Tomashefskys are ostensibly written for a few well-known actors dear to the hearts of the older generation, and it is their art and personalities that draw the large audiences rather than the play. Most of these Yiddish plays represent some phase of the story of the migration from the old country to the new. Many of them deal pathetically, some powerfully, with the terrific disillusion that is the heartrending background of the whole life of the East Side. This darker side of the theme is frequently relieved by a burlesque comedy element that stirs Homeric laughter at the strange customs of the new country. We attended a performance of "Für Ihre Kinder," in which the principal rôle was played by Bertha Kalich. It depicted a "Nora" who remained faithful to her husband for the sake of the children, only to be met by base



A Ghetto patriarch

ingratitude from them when they were grown. The play was melodramatic, of clumsy structure and old-fashioned Continental technic, yet in a mixture of the philosophies of Tolstoy and Ibsen it reflected a serious purpose, and seemed essentially true to the spirit of East Side life and character.

The hall dedicated to weddings and dances is a place where all the Ghetto meets. It is in uninterrupted use, and is booked for months in advance. Those who live in the neighborhood know all the wedding marches by heart. Dress-suits, party gowns, and all the trappings necessary to both men and women for

a "fashionable" society event are displayed for hire in stores near the hall. A sign-board before one of these halls showing a vivid blue automobile compelled our attention. In the car were a happy pair departing on their honeymoon, while below, in Yiddish, were lines from a wedding hymn, singing ceremonial praise of bride and groom.

The dance-hall, despite licenses and the supervision of the authorities, is questionably reputable. The immigrant factory girls who frequent it do not care for the settlement dances because of "the superior airs of their slightly more educated sisters." A bar is often near, though "only soft drinks are sold on the premises." It is difficult to visit one of these places without being treated with the watchful deference shown an inspector, but through a half-open basement door we glimpsed a room thick with smoke, the men, with hats on, solemnly waltzing the girls around on a dirty floor to the music of a noisy phonograph.

To many Russian Jews of the East Side the tea-room, like the coffee-house of Johnson's time, represents free chat and sociability, a pleasant and useful meeting-place for friends. There are three on the library block. One of them flanks our office window, and in summer we overhear lengthy discourses, relieved by occasional solos from the synagogue cantor, who is often applauded from neighboring windows. These tea-rooms are sometimes "pool parlors" also, and therein lies misfortune. They are then open day and night, and in some of them card-playing goes on incessantly. Though no money is in sight on the tables, the angry voices of dispute and accusation are unmistakably those of quarreling gamblers. They are mostly frequented by young men, chiefly of the second generation, who in surprising numbers seem to escape the moral restraint of both old world and new, and so, in our experience, present the very worst of the problems of immigration. The morals of three of these places in our neighborhood were suspected. They were accordingly subjected to deputized, but careful, investigation. One proved to be the resort of clothing workers and was fairly respectable. The second was

largely patronized by peddlers, and the moral condition was poor. The third, worst of all, was simply a dive, a lounging-place for idlers, and deserved police attention.

Even in the most unlikely of these smoke-filled Russian tea-rooms we made friends, and the library secured an opportunity to extend its service. For instance, in the poorest of them all every one seemed interested in our Yiddish poster. The proprietor showed unusual appreciation, and although he could not read even in Yiddish, he asked for two posters, which he placarded conspicuously. There was a Turkish restaurant above this Russian tea-room, and one of our library assistants ascended to it. It was larger, dingier, dirtier than the tea-room. She talked with the men, and found they were from the southern Balkans. Nearly all of them spoke and read English, but their common language was Greek. Here we learned that there were about three or four thousand Greek-speaking Turkish Jews in our district. Most of them understand French, because of the propaganda work and the generous help and succor given the poor Jews of the near East by the *Alliance Israelite Universelle* of France. They were glad to know of the library, and helped tack up a library poster.

"Home" in the Ghetto may mean only a room or two in a seven-story tenement. I came to know some of these homes through one of the Department of Health Milk Stations, one of the most human and helpful of the many welfare agencies in which our district abounds. A group of the Little Mothers' League, sent from one of those stations, descended upon us of an afternoon with a demand for books on the care of babies. I duly returned the visit of the children and made the acquaintance of the nurse in charge of the station, and she took me with her to several homes of these little friends of hers, where you could not help seeing that she was always welcome.

A "Little Mother" has perhaps four or five brothers and sisters, sometimes eleven or twelve, yet the infant mortality is very low. The family usually lives with five or six other families on



Orchard Street

one floor of a tenement, and has two rooms if they are poor, five rooms if they are comfortably "well off," though the rooms are seldom more than partitioned spaces. A bath-room is a rare luxury. Indeed, a "survey" avers that none of the houses in our library block has one. Here the public bath-house alone teaches our new traditions of the tub. Every third family takes in from one to four boarders, some to eke out rent, others as a profitable business, but many as an act of friendliness to the immigrant whom they had known in the "old country."

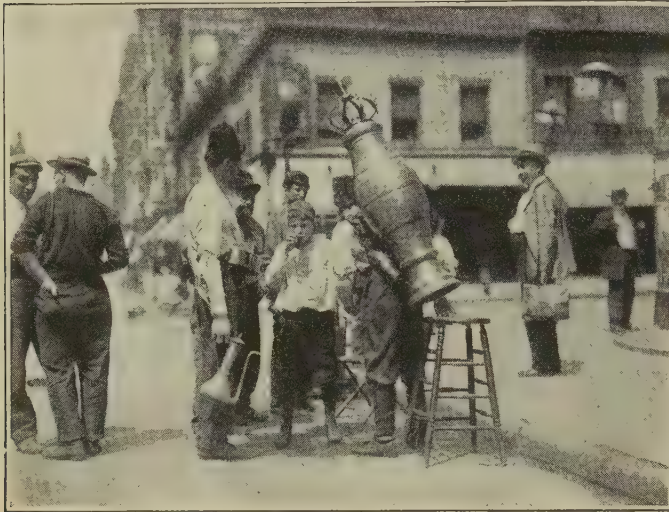
In the home of a little Italian girl whom we went to see there were five in the family, living in three rooms. The flat was arranged railroad fashion, and all the light and air that these five persons had came from two windows in the rear room. It was a cold day, but the stove was black and fireless, for there was "no mon'." The mother was "in despair," and told us that there was no hope left for them. "Bimeby Brookelyn," she said, her delicate Italian

way of referring to the refuge of the cemetery. But, despite the dreary poverty, the home was spotlessly clean, as was also the home of one of our little Oriental Jewish girls, both quite in contrast with another home we visited where we saw only want and dirt. The Oriental Jewish mother lay convalescent in a canopied bed, while on the wall hung a pretentious curtain on which were pinned gifts for the new-born baby—a dollar bill, a pair of shoes, a dress for a ten-year-old girl.

The more friends we made among our people, the more we realized how little the library was used by the women. Our reading-room was filled with men, but the women said they were too busy with the babies to find time to read. Still, we reasoned, they love to go to the school and see their children in the kindergarten. So we, too, went to the kindergarten, met them there, and invited them to come to the library for a story hour. They came, one of them with three youngsters trailing behind, and one woman brought her mother and

husband besides. They were vastly pleased to hear Yiddish spoken by one of the assistants, who told them some of the old Jewish and Russian legends. The response was immediate, spontaneous, heartening. As they listened to a story, they at once connected it with their own experiences, which they related to the story-teller with keen zest. This year they are hearing with the

forced to work on their Sabbath if they would get on in the world. To the immense grief of the old folks, other religious practices, also sanctified by centuries of unbroken observance, which they regard as the sheet-anchor of their faith, one by one are given up by the young people, who gradually, but in great numbers, drift further and further from the religion of their fathers.



Albanian lemonade-sellers

same absorbed interest the stories of Columbus, Pocahontas, and the founding of the nation, freely interjecting and exclaiming whenever a climax is reached.

Everywhere we witnessed the tragedy of separation between the older and younger generations. It begins with the language. At the time of the last election we were much interested as we watched a ten-year-old socialist on a street corner haranguing a crowd from a soap-box. Some of the men laughingly applauded, some dissented, but the majority listened with seriousness and even respect to the prodigy who appeared so superior just because he spoke English fluently.

Then comes the break with religious tradition, the most characteristic, as it is the saddest, phase of that tragic separation of the two generations. It is due largely to economic pressure. By American business and industrial custom the young people are relentlessly

With large families that "just grow" much as *Topsy* grew, and reared under conditions inevitable in a tenement-house, where the privacy of a self-contained home is impossible, there is a lamentable weakening of parental authority. This gives field for the development of a spirit of ruthless individualism which grips the boy and girl unless there is the counterbalancing influence of firmly founded and powerful home ties. They often quote, our old phrase, "This is a free country." There is, however, a rugged strength about the individualism, even about its accompanying radicalism, which is peculiarly theirs because of their history. One may be repelled by the crude quality of this radicalism, which would destroy the existing order of all things, but, if one is fair, one must admit that back of it all is a fine, purposeful idealism that is invigorating and full of promise. They are also intellectually alive.

There were many educational, social, and religious agencies even within our small district. Their number made an impressive showing. There were eleven public day schools and four evening schools, all taxed to their utmost capacity. There were three settlements, the University, College, and Chrystie Street settlements, besides the Barat Settlement House, a Catholic institution for the benefit of Italians. There was a Y. M. C. A. on the Bowery and a God's

Providence House on Broome Street, and near there St. Augustine's, an Episcopalian chapel which offers service in both English and Italian. Well outside our jurisdiction, but still a powerful help in our work, was the Jewish "Educational Alliance," the largest popular Jewish institution of the sort in the world. It has become a very practical and effective community center, and its useful activities cover the educational needs of both sexes and of every age.

There are seven synagogues in our district, all of the old order; in fact, we discovered only one so-called "reformed" synagogue on the whole East Side. On religious holidays we saw the long-bearded patriarchs with their prayer-shawls—on week days they carried phylacteries—pouring into the synagogues. One needs know but little of the East Side to gain the assurance that this orthodoxy, old-fashioned and austere as it may seem to some of us, more than anything else maintains a high moral standard for its people amid the temptations and the sordid influence of tenement-house life in New York.

The purpose of our exploration, you will remember, was to remedy our own ignorance, so that our library might be of greater practical service to our community. The knowledge that we needed could only in small part be found in that dreary and misleading literature on the subject that burdens the shelves of our libraries. Of necessity the most vital facts had to be matters of personal experience. We were eager to know our people as they really are, to free ourselves from the poison of prejudice as well as from the foolishness of sentimentalities. Our very first expeditions gave us information of high value—information, however, that needed to be carefully "checked up," modified, supplemented by two years of hard library work.

We were fortunate enough to start our investigations with respect, confidence, real liking for "our people." Everywhere we met courtesy, good will, and eagerness to interpret. The mere acquaintance of an afternoon would take vast pains to explain the new-com-

er's bewilderment, discouragement, his lack of understanding of American procedures, often his complete lack of interest in readjustment. And generous friendships came to us that sank accidental, yet serious, differences of birth, language, customs, religion; taught us a brotherhood and equality that are not a sham. They taught us also a new faith in the old Americanism that accepts a man for the honest heart that is in him, "without distinction of race or creed."

A wave of almost unreasoning fear has been sweeping over our country. Despite the heroic testimony of the casualty lists, and the overwhelming evidence here at home, too, of the devotion of our foreign-born to the republic, many see in what they call "the foreign element" the nation's greatest peril. Beyond question immigration has brought or accentuated menacing problems of various sorts, but they are problems that easily lend themselves to grotesque exaggerations. The fault is not all on the immigrant's side. Often we have not discriminated between the thing that is alien to our institutions and that which is harmlessly foreign, and passing, by accident of circumstances. Through lack of accurate description, of fair interpretation of this alleged "foreign" life, the American's ignorance has bred in him suspicion, and suspicion has bred the hatreds of a new Know-Nothing movement. With narrow zeal many serious mistakes have been made in the name of Americanization that have stirred bitterness rather than love for the republic. This has done our common country incalculable damage.

Living in the Ghetto, we were daily witnesses to the profound indifference, the heartless selfishness of many an American employer and landlord. But worse even than exploitation are the graft and extortion to which these newcomers are subjected in nearly all their relations with the petty officials of the city, who to them directly represent the character and authority of government. For many of them, naturally enough, their idea of America is a thing distorted, sometimes debased, partly fashioned by their own unhappy experiences,

partly inherited, like their tenements, from older generations of immigrants. In the face of my knowledge, deeply have I sympathized with one of my Russian born, stung to resentment by American injustice, when he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, once you had great Americans. Are they all dead?"

The war has given the answer, doing wonderful things in revealing America to our new Americans. How great was the change we saw within a few months! The older generation had been oppressed; in their own bodies they had suffered the unutterable brutalities of the militarism of old Russia; with their own eyes many of them had seen the martyrdom, pogroms, and slaughter of children, women, men of their own blood. To them America was a sanctuary of refuge, a nation hating militarism and all its works even as they hated it. When the war came, it was hard to get America's message across the gulf that separated us—their ignorance of our language, our ignorance of theirs; while constantly German propaganda made its astute way, sowing disloyalty and teaching the doctrines of Bolshevism, a thing of menace not yet ended. As for the younger generation, great masses of them were out-and-out socialists. And so by majority rule the East Side was pacifist.

But steadily the realization of America's duty made its way among them. The draft came; undeniably it was fair and democratic in operation. The boys went off to camp; they wrote home of the democracy of the training, of the good-fellowship of their officers, of the interesting and useful things they were learning and doing. They came home on leave, tanned, well-set-up, handsome in their uniforms, in better health than most of them had ever known. They confirmed all they had written, and had many stories to tell, enthusiastically explaining the service of army and navy. To untold thousands of them the training-camp was not only teaching English,

but also providing a liberal education in some of the essentials of Americanism.

Things trivial or homely often marked important changes in public opinion. I saw the parade of the East Side school-children during the last Liberty Loan campaign. Proudly they marched up Delancey Street. "Don't they look grand!" was the popular word among parents and friends lined up on the curb. "There's my Becky!" ecstatically shouted a mother as a girl went past us, leading a little Red Cross company. She bore aloft a poster, with an enlarged photograph of a marine upon it, inscribed, "My brother has won a war cross." Applause burst forth all along the line. Then our flag passed by, and men on every side reverently took off their hats, one man near me holding his over his heart. I scanned the faces of the people. They were serious, thinking. It was their parade. Their lives, their hopes, their duty were represented in it. One with us at last, the East Side was devotedly responding to the call of the President, rallying in love for the defense of their country.

Happily we are fast coming to new days of brotherhood. The American is beginning to care. And the sacrifices, suffering, and sorrows of the war, the hard and earnest war work shared with the rest of us, are teaching understanding, belief, and confidence in one another and in America.

Quietly, in our swarming blocks about Rivington Street, we believe that our branch can further serve the great cause. And so we hasten our efforts, broadening our human relationships, trying to build for a better knowledge of American life and ideals. For all of us our survey quickly stimulated imagination and sympathy. In the end it brought a faith unshaken in our foreign-born, in their generous minds, keen to absorb and assimilate; in their loyalty; above all, in their fitness for the duties as well as the privileges of citizenship.



Some Characters of the Old South

By OPIE READ

Illustrations by George Wright

ABOUT the very old South I know little except what I have read. I should say, except that which I have heard, for the social South has had no historian. It is easy enough to write the history of a war, for a nation's pigeon-holes are stuffed with

documents, the reports of generals in the field; but to write the softer annals of a social era he must depend on uncertain tradition, whiffs of atmosphere blown by chance from the past. A man whom the world has been pleased to term a philosopher declared that history recorded no happiness, and we must all agree that history has busied herself most with the troubles and the scandals of a state. Perhaps there will never come a true history of the old South, an absolutism in a republic, a baronial castle built of logs in a wilderness. Of this life we have been given many a delightful glimpse, a miniature, but never a great landscape: the quick pencil rather than the time-mellowed brush. The South was essentially the land of the individualist, each different from the other. When I speak of character, I use the term in the sense of peculiarity, its fitness to serve the purpose of a sketch, a whimsical drama, not a mere play of clothes or a lack of them.

"The characters of the South are passing. Many of them were entrapped by prose and verse, but the greater part of the covey flew away. The most sluggish were the easiest caught. And this brings me to say that it was usually the ignorant that found environment in Northern print. The writer who sets out to observe perforce rarely observes

well. He catches only the most obvious and misses the subtle. And as we take more liberty in the handling of a stout jug than a fragile vase, the rude character, being safer, was drawn with pothouse license. The Southerner's humor lay not in dialect or even in the Shaksperian word, laughed at by the lingual sciolist and called a localism, but in the color of his idea, the whim of his notion. Ignorance is not preserved by ignorance but by the scholar."

I

THE LAWYER

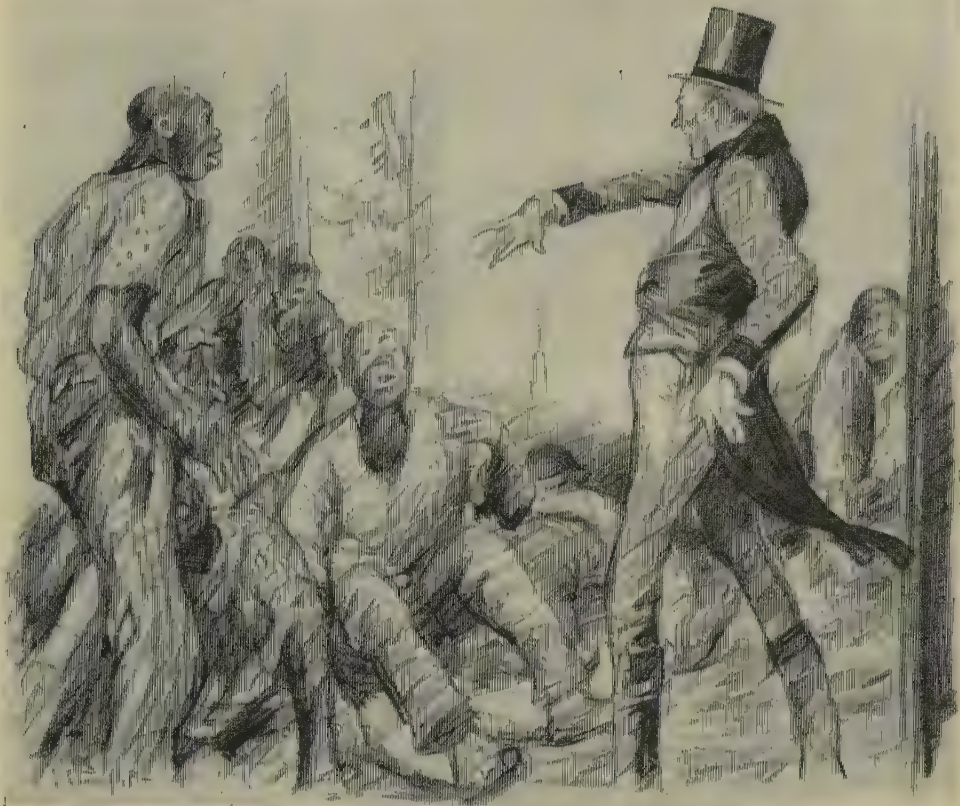
IN the South there were two dramas, one played in the theater, the other in the court-house; but the blustering sublimity of the blank-verse poet was art's foxfire compared with the furnace-hot tragedy of the court. With one the actor was called before the curtain, a tribute to voice and the grace of declamation. Behind the scenes of the other there hung the sheriff's rope, and what availed a grease-paint fright against the livid countenance of the murderer condemned to be hanged? It was not essential that the great criminal lawyer should be learned in the law. The emotions are not to be swayed by rule, nor does thrill come from the exactness of precedent. To the lawyer-actor, Shakspeare was worth more than Coke on Middleton, and an apt text from Scripture more sentient than a brow-beaten witness. The neat trick of a pose, a word hissed forth as if too hot for the mouth, was a quaking climax, and often a case was won with an epigram. The judge, while frown-

ing on applause, often broke through the severity of his countenance and joined in with it.

Out of every profession and every phase of life there grows a representative type. It was wise old Doctor Johnson, sometimes least wise in wisdom, who said that the gentleman hath not upon him the mark of any profession. Applied to the scoundrel, the remark had been just as nearly true. The professional Mississippi River blackleg in garb and in manner so effectually obliterated the mark that by the stranger he was nearly always mistaken for a gentleman. But the other professions bore their tags, and no copy set by the writing-master could be more rounded out in lettering. The profession of the criminal lawyer was as plain as "John Smith, his mark." He was generally tall and not heavy, with sandy hair thinned in the second story from much reaching up to raise the windows of fancy; complexion tending toward the native red of tragedy, unfailingly assisted by tragedy's circulating medium, supposed to be housed best in an earthen jug and shut off from evaporation by a corn-cob stopper. His neck was usually long; his throat appled from old Adam's tree. In dress he was as sabled as grief, warning off all levity; but chambered with his intimates, his bow unstrung, he played with his arrows, sparkling his fearsome flints. Seeking the side of defense, the state's attorney was in court the target of his scorn, but toward him in private he was gentle and considerate, owing him not only for the right to shuffle and draw cards, but often for the doeskin trousers that encased his graceful legs. His education was almost wholly forensic. He knew that emotion was stirred by simple terms, but that by the tremendous word respect must be maintained. In action his long forefinger was a reed shaken in the wind of his own storm-cloud. He was a politician even before he attained to the bar. The high flight of his aspiration was the United States Senate. Leading toward that was the narrow and dusty stairway of the state legislature. If fortunate enough to reach the Senate before age began to wheeze his declam-

atory pump, his colleagues wreathed him as a statesman; nor was he ever at fault if well within his party's sympathy, stronger at home if by chance he had defended a glittering error. He cared not to be remembered for what he had done, but for what he had said. Eloquence, the tune of the mind, was more prized than logic, the muscle of the mind. He loved to recall phrases from an old and brass-sounding author, believing it more of grace to remember than to construct, tickled to feel that in recalling he placed the ancient scribe in agreement with himself. In the handling of money his fingers were all of them thumbs and sore thumbs, but he was pigeon-pouted with a vanity for the discussion of financial problems. He liked to spit out mouthfuls of millions; then, with democratic let down from his high tension, he would slip round, and with that dramatic forefinger "touch" the stage-coach-driver for ten dollars.

Out of this class there sometimes arose a man of strong legal mind, who, surviving the early strut of oratory, found himself a deep and devoted student. His immediate aim was the bench of his circuit, his hope, the wool-sack of the nation. Before the Civil War he was sometimes possessed, by inheritance, of a large landed estate and many slaves; but instead of the estate sustaining him and the law, he and the law had to sustain the estate. A notable example was Joe Guild, famous in Tennessee. In area, in wooded hills, and in dells his estate was an appanage that royalty might bestow upon a heroic son. His house was a mansion, and the names of his race-horses were known beyond the sea. But he had to ride the circuit, establish titles to gullied hillsides, and defend criminals to keep up his dukedom at home. He owned more than a hundred negro slaves, and it was known that they were the laziest mortals in the State. Once, upon returning from the circuit, Guild found twenty of his black bucks asleep in the barn, in broad noontide, and the corn dwarfed for the want of work. He stamped furiously on the floor. The negroes scrambled up, mumbling their sleepy apologies. Then came



"'I am going to quit the practice of law and let you damned niggers starve to death'"

an awful threat. Striking a terrifying attitude, the master thundered his judgment:

"I am going to quit the practice of law and let you damned niggers starve to death."

II

OLD DOC

HIS house was old, with cedar-trees about it, a big yard, and in the corner a small office. In this professional hut there was only one window, the glass of which was dim with dust blown from the road. In the gentle breeze the lilacs and the roses swopped their perfume, while the guinea-hen arose from her cool nest, dug beneath the dahlias, to chase a katydid along the fence, and then with raucous cry to shatter the silence. The furnishings of the office were less than modest. In one corner a swayed bed threatened to fall, in another a wash-

stand stood epileptic on three legs. Nailed against the wall was a protruding cabinet, giving off sick-room memories. The village druggist, compounder of the essences of strange and peculiar "yarbs," might have bitter and pungent medicines, but old doc, himself an extractor of wild juices, had discovered the retching secret of the swamp. To go into his office and to come forth with no sign of heaving was a confession of the loss of smell. Sheep-shearing fills the nostrils with woolly dullness, but sheep-shearers could scent old doc as he drove along the road.

In every country the rural doctor is a natural sprout from the soil. His profession is almost as old as the daybreak of time. He bled the ancient Egyptian, blistered the knight of the Middle Ages, and poisoned the arrow of the Iroquois. He has been preserved in fiction, pickled in the drama, spiced in romance, and peppered in satire; but nowhere was

he so pronounced a character as in America, in the South. He knew politics, but was not a politician. He looked upon man as a machinist viewing an engine, but was not an atheist. He cautioned health and flattered sickness. He listened with more patience to an old woman harping on her trouble than to a man in his prime relating his experience. His books were few, and the only medical journal found in his office was a sample copy. When his gathered lore failed him, he was wise in silence. To confess to any sort of ignorance would have crippled his trade. It was an art to keep loose things from rattling in his head when he shook it, and of this art he was a perfect master. In raiment he was not over-adorned, but near him you felt that you were in the presence of clothes. Philosophy's trousers might bag at the knees, theology's black vestment might be shy a button, art might wear a burr entangled in its tresses, and even the majesty of the law might go forth in slippers gnawed by a playful puppy; but old doc's "duds," strong as they were in nostril penetration, must hug the image of neatness. He was usually four years behind the city's fashion, but this was shrewdly studied, for to dress too much after the manner of the flowing present would have branded him a foppish follower. The men might carp at his clean shirt every day, but it won favor with the women; and while robust medicine may steal secret delight from seeing two maul-fisted men punch each other in a ring, it must openly profess a preference for the scandals that shock society.

At no place along the numerous roads traversed by old doc was there a signpost with a finger pointing toward the attainment of an ultimate ambition. No senate house, no woolsack of greatness, waited for him. The chill of foul weather was his most natural atmosphere; and should the dark night turn from rain to sleet, it was then that he heard a knock and a "Hello!" at his door. Down through the miry bottom-land and up the flint hillside flashed the light of his gig-lamp, striking responsive shine from the eye of the fascinated wolf. The farther he had to

travel, the less likely was he to collect his bill. Usury might sell the widow's cow, for no one expected business to have a daintiness of touch; but if Doc sued for his fee, he was met even by the court with a sour look.

A summons to court as an expert witness in a murder trial gold-starred the banner of his career. It was then that he turned back to his heavy book, used mainly to prop the door open. Out of this lexicon he dug up words to confound the wise lawyer. It was in vain that the judge commanded him to talk not like the man in the moon, but like a man of this earth; he was not to be shaken from a pedestal that had cost him sweat to mount. The jury sat amazed at his learning. Asked to explain the meaning of a term, he would proceed to heap upon it a pile of incomprehensible jargon. It was like cracking the bones of the skeleton that stood behind his door, and giving to each splinter a sesquipedalian name. When told that he might "stand down," he walked off to enjoy his victory. At the tavern, in the evening, he might be invited to sit in the game, done with the hesitating timidity of awed respect; but at cards it was discovered that he was an easy dabbler in common talk, not to say the profanity of the flat-boatman.

Out of this atmosphere there arises the vision of old Doctor Rickney of Mississippi. He had appeared in court as an expert witness, and the county newspaper had given him a column of monstrous words, written by the doctor himself. He had examined the judge for life insurance, and it was hinted that he had been invited to attend a meeting of the medical convention, away off in Philadelphia. His professional cup was now about to foam over, when there fell an evil time.

Bill Saunders, down with a sort of swamp fever, was told by Dr. Rickney that his recovery was impossible. Bill was stubborn, and declined to accept doc's verdict.

"Why, you poor old sot," said doc, "you must be nearer the end than I thought, since you have so little mind as to doubt my word. Here 's your fever so high that it has almost melted

my thermometer, and yet you question my professional forecast. And, besides, don't you know that you have ruined your constitution with liquor?"

Bill blew a hot breath.

"I don't know nothin' about constitutions nor the statuary of limitations, but I 'm snickered if I 'm goin' to die to please you nor nobody. All I need right now is possum baked along with about a peck of yams."

"Possum! Why, by eleven-thirty to-night you 'll be as dead as any possum that ever greased a nigger's gullet."

Bill drew another hot breath, and the leaves on a branch of honeysuckle peeping in at the open window were seen to wither with heat.

"I 've got a hoss out thar in the stable, Doc, an' he 's jest as good as any hoss you ever rid. An' I tell you whut I 'll do: I 'll bet him ag'in' yo' hoss that I 'll be up an' around in five weeks."

Doc gave him a pitying look.

"All right; I 'll just take that bet."

Doc told it about the neighborhood, and along toward midnight, sitting in the rear room of a drug-store, he took out his watch, looked at it, and remarked:

"Well, by this time Bill Saunders is dead, and his horse belongs to me."

The druggist spoke.

"I know the horse, and would like to have him. What 'll you take for him, Doc?"

"Take for him! That horse is worth a hundred and fifty of as bright gold dollars as was ever dug out of the earth. Take for him, says he. Ain't he worth it, Nick?"

Nick, a yellowish lout, was sitting on the floor, with his back against the wall. For the most part his requirement of society was a mouthful of tobacco and a place to spit, and of the latter he was not over-careful. He added no more to civilization than worm-blight adds to a grape-vine, but without him no native drama could have been written. He was as native to the neighborhood as a wrinkle is to a ram's horn. In the absence of all other wit, he knew where his interest lay. Therefore he haggled not to respond to doc's appeal. Doc had steadied his wife down from the high shakes of ague, had time and again

reminded Nick of that fact, but had not yet received the five bushels of corn and the four pumpkins of average size, the physician's legitimate levy. Here was a chance on Nick's part to throw off at least two bushels. He arose, and dusted the seat of his brown jeans.

"Doc," said he, "nobody don't know no mo' about nobody's hoss nor I do. An' I 'm sayin' it without the fear of bein' kotch in a lie that Bill's hoss is wuth two hundred an' seventy-fi' dollars of as good money as ever built a church."

"You 've heard him," was doc's triumphant turn to the druggist. "But let me tell you. About a half-hour from now I 've got to catch the *Lady Blanche* for Memphis, on my way to attend the medical convention in Philadelphia. I 've got to read a paper on snake-bite."

Nick broke in upon him.

"I 'll bet it 's the Guv'ment that is a axin' you to do it."

"Well, we won't discuss that," was doc's dismissal of the subject. Then he turned again to the druggist. "Got to get to that convention; and as I 'll have a good deal of entertaining to do, I 'll need a hundred extra. So you just give me a hundred dollars and take the horse. But you 'll have to be quick about it, for I just heard the *Lady Blanche* blowing around the bend."

The druggist snatched at the knob of his safe, swung the door open, and seized a hundred dollars.

One afternoon, five weeks later, when the *Lady Blanche* touched the shore on her way down, old doc stepped off. There on a bale of cotton, smoking a cob pipe, sat Bill Saunders.

"W'y, hello, Doc!"

Doc dropped his carpet-bag, caught up the tail of his coat, and with it blotted the sweat on his brow.

"Fine day," said Bill. "'Lowed we 'd have a little rain, but the cloud looked like it had business summers else. An' by the way, Doc, up whar you been what 's that liquor as distroys the constitution wuth by the gallon?"

Doc reached down and took up his carpet-bag.

"Bill Saunders, sir, I don't want anything to do with you. I gave you my confidence, but you have deceived me.

And now, sir, your lack of integrity—"

"Gives me a hoss," Bill interrupted. "An' say, Doc, I seed the druggist man jest now, an' he said suthin' about a hundred dollars you owed him."

Doc walked up to the cotton-bale and placed his carpet-bag on it, close beside Bill.

"Saunders," said he, "in this thing is a pistol nearly a foot and a half long. Now I 'll give you my horse all right, even if you are the most unreliable man I ever saw, and I 'll pay the druggist his hundred; but if you go around the neighborhood boasting that you got well after I gave you up, something is going to flash, and it won't be out of a black bottle, either, but right out of Old Miss Betsy, here in this carpet-bag. I don't blame you for getting well, as a sort of a lark, you understand; but when you make a serious affair of it, you hurt my professional pride. Old Miss Betsy is right in here. Do you gather me?"

"I pick up yo' threads putty well, Doc, I think."

"All right; and see that with them threads you sew up your mouth. You may be proof against the pizen of the swamp, but you ain't proof against the jolt of a lead-mine. That 's all."

III

'LIGE

A CHARACTER which in one part of the country might be viewed as an exaggeration, might in another part be looked upon as being as natural as a mullein-stalk. We do not find the black-haw-bush in the marsh or the sweet-gum-sapling on the mountain-top. It has been said that genius knows no geography, and this may be true; but humor does know climate.

It does not seem that without humor a personality can be healthily rounded. Humor, being the most observant faculty, is the most imaginative. Observation kindles the fires of invention. The greatest English poet was England's greatest humorist. Learning, the classics, may have been the flesh of Elizabethan poetry, the drama; but humor was its blood. And that blood flowed into America, into the chill air of New England, to be sharpened into

keen wit or to become stern in morality; into the South, where it lolled like a bayou, and never so vigorous with green juices as mellow with a slow and ripening sap. There is a humor that rarely speaks out, that looks itself, that causes a laugh, and then joins in with it. It was peculiar to the low lands of the South. On court days this sort of humorist could make a whole town forget the rubs of life, and rarely speak a word; and if by odd chance a sentence, it was short, but bulged with meaning. His grin was as catching as influenza, and his laugh was a letter of credit at the store.

"When you think you are goin' to pay for this 'Lige?"

"Ain't thinkin'."

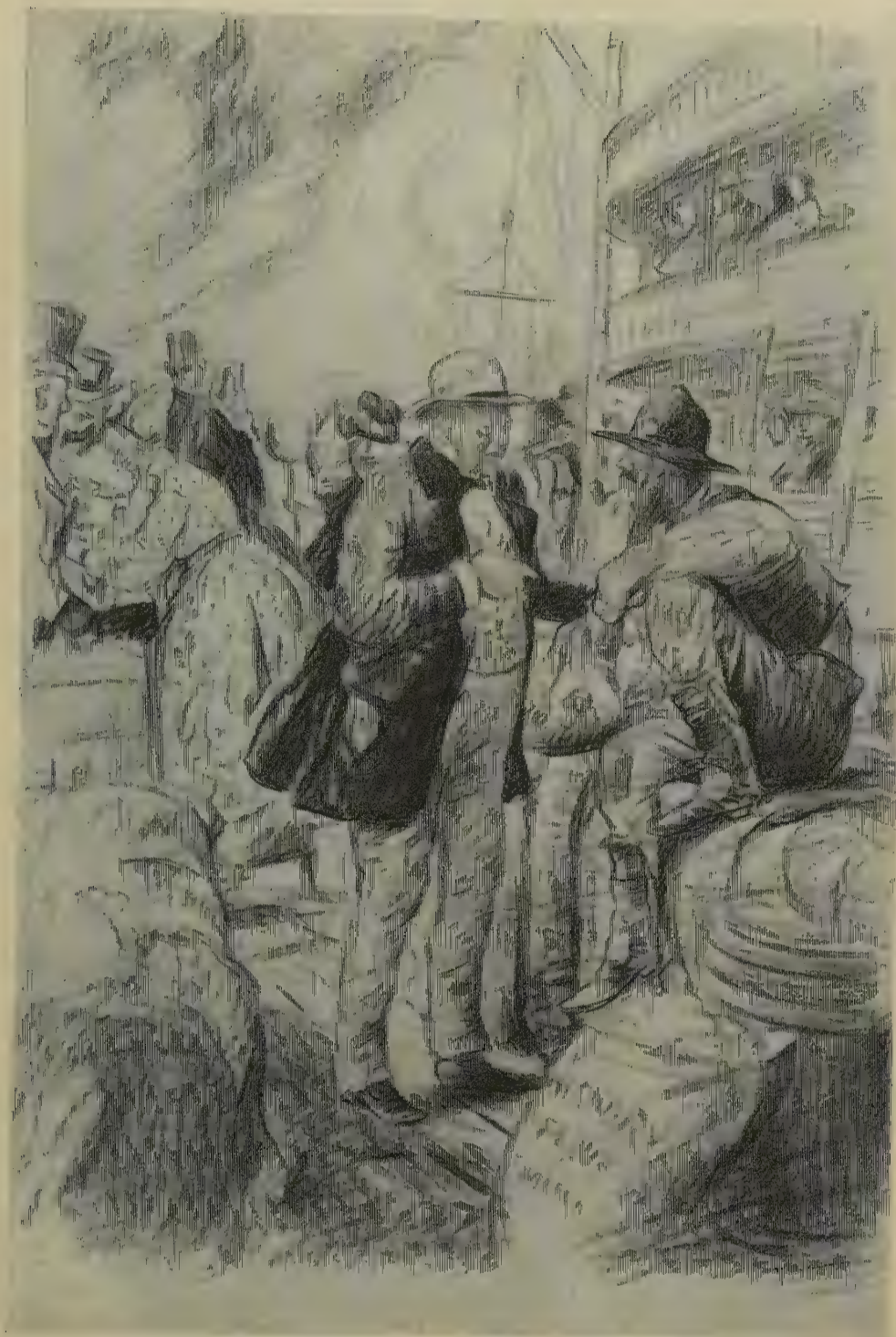
"Why don't you think?"

"Too busy goin' atter the doctor."

"Folks got the chills?"

"Wall, they air shakin' about enough to sift meal, but it 's mostly the same old complaint. A boy this time. Gimme that straw hat over thar, an' I 'll name him atter you."

There was never an attempt at wit on 'Lige's part; just a lazy philosophy seeking to laugh trouble out of countenance. Children came, just as his grandfather, father, and a host of brothers and sisters had come, the behest of nature and not to be questioned; but dogs were different, and must be generated or acquired with some degree of care. 'Lige gathered hounds from every source; he was a hound miser. His only notion of music was a revival hymn and the baying of the pack at night. Then the chemicals within him were wrought into complete change. Instead of stagnant salt, he was working yeast. In his fleetness he would leap a creek, and nothing mattered it to him if his clothes, yea, his skin, were torn with briars; his soul was full of bounding melody. Then he was at par with the planter, the aristocrat, and with the congressman returning from Washington with a great speech echoing at his heels. No slouching now with 'Lige, as at home or in town, but tall, straight, and majestic, he stood in the road waiting for the great chorus of his hound-opera to break forth afresh. Out of respect the planter and



“ ‘I don’t blame you for getting well’ ”

the congressman dismounted from their blooded horses, eager to catch the words of 'Lige, the oracle, the seer not wasteful, but generous, of his wisdom.

"Ruther a strange thing happened, gentlemen. Thar air two foxes on this run, a gray and a red, on the same track, and rurely not mo' 'n fifty yards apart. Each fox is trying to trick t' uther one an' put the brunt on him. Each feller is afraid to split off. After this, if they meet, they 'll fight, and red will whip him; but gray don't know this, an' is always willin' to try. Each feller will accuse t' uther with treachery. Powerful like folks, ain't they? Thar they go! Lawd a massy! listen!"

In his great speech the statesman may have predicted evils never to come and overlooked calamities near at hand, the planter may have made a bad forecast of the cotton crop; but not so with 'Lige. His judgment was sure. He left it to others to blow the blaring trumpet; he blew nature's homely horn, and the brushes of both foxes verified his tune.

'Lige had a hound christened Hood, and it *was* a christening, a night of festival when brandy from a wildcat still was sprinkled on the infant dog. His name was given in honor of one of the last Confederate generals to make a drive toward the North. He was of aristocratic blood, Hood, the hound. His pedigree ran back into the colony of Georgia. His ancestors had disturbed John Wesley at his prayers.

'Lige knew that over-cherishing dis-temper a hound and shallows the deep bell tone of his voice. Admiring sportsmen, ignorant of that fine instrument, the hound's nervous system, would have fed to Hood the liver of a prize buck or the gizzard of the quail; but against this baneful esteem 'Lige arose till he stood as high as the eaves of his house.

"I don't want to hurt nobody," he said, looking about him with an oath smoking in each eye, "but this here Hood eats nuthin' but whut I give him, an' that 's this: cawn-meal mush sarved hot, so he won't gulp it."

Hood grew to doghood in the fulfillment of every promise, and his first bellow, sniffing the wake of a fox, glorified 'Lige into sacrilege.

"'Fernal shame," he cried, "that they ain't got no sich music as that over at old Mount Zion Meetin'-House."

A hound was more valued for his tone than for his scent. There was many an unendowed yelper that could smell out a cold track and follow it, but who could not music his enthusiasm. No one knew this better than a fellow named Balch, native of the scrub-oak hills. He chose for himself a peculiar profession. He called himself a hound-tuner. He said that he could take an ordinary hound and develop his voice. The tuner heard that 'Lige sneered at his project, but he was a man of resource. He called on 'Lige.

"I can put Hood's voice into the throats of other hounds. How can I do it? Fling yo' eye on this here." He took out an instrument that looked like a polished horseshoe. "This is a hound-tunin' fork," said he. "Listen."

With his flashing instrument he fetched a whang on a stump, and all the air was tremulous as with the flight of bees humming laden to the hive.

"Let me see that thing," said 'Lige.

With an air of triumph, Balch handed it to him. 'Lige took it, and with a bucking caper threw it fifty yards into the creek. A man is sometimes as ready to fight for his art as for his religion, and Balch was game.

"I 'll drag you down thar an' put you whar that fork is," he cried, and with a wrestler's embrace he buckled his arms about 'Lige and gave him a bear-like hug. But 'Lige was there. He was pretty much all bone, with wires tight along; he had won prizes at county fairs, and with a hiplock he had plowed up the earth with a spangled fellow whose business it was to handle cannonballs in a circus. He grinned, shifted his quid of tobacco, and said that he thanked Balch for making him feel so much at home. And just as he had stuck Balch's head, up to the eyes, in the sand, there came the planter and the statesman.

"Gentlemen," said 'Lige, "I am a tunin' of this feller. An' listen to the 'fect of my fork."

And with that he pulled Balch's head out of the sand, held him off, and with the palm of his hand gave him an echo-



"'Doc,' said the stricken man, 'I oughter tuck ye' advice' "

ing smack on the cheek. Balch bel-
lowed for mercy.

"How do you like his tune, gentle-
men?"

In the city time is swift, and in the
country it is slow, but in even the most
rural vale time keeps appointment with
the almanac, and the years told that
Hood was old. His voice was still full
of music, his cadences revealing the
trail; but his movements, those former
gestures of grace, were slower, as if
studied, and, viewed in the sun, his
brown eyes began to show the milky
streaks of age. 'Lige strove to hide
these depressing truths from himself,
and it was not well for one to speak
of them. But on the chase 'Lige was

seen to sneak Hood across a gully,
though in a rage he denied it; but he
requested the captain of a steamboat to
send him up a good hound-doctor from
Vicksburg. A few days later there
came one, Balch, the hound-tuner. 'Lige
was standing on the spot where he had
dug dirt with Balch, and now he looked
at the visitor, standing on the outside
of the yard, with his arms resting on
the top rail of the fence.

"Have you come back here to git mo'
sand in yo' crop like a chicken?" he
inquired, and Balch smiled and said
that he had enough sand to last him.

"I 've give' up houn'-tunin'."

"That so? Then whut particular ras-
kility you workin' at now?"

"Ain't workin' at none. I'm a houn'-doctor now, an' have come because they 'lowed you needed me." 'Lige scratched his head and looked up.

"I wusht the Lawd would let me know right now whuther you air a houn'-doctor sho 'nough or jest a ordinary liar like befo'."

"You need n't have no fears of me now, 'Lige. I have changed since I was here. I've been up to the mourners' bench three times."

"That so? I ruther it had been only oncet. But I tell you; you ketch me feelin' powerful poo'ly, an' a-snatchin' at ever' straw I see. So don't take the 'vantage of me, but tell me the truth, man to man. Kin you do anythin' for a houn' what thinks he's a-gittin' old?"

Slowly Balch climbed over the fence.

"Wall, ef he only thinks it, suthin mout be done; but ef he's sho 'nough old, it is a good deal as it is with a pusson. Lemme see him."

Hood was called, and he came briskly enough, but showing "the saltiness of time." The hound-doctor looked at his teeth, examined the bottom of his feet, and, taking up a silken ear, let it flow through his fingers.

"It's jest like it is with some men, 'Lige. He has begun to look back too much on the time when he was young. He has begun to believe thar ain't no such houn's now as thar was when he was in his prime. He dreams a good deal an' yelps in his sleep, thinkin' he's in the chase, I reckon."

"Doc, that's zackly whut he do. Then he jumps up an' looks all roun', foolishlike. You take that for a bad sign?"

"'T ain't good. An' now I'm goin' to be honest with you. Thar ain't no mo' use in givin' a dog medicine fer old age than a man. The best thing is to flatter him into the belief that he ain't old, but not to let him undertake too much. Have had him out lately?"

"Yes, t' uther night. Ain't never refused him yit, but the last time I had to he'p him a right smart."

"Wall, we'll go out to-night an' see how he acts."

When it was time for the moon to rise, 'Lige took down his long Texas-steer horn and blew the hounds together. Hood came out of his kennel

as keen as a puppy. Balch said that it was not a good sign; it looked as if Hood were trying to fool himself.

"It's good sometimes to be fooled, but never to fool ourselves," said Balch. Looking at him with the wide eye of admiration, 'Lige made reply that if he had known that Balch's head held so much wisdom, he never would have stuck it into the sand. He kept looking over toward the timber, along the creek, scanning for the first gleam of the rising moon; then turned to Balch and said there would be no moon, that it was going to rain. Soon the rain began to slant down sharp from a wind-hurried cloud, but nothing could keep 'Lige from the chase when the time had once been set. He held his own hide in no fear of wet or cold, but did not think that Hood ought to go."

"I'm afeard you'll hurt his feelin's if you don't let him," said Balch.

Hood heard them and drooped. He looked ten years older. 'Lige said:

"I can't he'p it, but he's too old to go out in sich weather. No, po' feller, you must n't go to-night. To-night you go an' stay in yo' house."

Hood crept into his kennel. Out of the yard swept the other hounds. There was fair sport, and they got the big brush of an old gray fox, but on the way home 'Lige fell into a sad mood.

"Balch, my conscience is a-pullin' at me, an' I wusht I had let him come."

"You was too sudden with him, 'Lige. You done him wrong."

"I hope he won't hold it ag'in' me."


Hood did not come to meet them, and 'Lige thought that he was sulking; but wise old Balch said that he had better go and see about him. 'Lige went to the door of the kennel, stooped down, but no stir within. He struck a light, and there lay old Hood, dead of grief. 'Lige sat up with him, sat all night at the door of the kennel, sat in the rain and the cold wind, and in the blinking dawn Balch went out to him.

"Doc," said the stricken man, "I oughter tuck yo' advice. Atter all yo' raskility, I reckon you have got religion at last; an' now lemme tell you. You air old an' po' an' ain't got nowhar to stay. So you stay here an' live with me the rest of yo' life."

The Parliament of the People

By GLENN FRANK

(This is the fifth of a series of articles Mr. Frank is contributing to THE CENTURY. Previous articles in this series on business and labor have been widely commented upon by leaders in these fields. In this article he presents a fundamental and authoritative study of the necessity and possibility of restoring in this country the habit of community discussion of common problems. He recognizes the impossibility of restoring literally the old New England town-meeting type of agency, but offers a critical analysis of such agencies as the open forum, the lyceum, and the Chautauqua, with practical suggestions for their greater usefulness in the period of revaluation through which we are passing. It will come as a surprise to many readers that one out of every eleven persons in the United States every year attends either a lyceum or Chautauqua program. This article is an appeal for that "common counsel" for which President Wilson has consistently pleaded. The next article in this series will appear in THE CENTURY for August.—THE EDITOR.)

HIS morning I entered the subway at Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street and took the car that brings me to my office downtown. The car was crowded, as usual, with all sorts and conditions of men. Nobody talked to anybody. All but two men in the car had their heads buried in their favorite newspapers. Now and then a man puckered his brow at a cable despatch or nodded his head at an editorial. The cars grated into Times Square, and the guards set up their antiphonal "Let 'em off, please! Watch your step!" as the men tucked their newspapers into their pockets or dropped them on the seats and left the car with a self-satisfied expression that seemed to say, "I have now partaken of that great American sacrament, the morning newspaper, and until the afternoon editions are ready to contribute my quota to American public opinion." Of course, what these men had done, in the main, was not to get a balanced opinion of the day's issues so much as to experience a certain involuntary reaction to a cable despatch, probably inspired in some ministry of propaganda, or to an editorial written by the retained attorney for some particular point of view. These men cannot be said to have par-

ticipated in public opinion. Opinion arising from a hurried and uncritical reading of head-lines at the breakfast-table or en route to the office is thin soil from which to expect constructive national policies to spring.

My memory conjures up another picture to put alongside this—the picture of a village post-office in the middle West. The last census puts the population of this village at one hundred and eighty-three. The post-office has been located for as many years as I can remember in one of the general stores of the village. The distribution of mail and the sale of gingham and groceries are, to the political psychologist, only incidental functions of this general store and post-office. It is the playground and meeting-place of the village mind. It is the spot where neighborhood opinion is fashioned. It is to the villagers what the agora was to the Greeks, what the forum was to the Romans, what the folk-moot was to the Anglo-Saxons, what the town meeting was to the New-Englanders of an earlier day. Until a short while ago the postmaster was a Civil-War veteran, and one of the few men of the village who took a daily newspaper from the largest city of the State. Two mail-trains, one in the morning and one in

the evening, stop at this village. Beginning about an hour before the arrival of the mail, the evening mail particularly, it has been the habit of years for a crowd of villagers to congregate at the post-office. No particular purpose beyond getting the mail and gratifying a certain otherwise unsatisfied social instinct draws this crowd together; but once together, it resolves itself into a discussion club, and everything from village gossip to national politics comes under its jurisdiction.

This mid-Western folk-moot functions best, perhaps, on winter evenings, when the men of the village "go uptown awhile after supper," as they put it. As I remember, these sessions usually began with the leisurely reminiscences of the postmaster, from whose lips I heard, as a boy, an epic of several years' length that vied in dramatic grip and richness of detail with that series of papers on "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" which THE CENTURY featured a generation ago. With the comforting sense of an hour of freedom from work before the arrival of the mail, the old postmaster would settle himself in his chair, the only chair provided with a much worn and well soiled cushion, and held sacred by the villagers for the postmaster's exclusive use, draw the chair a little nearer the roaring coal-stove, before which was a square box filled with sawdust into which the tobacco-chewers spat with a cracksmen's precision, and after jocosely saying to his store partner: "Well, Len, have you called the roll? Are we all here?" would open this village parliament. But the postmaster's stories were only the prologue to a wide-ranging discussion of men and measures that followed whenever this crowd got together.

I cannot, somehow, withhold myself from the conclusion that the post-office method of making up the mind of a village, state, or nation is superior to the subway method. It is no part of my purpose to suggest that the villager is profound and the city man superficial. Man for man, the average city-dweller is doubtless better informed by far than the villager. But to this day, when I return to this mid-Western village and

go to the post-office, I am struck by the original and independent, although badly informed, thinking that is manifested in these free-for-all discussions. These men may wear "hand-me-down" or ready-made suits, but not so their opinions; they, at least, are personally tailored. They do not surrender their day's opinion to the chance impression of head-lines. Each for himself as he goes about his work, they mull over such head-line and hearsay information as may have come to them respecting the things that are holding the center of the stage in war, in diplomacy, in politics, and in industry; then later at the post-office they lay their minds alongside the minds of their neighbors, they pit their opinions against the opinions of their fellows, and before they get through they have made up the public opinion of the village. And I submit that as a people we must in some way contrive to utilize nationally this method of sustained discussion of public problems in which all participate, unless we are to turn national policy over entirely to a political leadership of shifting personnel and uncertain qualities of mind and purpose. We must adapt to national service this post-office parliament of the mid-Western village.

In his 1912 campaign addresses Woodrow Wilson made what he described as "an attempt to express the new spirit of our politics and to set forth . . . what it is that must be done if we are to restore our politics to their full spiritual vigor again, and our national life, whether in trade, in industry, or in what concerns us only as families and individuals, to its purity, its self-respect, and its pristine strength and freedom." Quite clearly, such a process of spiritual restoration in our national thought and action is a fore-running essential to sound and realistic politics in this country. The extent and effectiveness of this restoration will condition the character and rate of progress that we shall achieve in this plastic period following the war.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Wilson did not predicate this political regeneration upon the brilliant performance of a few conspicuous leaders

or look for its causating source in cabinets and congresses. It is not star play, but team work, that makes a nation function. The soil of policy is the common thought and opinion of the people. National policy tends to become creative and valid to the degree that public opinion is adequately informed and soundly realistic. And one of the most effective pleas Mr. Wilson made in that campaign was his plea for the restoration of one of the lost instruments of our national life—a parliament of the people, a meeting-ground and method for popular debate and discussion between as well as during campaigns. He put the matter in this wise:

For a long time this country of ours has lacked one of the instruments which freemen have always and everywhere held fundamental. For a long time there has been no sufficient opportunity for counsel among the people; no place and method of talk, of exchange of opinion, of parley. Communities have outgrown the folk-moot and the town meeting. . . . Congress has become an institution which does its work in the privacy of committee rooms and not on the floor of the Chamber; a body that makes laws; a legislature, not a body that debates, not a parliament. Party conventions afford little or no opportunity for discussion; party platforms are privately manufactured and adopted with a whoop.

I conceive it to be one of the needs of the hour to restore the processes of common counsel, and to substitute them for the processes of private arrangement which now determine the policies of cities, states, and nation. We must learn, we freemen, to meet, as our fathers did, somehow, somewhere, for consultation. There must be discussion and debate, in which all freely participate. . . . Why should political debate go on only when somebody is to be elected?

The whole purpose of democracy is that we may hold counsel with one another, so as not to depend upon the understanding of one man, but to depend upon the counsel of all. For only as men are brought into counsel, and state their own needs and interests, can the general interests of a great people be compounded into a policy suitable to all. . . . So, at this opening of a

new age, in this its day of unrest and discontent, it is our part to clear the air, to bring about common counsel; to set up *the parliament of the people*.

If there ever was a time in American history when the need for setting up the instruments and methods for common discussion of common interests was imperative, it is imperative now in this time of flux, when reckless revolution and stupid reaction are alike coquetting with the public mind, making balanced sanity of mass judgment increasingly difficult. There are those who would have our laws and institutions lumber along in sublime disregard of the necessity for their being adjusted to current circumstances; there are those who would have our laws and institutions race ahead of the facts in a Sir Galahad expedition after an imagined good. Both groups, reactionists and revolutionists, make specious pleas. It will not be enough merely to put our fingers to our ears when false guides speak; the task remains of producing national policies that will go between and beyond the caveman politics of the Bourbon and the Cubist politics of the Bolshevik. It would seem a waste of words to say that, in the sort of time we are passing through, nothing will so surely protect us from hasty experiment and insure rational progress as the full, free, candid, serious, and sustained discussion of our public problems of politics, industry, education, and the like—discussion in which the rank and file of the people participate.

But the major difficulty with us is that we lack the machinery and have lost the habit of community discussion. We are a press-reading and lecture-hearing people, but our genius for debate has gone long unused. We are a chronic audience, and the audience habit is death to the political creativeness of a people. But the issues during the next few years will be so complicated and the number of forces bidding for the control of policy so diverse that it will be a dangerous gamble for us to lean upon anything but the steady counsel of matured judgment. And that means that the average American must listen to discussions less and partici-

pate more. We need an agora, a forum, a folk-moot, a town meeting.

We cannot, of course, effect a literal restoration of any such institution, for instance, as the New England town meeting. That institution was fitted to serve a time of simpler issues and a more leisurely moving society. In bringing about a revival of the habit of popular discussion in this country, we must reckon at the outset with two facts: first, that the issues of life and government are no longer simple, so that to think soundly and act wisely in modern society requires grasp of a wide range of facts, no small degree of study, and the constant sharpening of imaginative insight; and, second, that we are by long habit a nation of listeners, greedy for predigested information and opinion. Whatever machinery for common counsel we set up must, therefore,

provide for the supplying of such expert knowledge of complicated facts as community discussion may require as a base, and which no local person may be able to furnish, and must not demand that we transform ourselves at once from listeners into debaters, but afford an easy transition and training.

It would be little more than an idler's pastime to draw up the blue prints for a newly conceived institution and suggest that we set out at once to organize it upon a national scale. In the first place, there is no chance that we would do it; and, in the second place, if we did, we would probably over-mechanize the thing and fail in our intent. Such institutions must grow, checked and counter-checked by practical experience. If we are to restore the processes of common counsel among the people, we must do it through existing agencies.

The Open Forum

THE existing agency that comes nearest to filling the requirements is the open forum. Charles Sprague Smith organized the first open forum in this country at Cooper Union, in New York City, about twenty years ago. Ten years later a second open forum was started in New York City. In 1903 George W. Coleman organized the Ford Hall forum in Boston. Since then open forums have sprung up in cities and towns throughout the country. There is a New York Congress of Forums, a New England Congress of Forums, and an Open Forum National Council. These forums are initiated and maintained by divers sorts of organizations—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish churches, city clubs, boards of trade, women's clubs, labor-unions, and miscellaneous groups of public-spirited citizens in communities. The last time the statistics of the movement came to my attention, at the beginning of this year, there were more than two hundred and fifty open forums scattered from Winnipeg, Ottawa, and Montreal on the north to Florida on the south; from New York, Baltimore, and Boston on the east to Portland and San Diego on the Pacific Coast.

At the last annual conference of the Open Forum National Council an international committee was authorized to spread the forum idea in other countries. During 1918 Mr. George W. Coleman, the president of the council, initiated the open-forum movement in Great Britain. In this country the forum idea has been adapted and used with marked success by varied sorts of organizations in metropolitan centers and in small towns, in industrial districts and in farming regions, in exclusive residential neighborhoods and in congested immigrant wards, among business men and by labor-unions. The officers of the Open Forum National Council tell me that every day brings to their offices many inquiries concerning the possibility of ingrafting the forum idea on existing organizations.

The open forum is based upon certain elementary considerations which it may be well to restate. A democracy presupposes an opportunity for mutual acquaintance, understanding, and discussion among its people. The leaders of the open-forum movement recognize, however, that we have largely lost the facility for spontaneous group discussion, and they have, therefore, provided

not only a meeting-ground, but a method as well, for community discussion of public questions. They have combined the best features of the old New England town meeting and the modern lecture course, and have better adapted these features to present-day industrial and metropolitan circumstances. An open forum provides an expert speaker to inspire and inform the mind of the audience, as the town meeting did not, but the lecture course does; it gives an opportunity, directly following the address, for general participation by all the people in questions and discussion, as the lecture course does not, but the town meeting did. It is this question-and-discussion period following the address that attaches peculiar importance to the open forum as an agency for the creation of sanely balanced opinion in a democracy.

No one who has spoken in an open forum and stood the grilling of questions from the floor will doubt the power of the forum method to sting the brain-cells of an audience to attention and action, nor question the efficacy of the forum in bringing back into our national life the habit of common discussion of common problems. There is a vast reserve of intense thought and valuable counsel in the men who rarely break into print or themselves address public meetings. We have permitted that reserve of counsel to stagnate for lack of a method to draw it into action. The forum does that. The questions that follow a forum address, as I have seen the forum in action, are by no means confined to the sophisticated and well-to-do of the audience. Woodrow

Wilson says of one of his experiences in an open forum:

One of the valuable lessons of my life was due to the fact that at a comparatively early age in my experience as a public speaker I had the privilege of speaking in Cooper Union in New York. The audience in Cooper Union is made up of every kind of man and woman, from the poor devil who simply comes in to keep warm up to the man who has come in to take a serious part in the discussion of the evening. I want to tell you this, that in the questions that are asked there after the speech is over, the most penetrating questions that I have ever had addressed to me came from some of the men who were the least well-dressed in the audience, came from the plain fellows, came from the fellows whose muscle was daily up against the whole struggle of life. They asked questions which went to the heart of the business and put me to my mettle to answer them. I felt as if those questions came as a voice out of life itself, not a voice out of any school less severe than the severe school of experience.

The open forum has effected a bringing together in the atmosphere of tolerant discussion all of the diverse elements of the community—men and women, rich and poor, conservative and radical, employer and employee, religionists and agnostics. It would be difficult to conceive a more fundamental national service that some man of wealth and informed public spirit could render than to make possible by funds and counsel the rapid extension of this instrumentality of our democracy.

The Lyceum

IT is not in my mind to express any word of criticism regarding the open forum, but it is necessary to say that at its present rate of expansion it will be a good round of years before it will take on the dimensions of a national institution. And the need of common counsel will be so pressing in the immediate future that we should undertake better to utilize all other available agencies toward this end. There is a

peculiarly American institution, of much wider extent than the open forum, that has a unique opportunity for national influence just now, if it will only adapt itself more intelligently and closely to present-day needs and current circumstances. That institution is the lyceum, or lecture course business of the country, and its later and summer manifestation, the Chautauqua. I know that the term Chautauqua means to the

paragapher of the metropolitan papers Tyrolean yodlers and political demagogues on junket, but both the lyceum and Chautauqua have histories of distinction and possibilities of promise. No one who has the processes of public opinion at heart can afford to ignore either.

It may be interesting to sketch the development of the lecture platform in this country as a background for an assessment of its possible adaptation to the larger needs of American democracy at this time. Without going into over-minute details, it may be broadly stated that the American lyceum was founded by Josiah Holbrook of Derby, Connecticut. The first fruit of his undertaking was the establishment in 1826 of the Millbury Branch, Number one, of the American Lyceum, a voluntary association of the farmers and mechanics of Millbury, Massachusetts, for the purpose of self-culture, community instruction, and mutual discussion of common public interests. Mr. Holbrook's plan looked forward to the establishment in every town of a local lyceum that should have a library, other educational equipment, courses of lectures given by the members, and a division of the membership into sections for the study of history, art, science, and public questions. His plan proposed that delegates from town lyceums should form county lyceums, delegates from county lyceums to form state lyceums, and delegates from state lyceums to make up the National American Lyceum. He had further in mind the ultimate creation of an international lyceum, of which Chancellor Brougham should be president, and which should have fifty-two vice-presidents, who were to be men distinguished in science, philanthropy, and public affairs, chosen from every country in the world.

The development of Mr. Holbrook's plan was rapid. Twelve or fifteen nearby villages promptly followed the example of Millbury, and early in 1827 Worcester County, Massachusetts, organized the first county lyceum. Mr. Holbrook traveled incessantly throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut, and personally organized many socie-

ties. By 1828 nearly one hundred branches of the American lyceum had been formed, and by the end of 1829 there were societies in nearly every State in the Union. Two years later their number had increased to nearly one thousand, and in 1834 nearly three thousand town lyceums were scattered throughout the United States from Boston to Detroit and from Maine to Florida.

The organization of county lyceums likewise proceeded rapidly. Massachusetts, being dissatisfied with its record of seventy-eight town and three county lyceums, in 1829 appointed a state board to promote county organization and hasten the establishment of a state lyceum. This state board effected the organization of a state lyceum in 1831. New York, however, had organized its state lyceum about six weeks earlier, and Florida was only a little behind Massachusetts.

On May 4, 1831, New York City received the convention for the establishment of the National American Lyceum. One thousand towns in which lyceums were established were represented in this convention. The national organization was effected. For eight years annual meetings were held in New York City. The last national convention of this early movement was held in November, 1839. While the actual life of this national organization was brief, it accomplished definite results in its eight years of activity. It forwarded education in Cuba, Venezuela, and Mexico; it gave our own common schools an impetus toward better things, and left behind many educational, literary, and lecture associations founded through its influence, all of which have left their mark on the educational life of the country.

For the most part, the town lyceums continued uninterrupted by the discontinuance of the national association; some surviving for twenty, some thirty, and some fifty years. Certain of these original town lyceums exist even today; but, in the main, the old structure and the old conception of a lyceum have been replaced by the present lyceum, or lecture platform. The evolution of these town lyceums from their first

form of organization, as associations of local townfolk for the mutual study and discussion of educational matters and public affairs, to the present highly organized business system of booking lectures and entertainments may be summarized as follows:

First, all lectures were given by local members of the association without remuneration.

Second, after many neighboring towns had organized lyceums, and certain men had acquired reputations as speakers, towns began a system of interchange of lecturers. At first only expenses were paid; later small fees became the custom.

Third, local lyceums began to bring to their towns distinguished men as lecturers. The arrangements for these lecture engagements were personally made between the local committees and the lecturer. This stage in the development of the lyceum marked the entrance of the professional lecturer. It is interesting to note that Ralph Waldo Emerson was the first of these professional lecturers, and that virtually all of Emerson's essays were written originally for delivery from the lyceum platform.

Fourth, after several years, this practice had brought into existence a group of professional lecturers, men of distinction who gave much of their time to the lecture platform. These men ex-

perienced increasing difficulty in attending to the details of arranging their engagements and in securing adequate and regular compensation for their lectures. This situation called into existence the present régime of lecture bureaus, which gradually placed the booking of lectures upon a systematic business basis. With the development of the bureau system, which began in 1868 when James Redpath organized the Boston Lyceum Bureau, there occurred a remarkable expansion of the movement.

That the lecture platform of these early days exerted genuine influence upon American public opinion is certified by the list of men who devoted all or a considerable part of their time to the platform. There has recently come into my possession copies of announcements issued by lecture bureaus in the early period of bureau management. It is interesting to note that the early lists of lecturers offered by the bureaus contained such distinguished names as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, James Russell Lowell, Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett Hale, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, Louis Agassiz, Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles A. Dana, James T. Fields, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, William Lloyd Garrison, Bayard Taylor, John B. Gough, and others.

The Chautauqua

THE Chautauqua, which is essentially the same sort of undertaking as the lyceum, has had an interesting development, which may be summarized briefly as follows:

In August, 1874, Bishop John H. Vincent and Lewis Miller organized at Lake Chautauqua, New York, the Chautauqua Sunday School Association. Designed at the beginning only for the study of the Bible and of such subjects as would directly assist in the teaching of the Bible, the idea of this association gradually enlarged to cover the entire field of education for adult persons out of school. Now for ten weeks every year at Chautauqua Institution at Lake Chautauqua there is conducted a sum-

mer assembly the lecture courses and study groups of which cover virtually the entire field of general education and the discussion of public affairs that are in the foreground of public thinking. This assembly has given rise to a large institution with extensive properties.

This parent assembly was rapidly copied by communities throughout the country. In these communities, Chautauqua Associations were formed by local townfolk, and each summer for a few weeks programs of lectures, study groups, and discussion clubs, with a due portion of diverting music and entertainment, were carried out. Each of these local Chautauqua assemblies was a law unto itself, independent, not co-

ordinated into any system, and secured its lecturers either by dealing directly with the lecturers or obtaining them through the offices of lecture bureaus. These assemblies brought to hundreds of small communities many of the distinguished men of letters and affairs of this and other countries, and effected thereby a broadening of the outlook of the townsfolk that would have been difficult, if not impossible, through any other agency.

After these independent Chautauqua assemblies had been scattered at strategic centers throughout the country, another stage of development was entered. Bureau managers undertook to carry Chautauqua programs into communities where the local townsfolk had not, and might never, take the initiative in organizing an independent assembly. This resulted in the development of the so called circuit Chautauqua system, under which a bureau prepares a standardized program and books it over a circuit of towns and cities. The enormous saving in transportation and overhead charges made possible under this system, which booked the same five-, seven-, or eight-day program in a circuit of towns within short distances one of the other put the advantages of the Chautauqua within reach of many smaller towns that would have been unable to support an assembly of the old type.

To-day, between fifteen and twenty thousand communities are reached by the lyceum, or lecture courses, and the Chautauqua, or summer assemblies. Over ten million persons listen to these lyceum and Chautauqua programs every year. Thus there has been built up by commercial firms or bureaus in coöperation with local committees of public-spirited citizens a machinery of popular influence which touches every part of the United States and is beginning to function in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Guided in the later phases by the mixed motives of private

profit and public service, these twin instruments of public opinion have come to exert a marked influence upon the communities into which they reach, and have played no small part in the education and direction of public opinion.

Clearly, here is machinery that we would do well to take into account if we are at all in earnest about setting the processes of common counsel going again. What, then, are the advantages and disadvantages of the lyceum and Chautauqua as instruments for restoring common discussion of common problems by the citizens of American communities?

For one thing, the lyceum and Chautauqua assemblies must introduce the question-and-discussion feature following lectures if they are to function at maximum efficiency in awakening the mind of communities and stimulating a neighborly interplay of opinion on vital issues. Without that feature, the lyceum and Chautauqua must ever be too greatly a method for drawing people together to watch a lecturer or popular celebrity go through a stunt. But most important of all, the lyceum and Chautauqua must discover and draw together or contrive to produce a greater number and higher type of professional lecturers. With these two things accomplished, the lyceum and Chautauqua would answer with gratifying completeness the two basic requirements of the machinery and method that can revive among us popular debate and discussion as a national habit, namely: the supplying of such knowledge of facts as the community may require as a basis for discussion—facts which no local person may be able to supply in view of the fact that issues are to-day complicated, and making it as easy as possible for the audience to pick up again the habit of public discussion. The right sort of lecturers laying the foundations for, and leading into, a question-and-discussion period will meet both of these conditions.

A Critique of the Lecture Platform

THERE is doubtless something of the traitor about my attempting to make a

fundamental criticism of the inadequacy of the present lecture profession

to meet the new demands of this new time, in view of the fact that for several years I spent a large portion of my time in that profession. But during those years it fell to my lot to play the rôle of devil's advocate, pleading against over-confidence in the equipment and efficiency of the present-day lecture profession; what I may say in this paper, therefore, I have said in the inner councils of the profession itself. At least I cannot be charged with basing my observations upon hearsay, as frequently is the case with journalists and publicists who, from their New York offices, write of the Chautauqua as though it were a combination of camp-meeting and county fair.

The present-day platform cannot be adjudged a real profession with power to attract the ablest men to it as offering an adequate career in its exclusive service. It lacks sustained and intelligent definiteness of aim. Its tendency is to become too greatly a medium for individualist performers, instead of a national institution with its diverse energies knit into effectiveness by a dominant unity of aim. From the days when Beecher and Phillips, mouthpieces of mighty causes, were hissed at and mobbed, down to the present régime of popular lecturers who tickle the fancy and flatter the prejudice of the crowd, the lecture platform has degenerated in intellectual quality and definiteness of purpose. In the last few years particularly the nation has called men from every profession into its councils. But when has a lecturer of the modern group been called from the platform to any constructive public service? It can hardly be expected that a nation will look for counsel to a group in which the ideal is the pleasing talker rather than the serious analyst of conditions and the creator of constructive policies. Among the professional lecturers there are happy exceptions to this assessment, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the lecture platform, as an institution, has sacrificed intellectual force in a struggle for popular favor. The present-day lecture platform would disappear in one generation if it did not borrow men from other fields; it has not the power to reproduce itself.

It is not a profession so much as a medium through which the men of other professions speak. It must become a profession, in my judgment, with its ranks filled with able and authoritative men, before the lyceum and Chautauqua can play their proper part in a continuous conference on policy among our people. The lecture platform falls short of a profession to-day for certain entirely clear reasons.

NO PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS

In the first place, no clearly defined requirements are demanded of the men who enter its ranks. Definite standards of knowledge, research, and ability stand guard at the door of every profession,—there are even colleges of barbering,—but who can say what entrance requirements the American lecture platform requires? In the matter of entrance requirements, the lecture platform is to-day about where medicine was when the universal remedy was bleeding. Any man, able to assemble one address on any subject, and contrive to get audiences to listen to its delivery, apparently feels a legitimate right to the title of lecturer, although his entire intellectual life outside of his one lecture may be, as Schopenhauer puts it, like a small state where all the money that circulates is foreign, because it has no coinage of its own.

A REFUGE FOR MISFITS

In the second place, the lecture platform is too much recruited from the misfits of other professions. Ministers who tire of the constant demand for creation that a pulpit makes take a few purple patches from many sermons, string them together on the thread of an imaginary connection, christen the result a lecture, and begin an itinerant round of lecturing, rarely reading a great book, rarely shouldering their way through the tangled thicket of any fundamental problem, never changing, never developing their lecture. Teachers who have never wrestled with the issues that our antiquated educational ideals present, who have never added a single creative thought to the educa-

tional policy of the United States, present lectures that deal with a dozen of civilization's deep-going difficulties within the scope of an hour of superficial paragraphs. Politicians who at the end of a term of office have nowhere else to turn for income become lecturers, and collect fees and applause for telling audiences how they enforced certain statutory laws while in office. On some men of this class American audiences have wasted much good time. Calling a man to the lecture platform because as governor or district attorney he enforced the law is like applauding a man because he has decent table manners and uses a tooth-brush. If he is able to make a real intellectual contribution to the thought of the community, the fact that he has been a faithful public servant may be added justification for calling him to the platform; but too many men are called to the platform solely because they have captured head-lines in sensational prosecutions.

"CELEBRITIES"

IN the third place, the platform has suffered from an over-exploitation of the "celebrity," one who by some sensational feat has come momentarily into the lime-light. In the main these men are inferior lecturers, and succeed only in drawing door receipts and gratifying a certain circus curiosity to which we must all plead varying degrees of guilt. Certainly the processes of common counsel, with which this paper is concerned, are not helped by the platform appearances of fanatic reformers and ex-prisoners, to say nothing of Mascot, the trained horse. But of course such features are occasional only; they reduce, however, the social effectiveness of the institution. I am referring here mainly to men who have made legitimate and valuable reputations in other fields, but who have neither the mind nor the art to lecture effectively, but who are constantly used upon the lecture platforms of the country. There is a host of men whose lecture careers would end to-morrow if they depended exclusively upon platform ability and intellectual grasp of

public problems—men kept afloat by the swimming bladder of a reputation gained in other fields.

The public service that the platform may render demands that it cease being an exploiter of ready-made reputations and a refuge for professional misfits, and that it assume its real function as an intellectual forum. Not that the platform must not always draw heavily upon all professions. In earlier days nearly every American city had its stock company of seriously studious actors who were the backbone of the drama; but into these stock companies from time to time, for short engagements, came such stars as Forrest, Murdock, and Junius Brutus Booth. In like manner the lecture platform will always invite to its service distinguished leaders in public affairs, in literature, in science, and in art; but the rank and file of its servants should be truly professional lecturers who, in coming to the platform, have paid the price of serious study and have mastered some body of vital knowledge.

THE "POPULAR" LECTURE

IN the fourth place, lecturing will never become a profession attracting to its exclusive service the ablest minds so long as the so called popular lecture constitutes the bulk of its offerings. The commercial lecture platform is today loaded almost to the breaking-point with always-room-at-the-top-mother-home-and-heaven-never-say-die sort of lectures. The attempt of the average lecturer to entertain has been the intellectual damnation of the present-day lecture platform. There is, of course, no excuse for the man who talks dully of great things, and then damns the stupidity of the people for walking away from him. The unpardonable sin of the platform is the sin of being uninteresting. But what would have happened to the public influence of those sturdy old publicists, the Hebrew prophets, if they had spent their time spinning yarns just to capture the applause of Israel? I mean no indictment of men who create their own material and cast it into fiction or character form. While such men entertain in the

highest sense, their entertainment only wings the arrows of their philosophy. They are in the royal succession of real lecturers. Nor is reference intended to men who wisely use a story to illuminate a truth. Lincoln would weave a story into an address in a manner that visualized a principle, as a steel engraving or wood-cut adds to the appeal of a book. But such men never drag in a story to recapture an audience that absence of thought has lost.

Closely akin to the popular lecturer, who is more jester than philosopher or publicist, is the man who classifies himself as an inspirational lecturer. These lecturers are legion. These lectures are largely autobiographical and relate how the lecturer, often a rather ordinary man who has contributed nothing to the thought of the nation and left no imprint upon the religious, political, or economic life of his time, sawed wood

and waited at table to pay his way through college. Now and then, once or twice in a generation it may be, there is some great soul who has greatly lived, whose evident richness of experience and attainment can revitalize the tritest of moralizings. But the average so-called inspirational lecture is only the uninspiring reminiscence of egotistic mediocrity. Would not the lecturer's hour be better employed in holding up the allurements of some great cause that would evoke the noblest loyalties and stimulate to adventurous thinking? I know the many stories of penniless boys who, listening to a lecturer tell of his early struggles, have been inspired to the struggle that made them famous; but I am convinced that for every one person inspired by such recitals, fifty have been awakened by the vigorous sketching of some great truth or by the ringing call to some challenging cause.

Leaders for a People's Parliament

IF I have seemed unduly critical in this drawing of attention to certain acquired, but not inherent, shortcomings of the professional lecturer, it is because I am concerned that such weaknesses shall not permanently prevent the lyceum and Chautauqua from playing the large part they may in restoring to us sustained and intelligent community consideration and discussion of public problems. The lyceum and Chautauqua represent an extensive national machinery of influence, reaching into all sorts of communities. With the exception of the church and the public school, no word-of-mouth institution quite equals its scope. Attendance statistics indicate that one out of every eleven persons—men, women, and children—in the United States attend a lyceum or Chautauqua program some time during every calendar year. Because of its geographical extent, therefore, if for no other reason, it is the most promising machinery for common counsel that we have, provided there is introduced into its plan the question-and-discussion feature before suggested, and provided further there can be developed a very large body of truly

professional lecturers, men who will be less the showman, and more the publicist.

Of course, the basic essential, in realizing the maximum possibilities of this institution, is this group of lecturers, who prepare for their work as a physician prepares for his practice, a scientist for his experiments, or a teacher for his tasks of instruction. I purpose, therefore, to attempt some contribution to counsel as well as to criticism by outlining briefly what demands the task of awakening and leading community discussion of vital issues makes of the lecturer. By enumerating and discussing five specific duties of the lecturer, I hope to sketch something in the nature of a picture of the sort of lecturer these complicated times require.

BUILDER OF BACKGROUNDS

IN the first place, the lecturer should be a builder of mental backgrounds. One of the manifest intellectual weaknesses of the average American citizen is his lack of background for the consideration of specific public problems. American citizenship lacks a "mental

hinterland." The average American vote is prompted in part by hereditary opinion, in part by mob psychology, and in part by selfish interest. No small part of this is due to the fact that many of us do not have an information basis for understanding, forming conclusions upon, and dealing with the dominant problems of our time.

It is difficult, for instance, to find an American who does not have vigorous convictions concerning the labor question, yet the average voter has no comprehensive picture of the relations of labor and capital in mind when he speaks or votes. He blindly feels that one crowd, labor, is haggling for more wages and fewer hours, and another crowd, capital, is trying to hold wages down and increase the hours of work; he has little appreciation of the dramatic fact that industry is undergoing the same evolution that government has passed through, that America is to-day at about the same point in the wise organization of industrial relations at which Mexico is in the wise organization of political relations. The cocksureness with which the average American farmer denounces the single tax is amusing in the light of his knowledge of the theory, which may be summed up as follows: he knows it is a tax,—t-a-x tells him that; it is levied upon one thing,—the word single suggests that,—and he has a hazy notion that it is connected with a bewhiskered old gentleman by the name of Henry George, and he remembers the economist's name more because of the cigar named after him than for any knowledge of his theories. It is unnecessary to multiply illustration. We do not get from any of our institutions knowledge in this background form. Even the college does not so present information. What I mean to say is that students, in most cases, lose the vivid unity of the picture in a study of unrelated details, and do not, under the current methods of college instruction, arrive at those broad philosophical generalizations essential to sanity of judgment. The press, dealing with incidents from day to day, does not minister to background. A great body of trained lecturers going up and down the country could give to the citizens of

community after community a comprehensive background of the facts necessary to the formulation of sound judgments upon the several problems of our national life. There should be on the lecture platform several expert students dealing with each of the fundamental problems upon which we need alert and authoritative public opinion to guide our policy and action. The lecture of each such man should flash on the screen a comprehensive picture of the problem being discussed, and present in non-technical language the broad generalizations that modern knowledge has made possible on the issues it presents.

The lack of background for the consideration of specific public problems has given the demagogue his opportunity, and the most effective weapon that can be used against the demagogue is not moral indignation, but a wider diffusion of basic knowledge. The intellectual service here suggested is fundamental to the success of the democratic experiment on this continent.

INTERPRETER OF SPECIALISTS

IN the second place, the lecturer should be a mediator between the specialist and the layman. The practical value of every social or material invention depends upon its being adequately interpreted to the masses. Science owes its effective ministry as much to the interpretive as to the creative mind. The knowledge of the world is advanced chiefly by specialists, but the specialist is not always the best interpreter of his discoveries or inventions, not always the best lecturer; rarely, in fact, do the faculties of exploration and exposition meet in the same mind. Many a negro mammy of the South can make a strawberry short-cake that would tempt the appetite of the gods, but she might cut a sorry figure as a domestic-science lecturer. The lecturer should stand between the layman, whose knowledge of all things is indefinite, and the specialist, whose knowledge of one thing is authoritative. It is the scientist who advances knowledge, but it is his interpreter who really advances the world. Every great field of productive scholarship should have a representative on

the American lecture platform. Again, this is a service upon which the success of democracy depends. History affords abundant evidence that civilization has advanced in direct ratio to the efficiency with which the thought of the intellectual classes has been translated into the language of the street, that democracy of politics depends upon democracy of thought. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England," says:

When the interval between the intellectual classes and the practical classes is too great, the former will possess no influence, the latter will reap no benefit. This is what occurred in the ancient world, when the distance between the ignorant idolatry of the people and the refined systems of the philosophers was altogether impassable; and this is the principal reason why the Greeks and Romans were unable to retain the civilization which they for a short time possessed.

For all our one- and two-penny press and our public-school system, this statement has more of an American application than we care to admit. The lecturer, as mediator between specialist and layman, may perform a distinct service at this point. A dozen fields of thought are to-day congested with new knowledge that the physical and social sciences have unearthed, and the whole tone and temper of American life can be lifted by putting that knowledge into the hands of the masses. But where are the professional lecturers with the training and willingness to think their way through this knowledge and translate it into the language of the average audience that gathers in our communities to listen to a course of lectures? This sort of service would develop a group of lecturers who would become known not as the authors of one or two lectures, as under the present order, but as representatives of fields of thought.

CONSERVATOR OF FREE SPEECH

IN the third place, the lecturer should be a conservator of free speech. Again we touch a principle upon which democracy rests. Civilization is kept virile by the friction and accommodation of va-

ried opinions freely thought and fearlessly expressed. We have fought, and to a gratifying degree won, the battle against the organized tyranny of the church and the state over the mind; but the position surrendered by the ecclesiastical and kingly classes has been assumed by other classes, who have given up the method of open warfare and adopted the less honorable, perhaps, but equally vicious tactics of ambush, and many a sly arrow has struck the pulpit, the press, and the university. The lecture platform offers a relatively freer medium of expression than any other institution of our national life. It is freer simply because the lecturer's income is derived, in the course of a year, let us say, from one hundred and fifty or two hundred distinct communities, so that he can stand pressure and exclusion from several points in his area of operations without endangering his position or his living income. It is clear, of course, that freedom of utterance and act increases in proportion to the number of sources from which a man receives his income.

But the most serious danger to free speech upon the lecture platform is not that of financial subsidy or control. An attempt to subsidize, in the interest of bald reaction, the lyceum and Chautauqua would carry the seeds of its failure with it. As a people, we have developed an uncanny facility for detecting the purchased tongue and servile brain. Subsidy or control by special interests is not the major danger to the sincerity of the lecture platform. It has been truthfully said that in journalism, for every one article suppressed at the request of special interests, ten are pigeon-holed because they might jolt the provincial ideas of certain American farmers, incense the Catholics, irritate the Protestants, fail in appeal to the small-town merchant, or break a lance with some pet prejudice. The lecturer's most difficult task is to keep free from the subtle subsidy of dogmatic theology, partizan politics, and selfish philosophy.

I do not mean to suggest that the average audience prefers that the lecturer should be reactionary; the average audience likes a show of courage, and will applaud a vigorous statement

of truth provided it does not too closely infringe upon their immediate privileges and cherished convictions. An audience enjoys attacks made on the vested interests of another part of the country. The championship of a radical principle seems divine to a people not hurt by it. It is easy for a lecturer to gain a reputation for bravery by attacking things that the majority already condemn. Since this is the line of least resistance, it is too frequently taken by the professional lecturer. I have heard a certain distinguished evangelist lauded for his bravery in attacking the saloon; but does it require bravery to attack an institution to the accompaniment of the vociferous approval of fifteen thousand applauding listeners? That is not having the courage of one's convictions; that is having the courage of other people's convictions. This particular man has bravery and convictions, but his attack on the saloon is not an apt illustration. It no longer requires bravery for a lecturer to arraign Rockefeller; the muck-rakers made that a national sport. A fling at Rockefeller has become as sure a receipt for applause as George Cohan waving, or certain lecturers apostrophizing, the flag. It no longer requires courage for a lecturer to condemn child labor. Few men in the average lyceum or Chautauqua audience employ child labor. The test is whether, in speaking to a chamber of commerce or a bankers' convention, the lecturer speaks of justice, social ethics, and the moral ministry of business as he does before his rural and small-town lecture audiences, or spends his time lauding business confidence and singing an ode to the golden steer of American prosperity.

The social value of the lecture platform has been lowered by a constant yielding on the part of the lecturer to the temptation to say the thing that takes rather than the thing that is true. There is no temptation more insidious than that of the oratorical temperament face to face with the prompt judgments and arbitrary demands of an audience. Politics and the pulpit offer as many illustrations of this as does the lecture platform. Many lecturers who began their careers with worthy standards

have permitted the acid of applause to eat the value out of their service. One night the lecturer strikes a certain string that vibrates easily; thereafter he finds it difficult to avoid striking that string again and again not because it gives the note needed, but because there he is assured of ready response from his audience. He discovers that the anecdote gets response more easily than does analysis; straightway he multiplies his anecdotes. He finds that it is easier to storm the emotions than to convince the reason; he sets about adding pathos to his technic. He sees that an epigram galvanizes the attention of an audience; forthwith he peppers his lecture with epigrams, although the average epigram is only half true. The dwindling of his audience would imperil his income. His audience is to him what the tiger is to its trainer; he must become either the master or the victim of its moods. Unconsciously he allows the instinct of self-preservation to dictate his assertions. His mind becomes a weather-cock, nervously sensitive to the automatic applause of flattered prejudice.

Of course all this is exactly the same sort of temptation with which the statesman, the editor, the teacher, and the clergyman must reckon; but in the case of the lecturer, more than is true of any one of these save the clergyman, the temptation is immediate and insidious; he faces his audience, and judgment upon him is passed instantaneously. But if the lecture platform is to assume genuine leadership in public opinion and aid in the restoration of community discussion and common counsel, the lecturer must study his applause as a chemist studies the reactions in his test-tubes. He must ask who applauds and why. The greatest lectures keep the crowd so busy thinking that it forgets to applaud. The major part of all applause is evoked by cadence rather than by thought. It is a suspicious sign when applause comes too quickly, for in such cases the lecture is likely to be only the reflection of the surface thoughts of the crowd. This is what Phocion had in mind when, interrupted by the loud cheers of the mob, he turned to his friends standing by and asked, "Have

I made a mistake and said something stupid?"

I have attached this discussion of the lecturer's temptation by the crowd to this reference to the preservation of free speech for this reason: it is too easily assumed that freedom from the financial and social control of special privilege alone insures freedom of speech that will mean a release of forward-looking and creative thought; but what is said by the free man is as important as his freedom to say it.

A BLAZER OF TRAILS

IN the fourth place, the lecturer should be a blazer of intellectual and social trails. Because he enjoys a freedom relatively greater than that of the average public servant, the lecturer should justify his possession of that freedom by marching in advance of the majority in his thinking. In retailing the accepted truths of society, he may do much good, but he is not assuming his real function. The lecturer has no right to deal in platitudes. When society has adopted a principle, it is time for the lecturer to drop it. Macaulay says of John Milton:

He always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. . . . When his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and pleasure of Milton . . . to leave . . . to others the credit of defending and expounding the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal or derided as paradoxical.

That a thing is true is not justification for giving it place in a lecture. The raw materials for lectures should be those truths that may never reach a community, or certainly not reach the community for some time, through the channels of the press, the pulpit, and

the school. The professional lecture platform is to-day creaking under a tonnage of platitudes; but on all hands, among lecturers and their managers, there is going on a definite searching of mind, and there is an increasing aspiration to turn the platform to the best possible account in these potential days of revaluation. Out of this the times demand that there come a group of lecturers who will spend their time, not so much in exhorting in behalf of the Golden Rule as in devising ways and means for making the Golden Rule work in politics and industry.

PROPHET OF THE IMPENDING

IN the fifth and last place, the lecturer should be an interpreter of dawning conditions. That every lecturer should live a century ahead of his time is neither possible nor desirable. Trails must be blazed, but there must also be guides to lead the masses over these trails. Equal in value to the pioneer is the lecturer who, not so far ahead of his time as to make sympathy with him difficult, succeeds in giving voice to the dumb aspirations of the multitude, interpreting and reducing to intelligent form thoughts and purposes that have been unconsciously forming in the mind of the race. These unvoiced convictions and formless aspirations are the raw materials out of which the peaceful revolution of progress is made; but they need to have held before them a forceful interpretation to magnetize them in the right direction.

This interpretation of dawning conditions requires a more judicial type of mind and even greater self-mastery than does the blazing of trails. Certain men are endowed with an intellectual recklessness that predisposes them to pioneer service, hilarious nonconformists who, in hacking their way into new territory, really enjoy the opposition they encounter. It is no hardship to such men to be hissed. The stake is as much a luxury to some men as the spotlight is to others. But to be true to oneself and to the truth, and yet keep the sympathetic attention of the crowd, demands the best a man may have of mind and morals.

Summary

HERE, then, are the capacities in which the lecturer may, in my judgment render an essential service in the inspiring and informing of American public opinion during the next few years when public issues will involve the personal future and fortune of every citizen:

(1) A painter of mental backgrounds, giving to American communities in simplified statements a comprehensive survey of the facts and principles involved in the fundamental questions of our current life.

(2) A mediator between the specialist and the layman, translating into the vernacular the current results of modern scholarship and scientific research.

(3) A conservator of free speech, keeping, in the interest of democratic progress, his thought and utterance unfettered.

(4) A blazer of intellectual and social trails, playing a pioneer rôle that, to men of other professions, is more difficult and in many cases impossible.

(5) An interpreter of dawning conditions, standing nearer the crowd than does the pioneer, reducing to intelligent form feelings and convictions that have existed in the minds of the masses for a long while, but which have not yet found expression.

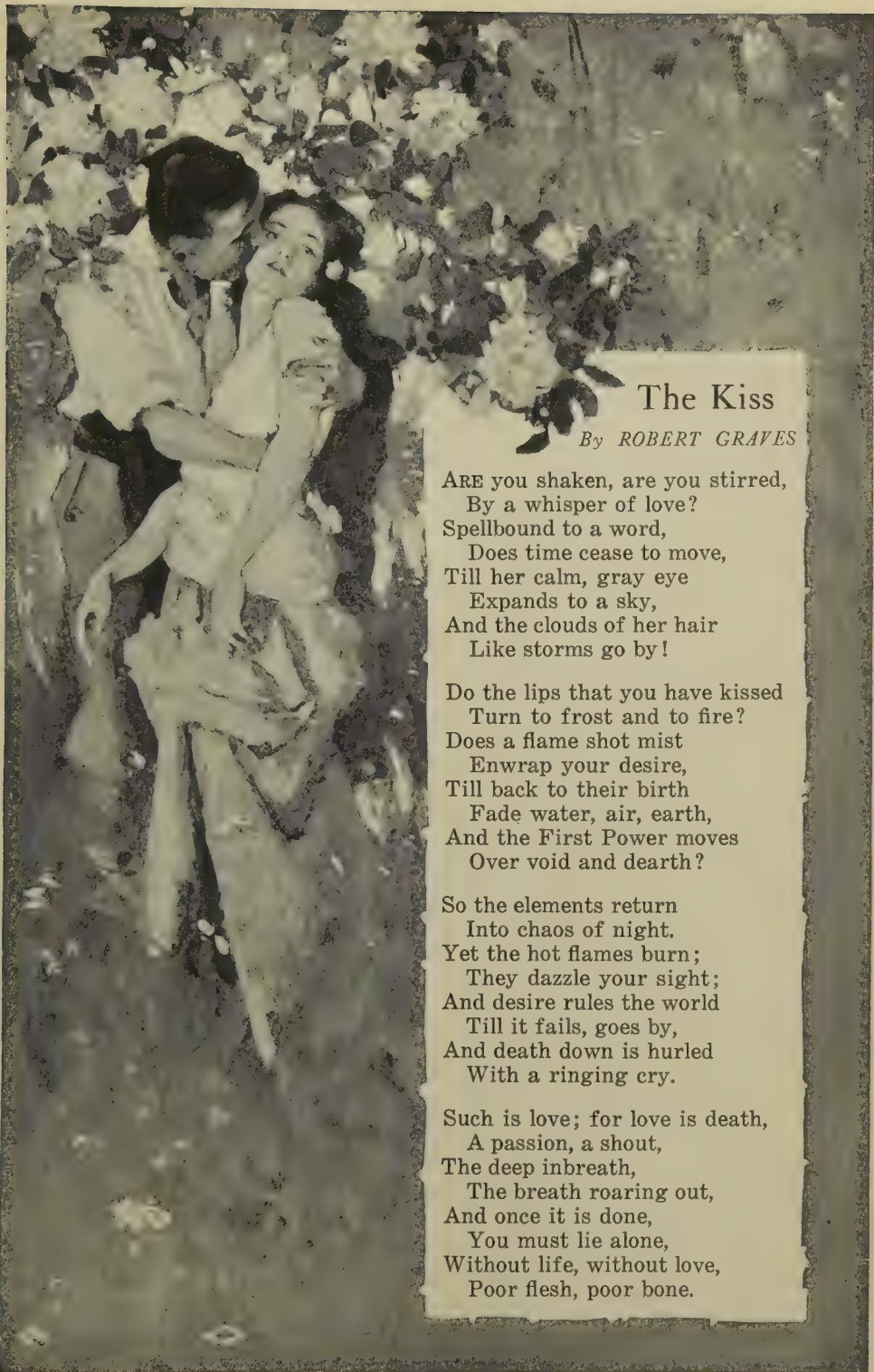
Acting in these capacities, the lecturer will become a talking publicist who will be able to go into communities and do more than deliver a lecture as a singer might sing a concert; he will be able to introduce the community to the facts and principles of some underlying problem of our national life; and, because he has mastered his field, he will be able to answer questions from the crowd and to stimulate a genuine community discussion, without which we shall never have in this country the intelligent public opinion that national safety and progress require.

These adaptations and developments of the platform and of the lecturer I conceive to be of national importance. Here is a machine that goes into communities in every portion of the United

States; it serves one out of every eleven persons in the United States every year. Shall we not utilize it and the open-forum movement to restore in this country the processes of common counsel and to set up the parliament of the people for which Mr. Wilson pleads in the paragraph quoted from him in this paper?

I may not close this paper without reference to another interesting project which has been evolved by Professor H. W. Rolfe, who has personally organized in several of the Eastern seaboard States lecture weeks for discussion of America's new international relations and responsibilities. He has made use of the open-forum plan of lectures, followed by questions and discussion. A lecture is scheduled for every evening of a week, and the topics are intelligently selected and coördinated in a manner that gives the community a fairly comprehensive review of the problem considered. The value of this plan is that it makes for sustained and thorough consideration of a problem by the community. The plan is susceptible to varied adaptations and wide use.

Government by discussion breaks down the tyranny of fixed custom; continuous public debate on public problems is the root of change and progress; community discussion breeds tolerance; it makes for steady instead of intermittent progress. In fact, common counsel, public debate, community discussion, call it what you will, underlies the constructive solution of all the vexed situations that a nation faces in a time of readjustment and change. It is the narrowing control of policy that breeds ill-balanced radicalism. It is not the strong man with his catch-phrase that democracy needs. The fate of the democratic experiment lies in the hands of Everyman; and Everyman needs to have his judgments tried in the fires of common counsel, no less than does the autocrat. Can we afford to overlook any possibility of adapting existing institutions to the furtherance of this end?



The Kiss

By ROBERT GRAVES

ARE you shaken, are you stirred,
By a whisper of love?
Spellbound to a word,
Does time cease to move,
Till her calm, gray eye
Expands to a sky,
And the clouds of her hair
Like storms go by!

Do the lips that you have kissed
Turn to frost and to fire?
Does a flame shot mist
Enwrap your desire,
Till back to their birth
Fade water, air, earth,
And the First Power moves
Over void and dearth?

So the elements return
Into chaos of night.
Yet the hot flames burn;
They dazzle your sight;
And desire rules the world
Till it fails, goes by,
And death down is hurled
With a ringing cry.

Such is love; for love is death,
A passion, a shout,
The deep inbreath,
The breath roaring out,
And once it is done,
You must lie alone,
Without life, without love,
Poor flesh, poor bone.



The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

XV. THE BUILDING OF THE ALLIANCES

AFTER the smoke of the Franco-Prussian War had rolled away, Europe found herself facing a new diplomatic situation. France was fallen from her old post as the pre-eminent power. Germany had taken her place, and for long statesmen hardly knew what to make of it. The power of the new Hohenzollern Empire was obviously so great that any blundering attack upon it was likely to be resented with fearful results. Bismarck, however, did nothing to make the powers which had stood neutral in 1870 repent of their inaction. With Russia for some time he was friendly, with England and Italy reasonably cordial, with Austria at least correct. He realized keenly, perhaps too keenly, that by taking Alsace-Lorraine he had relegated any genuine reconciliation with France to a distant future. Henceforth, whenever Germany found herself in difficulties, right across the Vosges lay a nation of ill-wishers whom Teutons at least believed to be always ready to stab or strike. In view of this "French mortgage" Bismarck's policy therefore seemed dictated along rather simple lines. He worked on three plausible hypotheses:

I. That after the lessons of 1870-71 it was not likely France, without allies, would attack Germany unless Germany foolishly reduced her armaments. Therefore the new Hohenzollern Empire must remain armed to the teeth.

II. A Republican system of government in France was likely to keep the country faction-rent and on bad terms with the various great monarchies, especially Russia, which might possibly

help her. Therefore to keep France weak and isolated, Bismarck deliberately discouraged attempts, very natural for Prussian monarchists, to undermine the Third Republic. When Arnim, the German ambassador at Paris in the early seventies, seemed coquetting with the French royalists, Bismarck had him recalled and disgraced.

III. To prevent any other power from giving comfort to France, the Iron Chancellor studiously avoided all incidents that might give them offense. England was treated with marked consideration by him. Italy was praised and cajoled. As to Russia and Austria, the great minister soon went much further.

England, Italy, and France had each, after their manner, liberal constitutions. In Germany, Austria, and Russia, although the first two empires had the forms of constitutions, the personal influence of the monarchs was still, to state it mildly, tremendous. These three empires were therefore the bulwarks of militarism, autocracy, and anti-liberalism against all the rest of the civilized world. Their rulers had very many interests in common, and every reason to work together. Austria had been beaten roundly by Prussia in 1866, but she was already getting over the effects of a defeat which Bismarck had taken pains should not be humiliating. The relations of William I and Czar Alexander II were excellent.

The chancellor was speedily to turn this community of interest into something tangible. In Austria in 1871 the old violently anti-German foreign minister Beust had been replaced by the Hungarian Andrassy, who was on far better personal terms with Bismarck.

The results of this change manifested themselves in the early days of September, 1872, when Francis Joseph the Hapsburg, Alexander II the Romanoff, and their gold-braided suites simultaneously visited Berlin, to be received by their Hohenzollern friend and rival, and to congratulate him in turn upon his new imperial honors. Of course behind the elaborate state banquets, reviews, fêtes, and spectacular ceremonies the ministers of the three greatest conservative monarchies in the world were mapping out a program. Naturally the Austrian representatives were somewhat reserved, in view of the happenings of 1866, but they were practical men who did not cry too much over the spilled milk of the past. As a consequence, the "League of the Three Emperors" was admitted before Europe. It was not a formal alliance. The three monarchs simply agreed not to attack one another, and to work for the common peace with good comradeship and harmony. It was, as Englishmen or Americans would say, merely "a gentleman's agreement." But Bismarck desired nothing more. He knew that France would hardly attack Germany single-handed, and as for England or Italy turning upon the expanded Hohenzollern Empire, the thing was almost out of the reckoning.

In 1873 Bismarck accompanied William I and Moltke to St. Petersburg. The chancellor was lionized in the most distinguished Russian society. No one could compliment him enough, and in return he made profuse acknowledgment of the great debt Germany owed to Russia by her attitude in 1870. "If I should admit merely *the thought*," said Bismarck, "of ever being hostile to the czar and to Russia, I should consider myself as a traitor." All through 1874 this spirit of happy unity among the three empires seemed to continue. Then in 1875 came the first rift.

France had recovered from her humiliation with a most disconcerting ease. The skill of her financiers and the patriotism of her people in subscribing for a vast issue of government bonds had enabled her to discharge the war indemnity which German experts had expected would prove crushing. She

was setting up an orderly system of government and was reorganizing her army on a strictly scientific basis. There were plenty of angry spirits in the officers' messes at Berlin to rail at the chancellor for not having exacted a more pitiless ransom and for not driving home the original blow so as to prevent forever a war for revenge. There was also a feeling akin to alarm and anger in influential German circles at the rapid rehabilitation of their old enemy. It was freely alleged that the new French Army was not, as announced in Paris, "purely defensive," but had a deliberately aggressive intention.

Then followed a serious war scare. On April 8, the influential "Post" of Berlin published an ominous article headed "War in Sight!" Three days later the "North German Gazette," virtually a semi-official organ, republished the article without comments. The French Government, made anxious already by several happenings, now began to feel real alarm. Its ambassador sent word to Paris that at a banquet Radowitz, one of Bismarck's prime lieutenants, had talked ominously of "preventive wars" and of how Germany would be justified "on the grounds of humanity" in attacking France instead of waiting for the latter to recover further from the effects of 1870. There were stories, too, of threats in military circles from Moltke and others, and on May 5 the German ambassador at Paris told the French ministry formally that "his government was not entirely convinced of the inoffensive character of the French armaments," and that "the German general staff considers war against Germany as the ultimate object of these armaments, and so looks forward to their consequences."

France, however, had no intention of being dragged into a hopeless quarrel without serious reasons. Her envoys at London and St. Petersburg sought and obtained sympathetic hearings. Blowitz, the famous Continental correspondent of the London "Times," published a sensational article. Lord Derby, the British foreign minister, sent very direct remonstrances to Berlin. Queen Victoria, whose personal influence with

all monarchs was incalculable, wrote direct to William I in the interest of peace. Most serious of all, from Bismarck's point of view, Alexander II bestirred himself. No longer passive, as in 1870, he made it clear that he would not wait to see France ruined a second time. On May 10 the czar and his great minister Gortchakoff arrived on a friendly visit in Berlin. Instantly William I, a genuine lover of moderation, assured them that he had no desire for war. Gortchakoff thereupon grandiloquently issued a public statement, "Peace is now assured." Bismarck did not enjoy being thus openly lectured by Gortchakoff, nor did he like having all the nations know that France had somehow turned a trick on Germany. Henceforth he and the Russian minister became personal enemies, and could no longer coöperate for the weal of Europe.

What exactly had happened behind the scenes is as yet a decided puzzle. Bismarck declared that Radowitz had taken too much wine at the banquet and had chattered nonsense. All the rest, he said, was newspaper irresponsibility. But it was not simply that. The military clique around Moltke had been assuredly ready for a blow, and Bismarck had not seemed very ready to prevent them. There is no reasonable doubt that a deadly stroke* had been almost directed at France. The after-clap, of course, was to demonstrate that England and Russia, and presumably other powers also, were not willing to have France eliminated for all time from the list of great nations and to have Germany shatter to bits the much-cherished balance of power in Europe. Henceforth Germany must talk at least courteously, and not brandish the sword because France claimed the right to self-respecting existence.

This was the first and the immediate result of the famous war scare of 1875. The next was to teach Bismarck that he could not reckon on the steadfast support of Russia. In 1878 he was to revenge himself by helping to smash up the Treaty of San Stefano for the benefit, indeed, of England, but still more for that of Austria, on whom he had decided to lean in preference to the czar.

By 1878 it was therefore pretty clear, first, that France had pulled herself together and was again a real power in the world, and, second, that since both Austria and Russia were importunate seekers for the same Balkan booty from the Turks, the Germans could not have the hearty alliance of *both*. However, Bismarck needed at least one sure ally; otherwise he might have to face a hostile coalition created by France. He could still have had Russia by giving the czar hearty support in his Balkan adventure. The chancellor, however, preferred Austria. It is doubtful whether he had already caught the Pan-Germanists' vision of an Austrian Empire rendered economically and political obedient to the superior genius of Prussia, and with the Hapsburg Emperor only the highest satrap of the kaiser at Berlin. But even barring that, he knew that Austria needed a reliable protector against Russia and would consequently repay faithfulness with faithfulness; and also that the czar was so masterful a sovereign, with such a mighty realm, that it would be useless to expect of *him* any prompt obedience to the suggestions of his ally. In other words, if Germany made league with Russia, she made alliance with a proud equal; if with Austria, with a useful subordinate. Bismarck's choice was thus marked out for him.

At the Congress of Berlin, it is reasonably clear that Bismarck tried to keep on fairly friendly terms with Russia while at the same time playing the game of Austria; but even his adroitness failed when it came thus to carrying water on both shoulders. The Russian newspapers in the winter of 1878-79 were full of violent anti-German articles, and even spoke favorably of an alliance with France, and Russian newspapers in that land of the censor were not permitted to say things unwelcome to the Government. The Iron Chancellor was the more ready, therefore, to go over to Austria. Still, he had a hard fight with his own sovereign, William I, who was very intimate personally with his nephew Alexander II, and the czar was using his influence to warn the kaiser not to let a mere quarrel

between Bismarck and Gortchakoff (for so he saw the issue) be the means of embroiling two mighty empires. Nevertheless Bismarck as usual beat down the objections of his rather simple-minded lord and master. On September 21, 1879, the chancellor went to Vienna and conferred with the astute Austrian prime minister Andrassy. The Austrian statesman, indeed, refused to make the pact as elaborate as the German desired, and particularly he declined to make a general treaty of alliance, saying Austria had no quarrel with France; but that did not trouble Bismarck, for he knew that France without an ally was helpless against Germany. By September 24 the treaty had been drafted, and Bismarck undertook to induce Kaiser Wilhelm to give it his signature.

The German emperor, however, hesitated long. He considered himself personally beholden to Alexander. To silence his objections Bismarck induced the King of Bavaria, Moltke, the whole military staff, and other high officials to join in urging William to ratify. Reluctantly he did so, and on October 7, 1879, the final treaty was perfected.

This treaty seemed of a wholly defensive character. It was aimed clearly enough at Russia, the one power that then seemed strong enough to menace the safety of either Austria or Germany. In brief, it was provided that if either the Vienna or Berlin kaiser got into war with any government save the czar's, "the high ally" of the party engaged should preserve a "benevolent neutrality"; but if the czar took up arms either alone or as the confederate of some other power, then both Austria and Germany were to unite against him. When the pact became known in England, Lord Beaconsfield's foreign minister, Lord Salisbury, hailed the issue as "good tidings of great joy." In France there was much apprehension, but Bismarck assured his old enemy there was no danger of a new attack. The Russians, realizing the treaty was aimed directly at them, were resentful, indeed, but bided their time. William I wrote to Alexander II, trying to explain that the treaty implied nothing unfriendly. The czar wrote back ironically, "I like

to see in it the return to that perfect understanding between the three emperors which you [praise so highly]."

Very soon after this Alexander II was murdered by nihilists (1881). In his stead ruled Alexander III, an arbitrary, narrow-minded despot who was, however, a real lover of peace, and was so busy crushing down revolutions at home that he had no time for foreign adventures. Russia, in fact, for a while relaxed part of her interests in the Balkan lands toward which Austria was extending eager hands; she even allowed Austria to make the profligate Milan of Serbia so completely her pensioner that while he reigned Serbia was only in name an independent kingdom. But although the new alliance of Germany and Austria had seemed thus to have a most quieting effect on Europe, Bismarck intended to make it still stronger. The Dual Alliance reached out its hand to Italy.

Italy had no special love for the Hohenzollerns and no love at all for Austria. The desires for *Italia irredenta*, for the lands about Triest and Trent, were still ardent; but there seemed no prospects of recovering them speedily. On the other hand, the relations between France and Italy were cold. French troops had been of great service in 1859 in partly clearing Italy of the Austrians, but Napoleon III had won the poor esteem of the Italians by failing to discharge his complete promise to Cavour to deliver Venetia, although exacting Nice and Savoy, the lands promised France in return for her complete aid, and finally by sustaining the temporal power of the papacy. On the other hand, for a long time after 1870 it seemed possible that France would fall under a party very friendly to the church and that at any moment a French army might be marching on Rome to restore the temporal power of the pope. There was, besides, some little commercial and industrial rivalry and friction between Italy and her Gallic neighbor. Italy wished to be treated as a great power and to have her interests consulted on most world questions; she was extremely sensitive to slights, and extremely angry when she was not taken quite seriously. At the Congress

of Berlin Italy was invited to send a delegate to occupy a chair at the conference table and to look important when Beaconsfield was speaking, but he brought back nothing except, as he boasted, "clean hands." His French colleague had been rather more lucky.

Only one hundred miles of dancing blue water sundered Italian Sicily from Moorish Tunis. Here, in the country of the ancient and mighty Carthage, stagnated a wretched little Moslem principality which had declined steadily since its one industry of piracy had been frowned upon. This principality Italy was now marking for her own. In 1871 the great patriot Mazzini had written, "Tunis, the key to the central Mediterranean, . . . distant but twenty-five leagues from Sicily, obviously turns toward Italy. . . . To-day the French are making eyes at it, and will soon possess it if we do not."

Mazzini was entirely right in his surmise. The French had now a firm grip on Algeria, next to Tunis, and were not at all averse to considering taking over that country. Besides, two great powers were egging them on. Bismarck deliberately gave the French to understand that he would not oppose their seeking a group of colonies. "Stop gazing always at that gap in the Vosges," he once admonished the French ambassador in that frank tone of the gruff uncle which he often liked to assume. He really believed, it seems, that the joys of a great colonial domain would make the French less pensive about Alsace-Lorraine, and that the petty wars and troubles of colonies would certainly head off schemes for revenge. At the Congress of Berlin he dropped very broad hints at Waddington, the French envoy, that Germany would not oppose France if she went into Tunis. Waddington received another authoritative hint, this time from Lord Salisbury, to the effect that England recognized the position of France in Algeria and would be glad to see her in Tunis also. Such intimations were not lost upon the Paris colonial office, and it shaped its policy accordingly.

The Italians had an inkling of French intentions, and their consul at Tunis, Signore Maccio, at once began a vig-

orous course of intrigue to get the main influence over the native bey, and to wean him away from French predilections. But after some hesitation the French resolved to strike. In 1881, 30,000 reliable troops, avowedly in pursuit of an unruly Moorish tribe, crossed the frontiers from Algeria and marched straight on Tunis. Italy stood helpless. She could not resist France unaided, and no other power arose to champion her. Italy had lost Tunis entirely.

There was wrath in Rome, with vain mutterings, but in Berlin a sage old statesman was smiling and taking comfort. It would take twenty years at least for Italy and France really to become friends again. The great foe of Germany was more isolated among the powers of Europe than ever.

King Humbert of Italy and his ministers had only one effective way in which to show their ill will to France: they would make friends with Germany and Austria. In October, 1881, King Humbert deliberately went on a visit to Vienna to the old oppressor of the House of Savoy, Francis Joseph. This trip of ceremony was followed by the real business among the diplomats. Italy was only too ready for an alliance provided she could henceforth feel secure against the insults of France. She was so eager for the pact that she waived all question of *Italia irredenta* and even of the support of her ambitions in the Mediterranean. The most that she really obtained was a pledge for the defense of her territories against invasion. The actual terms of this treaty of the "Triple Alliance" were secret. They have never been published in full, but the general impression is that Italy was promised very little except the integrity of her own homeland, and in return had to pledge herself to maintain a huge army, far beyond her wealth, and to come to the rescue of Germany and Austria if they should be attacked by "two foreign powers" (that is, Russia and France) even if the quarrel was one that concerned Italy not the slightest.

On May 22, 1882, the pact was signed at Vienna, although it was months before the existence of the great alliance was admitted to the world.

The Triple Alliance seemed to stand without a rival for several years. France was too perplexed with her own sore problems and her government seemed too unstable to make her a useful ally for Russia, even if the alliance of a liberal republic and a despotic empire did not seem almost an absurdity. But after the fall of Boulanger in 1891 it was reasonably evident that the Third Republic would enjoy a long lease of life, and circumstances were making Russia more and more in need of a powerful ally.

As a result the two powers drew together. It was clearly a marriage of interest, not of affection, but in 1887, at a time when Bismarck was blustering against France in order to get the Reichstag to vote more money for the army, Czar Alexander II wrote on the margin of a confidential report from his foreign minister, "We must not let France be diminished." Speedily afterward there came on the scene a M. Hoskier, a banker of Danish birth, but French connection, who undertook to float a large Russian loan in the Paris money markets. In December, 1888, a great loan, subscribed to by over one hundred thousand persons and for \$100,000,000 was thus placed in France for the benefit of the czar. This was only the beginning. There were more loans, and still greater ones, in 1889, 1890, 1891, 1894, 1896, 1901, 1904, and 1906. By that time France had loaned Russia for one purpose or another at least \$2,400,000,000, and too late the Berlin bankers were lamenting the blindness of their diplomats in angering the czar to the extent that had opened this vast field of exploitation to their rivals.

Enormous loans like this, however, were not to be had in Paris for nothing but the bond certificates and the interest. French diplomats knew how to insinuate this point delicately, but clearly, at St. Petersburg. Besides, in 1890, M. Constans, the French minister of the interior, rendered Alexander III an invaluable personal service by clapping in jail a band of nihilist exiles in Paris who were in the act of manufacturing a whole arsenal of bombs intended for the Russian imperial family. Russians

found the great French munition plants always at their disposal, and speedily the results were evident, though it was not until 1896 that there was official announcement of the treaty of alliance. The Triple Alliance was opposed now by the Dual Alliance.

XVI. THE PAN-GERMANIC DREAM

WHILE Bismarck and then William II were building the strong new Germany, were increasing her army, welding her alliances, multiplying her commerce, and rendering her nobles, bankers, and university professors the loud champions of this autocracy made modern and efficient, two far less distinguished personages were unconsciously doing their share to bring nearer the day of Armageddon. One of these was a philosopher who died in 1900, after having suffered from a disordered intellect since about 1890. The other was a historian who with less shaken powers continued a leader until close to his end in 1896. The first was Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, the second was Heinrich von Treitschke. The influence of these two men, even in militarized Prussia, went far to justify the well-worn saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Nietzsche was anything but an admirer of the Prussian system, but he supplied abstract philosophy which was to give convenient justification to the ideas and purposes that were seething in the brains of ambitious men who dominated the new German Empire. He couched in terse, aphoristic language precepts worthy of an ultra-militarist. He treated all the old moral laws and humane conventions that had seemed to tie down the unlimited ambitions of men as a remnant of "Christian superstition," and as representing merely the virtues of the weak, not of the strong, progressive, and victorious. His ideal of the "superman" was to be developed by giving unbridled freedom in the struggle for existence, and he was to be a ruthless spirit who would seek only his own power and pleasure and would know not pity.

Here are some of the aphorisms in Nietzsche's famous book, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," wherein the modern phi-

losopher couched his doctrines in the language of an ancient sage:

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars,—and a short peace more than a long.

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you, "It is the good war which halloweth every cause. War and courage have done more great things than charity."

"Thou shalt not rob! Thou shalt not slay!"—such precepts were once called holy. . . . Is not all life robbing and slaying?

This new table, O my brethren, put I up over you,—"*Become hard!*"

Terribly was the world to see some of these sayings translated into practice in 1914.

Nietzsche did not create Pan-Germanism or all the bellicose things that went with it. He *did* supply it, however, with a philosophic stimulus and semblance of intellectual authority which were to fertilize its soil. The lunatic who died at the dawn of the twentieth century was to be one of the unconscious producers of the World War.

Mightier by far in his influence was Treitschke. He was a native of Saxony, but in 1866 withdrew to Prussia and gave his whole sympathies and energies heartily to upholding the Bismarckian régime. He became official historian upon the rise of the Hohenzollern power, and from 1874 to 1896 he was the most distinguished professor of history in the University of Berlin. No ordinary lecture-room was his. His lectures on German history attracted not merely his colleagues, but officials, administrative officers, and often extremely distinguished men. The fascination of his eloquence was such that he cast a spell over all his hearers. Young men of family, the leaders of the next generation, left his presence in a glow of enthusiasm. He wielded an influence equal to that of many of the kaiser's ministers. The Government did well to honor him, for he defended the cause of military monarchy with remarkable adroitness, proving to all who fell under the spell of his argument that for Germany, and for Prussia the rule of the Hohenzollern meant the highest blessing and destiny.

Much that Treitschke taught was pure and noble. He kindled in his hearers a keen patriotic ardor and an intense longing to do or die for native land. "Patriotism," he would tell them earnestly, "is the highest and holiest of passions." He would also tell his students that war might come at any moment and they must live in constant readiness for the unavoidable summons. To a large extent, therefore, considering the chronically dangerous state of Europe, Treitschke was only saying impressively what any professor in England or France might have stated to warn his audience.

But Treitschke used his eloquence to preach a political philosophy which not merely extolled the Hohenzollern régime in Germany, not merely taught general lessons in self-sacrificing patriotism, but made the young men who sat at his feet go from the lecture-hall with their heads buzzing with notions that menaced the future peace of the world.

Treitschke in substance taught that the state was the center and acme of all human existence; that men could not live without it, that its necessities exceeded the necessities of any one of its members, and that *it was not governed by the moral laws or lines of conduct binding upon mere persons*. The state was all-powerful, or it ceased to be a real state. In dealing with other states its policy was merely one of expediency. "A state cannot bind its will for the future as against another state. A state has no superior judge over itself, and it will conclude all its treaties with this tacit reservation." In other words, a treaty was a mere convention to be repudiated when it became convenient to the government which had sworn to it. Between the various states there was inevitably a constant struggle for existence, with only the strongest permitted to survive. "Empires rise and grow strong, and little commonwealths and principalities cease to be states." As for such an abnormal country as neutralized Belgium, Treitschke wrote, "Belgium is neutral; it is [therefore] mutilated by its very nature"; that is, it has not the power of ordinary states to assert itself. Wars are terrible to the individual men, but very necessary

to the true life of the state. "The establishment of an international court of arbitration as a permanent institution is irreconcilable with the nature of the state. . . . To the end of history weapons will maintain their right; and precisely herein lies the sanctity of war." Or again: "We have learned to recognize the moral majesty of war precisely in those of its characteristics which seem to superficial observers brutal and inhuman." Or still more grimly: "The living God will take care that war shall always return as a terrible medicine for the human race."

As to the duty of Germany to expand her power by force of arms Treitschke had not the least doubt. "In the division of the non-European world among the European powers Germany has hitherto failed to get its share; and the question whether we can become an oversea power involves our very existence as a power of the first rank." Or, in another place: "The result of our *next* victorious war must, if possible, be the acquisition of something in the way of a colony."

But this redoubtable professor did more than preach pagan generalities to his audience of German leaders for the twentieth century. He was a man of sharp, hard international prejudices, which he voiced continually. When he began to lecture at Berlin the relations of England and Germany were correct, friendly, at times even cordial. When he died they had become much worse. After his death, while the seeds he had sown germinated in the intellectual life of his nation, Great Britain and the Prussianized empire passed from one stage of hostility to another until the day of darkness. Treitschke was by no means the sole cause of this enmity, but upon him rests a fearfully large fraction of the responsibility. He devoted his "rhetoric, invective, and ridicule to making Britain odious in the eyes of the generation which heard him with enthusiasm and read his books as a gospel." In a long series of lectures and writings he dwelt on the undoubted shortcomings of England, exaggerated them, and made them appear a direct menace to Germany. He denounced the action of British sea-power as "organ-

ized piracy." He treated British expressions of love of humanity and fair play as a smug hypocrisy that covered sheer commercialism. In his history he wrote of England, "That last indispensable bulwark of society—the duel—went out of fashion; the riding-whip supplanted the sword and pistol, and this triumph of vulgarity was celebrated as a triumph of enlightenment." All British foreign policy was directed merely to keep other nations divided and weak in order that British merchants might bleed and plunder them. He denied to the English soldiers and sailors even the common attribute of valor as the prime factor in building the British Empire. That fabric, he taught, was created by the geographical position of the British Isles, by the supineness of other nations, by the measureless duplicity of British ministers, and by the natural and innate hypocrisy of their people as a whole. Built, however, out of such rotten materials, without a worthy national life behind it, the dominions of the London government were vast and pretentious indeed, but easy to overthrow by a power possessed of true valor. And Treitschke was sure that all the world would join in one rejoicing pæan when the British colossus crumbled.

Touching other nations—France, Austria, Russia, etc.—his opinion was sufficiently disparaging. Of America he knew little and cared less. He ridiculed certain unlovely phases of our democracy as the reports of our political inefficiency and corruption came to him; but America in his day had no outlying colonies to excite his cupidity. England was the true child of his hate, and concerning her he uttered a famous and ominous word, "With Austria, with France, with Russia *we have already squared accounts*; the last settlement—with England—seems likely to be the longest and hardest."

Such a dictum, coming from the most influential professor in the most influential German university, spelled calamity for the human race.

By 1900 the new German Empire seemed an astounding success in almost every respect save that of developing political liberty for its subjects. It is

not amazing that its patriotic admirers looked confidently from a glorious past to a yet more glorious future. Many of the things they hoped for no honest non-German had a right to ask that they should disavow. Surely no Englishman, Frenchman, or American had a right to tell his fellow in Germany that the fatherland ought not to seek for greater commerce, industries, riches, general prosperity, honorable prestige in diplomacy, and national influence; nor to desire seasonably a great marine, a colonial empire, and all the other things which in a physical sense causes a nation to be reckoned "great." In the past indeed the achievements of Germany had been in the cultural field rather than in the material, but if later the Teutons chose to develop their steel industry rather than their poetry, that was their own affair. There was bound to be a certain amount of friction and pettiness all around, as the older nations were elbowed aside to make room in the world for the lusty new empire; but this empire itself was admittedly so powerful that there was little danger of its being refused a high position unless its manners should be too brusque. In short, considering the population, intelligence, potential wealth, and actual armed strength of the Bismarckian empire, there would have seemed little chance of its failing to win a *reasonable* "place in the sun," provided its rulers were diplomatic, its policies moderate, and its patriots able to learn that hard word for the ardent, "wait."

Of course, from the founding of the empire at Versailles, there had been millions of voices ready to acclaim Germany as the "greatest nation in the world." There was no menace to the peace of mankind in *that*. Frenchmen, Britons, and Americans were always saying the same about their own lands, with contemptuous pity for the non-favored remainder of humanity which did not happen to be governed from Paris, London, or Washington respectively. But now that France was chastened, her neighbors did not fear wanton aggression from her. Queen Victoria's vast dominions held almost no civilized white men under a galling subjection save the eternally baffling Irish,

and the conquest of European lands by Englishmen was unthinkable. As for American boasts, before 1898 the United States Army and Navy had been insignificant, and even after the war with Spain the army continued so small as to be incapable of invading the smallest European state. Nobody save possibly certain ill-mannered South American dictators quailed at the thought of American aggression. But as Germans repeated their self-confident boasts, the world began to grow uneasy, and with reason.

It is a law almost as certain as that of gravitation that great and growing nations attract unto themselves new power and influence by no very deliberate effort, but simply because they are great and are growing. No country could have become at once the factory and the school-house of the world as Germany was becoming and not have likewise come to exercise a simply incalculable power not by pushing any aggressive designs, but merely by making it clear that it would defend its recognized and reasonable rights. In 1914 the admitted strength of the German Empire was so vast that only a nation whose statesmen were fools would have deliberately sought a quarrel with it. By the mere influence of economic attraction, the Scandinavian lands, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland were being led half consciously and not very unwillingly into the circle of Berlin influence. The same was even true of Austria, Italy, and to a great extent Russia. The ties, racial, intellectual, and commercial, that Germany was extending around America were to become patent to all men in 1914. Everything seemed coming the Germans' way. Their Government had only to conciliate foreign opinion, create a reputation for fair and friendly dealing, make it clear that commercial relations did not have behind them political scheming, keep a firm front in England, France, or Russia, the only possible military rivals really menacing, and the empire would have invariably advanced from glory to glory. It might have been predicted that by 1940, let one say, Germany would reach a position of such wealth, such influence, such prestige

that by a magnet-attraction the lesser nations of northern Europe would have been drawn into her federal system upon terms honorable for all parties, and no nation outside the Teutonic pale would have been able to object.

Between the fall of Bismarck and the outbreak of the great war twenty-four years later there was a constant current of literature in Germany which forms the evidences of what has been styled the "Pan-Germanic movement"; that is the movement that aimed to make the world *All-German* just as rapidly as possible. This literature illustrates the state of mind and the developing intentions of the men who controlled the destinies of the Hohenzollern empire. It emanates mainly from three classes of people who were now in close working alliance, the Prussian military aristocrats, the university professors (favored by the Government and in turn its convenient mouthpieces and defenders), and the great manufacturers and merchants, who were hungering and thirsting for new fields of trade to be opened and for new colonies to exploit. It was a movement on the whole much stronger in Prussia than in South Germany, somewhat more favored by Lutherans than by Catholics, and shared in feebly, or partly opposed, by the lower middle classes, the artisans, and of course the socialists. Its patrons were from the first men on the very footsteps of the throne. The wealth of the huge Krupp artillery works and of the other great corporations gave it the control of influential newspapers. In the later stages of its propaganda it certainly received almost open approval from the Government. The Crown Prince of Germany virtually avowed himself its champion; the emperor, although compelled to remain formally aloof, unless he would give mortal offense to foreign powers, gave it encouragements by countless broad hints and speeches. Finally, in 1914, the condition of Europe being ripe, in the opinion of these titled propagandists, to pass from theorizing to performance, and the public opinion of Germany now being worked up to a suitable pitch, they very abruptly stopped the printing-press and

drew the sword. The rest of the story is military history.

The literature of Pan-Germanism is vast; there are books, pamphlets, editorials without number. To summarize it fairly is hardly possible. The most that can be done is to indicate what seem to have been the best-established parts in the Pan-German program and to select the writings of one or two arch-prophets of this fiery gospel as fair examples of the arguments of its lesser devotees.

Treitschke and Nietzsche had blazed the way clearly. The world was to be inherited by a race of supermen, and those supermen were the Germans. Grave professors explained that Dante, Shakspeare, Galileo, Michelangelo, Voltaire, and other intellectual paladins owed their greatness to the fact that they were really of pure or at least of mixed Teutonic blood. "The numerous busts of Julius Cæsar show a thoroughly Teutonic type of skull and face," wrote an authority on anthropology, and he went on to claim the like race traits for Alexander the Great.¹ This same professor asserted, "The Teutons are the aristocracy of humanity; the Latins, on the contrary, belong to the degenerate mob"; and again: "whosoever has the characteristics of the Teutonic race is superior. . . . all dark people are mentally inferior, because they belong to the passive races. . . . The cultural value of a nation is measured by the quantity of Teutonism it contains." So convinced were these experts of the superiority of the Teutonic peoples that to that great dominant branch of the white race ordinarily known as "Aryan" or "Indo-European" the ethnologists of Germany regularly gave the name "Indo-Germanic," implying that of all the members of that race which had settled in Europe only the German part need be reckoned with seriously. Greeks, Romans, Celts, Slavs, etc., were too insignificant to count!

A typical instance of German self-sufficiency was illustrated to the author when a few years ago he interrogated some intelligent friends in Leipsic as to the German love of Shakspeare, and chanced to remark that "Shakspeare was an Englishman." He was at once

¹ Ludwig Woltmann, "Politische Anthropologie," 1903.

assured that Shakspeare was "truly German" in everything but the accident of his birth. As for his foreign language, so excellent were the translations by Schlegel and others that the translations were actually improvements upon the original, many new shades of meaning, etc., being developed. Besides, Shakspeare's English was hopelessly archaic for a modern British or American audience, while the German translations were strictly up-to-date, and could be understood by everybody. Therefore *it were better, if possible, to read Shakspeare in German than in the original*. All this was advanced quite seriously.

Not merely, however, were the Teutonic peoples incomparably the superior race in all civilization, but, being thus gifted, it was incumbent upon them to carry the blessings of their *Kultur* (that is, general civilization, national pose, and philosophy of life) out to the remainder of the planet. The clearest statements of this self-assurance came indeed after the great war began in 1914, when it was necessary to preach a very robust doctrine to demonstrate to the world that German victory was essential for the salvation of the race, though the idea was developed broadly enough earlier. Bernhardt, whose influence and work will be discussed presently, wrote in 1911 these terse words, after speaking of the admirable patriotism of Japan: "We Germans have a far greater and more urgent duty towards civilization than the Great Asiatic power. We . . . can fulfill it only by the sword."

This duty of Germanizing the world was of course all the more justifiable because the Teutonic race was only at the beginning of its unlimited capacity for achievement. It was not "degenerate" and "effeminate," like the French; "savage," like the Russian; "commercialized," "sordid," and "sodden in repose," like the English; or for that matter, "undisciplined," "lawless," and "miserably governed," like the people of the United States. As early as 1897 Fritz Bley, a writer of considerable influence, put the case thus:

We are the most capable nation in every

field of science and in every branch of the fine arts. We are the best colonists, the best mariners, and even the best merchants. And yet we do not enter into our share of the heritage of the world. . . . That the German empire is *not the close but the beginning of our national development* is an obvious truth [as yet grasped only] . . . by a small body of cultured men.

As Germans looked about the world they found, nevertheless, that the other nations were hardly as yet prepared to make that ungrudging admission of Teutonic superiority that the sons of the fatherland were anxious to demand. They lamented the fact that some millions of their fellow-countrymen had emigrated especially to America and Brazil, and were, for the time being at least "lost" to kaiser and country. It is true there were schemes for linking up some kind of connection with America and more definite schemes for downright absorption of southern Brazil; nevertheless, the situation was unsatisfactory. The development of commercial and industrial life in Germany did indeed stop the emigration, but it did not stop the desire for foreign fields of exploitation. "We have shown already," declared an extremely moderate writer, "that the German labor at home is fully capable of feeding our people despite their increase. It is therefore no longer the thought for his daily bread which sends a German forth, but the love of enterprise and the desire of shaping his life along broader and freer lines than is possible at home." Or, as less delicate pamphleteers made it evident, *colonies were still needed not for the sake of surplus population, but for exploitation*. The young Prussian officers and money-kings filled their heads with visions of great proconsulships, lording it over millions of trembling Asiatics or negroes. The Belgian possession of the Congo was frankly coveted, and influential hints were thrown out as to its acquisition by trade or "purchase." What use had a petty kingdom like Belgium for a vast tropical realm worthy the best attention of a mighty empire? It is true that the African colonies Germany already possessed brought her much expense, a considerable number of

scandals, and very little profit, as well as, in southwestern Africa, a rather serious war with the natives. However, that was merely because unkind destiny had forced Germany to enter the lists as a partitioner of Africa among the last.

Since the Dark Continent already had been divided, it was obvious that for the kaiser's government to extend its share must be at some one else's expense. This, however, was discussed calmly. Belgian Congo was within the dreams of acquisition; so were the colonies of weak Portugal, and for a while it seemed as if the British grip on South Africa was very feeble. The resistance of the Boers awakened all manner of Pan-Germanic hopes. Public opinion ran almost irresistibly in their favor when from 1898 to 1902 they struggled bravely, if vainly, against British overlordship. If Germany had possessed a strong navy at the time, probably popular clamor in favor of the Boers would have forced some action destructive to the peace of Europe. The sympathy for the Boers was not all of it chivalrous feeling for the under dog. It sprang also out of a keen expectation that a weak Boer republic could exist only under the protecting ægis of the fatherland. The Third Republic had no need of her great chain of African colonies; her population was stationary and her commerce unaggressive. The great empire she was flinging out across Algeria and the deserts clear to the Sahara was an abortion of nature, something she did not need, and something her German rival desired sorely.

Outside of Africa there were the hopes as to north China, where in 1897 an available harbor (Kiao-chau) and a large circuit of hinterland had been forcibly "leased" from a very feeble native government. But here also the barriers of diplomacy hemmed in the hopes for Teutonic expansion. British, American, and Japanese pressure made it impossible for Germany to grow peaceably at the expense of China, and William II consented with outward cheerfulness to the John Hay doctrine of the "open door."

There remained a possibility of South

American colonies. Here the natives, "Indians with a veneer of Spanish pseudo-culture," were indeed somewhat beneath contempt, but the Monroe Doctrine was an inconvenient barrier. In 1902 an attempt had been made by Germany, after picking a quarrel with Venezuela, to make some headway toward the "temporary occupation" of a desirable harbor. Instantly it had been evident that President Roosevelt was prepared to thwart such an undertaking with the full strength of the United States fleet. William II was in no condition then for a sudden attack on America. The proposition, therefore, had to be dropped.

Then finally Germany made an attempt to elbow France out of Morocco, the one part of Africa not hitherto pre-empted, and which was fairly available for white settlement. This attempt ended in diplomatic failure, and won for the kaiser's government not much beyond the black looks of France and England and a little extra land in central Africa. The German appetite for colonies seemed unlikely to be sated by any peaceful means.

There was one other possible line for expansion. Austria was falling more and more under German influence. Francis Joseph was almost in his dotage. The Vienna statesmen were mediocre and pliable. The Magyar leaders, needing German help against their Slavic fellow-citizens, were quite open to suggestions from Berlin. Working through Austria, Germany could strengthen her influence in the Balkan States; already German influence was dominant at Constantinople. The Balkans, and still more the whole weak Turkish Empire, might become Teutonic domain-lands; and once possessed of the Tigro-Euphrates valley, German influence could spread around the Persian Gulf and turn the flank of the British road to India and the far East. But here again there was nothing for it but to wait. William II could stiffen up Abdul-Hamid to defy alternately England and Russia, but neither of these powers was disposed to see Germany change herself from the mere ally of the sultan into the actual possessor and mistress of his lands. Once

more there was no new soil for Teutonism without fighting. The German had become a candidate for colonial empire very late.

In these circumstances a public opinion, fed upon the traditions of Bismarck, the lectures of Treitschke, and the military history of Frederick the Great and of Moltke, was ready enough with its concrete philosophy. The state, constituting the highest of all possible human interests and being bound by none of the ordinary moral laws, must advance these interests by whatever means were possible. Peaceable means, of course, were ordinarily the best: but not merely was war useful as a final expedient; it was sometimes preferable to peace even when peace could win its end.

Never since the days of Sennacherib, unless possibly in the tents of Attila the Hun or Timour the Tatar, was the duty of living by the sword more exultantly taught. "Perpetual peace is a dream, and it is not even a beautiful dream. War is part of the eternal order instituted by God," the great Moltke had written in 1880, and a generation of ardent officers, eager to translate their science into practice, had echoed this.

Bernhardi's main proposition and deductions were these: the future was full of perils for Germany; other nations hated her, yet her people failed to realize their danger because of their unfortunate love of peace. The true fortune of the nation, however, was not to be made by peace, but by war. "War is the father of all things," to quote a Greek philosopher, and among nations "right is respected so far only as it is compatible with advantage." War itself is a blessing when properly used and understood, and since growing nations need more territory, this must "as a rule be obtained at the cost of its possessors—that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity." Again, his Excellency, the author, observes that "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things."

Arguments for peace are usually based on sordid self-interest. For example, the United States has urged arbitration, etc., "in order to be able to devote its undisturbed attention to money-making and the enjoyment of wealth, and to save the three hundred million dollars which it spends on its army and navy." This is a grievous mistake for America not merely because of the risk she runs from England or Japan, but because she "avoids the stress of great political emotions [stirred by a war] without which the moral development of the national character is impossible."

The Christian precept of love clearly does not apply to the affairs of nations. Christian morality is merely personal. Jesus himself said, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." If we understand Christianity properly we cannot disapprove of war in itself, but must admit that it is justified morally and historically.¹

Arbitration treaties "must be peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring people which has not yet reached its political and national zenith, and is bent on expanding its power in order to play its part honorably in the civilized world"; and Bethmann-Hollweg was entirely right when in a speech in the Reichstag (March 30, 1911) he declared them to be virtually useless. Various Americans, like Elihu Root, seemed enamored with them, but that was because they imagined "public opinion must represent the view which American plutocrats think most useful to themselves." Of course many of the most profitable annexations of Prussia—for example, Silesia, seized by Frederick the Great—would never have come by arbitration; and if they had so come, it would have been without the vast moral gain which accrued to Prussia by winning them in war. Besides, courts of arbitration would have to treat all nations alike, and it is outrageous to establish that "a weak nation is to have in short the same right to live as a powerful and vigorous nation." "Our [German] people must learn to see that *the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a [national] policy.*" (Italics

¹ The context clearly shows Bernhardi here means offensive wars, not defensive merely.

Bernhardi's own.) "The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessedness of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized."

War, therefore, is often a most desirable as well as righteous and holy, thing. Often also it is the duty to make it even if it can be honorably avoided. Frederick the Great set an admirable example: "None of his wars were forced upon him; none of them did he postpone as long as possible. He had always determined to be the aggressor, to anticipate his opponents, and to secure for himself favorable prospects of success."

Treitschke was very right, thinks Bernhardi, when he said that the morality of the state must be judged by the nature of the state and not of the individual citizen; and again when he said that "among all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible: it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost!"

Germany must recognize that she has long been weak and oppressed; that she is now powerful, and must for the sake of the rest of the world expand still further. "To no nation except the German has it been given to enjoy in its inner self 'that which has been given to mankind as a whole.'" Other peoples may have special talents, but no others have "the capacity for generalization and absorption. It is this quality which especially fits us for leadership in the intellectual world and imposes on us the obligation to maintain that position." Furthermore, a great many real Germans, unfortunately, are not yet in the empire. The mouths of the "German Rhine lie in non-German lands"; also "the overflow of the strength of the German nation has poured into foreign countries. . . . Obviously this is not a condition which can satisfy a powerful nation, or which corresponds to the greatness of the German nation and its intellectual importance. . . . All that which other nations attained in centuries of national development—political union, colonial possessions, naval power, international trade—were denied to our nation until quite recently. What we now wish to attain must be

fought for [Bernhardi's italics] and won against a superior force of hostile interests and powers."

The most famous of Bernhardi's chapters was his fifth, bearing the significant title "World Power or Downfall." He argues that the time has come when Germany must gain world empire by one great stroke or fall ruinously in the attempt. It will not be enough to stand simply ready to ward off attack. That is the bane of the old Triple Alliance: "It offers a certain security against hostile aggression, but does not consider the necessary development of events, and does not guarantee to any of its members help in the prosecution of essential interests."

English policy also can never permit true friendship for Germany. English leaders "committed the unpardonable blunder, from their point of view," of not supporting the Southern Confederacy in the American Civil War, and so crippling Great Britain's great transatlantic rival. Germany can possibly hope for a war between America and England, but, as things are, it is unsafe to count definitely upon it, although friction over Canadian issues may easily "strain relations to a dangerous point." England realizes, however, that Canada, South Africa, and Australia are none too loyal; also that Moslem India may revolt. With these facts in view, England must not allow Germany to wax too strong. "If England is forced to fight America, the German fleet must not be in a position to help the Americans. Therefore it must be destroyed." "All facts considered, a pacific agreement with England is, after all, a will-o'-the-wisp that no serious German statesman would trouble to follow."

Of one other thing Bernhardi was very sure. "In one way or another *we must square our account with France* [his italics], if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. . . . France must be so crushed that she can never again come across our path."

As for treaties, questions of neutrality and international compacts, "it is essential that we do not allow ourselves to be cramped in our freedom of action by considerations, devoid of any inher-

ent political necessity, which depend only on political expediency, and are not binding on us." "No man," to quote Frederick the Great, "if he has a grain of sense, will give his enemies leisure to make all preparations in order to destroy him; he will rather take advantage of his start to put himself in a favorable position." And the good general pauses at this point significantly to consider whether, by acquiring the Congo Free State, Belgium had not destroyed her status of neutrality, saying that in any case "the conception of permanent neutrality is entirely contrary to the essential nature of the state."

Bernhardi's final gospel may be said to be summed up in two significant paragraphs: "No people is so little qualified as the German to direct its own destinies, whether in a parliamentary or republican constitution; to no people is the customary liberal pattern so inappropriate as to us." Therefore the country requires "the leadership of powerful personalities" who can "force conflicting aspirations into concentration and union," and to win world empire the German nation must sacrifice not merely lives and property, but "private views and preferences, in the interests of the common welfare."

This must be done, for the stake in the impending war will be tremendous. "We have fought the last great wars for our national union among the powers of *Europe*; we must now decide whether we wish to develop into and maintain a *World-Empire* [Bernhardi's italics] and procure for the German spirit and German ideas that fit recognition which has hitherto been withheld from them."

In 1914 virtually everything, so far as it lay in the control of the German General Staff, came true even as Bernhardi predicted. His book therefore enjoys an almost unique value as being the interpretation of a great state policy and an accurate prediction of the things which were to be. It is a fact, nevertheless, that by himself Bernhardi would have been only a voice in the wilderness. He only contributed the most readable,

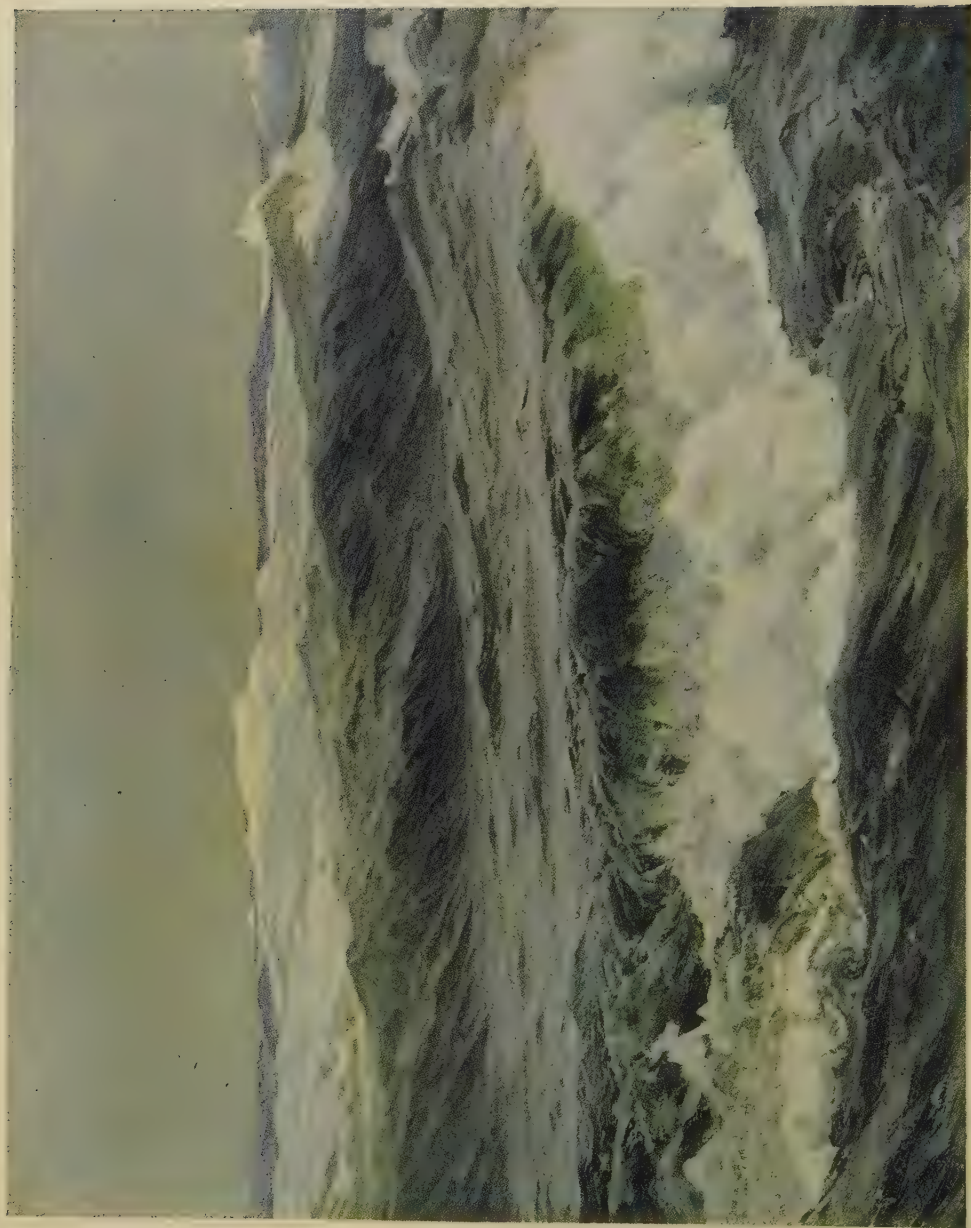
pungent, and logical book of the whole great Pan-Germanist literature. Other books were cheaper, and had probably equal influence and greater direct popularity. Their burden was always the same: the superiority and holy mission of the Teutons; the need for expansion territorially both in Europe and across the seas; the blessedness of war; the inevitability of a great struggle with France, England, and Russia, with America in the background; and the certainty of being able by one great heroic stroke to achieve world-empire.

While this philosophy was mastering the souls of a great civilized people, what was the attitude of their rulers? The heir to the throne, the Crown Prince Frederick William, was openly consorting with the extreme militarist, pro-war party, applauding violent jingoist speeches in the Reichstag. The kaiser's speeches abounded in talk of "sharpening the sword," of wearing "shining armor," of the brave military deeds of his "glorified ancestors," and of the need of being ready for an instant summons to arms. We shall see how he built a great navy, useless for defense against France and Russia, and directly provocative of Germany's old neighbor and comrade-in-arms, England. What precise things were always stirring in the mind of this brilliant, aggressive, irresponsible, and wholly erratic man who may wisely say?

Yet at times William II almost lifted the veil over his inmost projects and ambitions. In 1900 he used a phrase whereof the world might well have taken anxious notice. "I hope to Germany it will be granted . . . to become in the future as closely united, as powerful, and as authoritative as was once the Roman Empire, and that just as in the olden times they said, 'I am a Roman citizen [*Civis Romanus sum*], hereafter, at some time in the future, they will say, 'I am a German citizen!'"

Here then was the vision, the dream of world-empire which had lured the hosts of Xerxes, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon on the greatest of human adventures.

(To be continued)



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

"THE ROARING FORTIES"

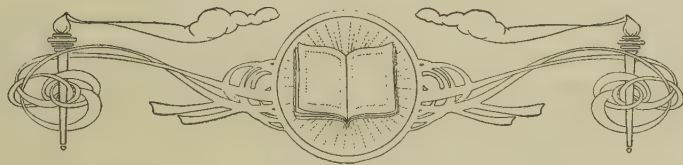
From a painting by Frederick Waugh

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Scandal

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Illustrations by Rudolph Tandler

CONNIE AYRSHIRE had a cold, a persistent inflammation of the vocal cords that defied the throat specialist. Week after week her name was posted at the opera, and week after week it was canceled, and the name of one of her rivals was substituted. For nearly two months she had been deprived of everything she liked, even of the people she liked, and had been shut up until she had come to hate the glass windows between her and the world and the wintry stretch of the park they looked out upon. She was losing a great deal of money and, what was worse, she was losing life; days of which she wanted to make the utmost were slipping by, and nights which were to have crowned the days, nights of incalculable possibilities, were being stolen from her by women for whom she had no great affection. At first she had been courageous, but the strain of prolonged uncertainty was telling on her, and her nervous condition did not improve her larynx. Every morning Miles Creedon looked down her throat, only to put her off with evasions, to pronounce improvement that apparently never got her anywhere, to say that to-morrow he might be able to promise something definite.

Her illness, of course, gave rise to rumors—rumors that she had lost her

voice, that at some time last summer she must have lost her discretion. Connie herself was frightened by the way in which this cold hung on. She had had many sharp illnesses in her life, but always before this she had rallied quickly. Was she beginning to lose her resiliency? Was she, by any cursed chance, facing a bleak time when she would have to cherish herself? She protested, as she wandered about her sunny, many-windowed rooms on the tenth floor, that if she was going to have to live frugally, she would n't live at all. She would n't live on any terms but the very generous ones she had always known. She was n't going to hoard her vitality. It must be there when she wanted it, be ready for any strain she chose to put upon it, let her play fast and loose with it; and then, if necessary, she would be ill for a while and pay the piper. But be systematically prudent and parsimonious she would not.

When she attempted to deliver all this to Doctor Creedon, he merely put his finger on her lips and said they would discuss these things when she could talk without injuring her throat. He allowed her to see no one except the director of the opera, who did not shine in conversation and was not apt to set Connie going. The director was a glum fellow, indeed, but during this calamitous time

he had tried to be soothing, and agreed with Creedon that she must not risk a premature appearance. Connie was tormented by a suspicion that he was secretly backing the little Spanish woman who had sung many of her parts since she had been ill. He furthered the girl's interests because his wife had a very special consideration for her, and madame had that consideration because—But that was too long and too dreary a story to follow out in one's mind. Connie felt a tonsillitis disgust for opera-house politics, which, when she was in health, she rather enjoyed, being no mean strategist herself. The worst of being ill was that it made so many things and people look base.

She was always afraid of being disillusioned. She wished to believe that everything for sale in Vanity Fair was worth the advertising price. When she ceased to believe in these delights, she told herself, her pulling power would decline and she would go to pieces. In some way the chill of her disillusionment would quiver through the long, black line which reached from the box-office down to Seventh Avenue on nights when she sang. They shivered there in the rain and cold, all those people, because they loved to believe in her inextinguishable zest. She was no prouder of what she drew in the boxes than she was of that long, oscillating tail, little fellows in thin coats, Italians, Frenchmen, South-Americans, Japanese.

When she had been cloistered like a Trappist for six weeks, with nothing from the outside world but notes and flowers and disquieting morning papers, Connie told Miles Creedon that she could not endure complete isolation any longer.

"I simply cannot live through the evenings. They have become horrors to me. Every night is the last night of a condemned man. I do nothing but cry, and that makes my throat worse."

Miles Creedon, handsomest of his profession, was better looking with some invalids than with others. His athletic figure, his red cheeks, and splendid teeth always had a cheering effect upon this particular patient, who hated anything weak or broken.

"What can I do, my dear? What do you wish? Shall I come and hold your lovely hand from eight to ten? You have only to suggest it."

"Would you do that even? No, *caro mio*, I take far too much of your time as it is. For an age now you have been the only man in the world to me and you have been charming. But the world is big, and I am missing it. Let some one come to-night, some one interesting, but not too interesting. Pierce Tevis, for instance. He is just back from Paris. Tell the nurse I may see him for an hour to-night," Connie finished pleadingly, and put her fingers on the doctor's sleeve. He looked down at them and smiled whimsically.

Like other people, he was weak to Connie Ayrshire. He would do for her things that he would do for no one else; would break any engagement, desert a dinner-table, leaving an empty place and an offended hostess, to sit all evening in Connie's dressing-room, spraying her throat and calming her nerves, using every expedient to get her through a performance. He had studied her voice like a singing master; knew all of its idiosyncracies and the emotional and nervous perturbations which affected it. When it was permissible, sometimes when it was not permissible, he indulged her caprices. On this sunny morning her wan, disconsolate face moved him.

"Yes, you may see Tevis this evening if you will assure me that you will not shed one tear for twenty-four hours. I may depend on your word?" He rose, and stood before the deep couch on which his patient reclined. Her arch look seemed to say, "On what could you depend more?" Creedon smiled, and shook his head. "If I find you worse to-morrow—" He crossed to the writing-table and began to separate a bunch of tiny flame-colored rosebuds. "May I?" Selecting one, he sat down on the chair from which he had lately risen, and leaned forward while Connie pinched the thorns from the stem and arranged the flower in his buttonhole.

"Thank you. I like to wear one of yours. Now I must be off to the hospital. I've a nasty little operation to do this morning. I'm glad it's not you.

Shall I telephone Tevis about this evening?"

Connie hesitated. Her eyes ran rapidly about, seeking a likely pretext. Creedon laughed.

"Oh, I see. You've already asked him to come. You were so sure of me! Two hours in bed after lunch, with all the windows open, remember. Read something diverting, but not exciting; some homely British author; nothing *abandonné*. And don't make faces at me. Until to-morrow!"

When her charming doctor had disappeared through the doorway, Connie fell back on her cushions and closed her eyes. Her mocking-bird, excited by the sunlight, was singing in his big gilt cage, and a white lilac-tree that had come that morning was giving out its faint sweetness in the warm room. But Connie looked paler and wearier than when the doctor was with her. Even with him she rose to her part just a little; could n't help it. And he took his share of her vivacity and sparkle, like every one else. He believed that his presence was soothing to her. But he admired; and whoever admired, blew on the flame, however lightly.

The mocking-bird was in great form this morning. He had the best bird voice she had ever heard, and Connie wished there were some way to note down his improvisations; but his intervals were not expressible in any scale she knew. Parker White had brought him to her from Ojo Caliente, in New Mexico, where he had been trained in the pine forests by an old Mexican and an ill-tempered, lame master-bird, half thrush, that taught young birds to sing. This morning, in his song there were flashes of silvery Southern springtime; they opened inviting roads of memory. In half an hour he had sung his disconsolate mistress to sleep.

That evening Connie sat curled up on the deep couch before the fire awaiting Pierce Tevis. Her costume was folds upon folds of diaphanous white over equally diaphanous rose, with a line of white fur about her neck. Her beautiful arms were bare. Her tiny Chinese slippers were embroidered so richly that they looked like the painted porcelain of old vases. She looked like a sul-

tan's youngest, newest bride; a beautiful little toy-woman, sitting at one end of the long room which composed about her, which, in the soft light, seemed happily arranged for her. There were flowers everywhere: rose-trees; camellia-bushes, red and white; the first forced hyacinths of the season; a feathery mimosa-tree tall enough to stand under.

The long front of Connie's study was all windows. At one end was the fireplace, before which she sat. At the other, set back in a lighted alcove, hung a big, warm, sympathetic interior by Lucien Simon, a group of Connie's friends having tea in the painter's salon in Paris. The room in the picture was flooded with early lamp-light, and one could feel the gray, chill winter twilight in the Paris streets outside. There stood the lion-like old composer, who had done much for Connie, in his most characteristic attitude before the hearth. Mme. Simon sat at the tea-table. B——, the historian, and H——, the philologist, stood in animated discussion behind the piano, while Mme. H—— was tying on the bonnet of her lovely little daughter. Marcel Durand, the physicist, sat alone in a corner, his startling black-and-white profile lowered broodingly, his cold hands locked over his sharp knee. A genial, red-bearded sculptor stood over him, about to touch him on the shoulder and waken him from his dream.

This painting made simply another room, so that Connie's study on Central Park West seemed to open into that charming French interior, into one of the most highly harmonized and richly associated rooms in Paris. There her friends sat or stood about, men distinguished, women at once plain and beautiful, with their furs and bonnets, their clothes that were distinctly not smart—all held together by the warm lamp-light, by an indescribable atmosphere of graceful and gracious human living.

Pierce Tevis, after he had entered noiselessly and greeted Connie, stood before her fire and looked over her shoulder at this picture.

"It's nice that you have them there together, now that they are scattered, God knows where, fighting to preserve

just that. But your room, too, is charming," he added at last, taking his eyes from the canvas.

Connie shrugged her shoulders.

"Bah! I can help to feed the lamp, but I can't supply the dear things it shines upon."

"Well, to-night it shines upon you and me, and we are n't so bad." Tevis stepped forward and took her hand affectionately. "You 've been over a rough bit of road. I'm so sorry. It's left you looking very lovely, though. Has it been very hard to get on?"

She brushed his hand gratefully against her cheek and nodded.

"Awfully dismal. Everything has been shut out from me but—gossip. That always gets in. Often I don't mind, but this time I have. People do tell such lies about me."

"Of course we do. That's part of our fun, one of the many pleasures you give us. It only shows how hard up we are for interesting public personages, for a royal family, for romantic fiction, if you will. But I never hear any stories that wound me, and I'm very sensitive about you."

"I'm gossiped about rather more than the others, am I not?"

"I believe. Heaven send that the day when you are not gossiped about is far distant! Do you want to bite off your nose to spite your pretty face? You are the sort of person who makes myths. You can't turn around without making one. That's your singular good luck. A whole staff of publicity men, working day and night, could n't do for you what you do for yourself. There is an affinity between you and the popular imagination."

"I suppose so," said Connie, and sighed. "All the same, I'm getting almost as tired of the person I'm supposed to be as of the person I really am. I wish you would invent a new Connie Ayrshire for me, Pierce. Can't I do something revolutionary? Marry, for instance?"

Tevis rose in alarm.

"Whatever you do, don't try to change your legend. You have now the one that gives the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number of people. Don't disappoint your public. The popular im-

agination, to which you make such a direct appeal, for some reason wished you to have a son, so it has given you one. I've heard a dozen versions of the story, but it is always a son, never by any chance a daughter. Your public gives you what is best for you. Let well enough alone."

Connie yawned and dropped back on her cushions.

"He still persists, does he, in spite of never being visible?"

"Oh, but he has been seen by ever so many people. Let me think a moment." He sank back into an attitude of meditative ease. "The best description I ever had of him was from a friend of my mother, an elderly woman, thoroughly reliable and matter-of-fact. She has seen him often. He is kept in Russia, in Moscow, at school. He is about eight years old and of marvelous beauty. He is always that in every version. My old friend has seen him being driven in his sledge on the Nevskii Prospekt on winter afternoons; black horses with silver bells and a giant in uniform on the seat beside the driver. He is always attended by this giant, who is responsible to the Grand Duke Paul for the boy. This lady can produce no evidence beyond his beauty and his splendid furs and the fact that all the Americans in Moscow know that he is your son."

Connie laughed mournfully.

"If the Grand Duke Paul had a son, any old rag of a son, the provinces of Moscow and Tula could n't hold him. He may, for aught I know, actually pretend to have a son. It would be very like him." She looked at her finger-tips and her rings disapprovingly for a moment. "Do you know, I've been thinking that I would rather like to lay hands on that youngster. I believe he'd be interesting. I'm bored with the world."

Tevis looked up and said quickly:

"Would you like him, really?"

"Of course I should," she said indignantly. "But, then, I like other things, too, and one has to choose. When one has only two or three things to choose from, life is hard; when one has many, it is harder still. No, on the whole, I don't mind that story. It's rather pretty except for the grand duke. But not all of them are pretty."



"At the end of the first act two people entered one of the boxes"

"Well, none of them are very ugly; at least I never heard but one that troubled me, and that was long ago."

Connie looked interested.

"That is what I want to know; how do the ugly ones gets started? How did that one get going and what was it about? Is it too dreadful to repeat?"

"No, it's not especially dreadful; merely rather shabby. If you really wish to know, and won't be vexed, I can tell you exactly how it got going, for I took the trouble to find out. But it's a long story, and you really had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Then who did have to do with it? Tell me; I should like to know exactly how even one of them originated."

"Will you be comfortable and quiet and not get into a rage, and let me look at you as much as I please?"

Connie nodded, and Tevis sat watching her indolently while he debated how much of his story he ought not to tell her. Connie liked being looked at by intelligent persons. She knew exactly how good looking she was, and she knew, too, that, pretty as she was, some of those rather sallow women in the Simon painting had a kind of beauty which she would never have. This knowledge, Tevis was thinking, this important realization, contributed more to her loveliness than any other thing about her; more than her smooth, ivory skin or her changing gray eyes, the delicate forehead above them, or even the heady smile, which was gradually becoming too bright and too intentional, out in the world, at least. Here by her own fire she still had for her friends a smile less electric than the one she flashed from stages. She could still be, in short, *intime*, a quality which few artists keep, which few ever had.

Connie broke in on her friend's meditations.

"You may smoke. I had rather you did. I hate to deprive people of things they like."

"No, thanks. May I have those chocolates on the tea-table? They are quite as bad for me. May you? No, I suppose not." He settled himself by the fire, with the candy beside him, and began in the agreeable voice which always soothed his listener.

"As I said, it was a long while ago, when you first came back to this country and were singing at the Manhattan. I dropped in at the Metropolitan one evening to hear something new they were trying out. It was an off night, no pullers in the cast, and nobody in the boxes but governesses and poor relations. At the end of the first act two people entered one of the boxes in the second tier. The man was Siegmund Stein, the department-store millionaire, and the girl, so the men about me in the omnibus box began to whisper, was Connie Ayrshire. I did n't know you then, but I was unwilling to believe that you were with Stein. I could not contradict them at that time, however, for the resemblance, if it was merely a resemblance, was absolute, and all the world knew that you were not singing at the Manhattan that night. The girl's hair was dressed just as you then wore yours. Moreover, her head was small and restless like yours, and she had your coloring, your eyes, your chin. She carried herself with the critical indifference one might expect in an artist who had come for a look at a new production that was clearly doomed to failure. She applauded lightly. She made comments to Stein when comments were natural enough. I thought, as I studied her face with the glass, that her nose was a trifle thinner and cleaner-cut than yours, a prettier nose, my dear Connie, but stupider and more inflexible. But I was troubled until I saw her laugh, and then I knew she was a counterfeit. I had never seen you laugh, but I knew that you would not laugh like that. It was not boisterous; indeed, it was consciously refined, mirthless, meaningless. In short, it was not the laugh of one whom our friends in there"—pointing to the Simon drawing-room—"would honor with their affection and admiration."

Connie rose on her elbow and burst out indignantly:

"So you would really have been hoodwinked except for that! You may be sure that no woman, no intelligent woman, would have been. Why do we ever take the trouble to look like anything for any of you? I could count on my four fingers"—she held them up and



"The throng began closing in upon me" . .

shook them at him—"the men I've known who had the least perception of what any woman really looked like, and they were all dressmakers. Even painters"—glancing back in the direction of the Simon picture—"never get more than one type through their thick heads; they try to make all women look like some wife or mistress. You are all the same; you never see our real faces. What you do see is some cheap conception of prettiness you got from a colored supplement when you were adolescents. It's too discouraging. I'd rather take vows and veil my face forever from such abominable eyes. In the kingdom of the blind any petticoat is a queen." Connie thumped the cushion with her elbow. "Well, I can't do anything about it. Go on with your story."

"Are n't you furious, Connie! And I thought I was so shrewd. I've quite forgotten where I was. Anyhow, I was not the only man fooled. After the last curtain I met Villard, the press man of that management, in the lobby, and asked him whether Connie Ayrshire was in the house. He said he thought so. Stein had telephoned for a box, and said he was bringing one of the artists from the other company. Villard had been too busy about the new production to go to the box, but he was quite sure the woman was Ayrshire, whom he had met in Paris.

"Not long after that I met Dan Cutter, a classmate of mine, at the Harvard Club. He's a journalist, and he used to keep such eccentric hours that I had not run across him for a long time. We got to talking about modern French music, and discovered that we both had a very lively interest in Connie Ayrshire.

"'Could you tell me,' Dan asked abruptly, 'why, with pretty much all the known world to choose her friends from, this young woman should flit about with Siegmund Stein? It prejudices people against her. He's a most objectionable person.'"

"'Have you,' I asked, 'seen her with him, yourself?'"

"Yes, he had seen her driving with Stein, and some of the men on his paper had seen her dining with him at rather queer places down town. Stein was always hanging about the Manhat-

tan on nights when Connie sang. I told Dan that I suspected a masquerade. That interested him, and he said he thought he would look into the matter. In short, we both agreed to look into it. Finally, we got the story, though Dan could never use it, could never even hint at it, because Stein carries heavy advertising in his paper.

"To make you see the point, I must give you a little history of Siegmund Stein. Any one who has seen him never forgets him. He is one of the most hideous men in New York, but it's not at all the common sort of ugliness that comes from overeating and automobiles. He is n't one of the fat horrors. He has one of those rigid, horselike faces that never tell anything; a long nose, flattened as if it had been tied down; a scornful chin; long, white teeth; flat cheeks, yellow as a Mongolian's; tiny, black eyes, with puffy lids and no lashes; dingy, dead-looking hair—looks as if it were glued on.

"Stein came here a beggar from somewhere in Australia. He began by working on the machines in old Rosenthal's garment factory. He became a speeder, a foreman, a salesman; worked his way ahead steadily until the hour when he rented an old dwelling-house on Seventh Avenue and began to make misses' and juniors' coats. I believe he was the first manufacturer to specialize in those particular articles. Dozens of garment manufacturers have come along the same road, but Stein is like none of the rest of them. He is, and always was, a personality. While he was still at the machine, a hideous, underfed little whippersnapper, he was already a youth of many-colored ambitions, deeply concerned about his dress, his associates, his recreations. He haunted the old Astor Library and the Metropolitan Museum, learned something about pictures and porcelains, took singing lessons, though he had a voice like a crow's. When he sat down to his baked apple and doughnut in a basement lunch-room, he would prop a book up before him and address his food with as much leisure and ceremony as if he were dining at his club. He held himself at a distance from his fellow-workmen and somehow always managed to impress them with his su-

periority. He had inordinate vanity, and the care of his homely person took a great deal of his time. There are many stories about his foppishness. After his first promotion in Rosenthal's factory, he bought a new overcoat. A few days later, one of the men at the machines, which Stein had just quitted, appeared in a coat exactly like it. Stein could not discharge him, but he gave his own coat to a newly arrived Russian boy who had none. He was already magnificent.

After he began to make headway with misses' and juniors' cloaks, he became a collector—etchings, china, old musical instruments. He had a dancing master, and engaged a beautiful Brazilian widow—she was said to be a secret agent for some South American republic—to teach him Spanish. He cultivated the society of the unknown great, poets, actors, musicians. He entertained them sumptuously, and they regarded him as a deep, mysterious Jew who had the secret of gold, which they had not. His business associates thought him a man of taste and culture, a patron of the arts, a credit to the garment trade.

"One of Stein's many ambitions was to be thought a success among women. He got considerable notoriety in the garment world by his attentions to an emotional actress who is now quite forgotten, but who had her little hour of expectation. Then there was a dancer; then, just after Gorky's visit here, a Russian anarchist woman. After that the coat-makers and shirtwaist-makers began to whisper that Stein's great success was with Connie Ayrshire.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to disprove such a story, as Dan Cutter and I discovered. We managed to worry down the girl's address through a taxicab driver who got next to Stein's chauffeur. She had an apartment in a decent-enough house on Waverly Place. Nobody ever came to see her but Stein, her sisters, and a little Italian girl from whom we got the story.

"The counterfeit's name was Ruby Mohr. She worked in a shirtwaist factory, and this Italian girl, Margarita, was her chum. Stein came to the factory when he was hunting for living

models for his new department store. He looked the girls over, and picked Ruby out from several hundred. He had her call at his office after business hours, tried her out in cloaks and evening gowns, and offered her a position. She never, however, appeared as a model in the Sixth Avenue store. Her likeness to the newly arrived prima donna suggested to Stein a new act in the play he was always putting on. He gave two of her sisters positions as saleswomen, but Ruby he established in an apartment on Waverly Place.

"To the outside world Stein became more mysterious in his behavior than ever. He dropped his Bohemian friends. No more suppers and theater-parties. Whenever Connie sang, he was in his box at the Manhattan, usually alone, but not always. Sometimes he took two or three good customers, large buyers from St. Louis or Kansas City. His coat factory is still the biggest earner of his properties. I've seen him there with these buyers, and they carried themselves as if they were being let in on something; took possession of the box with a proprietary air, smiled and applauded and looked wise as if each and every one of them were friends of Connie Ayrshire. While they buzzed and trained their field-glasses on the prima donna, Stein was impassive and silent. I don't imagine he even told many lies. He is the most insinuating cuss, anyhow. He probably dropped his voice or lifted his eyebrows when he invited them, and let their own eager imaginations do the rest. But what tales they took back to their provincial capitals!

"Sometimes, before they left New York, they were lucky enough to see Connie dining with their clever garment man at some restaurant, her back to the curious crowd, her face half concealed by a veil or a fur collar. Those people are like children; nothing that is true or probable interests them. They want the old, gaudy lies, told always in the same way. Siegmund Stein and Connie Ayrshire—a story like that, once launched, is repeated unchallenged for years among New York factory sports. In St. Paul, St. Jo, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, there used to be clothing



"There was that fool Peppo, beleaguered by a bevy of fair women"

stores where a photograph of Connie Ayrshire hung in the fitting-room or over the proprietor's desk.

"This girl impersonated you successfully to the lower manufacturing world of New York for two seasons. I doubt if it could have been put across anywhere else in the world except in this city, which pays you so magnificently and believes of you what it likes. Then you went over to the Metropolitan, stopped living in hotels, took this apartment, and began to know people. Stein discontinued his pantomime at the right moment, withdrew his patronage. Ruby, of course, did not go back to shirtwaists. A business friend of Stein's, a man who was not romantic, took her over, and she dropped out of sight. Last winter, one cold, snowy night, I saw her once again. She was going into a saloon hotel with a tough-looking young fellow. She had been drinking, she was shabby, and her blue shoes left stains in the slush. But she still looked amazingly, convincingly like a battered, hardened Connie Ayrshire. As I saw her going up the brass-edged stairs, I said to myself—"

"Never mind that." Connie rose quickly, took an impatient step to the hearth, and thrust her shining porcelain slipper out to the fire. "The girl does n't interest me. There is nothing I can do about her, and of course she never looked like me at all. But what did Stein do without me?"

"Stein? Oh, he chose a new rôle. He married with great magnificence—married a Miss Mandelbaum, a California heiress. Her people have a line of department stores along the Pacific Coast. The Steins now inhabit a great house on Fifth Avenue that used to belong to people of a very different sort. To old New-Yorkers it's a historic house."

Connie laughed, and sat down on the end of her couch nearest her guest; sat upright, without cushions.

"I imagine I know more about that house than you do. Let me tell you how I made the sequel to your story.

"It has to do with Peppo Amoretti. You may remember that I brought Peppo to this country, and brought him in, too, the year the war broke out,

when it was n't easy to get boys who had n't done military service out of Italy. I had taken him to Munich to have some singing lessons. After the war came on we had to get from Munich to Naples in order to sail at all. We were told that we could take only hand luggage on the railways, but I took nine trunks and Peppo. I dressed Peppo in knickerbockers, made him brush his curls down over his ears like doughnuts, and carry a little violin-case. It took us eleven days to reach Naples. I got my trunks through purely by personal persuasion. Once, at Naples, I had a frightful time getting Peppo on the boat. I declared him as hand-luggage; he was so travel-worn and so crushed by his absurd appearance that he did not look like much else. One inspector had a sense of humor, and passed him at that, but the other was inflexible. I had to be very dramatic. Peppo was frightened, and there is no fight in him, anyhow.

"*'Per me tutto e indifferente, Signorina,'* he kept whimpering. 'Why should I go without it? I have lost it.'"

"Which?" I screamed. 'Not the hat-trunk?'"

"No, no; *mia voce*. It is gone since Ravenna."

"He thought he had lost his voice somewhere along the way. At last I told the inspector that I could n't live without Peppo, and that I would throw myself into the bay. I took him into my confidence. Of course, when I found I had to play on that string, I wished I had n't made the boy such a spectacle. But ridiculous as he was, I managed to make the inspector believe that I had kidnapped him, and that he was indispensable to my happiness. I found that incorruptible official, like most people, willing to aid one so utterly depraved. I could never have got that boy out for any proper, reasonable purpose, such as giving him a job or sending him to school. Well, it's a queer world. But I must cut all that and get to the Steins.

"That first winter Peppo had no chance at the opera. There was an iron ring about him, and my interest in him only made it all the more difficult. We've become a nest of intrigues down there; worse than the Scala. Peppo had

to scratch along just any way. One evening he came to me and said he could get an engagement to sing for the grand rich Steins, but the condition was that I should sing with him; the barcarole from 'Hoffman' and a duet from 'Pagliacci.' They would pay, oh, anything. And the fact that I had sung a private engagement with him would give him other engagements of the same sort. As you know, I never sing private engagements; but to help the boy along, I consented.

"On the night of the party Peppo and I went to the house together in a taxi. My car was ailing. At the hour when the music was about to begin, the host and hostess appeared at my dressing-room up-stairs. Is n't he wonderful? Your description was most inadequate. I never encountered such restrained, frozen, sculptured vanity. It's not childish, like an artist's vanity; it's a sort of grim, inflexible purpose. My hostess struck me as extremely good natured and jolly, though somewhat intimate in her manner. Her reassuring pats and smiles puzzled me at the time, I remember, when I did n't know that she had anything in particular to be large-minded and charitable about. Her husband made known his willingness to conduct me to the music-room, and we ceremoniously descended a staircase blooming like the hanging-gardens of Babylon. From there I had my first glimpse of the company. They *were* strange people. The women glittered like Christmas-trees. When we were half-way down the stairs, the buzz of conversation stopped so suddenly that some foolish remark I happened to be making rang out like oratory. Every face was lifted toward us. My host and I completed our descent and went the length of the drawing-room through a silence which somewhat awed me. I could n't help wishing that one could ever get that kind of attention in a concert-hall. In the music-room Stein insisted upon arranging things for me. I must say that he was neither awkward nor stupid, not so wooden as most rich men who rent singers. I was probably affable. One has, under such circumstances, to be either gracious or pouty. Either you have to stand and sulk, like

an old-fashioned German singer who wants the piano moved about her like a tea-wagon, and the lights turned up and the lights turned down, or you have to be a trifle forced, like a *débutante* trying to make good. The fixed attention of my audience affected me. I was aware of unusual interest, of a thoroughly enlisted public. When, however, my host at last left me, I felt the tension relax to such an extent that I wondered whether by any chance he, and not I, was the object of so much curiosity. But, at any rate, their cordiality pleased me so well that after Peppo and I had finished our numbers I sang an encore or two, and I stayed through Peppo's performance because I felt that they liked to look at me.

"I had asked not to be presented to people, but Mrs. Stein, of course, brought up a few friends. The throng began closing in upon me, glowing faces bore down from every direction, and I realized that among people of such unscrupulous cordiality I must look out for myself. I ran through the drawing-room and fled up the stairway, which was thronged with Old Testament characters. As I passed them, they all looked at me with delighted, cherishing eyes, as if I had at last come back to my native hamlet. At the top of the stairway a young man who looked like a camel, with its hair parted on the side, stopped me and seized my hands and said he must present himself, as he was such an old friend of Siegmund's bachelor days. I said, 'Yes, how interesting!' The atmosphere was somehow so thick and personal that all at once I felt uncomfortable.

"When I reached my dressing-room Mrs. Stein followed me to say that I would, of course, come down to supper, as a special table had been prepared for me. I replied that it was not my custom.

"'But here it is different. With us you must feel perfect freedom. Siegmund will never forgive me if you do not stay. After supper our car will take you home.' She was overpowering. She had the manner of an intimate and indulgent friend of long standing. She seemed to have come to make me a visit. I could only get rid of her by telling

her that I must see Peppo at once, if she would be good enough to send him to me. She did not come back, and I began to fear that I would actually be dragged down to supper. It was as if I had been kidnapped. I felt like *Gulliver* among the giants. These people were all too—well, too much what they were. No chill of manner could hold them off. I was defenseless. I must get away. I ran to the top of the staircase and looked down. There was that fool Peppo, beleaguered by a bevy of fair women. They were simply looting him, and he was grinning like an idiot. I gathered up my train, ran down, and made a dash at him, yanked him out of that circle of rich contours, and dragged him by a limp cuff up the stairs after me. I told him that I must escape from that house at once. If he could get to the telephone, well and good; but if he could n't get past so many deep-breathing ladies, then he must break out of the front door and hunt me a cab on foot. I felt as if I were about to be im-mured within a harem.

"He had scarcely dashed off when the host called my name several times outside the door. Then he knocked and walked in, uninvited. I told him that I would be inflexible about supper. He must make my excuses to his charming friends; any pretext he chose. He did not insist. He took up his stand by the fireplace and began to talk; said rather intelligent things. I did not drive him out; it was his own house, and he made himself agreeable. After a time a depu-

tation of his friends came down the hall, somewhat boisterously, to say that supper could not be served until we came down. Stein was still standing by the mantel, I remember. He scattered them, without moving or speaking to them, by a portentous look. There is something hideously forceful about him. He took a very profound leave of me, and said he would order his car at once. In a moment Peppo arrived, splashed to the ankles, and we made our escape together.

"A week later Peppo came to me in a rage, with a paper called 'The American Gentleman,' and showed me a page devoted to three photographs: Mr. and Mrs. Siegmund Stein, lately married in New York City, and Connie Ayrshire, operatic soprano, who sang at their house-warming. Mrs. Stein and I were grinning our best, looked frantic with delight, and Siegmund frowned inscrutably between us. Poor Peppo was n't mentioned. Stein has a publicity sense."

Tevis rose.

"And you have enormous publicity value and no discretion. It was just like you to fall for such a plot, Connie. You'd be sure to."

"What 's the use of discretion?" Connie murmured behind her hand. "If the Steins want to adopt you into their family circle, they'll get you in the end. That 's why I don't feel troubled about your Ruby. She and I are in the same boat. We are both the victims of circumstance, and in New York so many of the circumstances are Steins."

Fulfilment

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE, at your delicate bosom, let death
Come to me
Where night has made a warm
Elysium,
Lulled by a soft, invisible sea.

Now in the porches of your soul I
stand
Where once I stood;
Fed and forgiven by a liberal hand,
My broken boyhood is renewed.

You are my bread and honey, set among
A grove of spice;
An ever-brimming cup; a lyric sung
After the thundering battle-cries.

You are my well-loved earth, forever
fresh,
Forever prodigal, forever fond,
As, from the sweet fulfilment of the
flesh,
I reach beyond.



O Lalala, the Gambler

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN and ROSE WILDER LANE

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

PARABLES are commonly found in books. In a few words on a printed page one sees a universal problem made small and clear, freed from those large uncertainties and whimsies of chance that make life in the whole confusing to the vision. Yet it was my fortune to see, in the valley of Atuona, on Hiva-oa, a series of incidents of unbelievable merriment that slowly clarified themselves into a parable when I sat later considering them on the palm-shaded *paepae* of my cabin above the blue lagoon.

They began one afternoon when I fled the duties of host to seek a quiet smoke with M. L'Hermier des Plantes, the young French governor of the Marquesas. Six months on Hiva-oa had not exhausted my novelty for the simple cannibals of Atuona. Blood-brothers of the white race that forgot them through unnumbered eons, my neighbors still kept the childlike directness of the time when all mankind was young. All day they crowded upon my *paepae* to marvel at The Iron Fingers That Make Words, to smoke pandanus-leaf cigarettes, and to chant the endless genealogies that run back through a thousand years.

Simplicity wearies a mind that has lost the capacity for it. With relief I left my cabin at the mercy of my guests, and followed the road down the jungle-walled valley to the governor's palace in the banana-grove.

As I mounted the steps I beheld on the veranda the governor, stern, though perspiring, confronting a yellowish

stranger on crutches who pleaded in every tone of anguish for some boon denied him.

"Non! No! Nai!" cried the governor, poly-linguistically emphatic; "it cannot be done!" He dropped into a chair and poured a glass of Pernod, while the defeated suitor turned to me in despair.

He was short and of a jaundiced hue, his soft, brown eyes set very slightly askant. Although lame, he displayed an alertness and poise unusual in the sea's spawn of the island beaches. In Tahitian, Marquesan, and French, with a few English words, he explained that he, a Tahitian marooned on Hiva-oa from a schooner because of a broken leg, wished to pass the tedium of his exile in an innocent game of cards.

"I desire," he begged, "a mere permission to buy two packs of cards at the Chinaman's store that I may teach my neighbors here the *jeu de pokaree*. I have learned it on a journey to San Francisco'. It is Americaine. It is like life, not altogether luck. One must think well to play it."

Now, gambling is forbidden in the South Seas. It is told that throughout the Southern oceans such a madness possessed the people to play the white men's games of chance that in order to prevent constant bloodshed in quarrels a strict interdiction was made by the conquerors. White men in the islands are always excepted from such sin-stopping rules, and merchants keep a small stock of cards for their indulgence.

"But why two packs?" I asked the agitated Tahitian.

"*Mais, monsieur*, that is the way I was taught. We played with ten or fourteen in the circle. I wish merely to pass the time. More of my poor brother Kanakas can enjoy the game with two packs."

He was positively abased, for no Tahitian says "Kanaka" of himself; it is a term of contempt. He calls his fellow so only as an American negro says "nigger." I looked at him closely. The suggested slant of his lids, the thin lips, reminded me of a certain "son of Ah Cum" who had guided me into disaster in Canton.

"Your name?" I asked.

"O Lalala," he replied, while the smile that flickered in his eyes was killed by his tightening lips. "I am a French citizen, for my grandfather was of Annam, under the tricolor, and my mother of Tahiti."

Fourteen-handed poker, with O Lalala as instructor to cannibals ignorant of the game the code of which was written by a United States diplomat, appealed to me as more than a passing of the time. It would be an episode in the valley. My interest was aroused. I called the governor aside.

"This poker is not like *écarté* or *baccara*," I said. "It is a study of character, a matching of minds, a thing we call 'bluff,' we Americans. These poor Marquesans must have some fun. Let him do it! No harm can come of it. It is a long way to Paris, where the laws are made."

The governor turned to O Lalala.

"No stakes," he said.

"*Mais non!* Not a *sou*," that suppliant promised. "We will use only matches as counters. *Merci, merci, monsieur l'Administrateur!* You are very good. Please, will you give me now the note to Ah You?"

As he limped away with it, the governor poured me an inch of absinthe.

"*Sapristi!*" he exclaimed. "O Lalala! O la! la! la!" He burst into laughter. "He will play *ze bloff?*"

At midnight I had returned to a deserted cabin and had lain down to sleep when on the breeze from the valley a strangely familiar sound came to my upper ear. I sat up, listening. In the dark silence, with no wind to rustle the

breadfruit- and cocoanut-trees, and only the brook faintly murmuring, I heard a low babble of voices. No word was distinguishable, not even the language, yet curiously the sound bore a rhythm that I knew.

I have heard in the distance preaching in many languages. Though only the cadences, the pauses, and rhythm reached me, I had no difficulty in knowing their origin and meaning. Thought casts the mold of all speech. Now my drowsy mind harked back to American days, to scenes in homes and clubs.

I rose, wrapped a loin-cloth about me, and set out with a lantern in search of that sound. It led me up the valley, across the brook, and into the dense green growth of the mountain-side. Beyond I saw lights in the cocoanut-grove of Lam Kai Oo. My bare feet made no noise. Approaching cautiously, I peered through the undergrowth.

A blaze of torches lighted a cleared space among the tall palm-trees, and in the flickering red glow I beheld a score of naked, tattooed figures crouched about a shining mat of sugar-cane. Beside them piles of yellow-boxed Swedish matches caught the light, and on the cane mat gleamed the white and black and red of the cards. The midnight darkness of the inclosing forest and the great stems of the palms, upholding the rustling canopy that hid the sky, hinted at some monstrous cathedral where heathen rites were performed.

A ray of light fell upon the face of O Lalala, sharply lined, intent. Yellow boxes were piled high at his back, his crutch propped against them, and constantly he speeded the game with cries of "Passy, cally, or makum bigger!" "Comely center!" and "Ante uppy!"

These were the sounds that had swept my memory back to civilization and drawn me from my sleep. O Lalala had all the slang of poker—the poker of the water-fronts of San Francisco and of Shanghai—and evidently he had already taught his eager pupils that patois.

They crouched about the mat, bent forward in their eagerness, and the flickering light caught twisting mouths and gleaming eyes ringed with tattooing. Over their heads the torches

flamed, held by breathless onlookers. The candlenuts, threaded on long spines of cocoanut-leaves, blazed only for a few moments; but each, as it sputtered out, lighted the one beneath it, and the scores of strings shed a continuous, though wavering, light upon the shining mat and the cards. In the half-

ness of the play was upon them, the calm placidity of every-day was gone, as in the throes of the dance they kept their gleaming eyes upon the fluctuations of fortune before them. Twice I spoke sharply before they heard me, and then in a frenzy of supplication Apporo threw herself upon me.



"'Non! No! Nat!' cried the governor, poly-linguistically emphatic; 'it cannot be done!'"

darkness around them gigantic shadows soundlessly leaped and danced among the tree-trunks.

I pushed through the fringe of onlookers, none of whom heeded me, and found Exploding Eggs, my valet, and Apporo, my landlady, who had leased to me her cabin for a year in return for the promise of my "golden bed" of brass when I should depart. The mad-

Would I not give her matches—the packets of matches that were under the golden bed? She and her husband, Great Fern, had spent only an hour in the magic circle before they were denuded of their every match. Couriers were even now scouring the valley for more matches. Quick! Hasten! Even now it might be that the matches under the golden bed were gone.

"Surely, then, come," I said, struck by an incredible possibility. Could it be that the crafty O Lalala—impossible! But Apporo, hurrying before me down the trail, confirmed all my suspicions.

O Lalala had stated and put into effect the prohibition of any stakes other than the innocent matches, mere counters, which he had mentioned to the governor. But swift messengers

standards were naught. Exploding Eggs had been one of the first squatters at the sugar-cane mat. "The bishop himself would trade the holy-water fonts for matches were he as thirsty to play as I am," she declared.

There were no more matches in the valleys of Atuona or Taka-uka, she said. Every dealer had sold out. Every house had been invaded. The losers had



"Exploding Eggs!" cried Apporo, her dark eyes rolling in rage"

had heralded throughout the valley that there would be gambling, authorized *par gouvernement*, in Lam Kai Oo's plantation, and already the cards had been shuffled for seven or eight hours. Throughout all Hiva-oa matches had been given an extraordinary and superlative value. To the farthest hut on the rim of the valley the cry was "Matches!" And, as fast as they arrived, O Lalala won them.

We hastened into the cabin, and Apporo was beneath the golden bed before the rays of my lantern fell upon the floor. The packets had disappeared.

"Exploding Eggs!" cried Apporo, her dark eyes rolling in rage.

"But—he is honest," I objected.

In such a crisis, she muttered, all

begged, borrowed, or given articles of great value for matches. The accursed Tahitian had them all but a few now being waged. Couriers were even now racing over the mountains in the darkness, ransacking every hut for more.

The reputation of Hiva-oa, the island itself, was at stake. A foreigner had dishonored its people, or would do so if they did not win back what he had gained from them. Apporo was half Chinese, and her father's soul was concerned. He had died in this very room. To save his face in death she would give back even her interest in the golden bed, she would pledge all that Great Fern possessed, if I would give her only a few matches.

Her pleas could only be useless; there was not a match in the cabin.

We returned to the cocoanut-grove. O Lalala still sat calmly winning matches, the supply of which was from time to time replenished by panting new-comers. He swept the mat clean at every valuable pot.

His only apparent advantage was that he made the rules whenever questions arose. He was patient in all disputes, yielding in small matters; but he was as the granite rocks of the mountain above him when many matches were at stake. With solemnity he invoked the name of Hoy-lee, a mysterious person who had fixed immutably the taboos of pokaree. He made an occult sign, with his thumb against his nose, and that settled it. If any one persisted in challenging this *tiki*, he added his other thumb to the little finger of his first symbol and said, "Got-am-to-hel-lee!" As a last recourse, he would raise his crutch and, with public opinion supporting him, would threaten to invoke the law against gambling and stop the game if disputation did not cease.

Steadily the pile of Swedish *tændstikker* grew behind him. All night the game raged beneath the light of the candlenuts in a silence broken only by the hoarse breathing of the crouching brown men, the sandy-sounding rustle of palm-fronds overhead, "Ante Uppy!" or "Comely center!" When dawn came grayly through the aisles of the grove, the players halted briefly to eat a bowl of *poi*poi and to drink the milk of freshly gathered nuts. O Lalala, relaxing against the heap of his winnings, lifted a cocoanut-shell to his lips, and over its rim gave me one enigmatic glance.

Whistling thoughtfully, I went down to the cabin, breakfasted there without the help of Exploding Eggs, and then sought the governor. He had gone in a whale-boat to a neighboring deserted island to shoot *kuku*.

All day the madness raged in the cocoanut-grove. In the afternoon the vicar apostolic of the Roman Catholic Church, supported by the faithful Deacon Fariuu, himself toiled up the slope to stop the game. The bishop was received in sullen silence by regular com-

municants. A catechist whom he found squat before the mat paid no attention to his oburgations save to ask the bishop not to stand behind him, as O Lalala had said that was bad luck. The churchmen retired in a haughty silence, unheeded by the absorbed players.

Later the deacon returned alone, bringing with him the very matches that had been kept in the church to light the lamps at night service. These he staked on the sugar-cane mat, and, elevating his hands toward the skies, fervently asked the Giver of All Good Things to aid his draw. But he received a third ace, only to see O Lalala put down four of the accursed bits of paper with three spots on each one.

The vicar bishop visited the grove again only to call down the anathema maranatha of high heaven upon the renegade who had robbed the cathedral and the priests' house of every *tændstikker* they had held.

At three o'clock next morning the game lapsed because O Lalala had all the counters. These he sent to his house, where they were guarded by a friend. For a day he sat waiting by the sugar-cane mat, and the Monte Carlo was not deserted. He would not budge to the demands of a hundred losers that he sell back packages of matches for cocoanuts or French francs or any other currency. Pigs, fish, canned goods, and all the contents of the stores he spurned as breaking faith with the kindly governor, who would recognize that while matches were not gambling stakes, all other commodities were.

On the fourth day the canoes that had been sailed and paddled to every other island of the archipelago began to return. Some brought fifty packages, some fewer. Dealers had tossed their prices skyward when asked to sell their entire stock.

The game began anew with the fierceness of the typhoon after the center has passed. Men and women stood in line to redeem their fortunes, to gain applause, to slake their rage. Once they thought they had conquered the Tahitian. He began to lose, and before his ill fortune ended he had sent more than thirty packages from his hut to the



"Fervently asked the Giver of All Good Things to aid his draw"

grove. But his star rose again, and the contents of the canoes were his.

On the fifth day it became known that the Shan-Shan syndicate of Cantonese held one remaining case, a hundred boxes of matches. It was priceless as the sole possible barrier against ending the game.

The Shan-Shan men were without heart. They demanded for the case five francs a packet. Many of the younger Marquesans urged giving the Cantonese a taste of the *u'u*, the war-clubs of a previous generation. Desperate as were the older gamesters, they dared not consent. The governor would return, the law would take its course, and they would go to Noumea to work out their lives for crime. No, they would buy the case for francs, but they would not risk dividing it among many, who would be devoured piecemeal by the diabolical Tahitian.

"Kivi, the vagabond, the drinker of *kava*, is the chief to lead our cause,"

said Mouth of God. "He has never gone to the Christian church. He believes still in the old gods of the high places, and he is tattooed with the shark."

Kivi was the one man who had not played. He cared nothing for the pleasures of the *Farani*, the foolish whites. After palaver, his neighbors waited on him in a body. They reasoned with him, they begged him. He consented to their plan only after they had wept for their humbling.

Then they began to instruct him. They told him of the different combinations, of straights and flushes, and of a certain occasional period when O Lalala would introduce a mad novelty by which the cards with one fruit on them would "runnee wil'ee." They warned him against times when without reason the demon would put many matches on the mat, and, after frightening out every one, would in the end show that he had no cards of merit.

Immediately after sunset, when the

poi and fish had been eaten, and all had bathed in the brook, when the women had perfumed their bodies and wreathed the scarlet hibiscus in their hair, and Kivi had drunk thrice of *kava*, the game began. The valley was deserted, the *paepaes* were empty. No fires twinkled from the mountain-sides. Only in the cocoanut-grove the candle-nuts were lighted as the stars peeped through the roof the world.

The worn cards had been oiled and dried. The pipe was made to smoke; Kivi puffed it and solemnly it passed from hand to hand of those who had joined in the purchase of the case from the thieves of Cantonese. Then in a breathless silence the cards were cut, and dealt by Kivi.

O Lalala and he eyed each other like Japanese wrestlers before the grapple. Their eyes were slits as they put up the ante of five packages each. O Lalala opened the pot for five packages, and Kivi, nudged by his backers, feverishly balanced them. He took three cards; O Lalala only one. Standing behind him, I saw that the Tahitian had no cards of value, but coolly he threw thirty packages upon the mat. The others shuddered, for Kivi had drawn deuces to a pair of kings. They made the pipe glow again. They puffed it, they spat, they put their heads together, and they threw down his cards.

O Lalala dropped his own, and they saw that Kivi could have beaten him. They shouted in dismay, and withdrew Kivi, who after some palaver went away with them into the darkness.

One or two torches dimly illumined the figures of the squatting women who remained. Upon the sugar-cane mat O Lalala stretched himself at ease, closing his eyes. A silence broken only by the stealthy noises of the forest closed upon us. Apporo, her dark eyes wide, glanced fearfully over her shoulder and crept close to me. In a shaking whisper she confided that the absent players had thrown earth over their shoulders, stamped, and called upon Po, the Marquesan deity of darkness; yet it had not availed them. Now they went to make magic to those whom she mentioned only obliquely, shuddering.

We waited while the torches sput-

tered lower, and a dank breath of the forest crept among the trees. O Lalala appeared to sleep, though the quivering of his lids betrayed him. It was an hour before the players returned. Then Kivi crouched into his place without a word, and the others ranged themselves behind him, as though having in mind a cabalistic number formation.

Fresh torches were made, and many disputed the privilege of holding them, as they controlled one's view of the mat. O Lalala sat imperturbable, waiting. At last all was ready. The light fell upon the giant limbs and huge torsos of the men, picking out arabesques of tattooing and catching ruddy gleams from red *pareus*. The women, in crimson gowns caught up to the waist, their hair adorned with flowers and phosphorescent fungus, squatted in a close ring about the players.

O Lalala took up the pack, shuffled it and handed it to Kivi to cut. Kivi solemnly stacked before him eighty-five packages of matches, all that remained in the islands. Five packages went to the mat for ante, and Kivi very slowly picked up his cards.

He surveyed them, and a grim smile of incredulity and delight spread over his ink-decorated countenance. He opened for ten packages. O Lalala quickly put down as many, and thirty more.

Kivi chuckled as a man who has his enemy in his hand. He then carefully counted his remaining wealth, and with a gesture of invitation slid the entire seventy packages about his knees. They were a great bulk, quite 840 boxes of matches, and they almost obscured the curving palms of blue tattooed on his thighs.

Again he chuckled, and this time put his knuckles over his mouth. "Patty!" said Great Fern for him, and made a gesture disdaining more cards.

O Lalala scrutinized him as the sailor the heavens in a storm, slowly studied the visages of all his backers. He closed his eyes a moment. Then, "My cally," he said, as he pushed a huge heap of boxes upon the cane mat. The *kava*-drinkers grew black with excitement.

Kivi hesitated, and then, amid the most frightful curses of his company,

laid down only a pair of kings, a six, a nine, and a Jack. O Lalala, without a smile, disclosed a pair of aces.

The game was over. The men of Hiva-oa had thrown their last spear. Magic had been unavailing; the demon foreigner could read through the cards. Kivi fell back helpless, grief and *kava* prostrating him. The torches died down as the winner picked up the spoils and prepared to retire.

At this moment a man galloped up on horseback, displaying two boxes and a handful of separate matches. O Lalala refused to play for this trifling stake,

inch of the walls was covered with stacked boxes of matches, yellow fronts exposed. On his mat in the middle of this golden treasury O Lalala reclined, smoking at his leisure and smiling the happy smile of Midas. Outside a cold wind swept down from the mountains, and a gray sky hid the sun.

I paused in the reek of those innumerable matches, which tainted the air a hundred feet away, and exchanged morning greetings with their owner. I inquired as to his plans. He said that he would make a three-days' vigil of thanks, and upon the fourth day he



"On his mat in the middle of this golden treasury O Lalala reclined"

but in a storm of menacing cries consented to cut the pack for double or nothing, and in a twinkling extinguished the last hope.

The horseman had looted the governor's palace. The ultimate match in the Marquesas was now in the hands of O Lalala. He had the absolute monopoly of artificial light and of cooking. Soberly the valley-dwellers went home to their dark huts.

Next morning, after a cold breakfast, I was early afoot in the valley. On my way to the trader's store I beheld the complacent winner in his cabin. Through the open door I saw that every

would sell matches for a franc a small box.

The valley people were coming and going about their affairs, but sadly and even morosely. There was no match to light the fire for roasting breadfruit or to kindle the solacing tobacco. O Lalala would not give one away, or sell one at any price. Neither would he let a light be taken from his own fire or pipe.

The traders had not a match. The next schooner was not expected for two months. The only alternatives were to remain smokeless and lightless or to assault the heartless oppressor. Many dark threats were muttered in the

cheerless huts, but in variety of counsels there was no unity, and none dared attack alone the yellow-walled hut in which O Lalala smiled among his gains.

For two days there was not a spark of flame set in all Atuona save by O Lalala, and that for himself alone. With each hour of deprivation the value of the hoarded matches increased, as he well knew. He sat serenely smoking and smiling contentedly upon his golden world, while the smell of his roasting breadfruit curled through the open door to waken madness in those who passed. On the second day many of the younger men, those who had counseled the use of the *u'u* on the Shan-Shan syndicate, were missing from the beach, and there were rumors of a palaver on the mountain-side. The traders looked to the oiling and loading of their guns; Exploding Eggs, passing the yellow-walled hut, slashed stiff fingers across his neck in a significant decapitating gesture; but still O Lalala sat serene and untroubled.

So matters stood at the arrival of old Kahuiti, the handsomest of cannibals, who lived in the valley of Taa-*oa*. He strode into Atuona, a stern and striking figure of marvelously tattooed nakedness, and made it known that he would hold a meeting in the high place, where of old many of his tribe had been eaten by Atuona men.

In the first graying light of evening I climbed the mountain. The population of the valley, eager for counsel, was gathered on the old stone benches where half a century earlier their sorcerers had sat. In the twilight Kahuiti stood before us, tall and haughty, his long white beard knotted on his broad, bare chest. His voice was stern.

We were fools, he said, to be denied food and smoke by the foreigner. What of matches before the French came? Had he known matches in his youth? *Aoe!* Fire was to him who made it. The peoples of the islands must return to the ways of their fathers.

He leaped from the great stone on which he stood, and seizing his long knife, he cut a length of *parua*-wood and shaped it to four inches in width. With our fascinated gaze upon him, he

whittled sharp a foot-long piece of the same wood, and, bracing the longer piece against a fallen monolith, gripped it firmly between his bare knees. Swiftly he rubbed the pointed stick up and down upon it. A groove formed, in which the wood-dust collected at one end.

Soon the wood was smoking hot, and then the old man's hands moved with a rapidity the eye could not follow. The smoke became thicker, and suddenly a gleam of flame arose, caught the dust, and was fed by scores of trembling brown hands. In a few moments a crackling fire blazed on the sward.

Pipes sprang from loin-cloths and from behind ears, and the incense of tobacco rose on the still air of the evening. Dozens of brands were improvised and hurried home to touch the fagots for breadfruit roasting, while Kahuiti laughed scornfully.


"A hundred of this tribe I have eaten, and no wonder," he said as he strode away toward Taa-*oa*. Lights were coming out like stars up the dark valley as each household made again its vesper fire, and lanterns flickered once more upon the bamboo palisades that marked the confines of favorite pigs. The monopoly of O Lalala was no more.

Incredulous, he heard the news. Atuona valley had turned back the clock of time a hundred years to destroy the perfect world in which he sat alone. For a day he remained stubborn, unable to realize the disaster that had befallen him. Then he offered the matches at usual traders' prices, and the people mocked him.

All over the island the fire-plows, oldest of fire-making tools in the world, were being driven to heat the stones for the broiling fish. Atuona had no need of matches. O Lalala had them all, but the people had returned to the ways of their fathers in the days before matches were known to their world. In all the huts in Atuona valley the happy barbarians, barbarous once more, laughed at the memory of their former stupidity, while O Lalala sat miserable upon the beach, gazing at the empty blue sea and longing for a rescuing schooner to bear him away.

They Are not like Us

By DAVID CARB

T was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the fervid glorification with which we entered the war and fought the war. This reaction, augmented by many irritating circumstances, has created among some of the officers and men of the A. E. F. a strong disaffection for the French. It would seem wiser not to ignore such a situation, but rather to try to understand its causes, and if they are based on misunderstanding or incomplete knowledge, to present the truth, and thus eliminate what might eventually, if left to grow, tarnish one of the finest ideals and cool one of the warmest international friendships that history knows. The purpose of this article is to set forth the causes of the misunderstanding, and to give the point of view of one who has seen French life, both military and civilian, from the inside.

WHAT AMERICANS EXPECTED TO FIND IN FRANCE

Long before the United States entered the war, the pro-Ally press in America centered its propaganda on two things, Belgium and France. The former was made to seem a plucky woman who had been and was still being violated, the latter a strong man fighting nobly against the greatest odds. Both pictures were true, but after Verdun its defenders were considered in America not merely as courageous men; they became in the press and in the public estimation supermen. Our sympathy had been theirs from the first; suddenly they enlisted our reverence as well. And it is only a short step from reverence to the elevation of the revered to a pedestal so high that it makes vague his real characteristics.

Then the Dragon reached out its claws toward us, and we in our turn

were called upon to play the rôle of St. George. The French became our instructors, our models. Marshal Joffre was acclaimed in the United States as probably only one other man in the history of the nation had been acclaimed; the editorial columns of the newspapers all over the country chanted pæans of praise of the French; the popular songs were largely on the same theme. The story of the aid France had given us in our Revolution and after was retold a thousand times. Gradually a mental picture was created, and in the picture the Frenchmen wore wings, and the Germans horns.

WHAT THEY FOUND

The American troops did not find in the villages and cities of France a population composed of people like Jeanne d'Arc and Henry of Navarre; they found a people who welcomed them as the bridegroom welcomes his bride into his home, with joyous affection.

You can make war with fury, but you cannot make it with fuss. After the first great welcome the enthusiasm settled. It did not diminish; it was merely repressed because there was a war going on in the north and the east, and the war was grim and not succeeding. The ovations calmed themselves, and although one may be embarrassed by ovations, when they are over one feels distinctly let down. So the American soldier felt. Moreover, he did not see the glorified people that his newspapers and his songs had pictured. The people that he saw were not different in essentials from ordinary people, except that they spoke a strange language and did things in a manner which to him was "queer." He was equally surprised later when he entered Germany; the people did not wear horns, and seemed just like ordinary folks. They *were* like ordinary folks to him; that was part of their new

propaganda. They had been forced to abandon torture and heinous destruction, so they did their utmost to make the Yank think that they could never have been capable of torture and heinous destruction. In both cases the American was disappointed; the French people were not angels, and, as far as his contacts went, the Germans showed no evidence of being devils.

WHAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE EXPECTED

The acclaim which greeted the arrival of the first American troops in France did not die down entirely because the war was too preoccupying to permit such demonstrations for long. There were other reasons; what the doctors call "natural causes."

At the same time that the American press was glorifying France and Frenchmen, the French press was doing the same for America and Americans. It even reprinted our boasts of ending the war quickly; but in the voyage the boasts became promises. Things moved swiftly at first; the French peasant read of conscription, vast appropriations, and of the Red Cross, which bolstered up a failing Italian morale. But it was French and British soldiers who bolstered up the failing Italian line. There was the long, arduous summer of 1917; then came the autumn and the winter. The French saw Americans everywhere in France except at the front. American goods in great quantities were on sale in all the shops; the journals told over and over again of the colossal preparations which were making across the Atlantic. That was good news, but nothing seemed to be coming of it. The Americans figured largely in everything except the *communiqués*. There was then the Italian debacle, and close on its heels persistent rumors of a tremendous impending German drive, of innumerable divisions from the Eastern front arriving daily to make that drive decisive, but still no indications that Americans were at the front. Small wonder that the word "bluff," which we have inserted into the French language, was sometimes on the lips of the man not "on the inside," and that his fervor cooled obviously.

Finally the drive came, and gained much ground, and every one knew it was only the forerunner of a greater drive. And in a little while this second drive was launched, and tore to the gates of Paris. The United States was in the war, the French were being told constantly, but they saw no signs of her active participation; and meanwhile the war, and France, was being lost. They had heard many times that the United States was peopled largely by Germans. Perhaps—

One morning there was an American *communiqué*, and the French *communiqué* was all about the Americans. It told of the halting of the enemy onrush. Another day all the *communiqués* recounted that the Americans were driving the *Boches* back. There followed the swift succession of events in which the Yank was the chief actor—the Marne, the Vesle, the Aisne, St. Mihiel, the Argonne, Sedan, the armistice. The American had not bluffed; he had kept his word; the cloudy doubts of the autumn of 1917 and of the winter and spring of 1918 were dispersed by the most tremendous tempest of enthusiasm that even the French had ever indulged in. And the Yank was its object; he was the hero, and he was so informed both in actions and in words. All the love and admiration that France had felt for the United States for 150 years, save for a doubting interval of a bare six months, concentrated itself and broke around President Wilson. No one who saw that reception, and heard it could have doubted its profound sincerity; only an agnostic could have found in it anything save love and gratitude and confidence.

THE AMERICAN DISAFFECTION

The prosaic and sometimes ugly work of the settlement replaced the élan of victory. The Yank was sent into Germany; the German people did not wear horns; they were suspiciously innocent, and rather obviously anxious to please him and make him comfortable. After his hard régime in France this comfort was most grateful; he began to ask himself if he had not been misled; he began to compare what he knew of France

with what he was allowed to see of Germany. All the exasperations of his year among the French accumulated—the natural exasperations of a man in a strange country increased by the exasperations inevitable in a country at war, deeply invaded, and weary; the physical exasperations of his daily life, and the more than mental exasperation of homesickness. These things grew, and from exasperations they became anger. He felt that the French lacked gratitude. Gradually his discontent formed itself into grievances. As nearly as I can discover, there are five of these grievances: overcharging, sanitation, efficiency, morality, "They are not like us."

The American soldier claims, and claims justly, that he was "held up," forced to pay more than the natives paid in the same shops at the same time, which is literally true. But to be fair even to the small French shopkeeper, it is necessary to comprehend the financial history of Americans in France.

For at least two generations the only Americans known to the French *petite bourgeoisie* were tourists who were "doing" Europe. These tourists were not modest people; they had come to have a good time, whatever the cost. And they believed that the greater the cost, the better the time—at least when one was telling about it afterward. They admitted loudly, without being asked, that we were the richest-people-in-the-world (spoken as one word). Myths grew up about them, of their lavishness, of their actual anxiety to throw money away, of the pleasure it gave them to see people scramble for it. The type is not confined to Americans traveling in Europe; there are Americans at home who do the same thing. Not infrequently there comes out of the West a gentleman intent upon "showing the effete East a thing or two." And the tradesmen and others of the effete East are never reluctant "to be shown" so long as the showman's money lasts. Many French tradesmen and others were quite of the opinion of their fellows across the seas. That was the only kind of American the French shopkeeper had seen; other Americans were not advertised.

When the American Army began pouring into France, the mediums of public information were not reticent in announcing the pay of the American soldier, which was at that time a little more than a hundred times the pay of the *Poilu*. In the autumn of 1918 the *Poilu's* pay was raised from one sou a day to five sous—from less than one cent to less than five cents. The American soldier's pay has always been more than twenty times that of the *Poilu*. Moreover, the American soldier was not reluctant to spend his pay. He went to the best restaurants and cafés, ordered expensive foods and wines,—probably because this was his last chance to order wines of any sort,—tipped profusely, and generally reinforced the impression, created by his forerunners, that every American is a billionaire. This in no way justifies the French tradesman for charging him more than the French were charged; but it does not seem appropriate that the criticism should come from a people that has admired *Wallingford* so lavishly, that has been delighted when the gold-brick merchant sold his gold bricks. Or look at it another way. Suppose you put on your fur coat and your jewels, stepped into your limousine, and drove to the Bowery or to any of the avenues from Sixth to the Hudson to purchase things. Would you not pay more than the habitué of those regions? I think you would. This does not justify either the American shopkeeper or the French; it merely indicates that the guilt is not confined to France. Our house is not in order, either.

My own experience in the French Army will show that such people are no more general in France than in the United States. In 1915 the men in the American ambulance paid all their own expenses except for food and lodging. They paid their own passage, bought their own uniforms, and received not one cent in money. That was known among the French, and despite the tradition of our collective and individual wealth, which in our case would seem to have been true, since we were depending on our own resources, not once do I recall being charged more than Frenchmen were charged. I went to the

front in 1918 as an artillery aspirant, which is a grade between the highest non-com and a second-lieutenancy. I messed with the officers of my battery; the Government provided me with the ration of the *Poilu*, the food necessities. At the mess there were many extras, butter (at \$1.50 a pound), cheese, jam, pâtés, wines, and the like. My part of the expense was never more than fifty francs a month. One day I asked how they could furnish so many expensive things for so little money, and the system was explained to me. Our mess consisted of a captain, two second lieutenants, and myself. The cost of the extras was divided into eight parts; the captain paid three parts, each lieutenant two, and I one. The captain himself had made the arrangement. I discovered that the same arrangement existed in all the other batteries.

It would seem, then, that the American soldier is unjust in judging a race by a certain class; that the same class exists at home and does the same things. He would deny indignantly, even to the point of fighting, that the American people were all like that. Should he not ask himself, if a foreign army, with the same legend of fabulous riches enveloping it as ours in France, were in the United States, would it not have much the same unfortunate experience as ours has had in France?

One hears not infrequently from American soldiers returned from Germany that the Germans are superior to the French because their sanitation is more modern and they have more bath-tubs. Leaving aside the question whether one can measure civilization by bath-tubs, let us ask ourselves just what a bath-tub is. It is a piece of furniture extremely useful and sometimes even ornamental. But unlike the clock on the mantel-shelf, which serves the purpose of being decorative whether it runs or not, a bath-tub has only one reason for being—to bathe in. Therefore the burning question is not how many there are, but how frequently they are used. Certainly the man who resides in an apartment with nine bedrooms and nine baths is not necessarily cleaner, and therefore more civilized, than the man whose house contains sev-

eral bedrooms and only one bath. It may be argued that the difference between nine bath-tubs and one is not nearly so great as between one and none. In many of our large cities the bath-tubs in certain quarters are used as coal-bins; one of our most persistent national jokes is the bath only on Saturday night, especially in New England, where it is more than a joke: it is almost a rule of life, like codfish balls and baked beans for the Sunday breakfast. And certainly no member of the A. E. F. is in a position to state that the Germans bathe oftener than the French.

But suppose they do. A bath-tub is a convenience for a bath, but not a necessity. There are other means of bathing. It is doubtful whether the peasants in one country on the continent of Europe make more use of modern sanitary advantages than those of another. Or the people of the cities. And, anyway, if sanitation is to be our criterion, we will have to change our social code. When one person is introduced to another, instead of saying, "I am glad to meet you," he will ask, "When did you bathe last?" or "Have you open plumbing in your house," or, "Miss Jones, I wish to present Mr. Smith, who bathes every morning."

At bottom this question of sanitation is to the American soldier not sanitation at all; he uses it as an example to prove his assertion that the French are not efficient, just as he uses their provincialism, their habit of staying at home, to prove that they are not modern. The two words "modern" and "efficiency" mean so much in American life that it is almost time they were being defined.

As nearly as I can discover, efficiency means doing a thing successfully and with a minimum of waste in material and in energy. To be modern means to be able to use, and to use, every invention and every discovery that conduces to efficiency. Let us measure the French and the Germans by these definitions, in the war, for example. The world has been amazed many times in the last five years at the efficiency of the German military machine; it was constantly surprising the enemy, over-

whelming him. Why, then, did it lose the war? The response is obvious: because almost the whole world was alined against it. Never was a nation so goaded into war as the United States was. The Germans throughout the war showed no indication whatever of diplomatic efficiency. In other words, the Germans had achieved nearly perfection in one part of their machine, but to acquire this perfection they had subserved the things which guide a machine and make it go. It is as though a perfect automobile was constructed without a steering-apparatus. And then as to military efficiency itself. Not once in the whole war did the Germans achieve a single important objective that they tried for. Paris, Calais, Verdun, Venice, Suez—they overran much territory, but never decisive territory. And as for the minimum of waste, one has only to read the casualty figures of the Verdun offensive. The Germans lost the war, they lost their markets, they lost their position in the world, by throwing their honor in the same rubbish-heap with their judgment. Was this efficiency?

On the other hand, the French, with a population only half as great as their enemy's, won the decisive First Battle of the Marne, they held at Verdun, to give only two instances. When we came into the war we called upon innumerable French officers to instruct us; the very text-books at the great American artillery school at Saumur were literal translations from the French text-books. We were in the position of having had no experience in contemporary warfare, and, wisely and with a self-effacement that will write the United States General Staff in even larger letters in history than their great military achievements alone could have done, we called in the best military experience in modern warfare obtainable: we called in the French. Certainly the general staff considered them both efficient and modern.

So does the American soldier in general. He knows that the German technic was superb, that the organization approached perfection, but that there was lacking the intellect to assimilate and utilize the superb technic and the

magnificent organization. German diplomacy was so stupid that the Allies had merely to sit still and let the Germans enlist the world on the Allied side, or, rather, to take care always to be less stupid. The American soldier knows that, and he pays it due honor. It is in their industry and their business and their agriculture that he feels the French are not modern and efficient.

Business in France is still somewhat of a social affair except in the great cities, and even there it is leisurely. The whole recent American vocabulary of activity is wasted on French business; there is to the casual observer no "hustle," no "bustle," no "push," no "go." French agriculture uses very few automatic appliances; French factories often lack the latest machines. All of which irritates the progressive spirit of the Yank. But what he fails to realize is that although French business and industry would never succeed in America, they succeed remarkably in France. And, after all, success is the criterion of both business and industry. On these same antique business and industrial methods the French have managed to become among the richest people per capita in Europe, and as for agriculture, the conditions in the United States and in France are diametrically different. In the former agriculture is extensive; in the latter intensive. A tractor is a necessity on a farm of thousands of acres; it is a burden on a farm of two acres. There are very few tractors in France, yet the yield per acre in France is much greater than in the United States.

Modernism is creeping into France—creeping, because the necessity is not suddenly felt. The large department stores of Paris attest to the modern spirit in business; in the country, if a shopkeeper were blunt and "what-can-I-do-for-you-ish," he would lose his clientele. That is the nature of the race, and success in business has always consisted in catering to your customers' desires as much in manners as in goods. A French business man comes late to his office, he leaves early, he lunches at great length; but he does manage to get his work done. Perhaps here again he is more intensive than we; it is pos-

sible that he devotes less time and more concentration to his labors. Industry, like the majority of the people in France, was before the war for the most part local; it is only recently that it has begun to be national and to aspire to become international. And the number of Frenchmen engaged in industry who are now studying American methods is extremely large; I have come into intimate contact with about thirty officers. Half of them are regular army men; of the other half at least five will go to the United States immediately after they are demobilized to study American methods, and at least six already subscribe to American trade publications. On the farms the question of modern inventions presented itself thus: mechanical appliances are too expensive for small farms; they would cost more than they earned. So coöperatives are forming. A tractor, for example, can cover so much ground successfully in a season; as many farmers as together own that much land buy a tractor; each pays a proportion of the initial cost and of the expense of upkeep. Farmer A uses the tractor on certain days, Farmer B on others. This system makes it possible both to have the machine and to make it pay for itself.

I have indulged in all these details because from what the American soldier says he has not noticed them. He has been acutely aware of the farm wagons with large wheels; he has not been aware of the very modern granaries. Just as he has been irritated by the French lack of bath-tubs and has failed to look at the conditions in our own large cities and remote villages, as he is disgusted with the French habit of housing the pig in the front yard and is merely amused by the Irish habit of housing it in the house itself, so he compares the things he sees in Germany with the things he has seen in France unfavorably for the latter, and does not take into account in the comparison that the great part of French manufactories were destroyed in the war, yet that France produced enormous quantities of shells, cannon, airplanes, and the other essentials of war; that Germany was beaten, but never invaded, that the test of efficiency

is to make a machine work for you, not work for it; that to be efficient in one department and inefficient in another equally important one is like building a stone house and forgetting to bind the stones together, which is not efficiency at all; that, unlike us and the very new German confederation, in France you always have to remove something that has existed for a long time before you can build anything new; that in France the son follows the father and stays at home, which explains, but in no way attempts to defend, his provincialism. The Yank sees in Germany factories and farms much like the ones at home; does he ask himself if, as in the case of the tractor, the physical and racial characteristics of France demand different methods, as the physical characteristics of our own country demand that we plant cotton in the South and not in Maine? Or that France is slowly, gradually adopting the modern and the efficient things which are essential to the new-world conditions, just as we slowly, gradually realized the new-world conditions which forced us into the war and into international politics and alliances? In this latter case we, too, had to overcome a long tradition before we could begin to play our new rôle.

The American soldier landed in a French port which was crowded with loose women; he went to a depot in a town where there were also an inordinate number of prostitutes; he saw thousands on the Paris boulevards. And because he had often heard the phrase "The French are a frivolous people, fond of dancing and light wines," because he had seen French sex farces and dramas of intrigue acted in our theaters, and because the tradition of "Gay Paree" has long been accepted among us, he interpreted what he saw as universal; he concluded that the French people are immoral. He said, "So this is Paris," to describe anything extraordinarily gay or dashing or risqué. The American may on occasion be immoral, but he never approves of immorality. Consequently, he disapproves of the French. He is fundamentally Anglo-Saxon; so he was disgusted with what he saw. He neglected to remem-

ber that part of his history which recounts that wherever there have been soldiers there have been numbers of loose women; he forgot, for instance, the training camps at home, and the quarters near to navy-yards; he failed to recall the various campaigns in our cities to drive prostitutes off the streets—campaigns which decreased the number on the streets, but certainly did not send the others to nunneries. He would be highly indignant if any one were to assert that Broadway is the United States in miniature, or that in the night court one can ascertain the moral condition of his country. Like our tourists in Europe, the immoral things are obvious; the modest things, because they are modest, stay indoors and make no noise.

Since the early days of the war France has had her already closely populated territory decreased by an eighth, and a large part of the population of the invaded eighth has been quartered on the other seven eighths. Since the autumn of 1914 the only part of France which was not invaded was no-man's land. Moreover, Paris has been for these four years and more the center of the world. The normal number of prostitutes has been augmented not from the French alone; there have been a great many Italian girls, Swiss girls, and Belgian and Spanish. There has been that sort of invasion, too. But it was not the amount of immorality which offended the Yank so much as its openness, as the fact that it seems to be officially recognized or at least not officially curbed.

Probably the most startling difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin point of view is that the former pretends that he has n't physical functions, and the latter accepts both their fact and their universality. Consequently, the former is always trying to conceal the fact that they exist, and the latter, by recognizing their existence, takes them as a matter so commonplace that they are not worthy of remark. It is entirely a matter of point of view, and has nothing whatever to do with morality. For morality is a part of personal conduct, and is in no way related to time or place, light or darkness, pub-

licity or secrecy. The question is, then, not whether a Parisian blocks traffic on the Boulevard des Italiens to stop and kiss his girl, but whether their relation is honest and decent. Thus the justice of the American criticism becomes a question of comparative statistics which I am not capable of resolving. This I can say, however, that the great proportion of the prostitutes in France subsist on strangers, not on Frenchmen. And that as the inordinate number of strangers in France now is quite abnormal, so is the number of prostitutes. French officers have expressed the wish to me many times that it had been possible to invite all the American soldiers to French homes. They feel that it is most lamentable that the American soldiers should have their idea of French life only from the public places.

In those same public places Sammy sees a great deal of drinking, but rarely does he see a Frenchman drunk. That is because the Frenchman drinks long rather than much, and for the most part he drinks the "light wines" of the familiar phrase. He sees no reason why he should go indoors to drink if the weather permits him to drink out of doors, just as he sees no reason to pretend that universal necessities do not exist. He prefers to be neither amazed nor ashamed that he has to eat or to drink or to do other things which are necessary to life, to everybody's life, which are therefore matters of such common knowledge that they may go unnoticed. Likewise in his attitude toward social tragedy. The ruined girl plays little part in French novels and dramas; infidelity plays a great part. Because in infidelity a faith and an intimacy have been violated, and the victim is left poor and disillusioned. Whether the French way of looking at these things is worse or better than ours is not a thing that a mere human being can determine. I now realize that "there is much to be said on both sides," as a well-known radical once said to explain why he considered himself corrupt. There *is* much to be said on both sides. Which brings me to the fifth cause of the American soldier's disaffection for the French.

"They are not like us." You hear it

often, the expression that the French are "queer," which is just another way of saying they are different from us. No one could possibly question that. But the use of the word "queer" implies something more than difference; it implies a criticism in which our standard is taken as the normal, and, quite naturally, a very high normal. I have never known anything "queer" to be above that normal; it is always below. And it is well not to forget that if they seem queer to us, undoubtedly we seem queer to them. So do we to the English, and the English to us, despite our common language, laws, code of manners, and conduct. How much greater the queerness on both sides, between the French and us, who have neither language nor the same source of civilization in common!

I think the fundamental difference between the *Poilu* and the Yank is that the former enjoys processes, the latter conclusions. We want to "clean up the job," to "get there," to "speed up"; our phraseology combines work with physical movement, and does not belie us. For we are still a migratory people, forever moving, tearing down our houses and our cities, and rebuilding them. We are still capable, one might say, of celestial dissatisfaction. An American sailor expressed his first impression of Bordeaux and of France by the ejaculation, "The last architect in this burg must have died of starvation about three hundred years ago." We prefer the new—new buildings, new scenes, new fields of endeavor. Our young men leave home to make their fortunes; the young Frenchman stays home to make his. Very likely physical conditions are largely responsible for this difference, for we still have the space in which to be migratory; the Frenchman has n't. So he stays home and cultivates his garden. Also the adventure of discovery is still possible in our country; we are "finding" gold here, oil there. In France the earth has been discovered and mapped; there can be no sudden "findings." If you know positively that you will not wake up some morning and see oil geysering in your back yard, you are apt to work rather hard to make cabbages and beans grow in your back

yard. And you will find an adventure in making them grow. You will also find a deep love. The most violent anger I heard the French express in the war was when they saw trees maliciously hacked, and cabbages cut and left to rot, by the Germans. They could understand everything the Germans did but that; they could shrug at the other things and murmur, "C'est la guerre"; but the wilful, useless spoliation of things that grew was utterly beyond their comprehension. We are different in that respect. We recite, "Woodman, spare that tree" with much feeling, and some one is able to make the conservation of forests a subject of national importance for a moment; but not for long, because our forests seem illimitable yet and their conservation not vital. But every Frenchman knows that every tree that falls must be replaced or else there will soon be no trees in France.

Their reverence for things that create expresses itself in other ways. I am a writer, though not a successful writer. Since the armistice my regiment has been quartered for from three to six weeks in each of four small villages. In Pontsericourt my landlady herself made a fire every morning when I went out, so that when I returned from breakfast my room would be warm. In Santine my room was so small that with the bed and the wash-stand there was no place for even my cantine. The proprietor refused to permit me to light a fire in the fireplace on the ground that it would burn the bed, which it would have done. Some days later he saw me writing in the cold room. That night I found the bed replaced by a smaller one, the wash-stand removed to his kitchen, and a fire in my room. At Feigneux, for a joke, one of the officers told the old lady in whose house I was quartered that I was a billionaire, "the paper king of America." Madame made fires for me every day, frequently using her own wood, and I thought it was because of the billionaire myth; but when we left, she refused absolutely to accept a sou from me, either as a tip or as payment for the wood. At Mitry, where I am writing this, Mme. Nidert not only lets me have her dining-room, which is also

her parlor, to work in; she tends the fire, and she gives me tea in the afternoon. Among the rarest things in France now are wood and sugar. Wood is not only rare, it is expensive; sugar is rigorously rationed, and my ration goes to my mess. Mme. Nidert shares her own poor ration with me. I am not the only American in the regiment, but I am the only writer. They have expended their energy and their resources to give me a place to write because to them the man who is working in the arts is trying to express people and their emotions, to crystallize in words or colors or marble the thing we call civilization. The success of the laborer does not matter, so he be sincere. It is this spirit in the French people that has drawn artists for many generations to Paris—the spirit which strives to encourage the worker if the medium he is working in be fine. In Anglo-Saxon countries the atmosphere is surcharged with the question, “Are you successful in what you are doing?”; in France, “Are you doing something worth doing?”

The spirit of *laissez-faire* is closely related to this question, and from *laissez-faire* springs the superb voluntary discipline of the French Army. A colonel in the American Marines told me that he would not sit down at the same table with his own brother if the latter were an enlisted man; my captain in the French artillery corresponds with his former orderly, and dines and plays frequently with his non-coms. An American lieutenant informed me that the reason there are so few orderlies in the army is because the American Army is democratic. Every French officer has an orderly, but in the French Army every orderly is a volunteer for that service.

They are not like us, the French. And we are not like them. And although many American soldiers are exasperated by the differences, they are all too intelligent and modest to desire that the world model itself on us and become like us. They realize that there is room for many civilizations, and that it is supremely desirable that there should be many. We do not abase ourselves when we say we do not really wish all

other peoples to be like us. On the contrary, we show a desire to elevate civilization. In one thing, however, we must be alike if we are to have peace; we must have the same conception of honor. France and the United States have that! Germany has not.

When the Yank arrived on the Rhine he found life much easier to live than it had been in France. In the first place, the Germans could understand his wants, for the common words of every-day life in English derive from the Saxon, not from the Latin. He found also people who were somewhat familiar with his customs, or rather, he was familiar with theirs, because he had seen many Germans at home who had not adopted American customs. Furthermore, he had left a country that had been both invaded and depleted; he entered a country that had been only depleted. He saw the German towns modern, and forgot for the moment the use to which that modernity had been put. Finally, the Germans seemed clean, as to a stranger a small boy will seem clean; the small boy's mother knows that he has washed only the visible portions of his anatomy, and has washed that much only because he was forced to. In other words, the American soldier had left a country where the principal occupation had been to win a war and to recover from the war; he entered a country where the principal occupation was to please him and to win his sympathy. There is small wonder that all the exasperations he had been subjected to in France grew into a disaffection for the French people as he walked the paths efficiently strewn with roses by the Germans. But he is too keen to be taken in in the long run, and his mature consideration will reveal to him that the Germans did not cease to be his enemy on the eleventh of November, and that their new attack was aimed at his self-respect. The same mature consideration will also convince him that it is to the advantage of both parties, and to the advantage of the world, to try to understand and appreciate the man who has the same standard of honor and of justice that he has, though in manners, customs, and point of view he is not like him.

Mort de Croque-Mitaine

By LEON D'EMO

Illustrations by the Author

And crooked round his crooked arm the little fer-de-lance.
In 1752 Raillac, the son of a cooper of Morlais, Brittany, at the age of twenty, ran away to sea. Twelve years later he was a notorious pirate. The sobriquet of Croque-Mitaine was given him, after the bugaboo used in certain parts of France to frighten children. His brutality caused his own crew of cutthroats to maroon him on an island off the coast of Venezuela, where he perished.



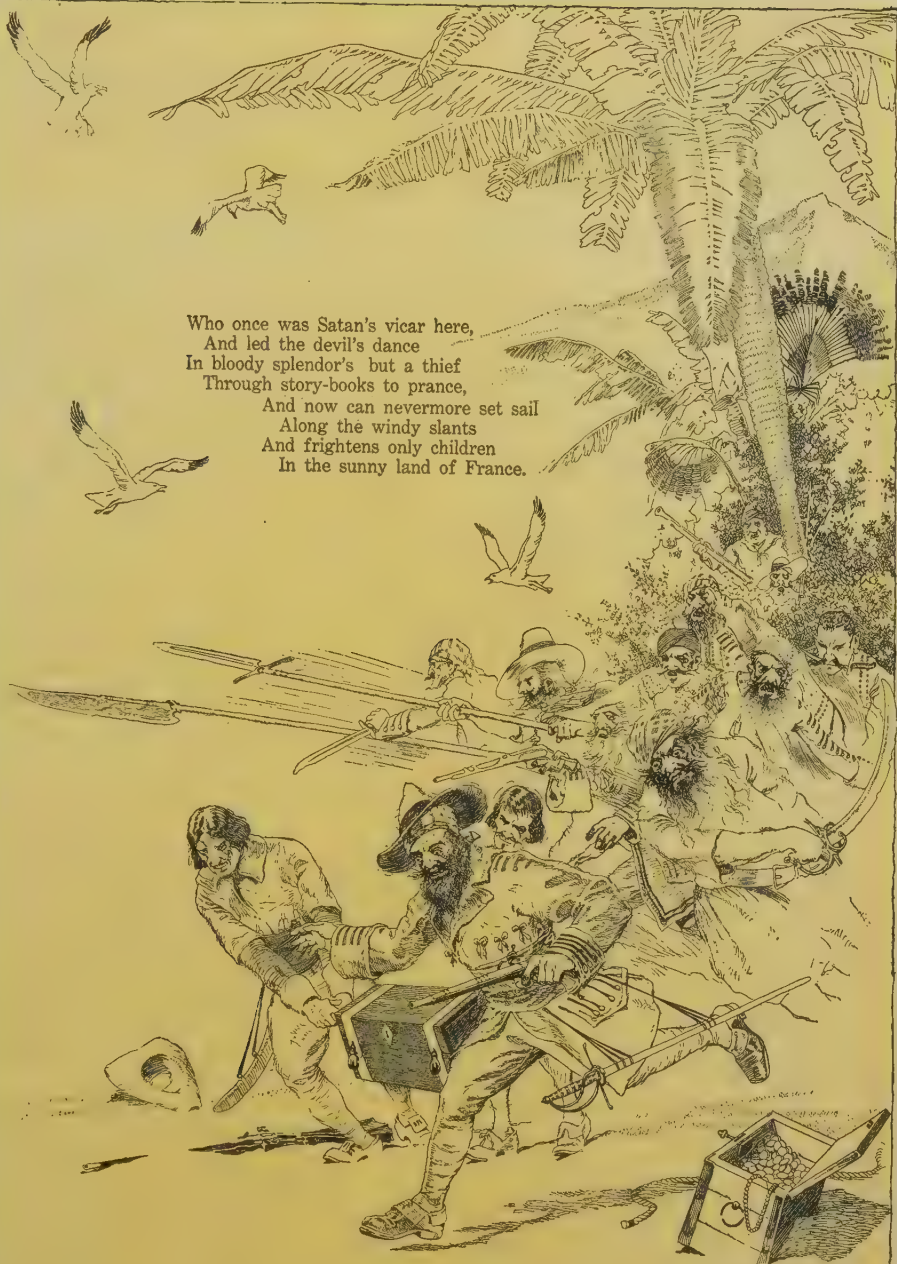
On Cayo Grande in Carib's Sea
The hellish sunshine lies;
On hawkish face, with ragged beard,
On upturned glassy eyes;
On hairy breast which breathes no more,
On myriads of flies;
And gulls give absolution to
The bucaneer who dies.

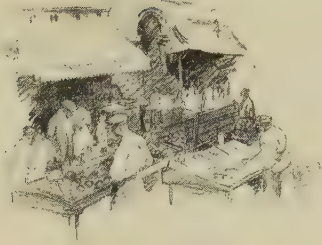


The sick'ning thirst, the roaring surf,
The ocean's empty rim,
The water-bottle's dusty lip,
The hungry crab hordes grim.
The hatred of his fellow-thieves,
Are nothingness to him,
And nothingness the circling
Of the hammerheads a-swim.



Who once was Satan's vicar here,
And led the devil's dance
In bloody splendor's but a thief
Through story-books to prance,
And now can nevermore set sail
Along the windy slants
And frightens only children
In the sunny land of France.





“The Fat of the Land”

By ANZIA YEZIERSKA

Illustrations by J. Henry

IN an air-shaft so narrow that you could touch the next wall with your bare hands, Hanneh Breineh leaned out and knocked on her neighbor's window.

“Can you loan me your wash-boiler for the clothes?” she called.

Mrs. Pelz threw up the sash.

“The boiler? What’s the matter with yours again? Did n’t you tell me you had it fixed already last week?”

“A black year on him, the robber, the way he fixed it! If you have no luck in this world, then it’s better not to live. There I spent out fifteen cents to stop up one hole, and it runs out another. How I ate out my gall bargaining with him he should let it down to fifteen cents! He wanted yet a quarter, the swindler. *Gottuniu!* my bitter heart on him for every penny he took from me for nothing!”

“You got to watch all those swindlers, or they’ll steal the whites out of your eyes,” admonished Mrs. Pelz. “You should have tried out your boiler before you paid him. Wait a minute till I empty out my dirty clothes in a pillow-case; then I’ll hand it to you.”

Mrs. Pelz returned with the boiler and tried to hand it across to Hanneh Breineh, but the soap-box refrigerator on the window-sill was in the way.

“You got to come in for the boiler yourself,” said Mrs. Pelz.

“Wait only till I tie my Sammy on to the high-chair he should n’t fall on me again. He’s so wild that ropes won’t hold him.”

Hanneh Breineh tied the child in the chair, stuck a pacifier in his mouth, and went in to her neighbor. As she took the boiler Mrs. Pelz said:

“Do you know Mrs. Melker ordered fifty pounds of chicken for her daughter’s wedding? And such grand chickens! Shining like gold! My heart melted in me just looking at the flowing fatness of those chickens.”

Hanneh Breineh smacked her thin, dry lips, a hungry gleam in her sunken eyes.

“Fifty pounds!” she gasped. “It ain’t possible. How do you know?”

“I heard her with my own ears. I saw them with my own eyes. And she said she will chop up the chicken livers with onions and eggs for an appetizer, and then she will buy twenty-five pounds of fish, and cook it sweet and sour with raisins, and she said she will bake all her strudels on pure chicken fat.”

“Some people work themselves up in the world,” sighed Hanneh Breineh. “For them is America flowing with milk and honey. In Savel Mrs. Melker used to get shriveled up from hunger. She and her children used to live on potato-peelings and crusts of dry bread picked out from the barrels; and in America she lives to eat chicken, and apple strudels soaking in fat.”

“The world is a wheel always turning,” philosophized Mrs. Pelz. “Those who were high go down low, and those who’ve been low go up higher. Who will believe me here in America that in Poland I was a cook in a banker’s house? I handled ducks and geese every day. I used to bake coffee-cake with cream so thick you could cut it with a knife.”

“And do you think I was a nobody in Poland?” broke in Hanneh Breineh, tears welling in her eyes as the memories of her past rushed over her. “But

what's the use of talking? In America money is everything. Who cares who my father or grandfather was in Poland? Without money I'm a living dead one. My head dries out worrying how to get for the children the eating a penny cheaper."

Mrs. Pelz wagged her head, a gnawing envy contracting her features.

"Mrs. Melker had it good from the day she came," she said begrudgingly. "Right away she sent all her children to the factory, and she began to cook meat for dinner every day. She and her children have eggs and buttered rolls for breakfast each morning like millionaires."

A sudden fall and a baby's scream, and the boiler dropped from Hanneh Breineh's hands as she rushed into her kitchen, Mrs. Pelz after her. They found the high-chair turned on top of the baby.

"*Gevalt!* Save me! Run for a doctor!" cried Hanneh Breineh as she dragged the child from under the high-chair. "He's killed! He's killed! My only child! My precious lamb!" she shrieked as she ran back and forth with the screaming infant.

Mrs. Pelz snatched little Sammy from the mother's hands.

"*Meshugneh!* what are you running around like a crazy, frightening the child? Let me see. Let me tend to him. He ain't killed yet." She hastened to the sink to wash the child's face, and discovered a swelling lump on his forehead. "Have you a quarter in your house?" she asked.

"Yes, I got one," replied Hanneh Breineh, climbing on a chair. "I got to keep it on a high shelf where the children can't get it."

Mrs. Pelz seized the quarter Hanneh Breineh handed down to her.

"Now pull your left eyelid three times while I'm pressing the quarter, and you'll see the swelling go down."

Hanneh Breineh took the child again in her arms, shaking and cooing over it and caressing it.

"Ah-ah-ah, Sammy! Ah-ah-ah-ah, little lamb! Ah-ah-ah, little bird! Ah-ah-ah-ah, precious heart! Oh, you saved my life; I thought he was killed," gasped Hanneh Breineh, turning to

Mrs. Pelz. "*Oi-i!*" she sighed, "a mother's heart! Always in fear over her children. The minute anything happens to them all life goes out of me. I lose my head and I don't know where I am any more."

"No wonder the child fell," admonished Mrs. Pelz. "You should have a red ribbon or red beads on his neck to keep away the evil eye. Wait. I got something in my machine-drawer."

Mrs. Pelz returned, bringing the boiler and a red string, which she tied about the child's neck while the mother proceeded to fill the boiler.

A little later Hanneh Breineh again came into Mrs. Pelz's kitchen, holding Sammy in one arm and in the other an apron full of potatoes. Putting the child down on the floor, she seated herself on the unmade kitchen-bed and began to peel the potatoes in her apron.

"Woe to me!" sobbed Hanneh Breineh. "To my bitter luck there ain't no end. With all my other troubles, the stove got broke'. I lighted the fire to boil the clothes, and it's to get choked with smoke. I paid rent only a week ago, and the agent don't want to fix it. A thunder should strike him! He only comes for the rent, and if anything has to be fixed, then he don't want to hear nothing."

"Why comes it to me so hard?" went on Hanneh Breineh, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I can't stand it no more. I came into you for a minute to run away from my troubles. It's only when I sit myself down to peel potatoes or nurse the baby that I take time to draw a breath, and beg only for death."

Mrs. Pelz, accustomed to Hanneh Breineh's bitter outbursts, continued her scrubbing.

"*Ut!*" exclaimed Hanneh Breineh, irritated at her neighbor's silence, "what are you tearing up the world with your cleaning? What's the use to clean up when everything only gets dirty again?"

"I got to shine up my house for the holidays."

"You've got it so good nothing lays on your mind but to clean your house. Look on this little blood-sucker," said Hanneh Breineh, pointing to the wizened

child, made prematurely solemn from starvation and neglect. "Could anybody keep that brat clean? I wash him one minute, and he is dirty the minute after." Little Sammy grew frightened and began to cry. "Shut up!" ordered the mother, picking up the child to nurse it again. "Can't you see me take a rest for a minute?"

The hungry child began to cry at the top of its weakened lungs.

"*Na, na, you glutton.*" Hanneh Breineh took out a dirty pacifier from her pocket and stuffed it into the baby's mouth. The grave, pasty-faced infant shrank into a panic of fear, and chewed the nipple nervously, clinging to it with both his thin little hands.

"For what did I need yet the sixth one?" groaned Hanneh Breineh, turning to Mrs. Pelz. "Was n't it enough five mouths to feed? If I did n't have this child on my neck, I could turn myself around and earn a few cents." She rang her hands in a passion of despair. "*Gottuniu!* the earth should only take it before it grows up!"

"Pshaw! pshaw!" reproved Mrs. Pelz. "Pity yourself on the child. Let it grow up already so long as it is here. See how frightened it looks on you." Mrs. Pelz took the child in her arms and petted it. "The poor little lamb! What did it done you should hate it so?"

Hanneh Breineh pushed Mrs. Pelz away from her.

"To whom can I open the wounds of my heart?" she moaned. "Nobody has pity on me. You don't believe me, nobody believes me until I'll fall down like a horse in the middle of the street. *Oi weh!* mine life is so black for my eyes. Some mothers got luck. A child gets run over by a car, some fall from a window, some burn themselves up with a match, some get choked with diphtheria; but no death takes mine away."

"God from the world! stop cursing!" admonished Mrs. Pelz. "What do you want from the poor children? Is it their fault that their father makes small wages? Why do you let it all out on them?" Mrs. Pelz sat down beside Hanneh Breineh. "Wait only till your children get old enough to go to the shop and earn money," she consoled. "Push only through those few years

while they are yet small; your sun will begin to shine, you will live on the fat of the land, when they begin to bring you in the wages each week."

Hanneh Breineh refused to be comforted.

"Till they are old enough to go to the shop and earn money they'll eat the head off my bones," she wailed. "If you only knew the fights I got by each meal. Maybe I gave Abe a bigger piece of bread than Fanny. Maybe Fanny got a little more soup in her plate than Jake. Eating is dearer than diamonds. Potatoes went up a cent on a pound, and milk is only for millionaires. And once a week, when I buy a little meat for the Sabbath, the butcher weighs it for me like gold, with all the bones in it. When I come to lay the meat out on a plate and divide it up, there ain't nothing to it but bones. Before, he used to throw me in a piece of fat extra or a piece of lung, but now you got to pay for everything, even for a bone to the soup."

"Never mind; you'll yet come out from all your troubles. Just as soon as your children get old enough to get their working papers the more children you got, the more money you'll have."

"Why should I fool myself with the false shine of hope? Don't I know it's already my black luck not to have it good in this world? Do you think American children will right away give everything they earn to their mother?"

"I know what is with you the matter," said Mrs. Pelz. "You did n't eat yet to-day. When it is empty in the stomach, the whole world looks black. Come, only let me give you something good to taste in the mouth; that will freshen you up." Mrs. Pelz went to the cupboard and brought out the saucepan of *gefüllte* fish that she had cooked for dinner and placed it on the table in front of Hanneh Breineh. "Give a taste my fish," she said, taking one slice on a spoon, and handing it to Hanneh Breineh with a piece of bread. "I would n't give it to you on a plate because I just cleaned up my house, and I don't want to dirty up more dishes."

"What, am I a stranger you should have to serve me on a plate yet!" cried Hanneh Breineh, snatching the fish in her trembling fingers.



"Putting the child down on the floor, she seated herself on the unmade kitchen-bed and began to peel the potatoes in her apron"

"*Oi weh!* how it melts through all the bones!" she exclaimed, brightening as she ate. "May it be for good luck to us all!" she exulted, waving aloft the last precious bite.

Mrs. Pelz was so flattered that she even ladled up a spoonful of gravy.

"There is a bit of onion and carrot in it," she said as she handed it to her neighbor.

Hanneh Breineh sipped the gravy drop by drop, like a connoisseur sipping wine.

"Ah-h-h! a taste of that gravy lifts me up to heaven!" As she disposed leisurely of the slice of onion and carrot she relaxed and expanded and even grew jovial. "Let us wish all our troubles on the Russian Czar! Let him burst with our worries for rent! Let him get shriveled with our hunger for bread! Let his eyes dry out of his head looking for work!

"Pshaw! I'm forgetting from everything," she exclaimed, jumping up. "It must be eleven or soon twelve, and my children will be right away out of school and fall on me like a pack of wild wolves. I better quick run to the market and see what cheaper I can get for a quarter."

Because of the lateness of her coming, the stale bread at the nearest bake-shop was sold out, and Hanneh Breineh had to trudge from shop to shop in search of the usual bargain, and spent nearly an hour to save two cents.

In the meantime the children returned from school, and, finding the door locked, climbed through the fire-escape, and entered the house through the window. Seeing nothing on the table, they rushed to the stove. Abe pulled a steaming potato out of the boiling pot, and so scalded his fingers that the potato fell to the floor; whereupon the three others pounced on it.

"It was my potato," cried Abe, blowing his burned fingers, while with the other hand and his foot he cuffed and kicked the three who were struggling on the floor. A wild fight ensued, and the potato was smashed under Abe's foot amid shouts and screams. Hanneh Breineh, on the stairs, heard the noise of her famished brood, and topped their cries with curses and invectives.

"They are here already, the savages! They are here already to shorten my life! They heard you all over the hall, in all the houses around!"

The children, disregarding her words, pounced on her market-basket, shouting ravenously: "Mama, I'm hungry! What more do you got to eat?"

They tore the bread and herring out of Hanneh Breineh's basket and devoured it in starved savagery, clamoring for more.

"Murderers!" screamed Hanneh Breineh, goaded beyond endurance. "What are you tearing from me my flesh? From where should I steal to give you more? Here I had already a pot of potatoes and a whole loaf of bread and two herrings, and you swallowed it down in the wink of an eye. I have to have Rockefeller's millions to fill your stomachs."

All at once Hanneh Breineh became aware that Benny was missing. "*Oi weh!*" she burst out, wringing her hands in a new wave of woe, "where is Benny? Did n't he come home yet from school?"

She ran out into the hall, opened the grime-coated window, and looked up and down the street; but Benny was nowhere in sight.

"Abe, Jake, Fanny, quick, find Benny!" entreated Hanneh Breineh as she rushed back into the kitchen. But the children, anxious to snatch a few minutes' play before the school-call, dodged past her and hurried out.

With the baby on her arm, Hanneh Breineh hastened to the kindergarten.

"Why are you keeping Benny here so long?" she shouted at the teacher as she flung open the door. "If you had my bitter heart, you would send him home long ago and not wait till I got to come for him."

The teacher turned calmly and consulted her record-cards.

"Benny Safron? He was n't present this morning."

"Not here?" shrieked Hanneh Breineh. "I pushed him out myself he should go. The children did n't want to take him, and I had no time. Woe is me! Where is my child?" She began pulling her hair and beating her breast as she ran into the street.

Mrs. Pelz was busy at a push-cart, picking over some spotted apples, when she heard the clamor of an approaching crowd. A block off she recognized Hanneh Breineh, her hair disheveled, her clothes awry, running toward her with her yelling baby in her arms, the crowd following.

"Friend mine," cried Hanneh Breineh, falling on Mrs. Pelz's neck, "I lost my Benny, the best child of all my children." Tears streamed down her red, swollen eyes as she sobbed. "Benny! mine heart, mine life! *Oi-i-i!*"

Mrs. Pelz took the frightened baby out of the mother's arms.

"Still yourself a little! See how you're frightening your child."

"Woe to me! Where is my Benny? Maybe he's killed already by a car. Maybe he fainted away from hunger. He did n't eat nothing all day long. *Gottuniu!* pity yourself on me!"

She lifted her hands full of tragic entreaty.

"People, my child! Get me my child! I'll go crazy out of my head! Get me my child, or I'll take poison before your eyes!"

"Still yourself a little!" pleaded Mrs. Pelz.

"Talk not to me!" cried Hanneh Breineh, wringing her hands. "You're having all your children. I lost mine. Every good luck comes to other people. But I did n't live yet to see a good day in my life. Mine only joy, mine Benny, is lost away from me."

The crowd followed Hanneh Breineh as she wailed through the streets, leaning on Mrs. Pelz. By the time she returned to her house the children were back from school; but seeing that Benny was not there, she chased them out in the street, crying:

"Out of here, you robbers, gluttons! Go find Benny!" Hanneh Breineh crumpled into a chair in utter prostration. "*Oi weh!* he's lost! Mine life; my little bird; mine only joy! How many nights I spent nursing him when he had the measles! And all that I suffered for weeks and months when he had the whooping-cough! How the eyes went out of my head till I learned him how to walk, till I learned him how to talk! And such a smart child! If I

lost all the others, it would n't tear me so by the heart."

She worked herself up into such a hysteria, crying, and tearing her hair, and hitting her head with her knuckles, that at last she fell into a faint. It took some time before Mrs. Pelz, with the aid of neighbors, revived her.

"Benny, mine angel!" she moaned as she opened her eyes.

Just then a policeman came in with the lost Benny.

"*Na, na*, here you got him already!" said Mrs. Pelz. "Why did you carry on so for nothing? Why did you tear up the world like a crazy?"

The child's face was streaked with tears as he cowered, frightened and forlorn. Hanneh Breineh sprang toward him, slapping his cheeks, boxing his ears, before the neighbors could rescue him from her.

"Woe on your head!" cried the mother. "Where did you lost yourself? Ain't I got enough worries on my head than to go around looking for you? I did n't have yet a minute's peace from that child since he was born."

"See a crazy mother!" remonstrated Mrs. Pelz, rescuing Benny from another beating. "Such a mouth! With one breath she blesses him when he is lost, and with the other breath she curses him when he is found."

Hanneh Breineh took from the window-sill a piece of herring covered with swarming flies, and putting it on a slice of dry bread, she filled a cup of tea that had been stewing all day, and dragged Benny over to the table to eat.

But the child, choking with tears, was unable to touch the food.

"Go eat!" commanded Hanneh Breineh. "Eat and choke yourself eating!"

"MAYBE she won't remember me no more. Maybe the servant won't let me in," thought Mrs. Pelz as she walked by the brownstone house on Eighty-fourth Street where she had been told Hanneh Breineh now lived. At last she summoned up enough courage to climb the steps. She was all out of breath as she rang the bell with trembling fingers. "*Oi weh!* even the outside smells riches and plenty! Such curtains! And shades on all windows like by million-

aires! Twenty years ago she used to eat from the pot to the hand, and now she lives in such a palace."

A whiff of steam-heated warmth swept over Mrs. Pelz as the door opened, and she saw her old friend of the tenements dressed in silk and diamonds like a being from another world.

"Mrs. Pelz, is it you!" cried Hanneh Breineh, overjoyed at the sight of her former neighbor. "Come right in. Since when are you back in New York?"

"We came last week," mumbled Mrs. Pelz as she was led into a richly carpeted reception-room.

"Make yourself comfortable. Take off your shawl," urged Hanneh Breineh.

But Mrs. Pelz only drew her shawl more tightly around her, a keen sense of her poverty gripping her as she gazed, abashed by the luxurious wealth that shone from every corner.

"This shawl covers up my rags," she said, trying to hide her shabby sweater.

"I'll tell you what; come right into the kitchen," suggested Hanneh Breineh. "The servant is away for this afternoon, and we can feel more comfortable there. I can breathe like a free person in my kitchen when the girl has her day out."

Mrs. Pelz glanced about her in an excited daze. Never in her life had she seen anything so wonderful as a white tiled kitchen, with its glistening porcelain sink and the aluminum pots and pans that shone like silver.

"Where are you staying now?" asked Hanneh Breineh as she pinned an apron over her silk dress.

"I moved back to Delancey Street, where we used to live," replied Mrs. Pelz as she seated herself cautiously in a white enameled chair.

"*Oi weh!* what grand times we had in that old house when we were neighbors!" sighed Hanneh Breineh, looking at her old friend with misty eyes.

"You still think on Delancey Street? Have n't you more high-class neighbors up-town here?"

"A good neighbor is not to be found every day," deplored Hanneh Breineh. "Up-town here, where each lives in his own house, nobody cares if the person next door is dying or going crazy from loneliness. It ain't anything like we

used to have it in Delancey Street, when we could walk into one another's rooms without knocking, and borrow a pinch of salt or a pot to cook in."

Hanneh Breineh went over to the pantry-shelf.

"We are going to have a bite right here on the kitchen-table like on Delancey Street. So long there's no servant to watch us we can eat what we please."

"*Oi!* how it waters my mouth with appetite, the smell of the herring and onion!" chuckled Mrs. Pelz, sniffing the welcome odors with greedy pleasure.

Hanneh Breineh pulled a dish-towel from the rack and threw one end of it to Mrs. Pelz.

"So long there's no servant around, we can use it together for a napkin. It's dirty, anyhow. How it freshens up my heart to see you!" she rejoiced as she poured out her tea into a saucer. "If you would only know how I used to beg my daughter to write for me a letter to you; but these American children, what is to them a mother's feelings?"

"What are you talking!" cried Mrs. Pelz. "The whole world rings with you and your children. Everybody is envying you. Tell me how began your luck?"

"You heard how my husband died with consumption," replied Hanneh Breineh. "The five-hundred-dollars lodge money gave me the first lift in life, and I opened a little grocery store. Then my son Abe married himself to a girl with a thousand dollars. That started him in business, and now he has the biggest shirt-waist factory on West Twenty-ninth Street."

"Yes, I heard your son had a factory." Mrs. Pelz hesitated and stammered; I'll tell you the truth. What I came to ask you—I thought maybe you would beg your son Abe if he would give my husband a job."

"Why not?" said Hanneh Breineh. "He keeps more than five hundred hands. I'll ask him he should take in Mr. Pelz."

"Long years on you, Hanneh Breineh! You'll save my life if you could only help my husband get work."

"Of course my son will help him. All

my children like to do good. My daughter Fanny is a milliner on Fifth Avenue, and she takes in the poorest girls in her shop and even pays them sometimes while they learn the trade." Hanneh Breineh's face lit up, and her chest filled with pride as she enumerated the successes of her children. "And my son Benny he wrote a play on Broadway and he gave away more than a hundred free tickets for the first night."

"Benny? The one who used to get lost from home all the time? You always did love that child more than all the rest. And what is Sammy your baby doing?"

"He ain't a baby no longer. He goes to college and quarterback the football team. They can't get along without him."

"And my son Jake, I nearly forgot him. He began collecting rent in Delancey Street, and now he is boss of renting the swellest apartment-houses on Riverside Drive."

"What did I tell you? In America children are like money in the bank," purred Mrs. Pelz as she pinched and patted Hanneh Breineh's silk sleeve. "*Oi weh!* how it shines from you! You ought to kiss the air and dance for joy and happiness. It is such a bitter frost outside; a pail of coal is so dear, and you got it so warm with steam-heat. I had to pawn my feather-bed to have enough for the rent, and you are rolling in money."

"Yes, I got it good in some ways, but money ain't everything," sighed Hanneh Breineh.

"You ain't yet satisfied?"

"But here I got no friends," complained Hanneh Breineh.

"Friends?" queried Mrs. Pelz. "What greater friend is there on earth than the dollar?"

"*Oi!* Mrs. Pelz; if you could only look into my heart! I'm so choked up! You know they say, a cow has a long tongue, but can't talk." Hanneh Breineh shook her head wistfully, and her eyes filmed with inward brooding. "My children give me everything from the best. When I was sick, they got me a nurse by day and one by night. They bought me the best wine. If I asked

for dove's milk, they would buy it for me; but—but—I can't talk myself out in their language. They want to make me over for an American lady, and I'm different." Tears cut their way under her eyelids with a pricking pain as she went on: "When I was poor, I was free, and could holler and do what I like in my own house. Here I got to lie still like a mouse under a broom. Between living up to my Fifth Avenue daughter and keeping up with the servants I am like a sinner in the next world that is thrown from one hell to another."

The door-bell rang, and Hanneh Breineh jumped up with a start.

"*Oi weh!* it must be the servant back already!" she exclaimed as she tore off her apron. "*Oi weh!* let's quickly put the dishes together in a dish-pan. If she sees I eat on the kitchen table, she will look on me like the dirt under her feet."

Mrs. Pelz seized her shawl in haste.

"I better run home quick in my rags before your servant sees me."

"I'll speak to Abe about the job," said Hanneh Breineh as she pushed a bill into the hand of Mrs. Pelz, who edged out as the servant entered.

"I'm having fried potato *lotkes* special for you, Benny," said Hanneh Breineh as the children gathered about the table for the family dinner given in honor of Benny's success with his new play. "Do you remember how you used to lick the fingers from them?"

"O Mother!" reproved Fanny. "Anyone hearing you would think we were still in the push-cart district."

"Stop your nagging, Sis, and let ma alone," commanded Benny, patting his mother's arm affectionately. "I'm home only once a month. Let her feed me what she pleases. My stomach is bomb-proof."

"Do I hear that the President is coming to your play?" said Abe as he stuffed a napkin over his diamond-studded shirt-front.

"Why should n't he come?" returned Benny, "The critics say it's the greatest antidote for the race hatred created by the war. If you want to know, he is coming to-night; and what's more, our box is next to the President's."



"How it freshens up my heart to see you!" she rejoiced as she poured out her tea into a saucer"

"Nu, Mammeh," sallied Jake, "did you ever dream in Delancey Street that we should rub sleeves with the President?"

"I always said that Benny had more head than the rest of you," replied the mother.

As the laughter died away, Jake went on:

"Honor you are getting plenty; but how much *mezummen* does this play bring you? Can I invest any of it in real estate for you?"

"I'm getting ten per cent. royalties of the gross receipts," replied the youthful playwright.

"How much is that?" queried Hannah Breineh.

"Enough to buy up all your fish-markets in Delancey Street," laughed Abe in good-natured raillery at his mother.

Her son's jest cut like a knife-thrust in her heart. She felt her heart ache with the pain that she was shut out from their successes. Each added triumph only widened the gulf. And when she tried to bridge this gulf by asking questions, they only thrust her back upon herself.

"Your fame has even helped me get

my hat trade solid with the Four Hundred," put in Fanny. "You bet I let Mrs. Van Suyden know that our box is next to the President's. She said she would drop in to meet you. Of course she let on to me that she had n't seen the play yet, though my designer said she saw her there on the opening night."

"Oh, Gosh! the toadies!" sneered Benny. "Nothing so sickens you with success as the way people who once shoved you off the sidewalk come crawling to you on their stomachs begging you to dine with them."

"Say, that leading man of yours he's some class," cried Fanny. "That's the man I'm looking for. Will you invite him to supper after the theater?"

The playwright turned to his mother.

"Say, Ma," he said laughingly, "how would you like a real actor for a son-in-law?"

"She should worry," mocked Sam. "She'll be discussing with him the future of the Greek drama. Too bad it does n't happen to be Warfield, or mother could give him tips on the 'Auctioneer.'"

Jake turned to his mother with a covert grin.

"I guess you'd have no objection if

Fanny got next to Benny's leading man. He makes at least fifteen hundred a week. That would n't be such a bad addition to the family, would it?"

Again the bantering tone stabbed Hanneh Breineh. Everything in her began to tremble and break lose.

"Why do you ask me?" she cried, throwing her napkin into her plate. "Do I count for a person in this house? If I 'll say something, will you even listen to me? What is to me the grandest man that my daughter could pick out? Another enemy in my house! Another person to shame himself from me!" She swept in her children in one glance of despairing anguish as she rose from the table. "What worth is an old mother to American children? The President is coming to-night to the theater, and none of you asked me to go." Unable to check the rising tears, she fled toward the kitchen and banged the door.

They all looked at one another guiltily.

"Say, Sis," Benny called out sharply, "what sort of frame-up is this? Have n't you told mother that she was to go with us to-night?"

"Yes—I—" Fanny bit her lips as she fumbled evasively for words. "I asked her if she would n't mind my taking her some other time."

"Now you have made a mess of it!" fumed Benny. "Mother 'll be too hurt to go now."

"Well, I don't care," snapped Fanny. "I can't appear with mother in a box at the theater. Can I introduce her to Mrs. Van Suyden? And suppose your leading man should ask to meet me?"

"Take your time, Sis. He has n't asked yet," scoffed Benny.

"The more reason I should n't spoil my chances. You know mother. She 'll spill the beans that we come from Delancey Street the minute we introduce her anywhere. Must I always have the black shadow of my past trailing after me?"

"But have you no feelings for mother?" admonished Abe.

"I've tried harder than all of you to do my duty. I've *lived* with her." She turned angrily upon them. "I've borne the shame of mother while you bought

her off with a present and a treat here and there. God knows how hard I tried to civilize her so as not to have to blush with shame when I take her anywhere. I dressed her in the most stylish Paris models, but Delancey Street sticks out from every inch of her. Whenever she opens her mouth, I 'm done for. You fellows had your chance to rise in the world because a man is free to go up as high as he can reach up to; but I, with all my style and pep, can't get a man my equal because a girl is always judged by her mother."

They were silenced by her vehemence, and unconsciously turned to Benny.

"I guess we all tried to do our best for mother," said Benny, thoughtfully. "But wherever there is growth, there is pain and heartbreak. The trouble with us is that the Ghetto of the Middle Ages and the children of the twentieth century have to live under one roof, and—"

A sound of crashing dishes came from the kitchen, and the voice of Hanneh Breineh resounded through the dining-room as she wreaked her pent-up fury on the helpless servant.

"Oh, my nerves! I can't stand it any more! There will be no girl again for another week," cried Fanny.

"Oh, let up on the old lady," protested Abe. "Since she can't take it out on us any more, what harm is it if she cusses the servants?"

"If you fellows had to chase around employment agencies, you would n't see anything funny about it. Why can't we move into a hotel that will do away with the need of servants altogether?"

"I got it better," said Jake, consulting a note-book from his pocket. "I have on my list an apartment on Riverside Drive where there 's only a small kitchenette; but we can do away with the cooking, for there is a dining service in the building."

THE new Riverside apartment to which Hanneh Breineh was removed by her socially ambitious children was for the habitually active mother an empty desert of enforced idleness. Deprived of her kitchen, Hanneh Breineh felt robbed of the last reason for her existence. Cooking and marketing and

puttering busily with pots and pans gave her an excuse for living and struggling and bearing up with her children. The lonely idleness of Riverside Drive stunned all her senses and arrested all her thoughts. It gave her that choked sense of being cut off from air, from life, from everything warm and human. The cold indifference, the each-for-himself look in the eyes of the people about her were like stinging slaps in the face. Even the children had nothing real or human in them. They were starched and stiff miniatures of their elders.

But the most unendurable part of the stifling life on Riverside Drive was being forced to eat in the public dining-room. No matter how hard she tried to learn polite table manners, she always found people staring at her, and her daughter rebuking her for eating with the wrong fork or guzzling the soup or staining the cloth.

In a fit of rebellion Hanneh Breineh resolved never to go down to the public dining-room again, but to make use of the gas-stove in the kitchenette to cook her own meals. That very day she rode down to Delancey Street and purchased a new market-basket. For some time she walked among the haggling push-cart venders, relaxing and swimming in the warm waves of her old familiar past.

A fish-peddler held up a large carp in his black, hairy hand and waved it dramatically:

"Women! Women! Fourteen cents a pound!"

He ceased his raucous shouting as he saw Hanneh Breineh in her rich attire approach his cart.

"How much?" she asked, pointing to the fattest carp.

"Fifteen cents, lady," said the peddler, smirking as he raised his price.

"Swindler! Did n't I hear you call fourteen cents?" shrieked Hanneh Breineh, exultingly, the spirit of the penny chase surging in her blood. Diplomatically, Hanneh Breineh turned as if to go, and the fishman seized her basket in frantic fear.

"I should live; I 'm losing money on the fish, lady," whined the peddler. "I 'll let it down to thirteen cents for you only."

"Two pounds for a quarter, and not a penny more," said Hanneh Breineh, thrilling again with the rare sport of bargaining, which had been her chief joy in the good old days of poverty.

"Nu, I want to make the first sale for good luck." The peddler threw the fish on the scale.

As he wrapped up the fish, Hanneh Breineh saw the driven look of worry in his haggard eyes, and when he counted out for her the change from her dollar, she waved it aside.

"Keep it for your luck," she said, and hurried off to strike a new bargain at a push-cart of onions.

Hanneh Breineh returned triumphantly with her purchases. The basket under her arm gave forth the old, homelike odors of herring and garlic, while the scaly tail of a four-pound carp protruded from its newspaper wrapping. A gilded placard on the door of the apartment-house proclaimed that all merchandise must be delivered through the trade entrance in the rear; but Hanneh Breineh with her basket strode proudly through the marble-paneled hall and rang nonchalantly for the elevator.

The uniformed hall-man, erect, expressionless, frigid with dignity, stepped forward:

"Just a minute, Madam, I 'll call a boy to take up your basket for you."

Hanneh Breineh, glaring at him, jerked the basket savagely from his hands.

"Mind your own business," she retorted. "I 'll take it up myself. Do you think you 're a Russian policeman to boss me in my own house?"

Angry lines appeared on the countenance of the representative of social decorum.

"It is against the rules, Madam," he said stiffly.

"You should sink into the earth with all your rules and brass buttons. Ain't this America? Ain't this a free country? Can't I take up in my own house what I buy with my own money?" cried Hanneh Breineh, reveling in the opportunity to shower forth the volley of invectives that had been suppressed in her for the weeks of deadly dignity of Riverside Drive.

In the midst of this uproar Fanny came in with Mrs. Van Suyden. Hanneh Breineh rushed over to her, crying:

"This bossy policeman won't let me take up my basket in the elevator."

The daughter, unnerved with shame and confusion, took the basket in her white-gloved hand and ordered the hall-boy to take it around to the regular delivery entrance.

Hanneh Breineh was so hurt by her daughter's apparent defense of the hall-man's rules that she utterly ignored Mrs. Van Suyden's greeting and walked up the seven flights of stairs out of sheer spite.

"You see the tragedy of my life?" broke out Fanny, turning to Mrs. Van Suyden.

"You poor child! You go right up to your dear, old lady mother, and I'll come some other time."

Instantly Fanny regretted her words. Mrs. Van Suyden's pity only roused her wrath the more against her mother.

Breathless from climbing the stairs, Hanneh Breineh entered the apartment just as Fanny tore the faultless millinery creation from her head and threw it on the floor in a rage.

"Mother, you are the ruination of my life! You have driven away Mrs. Van Suyden, as you have driven away all my best friends. What do you think we got this apartment for but to get rid of your fish smells and your brawls with the servants? And here you come with a basket on your arm as if you just landed from steerage! And this afternoon, of all times, when Benny is bringing his leading man to tea. When will you ever stop disgracing us?"

"When I'm dead," said Hanneh Breineh, grimly. "When the earth will cover me up, then you'll be free to go your American way. I'm not going to make myself over for a lady on Riverside Drive. I hate you and all your swell friends. I'll not let myself be choked up here by you or by that hall-boss-policeman that is higher in your eyes than your own mother."

"So that's your thanks for all we've done for you?" cried the daughter.

"All you've done for me?" shouted Hanneh Breineh. "What have you done for me? You hold me like a dog on a

chain. It stands in the Talmud; some children give their mothers dry bread and water and go to heaven for it, and some give their mother roast duck and go to Gehenna because it's not given with love."

"You want me to love you yet?" raged the daughter. "You knocked every bit of love out of me when I was yet a kid. All the memories of childhood I have is your everlasting cursing and yelling that we were gluttons."

The bell rang sharply, and Hanneh Breineh flung open the door.

"Your groceries, ma'am, said the boy.

Hanneh Breineh seized the basket from him, and with a vicious fling sent it rolling across the room, strewing its contents over the Persian rugs and inlaid floor. Then seizing her hat and coat, she stormed out of the apartment and down the stairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelz sat crouched and shivering over their meager supper when the door opened, and Hanneh Breineh in fur coat and plumed hat charged into the room.

"I come to cry out to you my bitter heart," she sobbed. "Woe is me! It is so black for my eyes!"

"What is the matter with you, Hanneh Breineh?" cried Mrs. Pelz in bewildered alarm.

"I am turned out of my own house by the brass-buttoned policeman that bosses the elevator. *Oi-i-i-i! Weh-h-h-h!* what have I from my life? The whole world rings with my son's play. Even the President came to see it, and I, his mother, have not seen it yet. My heart is dying in me like in a prison," she went on wailing. "I am starved out for a piece of real eating. In that swell restaurant is nothing but napkins and forks and lettuce-leaves. There are a dozen plates to every bite of food. And it looks so fancy on the plate, but it's nothing but straw in the mouth. I'm starving, but I can't swallow down their American eating."

"Hanneh Breineh," said Mrs. Pelz, "you are sinning before God. Look on your fur coat; it alone would feed a whole family for a year. I never had yet a piece of fur trimming on a coat, and you are in fur from the neck to the feet. I never had yet a piece of feather

on a hat, and your hat is all feathers."

"What are you envying me?" protested Hanneh Breineh. "What have I from all my fine furs and feathers when my children are strangers to me? All the fur coats in the world can't warm

"Why should my children shame themselves from me? From where did they get the stuff to work themselves up in the world? Did they get it from the air? How did they get all their smartness to rise over the people around



"Hanneh Breineh, glaring at him, jerked the basket savagely from his hands"

up the loneliness inside my heart. All the grandest feathers can't hide the bitter shame in my face that my children shame themselves from me."

Hanneh Breineh suddenly loomed over them like some ancient, heroic figure of the Bible condemning unrighteousness.

them? Why don't the children of born American mothers write my Benny's plays? It is I, who never had a chance to be a person, who gave him the fire in his head. If I would have had a chance to go to school and learn the language, what could n't I have been? It is I and my mother and my mother's

mother and my father and father's father who had such a black life in Poland; it is our choked thoughts and feelings that are flaming up in my children and making them great in America. And yet they shame themselves from me!"

For a moment Mr. and Mrs. Pelz were hypnotized by the sweep of her words. Then Hanneh Breineh sank into a chair in utter exhaustion. She began to weep bitterly, her body shaking with sobs.

"Woe is me! For what did I suffer and hope on my children? A bitter old age—my end. I'm so lonely!"

All the dramatic fire seemed to have left her. The spell was broken. They saw the Hanneh Breineh of old, ever discontented, ever complaining even in the midst of riches and plenty.

"Hanneh Breineh," said Mrs. Pelz, "the only trouble with you is that you got it too good. People will tear the eyes out of your head because you're complaining yet. If I only had your fur coat! If I only had your diamonds! I have nothing. You have everything. You are living on the fat of the land. You go right back home and thank God that you don't have my bitter lot."

"You got to let me stay here with you," insisted Hanneh Breineh. "I'll not go back to my children except when they bury me. When they will see my dead face, they will understand how they killed me."

Mrs. Pelz glanced nervously at her husband. They barely had enough covering for their one bed; how could they possibly lodge a visitor?

"I don't want to take up your bed," said Hanneh Breineh. "I don't care if I have to sleep on the floor or on the chairs, but I'll stay here for the night."

Seeing that she was bent on staying, Mr. Pelz prepared to sleep by putting a few chairs next to the trunk, and Hanneh Breineh was invited to share the rickety bed with Mrs. Pelz.

The mattress was full of lumps and hollows. Hanneh Breineh lay cramped and miserable, unable to stretch out her limbs. For years she had been accustomed to hair mattresses and ample woolen blankets, so that though she covered herself with her fur coat, she was

too cold to sleep. But worse than the cold were the creeping things on the wall. And as the lights were turned low, the mice came through the broken plaster and raced across the floor. The foul odors of the kitchen-sink added to the night of horrors.

"Are you going back home?" asked Mrs. Pelz as Hanneh Breineh put on her hat and coat the next morning.

"I don't know where I'm going," she replied as she put a bill into Mrs. Pelz's hand.

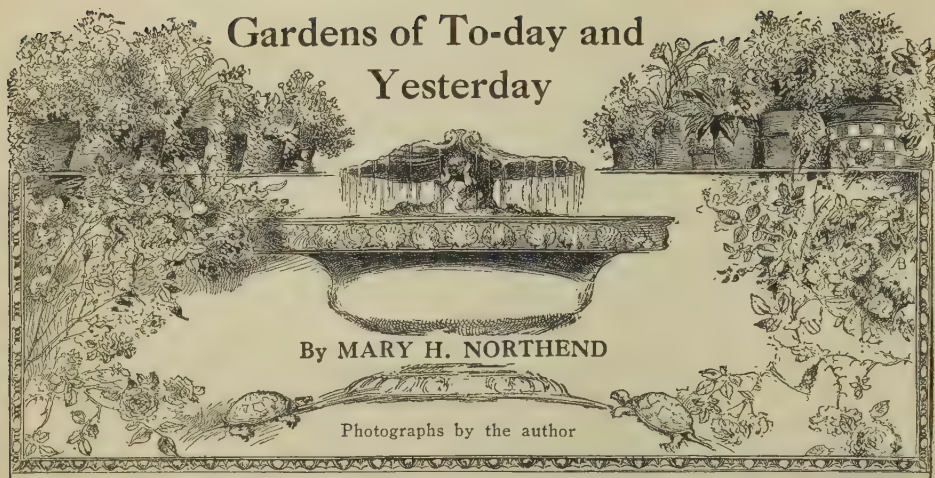
For hours Hanneh Breineh walked through the crowded Ghetto streets. She realized that she no longer could endure the sordid ugliness of her past, and yet she could not go home to her children. She only felt that she must go on and on.

In the afternoon a cold, drizzling rain set in. She was worn out from the sleepless night and hours of tramping. With a piercing pain in her heart she at last turned back and boarded the subway for Riverside Drive. She had fled from the marble sepulcher of the Riverside apartment to her old home in the Ghetto; but now she knew that she could not live there again. She had outgrown her past by the habits of years of physical comforts, and these material comforts that she could no longer do without choked and crushed the life within her.

A cold shudder went through Hanneh Breineh as she approached the apartment-house. Peering through the plate glass of the door she saw the face of the uniformed hall-man. For a hesitating moment she remained standing in the drizzling rain, unable to enter and yet knowing full well that she would have to enter.

Then suddenly Hanneh Breineh began to laugh. She realized that it was the first time she had laughed since her children had become rich. But it was the hard laugh of bitter sorrow. Tears streamed down her furrowed cheeks as she walked slowly up the granite steps.

"The fat of the land!" muttered Hanneh Breineh, with a choking sob as the hall-man with immobile face deferentially swung open the door—"the fat of the land!"



WE think of the old-fashioned garden with reverence, for it was intimately connected with our grandmothers' lives, and in its planning recalls memories of days gone by when the flowers that bloomed behind box borders flourished in the gardens across the seas. These flowers of yester-year are still found in the gardens of to-day, evolutionized by the hand of science into wonderful blooms, yet showing the same characteristics as those that thrived long years ago when our country was yet young.

The first flower beds in America were not like the luxurious ones of the twentieth century, where marble fragments break the masses of bloom, but were simple little plots that snuggled close to the primitive log cabins that our immigrant ancestors called home. In them were placed the bulbs and plants brought over in the slow-sailing ships, and carefully tended for sentiment's sake, intermixed with the wild flowers brought from the forest glade, and lending their brilliant colors to supplement those that first blossomed in the motherland.

One loves to study the evolution of the garden, beginning with the simple bed of the Puritan type, and stepping into those of more elaborate design, such as the one path, directly opposite the hall of the large square colonial home, generally box-bordered, although occasion-

ally outlined with privet or the clove pink, common in English gardens, but rarely found in America. These little old gardens were hidden away behind high fences, and were tenderly cared for by the fair mistress, who loved her flowers as she did her home, for these New England housewives were models in their day.

All these century-old gardens were not designed with one path, ending in a green arbor, vine-clad; for there were much more elaborate ones fashioned after the old-country plans. One of these is still in existence on the grounds of William Moulton, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, untouched by present-day fashion. It was laid out by an English gardener, brought over to design the famous White Garden at Indian Hill, West Newbury. There has been no change of color scheme in the Moulton Garden. The same box outlines the beds, one of which is left unclipped for sentiment's sake, and a purple century-old rhododendron still blossoms every season, just as it did over a hundred years ago, when first planted. During the summer the air is sweet with the perfume of the Scotch and moss roses, mingled with that of the Baltimore Belle, while the haughty foxglove and larkspur stand up in splendor in their respective beds, carefully cherished by the descendant of the original owner.

Romance and history are intertwined



Tall poplar-trees used as a wind-shield in the Searle garden at Ipswich, Massachusetts

in these old-time gardens, some of which are of Revolutionary fame, for following the tree-shaded road at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, we come upon the old manor house built by Major Caleb Stark. Behind the old homestead there is still carefully tended the old-fashioned blooms of Molly Stark's day, just a line of nodding flowers that swing with each passing breeze, but

show bright blossoms, just as they did long years ago.

One wonders as one saunters down the road at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, if Martha Hilton, who married Governor Bennington Wentworth, laid out the little garden that is now a feature of the grounds, and if among the tangle of bachelor buttons, bouncing-bets, and sweet-william the governor

successfully pleaded his suit; for doubtless many a love-story has been whispered in gardens such as this.

In the South, where the wealthier class of colonists settled, their flower plots were surrounded by high walls of stone and brick, inside of which were planned beds suggestive of those of Queen Elizabeth's time. There were terraces, oddly shaped designs, often knotted or outlining a maze, and the walks were frequently paved with gaily colored stones, like a bit of mosaic, bordered by the green of the box.

It is pleasant to linger lovingly on the threshold of the old-time flower beds before crossing the line that divides the garden of a century ago from those of the present time, where numberless old-fashioned flowers follow one another, beginning with the early spring blooms, and lasting until November; for it is here we find the bleeding-heart, Johnny-jump-up, and none-so-pretty.

The love of flowers is a heritage handed down from generation to generation, for the Greeks gave to us our first lesson in floral culture, introducing flowers and fruits later into English gardens, especially during the Renaissance, when we find the garden laid out with beautiful walks, a fitting setting for the architecture of that day.

There is a delightful imaginary intimacy that exists between these twentieth-century designs, as worked out by the landscape architect, and the simple ones of the olden days. We feel keenly the sentiment as expressed by John Lyle when he said, "Gentlemen, what floure like you best in all this border—here be fine Roses, sweete Violets, fragrant Prim Roses, Gille Floures, Carnations, Sops of Wine, Sweete John, and what may please you at sight."

But of gardens there are no end, and every year sees some novel suggestion brought into existence that adds a new zest to the game. They range in size from the simple rockery, piled up in one corner of a small estate and dotted with wild flowers and ferns, to the more elaborate formal and Italian ones as planned by the landscape architect, who endeavors to harmonize the land with the exterior of the house. Thus with an Italian villa he would lay out a bit

of sunny Italy, or to match one of Georgian design he would plan an English garden of formal pattern, inclosed in walls of stone or brick. This type is perhaps the most popular, and is frequently found on large estates where there is plenty of space to utilize its many charming features. These first came into style about the middle of the fifteenth century in England, but they have been Americanized in our country to meet our modern-day requirements, and although usually isolated from the house, they are banded together by the introduction of a tennis-court or perhaps a bowling-green, being laid out into walks that cross one another at right angles. They are always on dress-parade, from the time of the peering up of the early crocus from the dark, cold ground, until the withering frost lays its icy touch on the latest flowers. In their planting there is never a suggestion of disarray, for each bed is filled with a consecutive show of bloom and highly colored foliage.

There should also be tucked away niches and nooks where marble fragments gleam in snowy whiteness amid masses of gorgeous coloring. Pergolas add an interesting variety, and break spaces, being simply elongated arbors, vine-covered and showing a mass of cheery flowers.

Flowers and water are necessary to make a perfect garden, and as a natural sequence a sun-dial should be used, as it is one of the most interesting and legendary bits, its history dating back to the eighth century B. C., when the Babylonians made use of it for marking time.

A fountain placed as a central feature, or let into a retaining-wall, adds a particularly decorative note, especially when grasses are intermixed with iris as a bordering. It can be made of marble, terra-cotta, or manufactured stone, which comes in many shades, ranging from delicate gray to pleasing tones of blue. The musical drip of the water as it falls into the basin below has a soothing note, and as it leaps and flashes in the sunlight, it reflects in its clear surface the blue of the sky or the white of a passing cloud.

Lily ponds help break the monotony



The wooden pergola, covered with vines and flowers, with broken flagging beneath, is on the estate of the Hon. George E. Duncan, at Nahant, Massachusetts

of formal beds, and can be located in any part of the grounds. To be ideal, they should be filled with one third earth, and two thirds water, the tubers being either grouped or planted singly, to give a chance to glimpse the gold-fish as they dart in and out among the green lily-pads in search of food. The gorgeous Egyptian lotus is gaining rapidly in popularity for this purpose both on account of its picturesqueness and romantic history.

The garden seats of our grandmothers' day were often mere stumps of trees, covered with vines, while the charming green arbor at the end of the one-path walk, over which the Baltimore Belle lovingly twined, has developed into a pergola, which stands in twentieth-century attire.

Not all modern-day gardens are adorned with marble fragments, for

there is a charming display of floral culture on the Dudley L. Pickman estate at Beverly, Massachusetts. The garden, which lies in three levels, was evolved from an old sand bank, and the central path, like those of olden times, leads down through a rose-bowered archway to a lower level, where there is always a shady place to rest and to enjoy the beauty of the grounds. The sun sweeps across it both morning and afternoon, and from early spring until late autumn it shows a constant succession of blooms.

There is a peculiar fascination in the thought of a garden by the sea, where the restless waves ceaselessly beat on the shores, seemingly foreign to peace and quietness. The formal part of the R. D. Evans estate at Beverly Cove, Massachusetts, is set in the midst of expansive lawns and majestic trees, hid-



Thomas W. Lawson has laid out his private garden, Dreamwold, at Egypt, Massachusetts, using red and pink rambler roses as a theme. They cover the side of the rustic bridge and twine themselves over the arches, making a picture that is interesting

den within walls of birch and evergreen. There is a profusion of sweet-smelling flowers, well-clipped trees of bay and box, pools and water gardens, with glimpses of ornate marble here and there. The central feature is a fountain, from which rises a young water god, resting on four bronze lotuspads. Across the northern end is a tea-house of classic design, with arbors covered with abundant grape-vines, while on the western side is a semicircle devoted to the culture of roses. Around it is a marble peristyle, supporting rose trellises, covered with blossoms.

American gardens exclude, as a rule, the great wealth of hardy plants, confining their number to a few only, while the more tender plants are grown everywhere. They are found in stereotyped beds, showing masses of exquisite coloring. There is no greater problem in the garden than the use of coloring, for it has to play at Puss in the Corner with the changing seasons.

A profusion of white can always be used to good advantage, and the fox-glove is especially effective as a background for the brilliant sweet-william, while the scarlet Oriental poppy has decorative qualities that will allow of its use with perfect safety. When grouping for color effects, it is well to remember that lavender stands for a cold range of pale purples inclining toward gray.

Turf is a necessity, particularly in formal gardens, and can be used to outline terraces and paths, proving a charming substitute for stone, and being delightful from an artistic point of view.

Rock gardens are always interesting, and have the advantage of taking care of loose stones around the place. Small plants thrive well in them, especially the alpine flowers, as they drape and fringe the rocks with verdure, and enliven them with color. One can sow the seeds or set the plants and then



The Dudley L. Pickman garden at Beverly, Massachusetts, is a fascinating formal garden, showing three terraces. The paths are lined on each side by rows of white lilies

watch results, for there is no digging, raking, or weeding in a rock garden. Moss pinks and small bulbs are also charming in rockeries, as well as heather, poppies, and saxifrages; in fact, there are a hundred and one plants suitable for this purpose. The rose moss is valuable, for it grows luxuriously in any soil, drawing sufficient sustenance from the dew that falls at night, while it produces blossoms as brilliant as poppies and in large number.

A garden fashioned entirely of perennials is limited, for the plot, to be satisfactory, must yield an unbroken succession of harmonious effects from the time of the first bloom until the late frost. Perennials used exclusively do not accomplish this result, for they seldom bloom more than three weeks, and many of the choicest varieties last only a few days. They are usually at their height in June, making a gorgeous display. If one is planning a garden

of this type, plant bachelor buttons, poppies, or iris. Day lilies also mass well, the yellow and orange, or blue and white, aiding in carrying out the color scheme.

It is possible to have flowers anywhere if one studies location, for there is no part of a garden that cannot be covered with plant growth. If one owns a swamp, transform it into a lily pond or bog garden, while if there is a bit of woodland, fill it with wild flowers and make it into a miniature fairy-land.

Wild gardens give character to woodland stretches, and many flowers grow best in group planting. One of the most attractive of this character is in the George Burroughs estate at Hamilton, Massachusetts. The underbrush has been carefully cleared away, and brooks are trained to run through open vistas, so that moisture-loving plants can find damp soil, while those that love dry nooks are planted on knolls and rocky spots where the moisture



The rustic bridge in the Japanese garden at "Iristhorpe"

dries off quickly. Hundreds of varieties of wild flowers are planted every year, so that throughout the entire season there is a continuous succession of color.

There is always an appeal in the rambling or wild garden through its picturesqueness, which is best adapted to an out-of-the-way corner of the ground, where woodland and field plants can be artistically combined. There may be walks and shelters, as well as rustic seats inviting one to study the birds and flowers, and an occasional rockery for the planting of delicate ferns and shy wild flowers. In its design, however, nature and art should judiciously work together, so that it will show no sign of the hand of the landscape gardener.

Many flower lovers to-day are limiting themselves to cultivating one species only, a charming example of which has been brought out on the estate of Mrs. Homer Gage at Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, rightly termed "Iristhorpe." Here on every side of the remodeled farm-house springs up iris of every description, ranging from those that blossom in the early spring to the larger and hardier ones that flower late in the summer. They outline all the walks, and are clumped together in the formal garden, which lies off in a hollow at the left of the house. A special variety was brought from Japan to fill the Japanese garden, ranging in color schemes through the different combinations that

give them a touch of harmonious beauty that is ideal.

The rose garden is rapidly gaining in popularity. Within the last ten years remarkable developments have been made in climbing roses. A generation ago, they were, in comparison, insignificant with the up-to-date varieties, but the appearance of the showy, hardy Crimson Rambler, attracted the attention of gardeners, who quickly produced new hybrids.

A rare example of these roses is found on the private estate of Thomas W. Lawson at Dreamwold, Egypt, Massachusetts, for the rustic bungalow built on the crest of the hill that overlooks the garden is a network covering of these free-blooming flowers, while pergola effects are worked out all through the garden by the use of rustic poles covered with the Crimson Rambler.

The cultivation of roses has developed wonderfully within the last few years, new varieties appearing with each season, coming in almost every color and variety. The evolution of this flower has been accomplished by taking the weaker varieties and strengthening by hybridizing. The best class for garden culture are the hybrid teas, as with slight covering they stand the winter, and have the advantage of blooming throughout the entire growing season, producing cut flowers on long stems that are fragrant and particularly good for house decoration.



HAVEN Gail Merrill herself acknowledged the homely explanation of her uneventful life. The odd thing about it was that any explanation at all should have been necessary. For most of our friends we accept uneventful lives as matters of course, and we are a little resentful when they develop crises that we have not foreseen; but with Gail it was different. I think even people who knew her only slightly had always coveted excitement for her, and I am quite sure that her voice was not wholly responsible. Perhaps it was the way the clear color in her cheeks deepened when she was interested; perhaps it was her natural air of exclusiveness or her winning charm when she did put herself out to be nice. At any rate, the sextet, we who knew her best, could hardly tolerate the drab monotony of her days. We actually felt aggrieved. As Bates Collier said, "You have a right to expect amusement from a girl with bronze hair, two dimples, an angelic smile, and a devil of a grin."

We excused Bates for that. He was, we felt, unduly influenced, for he was even then beginning to be personally interested in introducing excitement into Gail's life. In fact, it was not much later, I imagine, that he first offered himself in the nature of an event. But Gail never seized the opportunities that did come her way, and that was another fault we had to find with her—a very particular fault, because, after all, no one with Gail's voice could be utterly closed in. It was a very sweet and strong soprano, excellently adapted to

concert; but she made no use of it except in private affairs, and, of course, she studied.

I think Esther felt this more keenly than the rest of us. Esther is a dear when her principles are not involved, but she believes in thrift, specially moral thrift. Her idea is that if you have a light, you ought not to hide it under a bushel. Moreover, she has a sense of responsibility for other people's shortcomings, and won't believe that they may repudiate her idea of perfection. So, naturally, it was Esther who precipitated the discussion. All the sextet had gathered for a cozy evening in front of Jack Coulter's open fire. The talk had wandered pleasantly from world news to personalities and on again before Esther's conscience lifted its righteous voice.

"Gail," she said, "don't you know that you are lazy? You're doing nothing at all with your opportunities."

It could have been passed off easily enough despite the determined ring of Esther's voice, but Gail has an introspective habit, tempered, thank Heaven, by an interfering sense of the ridiculous, and she thoroughly enjoys playing cat's-cradle with her mind and her emotions. She tucked her feet under her and snuggled down in the depths of her big chair, looking very like an adorable child, and cuddled her chin contentedly in the palm of one slim hand. I saw Bates look at her as though she were the only thing in all the world; then his lips tightened, and he glared at the fire. But Gail did n't see him just then. She smiled sweetly.

"It's so nice not to have any preten-

sions," she said serenely. "I admit, Tessie dear, that I *am* lazy."

"Better try another line of attack, Esther," Jack suggested. "That one looks dangerously undefended."

Esther ignored him and said, "But, Gail, your voice!" in a tone that would have done credit to any ultimatum.

"I know," Gail said soberly. "It's a very decent sort of voice, and I'm quite fond of it, really. But, well, it's so much easier and pleasanter to dream of being a concert-singer sometime in the future; of course I never doubt that I'll get there some day, with all my worshipping audience at my feet,"—she waved an inclusive hand at us,—"*than* it is to practise exercises five hours a day now. I want dreadfully to sing in concert, but not dreadfully enough to get it—yet. I go on dreaming of all the things I shall do when this and that and the other come true, but there's something very exacting and uninviting about the talents and resources I have all ready for present use. Imagination and laziness!" She sighed. "It's very sad, Tessie dear."

"A bird in the hand—" Jim Redmond, my husband, began with mock sententiousness.

"May be more valuable," Gail interrupted, "but the two in the bush that you can dream about and don't have to spend time feeding are *far* more entrancing."

"Would it do me any good," Bates remarked lazily, "if I should cease to be a bird in the hand and—"

"*Bates!*" Esther exclaimed in a horrified voice. Esther believed in keeping sacred things sacred, just as she did her solid-silver teaspoons. She never could condone Bates's habit of alluding to facts that we were all familiar with.

If Gail had been the good little girl that Esther longed to make her, she would have been thrifty and proper and unvaried and with serious intentions toward her own character, but she would not have been our delightful Gail. She would not, for example, have had that perverse sense of justice that so often made her put her worst foot forward and insist that a worst foot was the only kind of foot she had to put forward, just because Esther, who was

her slave and utterly devoted reformer, tried to set her on a pedestal where she did not belong. Instead of convicting herself of laziness, she would have pleaded extenuating circumstances; the dependence of her family, for instance. Whether or not you would agree that her family, which consisted of Mrs. Merrill and two younger sisters, were a sufficiently extenuating circumstance, they were a fact that you could not get around. They would, indeed, have been much chagrined if they had thought you were trying to do anything of the sort. Not to have any one get around them was the beginning of the moral code. And certainly Gail did nothing to upset it. Rather, she directed their business and domestic affairs for their pleasure. They, for their part, were careful to keep her posted as to what their pleasure would be. In return, they really adored her and sometimes called her the salt of the earth, which embarrassed her terribly and had its disadvantages, as the salt of the earth is generally used to savor other people's meat.

With the part of her heart made for the purpose Gail was tremendously fond of her family, but she kept her interests separate from them as much as possible. They did not, as a matter of fact, bother themselves about her interests until it became necessary to interfere with them for what they called her own good. They might have said for their own comfort. Without their intending it, the words had become synonymous.

I must admit that Gail knew her family imposed on her, and because she was so made, she usually let it go at that. She did, however, make one attempt to break away while I was visiting them shortly after commencement. Mrs. Merrill sat by the fire reading, and I, opposite her, sewing. Gail sat between us, reading a magazine part of the time and looking into the fire a good deal more. I knew she was thinking of the letter she had received that day from Anne Taylor, a friend of ours who was a well-known musician.

She finished her story at last, with a little sigh, and as she turned the pages to find another she looked over at her mother and said casually:

"By the way, Mother, I had a letter from Anne Taylor to-day. She's going to Paris next month and wants me to go with her. She thinks I ought to study under Fournet, that I'd be ready all the sooner to sing in concert."

Having idly dropped a lighted match on the gunpowder, she turned another page with a steady hand, found a story, and began to read. Her face was impassive, and one hand lay inertly on the arm of the chair. It was totally characteristic, and I have n't a doubt but she enjoyed her story thoroughly. I, however, was so nervous that I went on sewing with an empty needle.

If either of us had thought that Mrs. Merrill would ape the habits of match-strewn gunpowder, we should have known better. Gail and she were alike in some things; the more they were moved in any direction, the less they showed it. Apparently too absorbed in her book to have taken in the meaning of her daughter's remark, Mrs. Merrill turned her head slowly, dragging her reluctant eyes from the page, and looked at Gail inquiringly. Gail was not looking, and Mrs. Merrill's forehead puckered in an apparent effort to recall the words. Evidently she succeeded, for her face cleared, and her fine eyebrows shot up with an amused quirk. She said lightly:

"The concert stage? Oh, my dear, *not the stage.*" She leaned forward and patted Gail's knee playfully, smiling into her face with a tolerant smile that seemed to say: "What an amusing child it is! Perhaps a wee bit naughty; but it won't happen again, will it?" Then she drew back and took up her book, leaving Gail to get the impression.

Gail got it, and it was an impression calculated to rouse doubts of herself as well as fury. There was silence for a time. I think Gail was trying to steady herself. At any rate, when she spoke again her voice was still casual.

"It seems a good thing to look into, Mother. I think I'll go up to town Friday, when Ray goes, and I can see Anne then."

Mrs. Merrill laid down her book quickly and looked over at me.

"But Ray is n't going so soon? My dear child, we can't spare you yet."

"I'd love to stay longer, Mrs. Merrill, but I'm afraid it is impossible," I answered.

"I'm sorry," she said, with the warm smile that looked so much like Gail's own. "But you must n't kidnap my daughter. We can't get along without her, you know."

"I'm sure I don't see why not," Gail said.

Mrs. Merrill shook her head.

"You must think of us," she answered gravely.

Nothing more was said until we had gone up-stairs for the night. Gail was brushing her hair, sitting at the dressing-table.

"If I had any *gumption*," she said, staring vindictively at her reflection in the mirror, "I'd go ahead my own sweet way. But mother *would* be frightfully cut up,"—I could easily believe that,—*"and the girls would side with her. There'd be an awful fuss."*

"Then you'll give it up?" I asked.

"I suppose I'll drift along, trusting to luck that something will turn up." She made a little grimace. "I don't know."

Even at that I think she might have gone up to town with me on Friday, but on Wednesday Mrs. Merrill was taken ill. Bates said it was pure cussedness, but, then, Bates was apt to be savage about Gail's family, and Mrs. Merrill certainly looked and felt dreadfully. It was Gail, of course, who got the nurse and took charge of the household. Two weeks passed before Mrs. Merrill went down-stairs, and for the rest of the summer she had to be very careful. Her blood-pressure, we learned, was above normal. Now, the Merrill establishment was not at all pretentious, but the Merrill creed required it to be smooth-running, so even after they had returned to the city Gail kept the management in her own hands. This arrangement must have been peculiarly satisfactory to Mrs. Merrill, as it made it possible for her to reserve her strength for social engagements, and at the same time gave Gail a tangible and not too exacting home tie.

Besides keeping the domestic machinery well oiled, Gail played around in the rather elaborately social group that her

family inherited. I think she had a good time doing it, but it was n't the kind of good time that she particularly cared about. She had to pay too much, make too much of an effort, for what she got out of it. When I met her at dinners and teas and receptions, I sensed a reserve beneath her delicate gaiety, and I think others must have got the same impression, seen that she was not utterly generous in giving herself to them; for though every one thought her charming, not many got beyond that. Something of an effort she did make, because it was n't possible to live without it in this world that her family had led her to, but it was n't a natural thing for her. It meant a strain, so she gave as little as she could get away with. Of course, being Gail, she got away further than most people did with a good deal of effort; but the point was that she could have done better. It was, I suppose, the inhibition of her laziness or her lack of desire or whatever you want to call that curious something that kept her drifting along, virtually heedless of her "captive bird." I don't, however, want to give the impression that Gail was physically lazy. On the contrary, she would take a great deal of trouble for her friends or her family, but it was the same with everything she did, even her singing; she did it well, but you felt that if she only had n't been quite so chary of her effort she might have done it tremendously well. And how we longed to see her do it!

To be quite candid, I don't know just what we wanted Gail to do if she did n't go on the concert stage. Perhaps we wanted her to marry; yet plenty of girls do that. Except to the persons intimately concerned, it is not a particularly unique adventure; not unique enough, certainly, to justify our everlasting ranting. But unreasonable as it may seem, we could not put away our theories, our superstition, if you like, that Gail was made for big things. Perhaps, in the light of later events, we were not so much unreasonable as clairvoyant. But probably we should have been fairly well satisfied if she had only made a definite break of some kind, stopped drifting along the handiest way.

In those years I think that Gail most enjoyed, with the one exception of her music, the gatherings of the sextet. Jim and I were married by this time, and our apartment had become official headquarters. The crowd came in together at least once a week, and individually much oftener. Gail loved the easy intimacy, the swift give and take. She became with us the delightful, joyous person we loved, utterly unaware of herself, keen and whimsical in her jesting, equally keen and sympathetic, too, when the talk ran in deeper ways, always game for anything, and completely lovable. Over politics and war news she was fiery. I can see her now, leaning eagerly across the supper-table, her big blue eyes under their amazingly curly eyebrows nearly black with excitement, her pointed chin lifted impudently, the bright color glowing in her cheeks, and the gold glints in her hair picked out by the candle-light amid the shadows of that soft coil at the crown of her small head. She was a better arguer than either Jack or Esther, but Bates's mind was a match for hers, and he loved to embroil her, partly, I suppose, from sheer love of teasing, partly because she looked specially adorable when she was stirred up, and partly because then her adorableness was focused on him. But quick as her mind was, his superior knowledge could run circles around her. As she said, "I 'll do my darndest to give Bates a good fight, and then in the end he 'll smite me with some antiquated incident I never heard of and that just adhered to his masculine gender."

A FEW nights after we declared war the sextet dined at headquarters. It was my plan. Jim liked it, but I had trouble in coercing Bates. He thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned down on me from his five feet eleven.

"That 's a thundering silly performance," he growled. "Behold us, heroes!"

"It 's psychological, not silly," I answered calmly. "No one will consider you heroic, Bates. Don't worry."

He grinned sheepishly.

"Have it your own way," he said. "But, remember, it 's not with my approval."

And so it came about that Gail and Esther arrived before the men that night. Esther was wandering about the library, loudly proclaiming her hunger, and Gail was lazily stretched out in a big easy-chair, laughingly describing a new dress when I heard the men's voices in the outer hall and Jim's key in the latch.

Gail stopped talking as the three men appeared in the doorway, their hats at rakish angles, and advanced arm in arm, with a musical-comedy adaptation of the goose-step. They made a child's bob, and, straightening up, announced together in falsetto voices:

"Look ye, the cream of the nation enlists!"

Well, they did n't look heroic. Bates had scotched that bugaboo. I was watching Gail out of the corner of my eyes, and I saw her hands, which had stopped suddenly in the midst of a gesture, move slowly to her lap, where they lay very still. The laughter melted out of her face, leaving it expressionless. Then every one began talking at once, and Bates went over to her chair. She smiled up at him in the friendliest manner possible—the absolute epitome of friendship was in that smile—and began asking eager questions. As he stood there, looking down at her with smiling gray eyes, straight and broad and well dressed, his cheeks ruddy with the clear color that the April wind had whipped into them, and his dark hair waving back from his fine forehead, he seemed to me to be, next to Jim, the finest and most charming man I had ever known. I wondered whether Gail was thinking, as I was, of the fury of the evil thing that his steady strength was going out to meet. Forewarned as I had been, I still had a choking in my throat; but if Gail had any such thing the matter with her, she did n't show it, and Bates's self-possession was equal to hers. Only, as we went into dinner, he looked at me over her head with a twisted smile, half quizzical, half rueful.

It was a pleasant, unemotional evening, given over to the discussion of plans both personal and national. We were n't used to delays then, and the men expected to go to camp within a few days. At ten o'clock Gail rose

abruptly and, coming behind my chair, leaned two slender, white arms around my neck.

"I told Robert to bring the car around early," she said, "because I 'm making a flying trip to Boston to-morrow." Across the room I saw Bates look up quickly. "Sorry to break up your party," Gail went on, "but I 'm kidnapping Esther for the night."

"You are?" I said idiotically.

Gail laughed and straightened up.

"Jealous!" she teased. "You 're afraid you 'll miss something."

It was not what I should miss that troubled me, but Gail had completely blocked Bates's next move. When she came into the room again, in a big furry coat and a wicked little hat, she said easily:

"Are n't you men, coming in the car?"

"Thanks; I 'll walk," Bates said shortly.

But Gail was at that moment in the act of kissing me and did not answer.

After the door had closed behind our last guest, I began savagely shoving the furniture into place.

"I 'd like to spank Gail," I declared earnestly.

"Sorry," Jim said, "but I 'm afraid she 's not going to take him on—ever."

"It may be that," I admitted, "and it *might* be that she 's afraid of herself."

"Well," Jim answered dryly, gazing in a man's cross-eyed fashion down the stem of his pipe as he held a match to the bowl, "she did n't give *me* an impression of panic."

GAIL'S flying trip to Boston lengthened into a silent week, and then I had a telegram from Philadelphia. I read the message, and tossed it across the library table to Jim. He looked up blankly.

"Now, what the devil does she mean by that?" he asked.

I shook my head, but I could almost see the mischief in Gail's eyes as she had scrawled her cryptic message reminiscent of our old game of dime-novel titles—"Finding her fate, or the leash is broken at last."

"Bates?" I said tentatively.

"No. He had n't heard from her this morning. I suppose it 's a man."



"She sang to them every afternoon"

"I give it up," I said wearily, but we spent the evening making vain guesses.

The next day, while I was at luncheon, the door-bell rang, and a minute later Gail swept into the room and nearly suffocated me in a bear hug. She dropped her coat and hat on a chair and settled herself opposite me.

"Had my luncheon, thanks," she said. "How are you?"

"It's no use trying to make me talk until you've explained that telegram," I remarked grimly.

Gail looked up from straightening her gloves.

"I'm going to France," she said, and smiled like a pleased child as she watched my amazement. It was before we had grown to take such announcements as matters of course. The thought of Bates flashed through my mind with a feeling of shock. I had only been bluffing myself, then, when I said that the telegram did not concern him. "Not yet, of course," Gail was saying. "I'm to take a short course at the Atlantic Hospital in Philadelphia, and then go as an orderly."

"Nursing!" I gasped.

Gail rose, and walked over to the window and stood looking out.

"You see," she said, "it's not a natural thing for me—nursing; but I think I can do it well, and it's time that I stopped doing the easy thing. You might call it saving my soul," she added with a lightness intended to relieve the embarrassment of a confession in full daylight. The family's opposition, she said, had crumbled before her determination, and after a little requisite disagreeableness they had found themselves prepared to enjoy their patriotic predicament.

Again I remembered Bates—Bates, whom I thought the world and all of.

"And what does Bates think of it?" I asked a little bitterly. There was a long silence while Gail drummed on the window-pane and stared out on the street. Then she said:

"Well, what would Bates think of it?" in a voice that tried to be casual and sang instead a song in praise of a glorious world.

"O Gail!" I said, and it only took me half a second to cross the room.

Despite Jim's skepticism, it really had been panic that had ridden Gail at that last meeting of the sextet—panic following on the astounding revelation that she wanted Bates more than she could ever want anything in all the world; panic lest she should be forced to acknowledge her discovery before she had time to face it and make friends with it. And when she did face it during the next two days she found she was n't worthy, had n't the right, she said, to lump Bates and his love among all the other carelessly acquired things in her life. If she had lived eagerly or hard, she could have welcomed this miracle, easily hers, with thanksgiving; but she had forfeited that by her casualness. "This thing," she said wistfully, "ought to be different." So she had set out to win the right to her love. She had made definite arrangements in Philadelphia, and then had returned to Bates. I imagine that she had almost to accept him before he could be induced to propose again.

Unless the war lasted beyond a reasonable time, they would wait for peace to be married. Gail would then take up her music with a view to singing in concert. Bates cared a lot about that. It was one of the things about Bates that I had always appreciated—his active acceptance of a separate personality in a woman, a theory he was evidently extending to his own home.

I could not help thinking that this nursing business was a trifle hard on Bates, but Gail caught the thought out of my mind.

"It won't hurt him to wait now," she said gently, "and I can bring him more not only in experience, but in a wholeheartedness that I could n't give if I were always to be nagged by a feeling that I had drifted aimlessly into this biggest thing."

When she left she said, smiling a little:

"It sounds like awful rot, does n't it? Perhaps, after all, I just want my fling before settling down."

I laughed.

"Call it that if you wish," I said, and kissed her.

GAIL was in training in Philadelphia

until she went across, and I saw very little of her. She concentrated on Bates and her work, and although she never showed it, I think she begrudged the time for other things. But she and Bates were a very nice engaged couple. They never made one feel out of place, and they were easy and affectionate with each other, like a happily married older couple, though they were not at all settled. They were too full of the work before them for that.

It was to be expected that the rest of us could not break our habit of watching Gail critically merely because, against our fears, she had done what we demanded of her in taking up an active part in the world.

Before the heart-opening embers of a grate fire Esther reluctantly confided to me that she thought Gail was growing narrow. I denied it quickly for fear a naturally upright nature would betray my agreement. It was a time, I said, when people had to narrow their interests in order to be useful. This sophistry soothed my Puritanic conscience, and left me free to wonder if Gail would recover when the pressure was lifted. I rather doubted it, and I thought sorrowfully that I should probably be scrapped with other unnecessary matters.

During the next year and a half I did not learn much on this score. Gail and Bates were both sent across in the autumn of 1917. At no time was Gail far behind an active front line, and Bates had his share of terrible fighting, so they did not get much chance to write. When Gail did, she sent dear, chatty letters as full of news as she dared stick them. Once during a temporary lull in the late spring of 1918 she wrote: "I am singing now, mostly to the wounded men. Thank God for my voice!" Gail had not been much in the habit of thanking God for things. But that was all she said. It was from Major Porter, a chance acquaintance among the returning wounded, that we heard the story.

There had not been, it seemed, anything very dramatic about it; apparently Gail's life was not even now to be a matter of breath-taking climaxes, and somehow we did not feel apologetic

or disappointed. Rather, I think, we felt a little ashamed that we ourselves had laid emphasis on such things, as though we had insisted on decorating our rooms with paper orchids when there were marigolds in the garden.

So it was not a matter of saving an entire hospital from destruction in an hour of panic by the compelling power of a voice. The afternoon had been long and hot and dreary; the guns rumbled monotonously in the distance, and the flies would get into the ward and buzz. All the men were at the edges of their nerves, fretful, and with mounting temperatures. None of them was critically ill, but weak, with enough energy to be cross. As Gail was adjusting a bandage, the man said, "Oh, *damn* those flies!" in that uncontrolled, desperate whimper of breaking nerves. Gail began to sing very softly the serenade from "Robin Hood" to "cover up the buzzing of the flies," the major said. After that they did n't let her stop.

"She sang to them every afternoon. She was right there with the goods," the major insisted. "Bombs and such trifles did n't put her off any more than if you had dropped a safety-pin. She had the men going, and no wonder."

"I should think," Esther said, "that it would be bad for her voice."

"I 'm afraid it is," the major answered. "I 'm something of a musician myself, and I warned her. She only smiled and said, 'You would n't begrudge me this, would you?' And of course I would n't."

Gail without her glorious voice! It was something we could hardly imagine, and yet it was soon a fact. Bates wrote that she had had to stop singing; strain and premature and inexpert use had broken it.

Almost directly the armistice was signed, Gail and Bates were married. Not much later Gail was sent home, and Bates soon followed her. As it happened, I was in Chicago at the time,—Jim was with the army of occupation in Germany,—and I did not see them until they had both been in New York almost three months. My first glimpse was at a big reception on the night of my arrival in New York. As I entered

the hall I caught sight of Gail across the room. She was wearing a stunning black velvet gown that brought out all the beauty of her lovely neck, her fair hair, and her bright color. She was talking to Mrs. Phillips, an insignificant little woman whom Gail had always considered a bore. Bates stood beside them, talking to insignificant Mrs. Phillips's dull husband. Gail seemed to be enjoying herself, and, in fact, they all did. Mrs. Phillips's sallow little face was quite lighted up, and I remember thinking flippantly that Gail must have had a change of heart. Her greeting left in my mind no doubt of a permanent place in her affection, but a reception is no place for prolonged reunions, and we were soon separated.

As I drifted into a conversation with a friend of Jim's, I carried in the back of my mind a puzzled feeling, which stayed by me all evening as I saw Gail, sometimes with Bates, sometimes without him, talking to dull people and clever people, young people and old people, and noticed the brightening of the dull ones and the keen interest of the clever ones and the pleasure of all. I could not help comparing this Gail with the Gail of those other receptions and teas in the fallow days before our war—a Gail rather reserved, rather bored, rather disinclined to make an effort.

During the following months, as we took up again our old, easy intimacy, I saw that the new Gail had come to stay. Where she had dragged along before, she went now with a joyousness and an eager interest that almost predicated winged shoes. Not that she was ever effusive or tiresome. Simply, she

seemed to have acquired unlimited power of enjoyment, and she carried others along with her. I spoke of it one night to Esther when she had come in to cheer my husbandless dinner-table.

"At first," I said, "I thought that Gail's radiance was all Bates's doing, but it is n't."

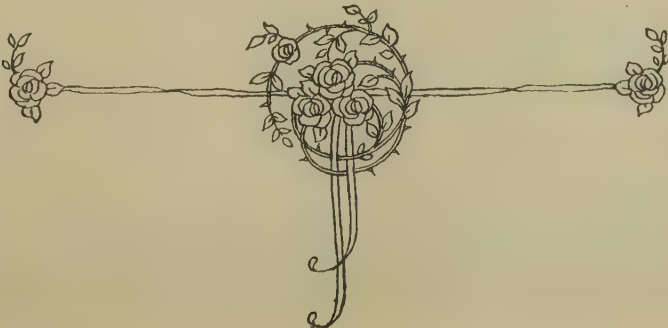
"No," Esther said, staring at the black coffee in her cup, "Gail's all right. She used to save up all her energy for something big—like catching those two birds in the bush. Remember? Then when she did get together enough energy and courage for the big thing, she found that the big thing was made up of little things, and that they were really worth while. She's given so much and striven so much that she does n't want to stop giving and striving. She's doing the little things in a big way."

"Yes," I said thoughtfully, thinking that Esther, too, had learned something from this war, "she's given up longing for the birds in the bush. She's taken up with caring for the bird in her hand, and she's enjoying it. Only now the birds in the bush have joined the one eating out of her hand. Of course," I continued, hurrying lest Esther's undisciplined logic should pick the flaws in the entrancing metaphor I was evolving, "the concert bird flew away, but he does n't count for much now."

Esther smiled.

"Such nonsense!" she said lightly. Truly the war had taught her a great deal. "I think," she added, "that now the sextet may reasonably and conscientiously settle down to enjoy Gail."

And we did.





Morning

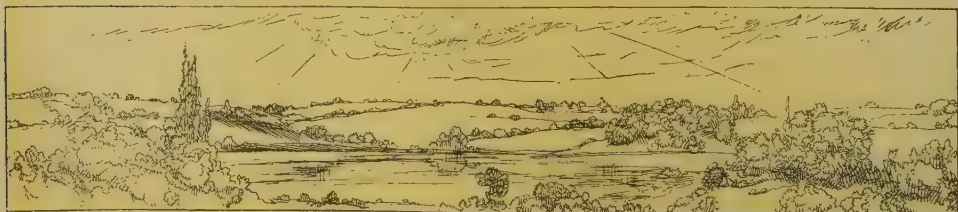
By MARION PATTON WALDRON

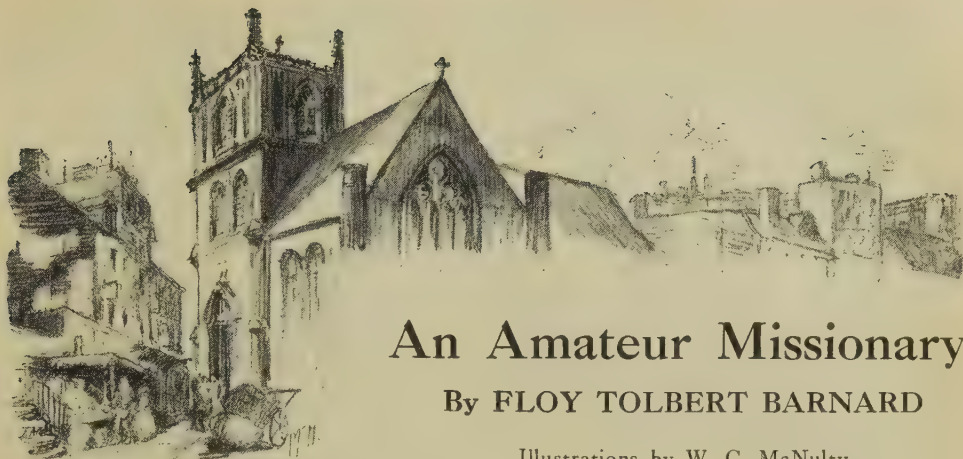
Lightly trailing their shadows,
The slim trees lift their heads high, every one
As if it would pull up roots and storm the hill
Into you, Sun.

The grasses curvet and silver, the spirited wind
Is sibilant, while warmth is steeping the hay;
The grasshoppers fly before my steps
Like drops of spray.

The spraddle-legged calf snuffs through her delicate nostrils.
He never saw this calf,
Dewlapped and innocent in the sunshine.
How he would laugh!

Before you came walking over the water, Sun, over to me,
Yonder where he has gone what did you look on, Sun,
What did you see?
No, no; I cannot believe in death.





An Amateur Missionary

By FLOY TOLBERT BARNARD

Illustrations by W. C. McNulty

ELIZABETH, coming in from Sunday-school, paused beside my chair.

"I am going to be a missionary, Daddy," she announced, regarding me with the solemnity suitable to such announcement. That she realized the seriousness of the life she had so unexpectedly decided upon was further manifested by the stiff call-no-man-on-earth-your-father sort of way in which she ignored the arm I had with involuntary and affectionate familiarity put about her when she appeared around the edge of the sporting-sheet in my hands and paused, waiting for me to look up that she might impart to me the momentous news.

"You are going to be a *what*?" was my immensely interested inquiry.

"A missionary," she repeated, rigidly resisting her habit of snuggling up to me. Wherefore I inferred that missionaries are made of stuff too stern to feel the need of sitting in any man's lap, even though that man be their nearest paternal ancestor.

"I trust you are not plotting to be a home missionary?" I remarked soberly.

"Oh, *no*!" Her freedom from suspicion was entire. "I am going to India or China or darkest Africa. I put my name down."

"You did! How interesting! The whole Elizabeth Whitney Blair or just Betty Blair? And what on, if I may ask?"

"Well, you see, Daddy, it's like this," she began, forgetting, for very enthusiasm, her purpose sternly to resist the distractions of family affection, and, swarming up into my lap with her usual sniff of sinful appreciation for my pet pipe tobacco, proceeded to tell me all about it. "Miss Gridley told us about the babies in India, and a lady from there talked to the whole Sunday-school and showed us the *funniest* things they wear! So we all, except Erma Rainey, signed for ten cents for the fund next Sunday. And we all, except Erma Rainey, promised to bring a child to Sunday-school with us. Then Miss Gridley said any of us who would like to be missionaries when we are big enough might put our names down. So we all did except Erma Rainey."

"What did Erma Rainey do?" I fell so low as to inquire, though I know perfectly well Elizabeth's mother never permits Elizabeth to gossip.

My daughter hesitated. She is a dear soul, if I do want to laugh every time I look at her.

"Erma is n't here, Daddy," she reminded me, doubtfully, after a moment.

"So you can say what you please about her," I observed, listening guiltily for that voice which rescues Elizabeth from my influence by sending her on bogus errands, and then promptly exchanges its sweetness of tone for more or less successful severity in haranguing me for enjoying my own daughter in my own way.

Elizabeth grinned at me bashfully.

"Aw, Daddy, you are laughing at me! You *know* it is n't nice to talk about people who are not present. And, besides, Erma is a very nice girl."

I bowed gravely. I have heard that same thing said by ladies three times Elizabeth's age, and the virtuous announcement was always followed by full particulars.

"Erma said—I 'm not talking about her, Daddy; I 'm just telling you—she said, if she had ten cents, she would bring it, and if she did n't, having her name down would n't make any difference. And she said a child who wanted to come to Sunday-school would come without being brought. And she said she would n't be a missionary for *anything*! She just would n't put her name down."

Elizabeth sat back expectantly. But I, intrigued for the instant by the spunky independence Erma Rainey seems to have inherited from Ted Rainey, who was the chum of my own ten-year-old days, failed to respond with proper round-eyed and aghast enjoyment of the horrid story after beguiling poor Betty into telling it. Instead, I hinted that Erma's isolation of conduct in the affair of the dime and the child did not extend to the calling; that many very admirable persons would not be missionaries for anything.

Elizabeth looked, and had a right to look, disappointed. My defection was entirely unfair. So, because I like my daughter, and feel lonely when outside her good graces, I supplemented hastily:

"Perhaps Erma expects to do the inglorious cooking to finance your adventures in far countries. You know somebody has to stay home from darkest Africa to give the chicken-pie suppers."

Elizabeth's lips twitched, but she inhibited the unregenerate Blair levity even to the total ignoring of my amendment; for she said argumentatively, after a second:

"But all the other girls promised to bring ten cents and a child and put their names down."

"Which is quite right," I conceded. "Only—well—you see,"—trying to point out the joy of steering safely between

the rocks of sheer perversity in flouting precedent and the shoals of abjectly following it,—"*it takes quite superior mettle, Betty, not to put your name down when other people do, even in a good cause, if you do not wish to do so,*" I finished rather lamely, disconcerted by the scandalous round O of Elizabeth's mouth.

"Yes," she blurted out the instant I paused—"yes, and get yourself *looked at*!" By the bitterness with which she said it, I gathered that she was not without experience in being "*looked at*."

"Yea, verily," I smiled; "*it will get you looked at. So, unless you can come into the devil-may-care immunity to looks which attended Ted Rainey's youth, and, I judge, Ted's daughter's, it is far simpler to do what they all do. Have you decided upon a child to take?*"

Elizabeth limbered up immediately from her resistance to my hug of sympathy, but before she replied to the diverting question she said musingly:

"Is Doctor Rainey's name Ted, Daddy?" Her eyes, crinkling to some thought she kept to herself when I nodded silently, shared with me only the result of her musings. "I like Doctor Rainey. He is nearly as much fun as you."

"Nearly!" I gasped. "*Nearly, E-liz-a-beth! You flatter me. All my life I have longed to have girls find me as much fun as they do Ted Rainey, and now the very nicest girl I know thinks I am more fun; that Ted is only 'nearly' as much fun as me. O Elizabeth! Is there something you would like to have that your mother thinks is too extravagant for a little girl to have? Come down to my office to-morrow after school and we will go get it.*"

"Daddy,"—the cry was breathlessly exultant,—"*will you get me a white-enamel-and-cane set for my room! With a big bed and a dressing-table and a big bureau? And chairs—and everything? Will you? Mother said I would have to wait until I was thirteen. Three years! O-o-oh, Daddy!*"

"Stung!" I said and grinned. But, then, Elizabeth's hug of utter and un-missionary-like abandon was worth it. And I knew, or should by this time, that



"You are going to be a *what?*" was my immensely interested inquiry"

the Whitney in Elizabeth expects a literal fulfilment of one's promises. Having brought the starry shining into her eyes, I had not the heart to put it out. "Come down when school is out, and we will take a look for the whole shooting-match," I told her, and narrowly avoided death by strangulation. "Who is your child?"

"You said 'as me' instead of 'as I,'" she reminded me in her diffident way before bringing out, with a look of great determination, in a voice of noble recklessness, the name of her child—"Mary Judson."

"Good Lord!"

Elizabeth was so pleased with my unfeigned amazement that she neglected to rebuke me for swearing. Mary Judson is not only already thirteen, and half a head taller than Elizabeth, but she is, I am firmly convinced, possessed of more devils than a certain Mary of old Judea. Mary and Mary's people are of the pariah caste, known to Elizabeth only because my wife quietly insists

upon paying Mary for the alleged polishing of our silver every Saturday morning because Mary needs a chance even more than she needs the dollar. Hulda has to stand over Mary lest the silver disappear a piece at a time, and Elizabeth is forbidden any except the briefest of forages in the kitchen and all communication with Mary except a pleasant "Good morning, Mary." But Elizabeth's mother, who is not quite thirty, and still retains some of the optimism of youth, persists in her good works. "If I only *could* get Mary to stop lying and stealing and talking so awful, I could take her right along to help Hulda, she argues. "And she needs the chance, poor child!"

"Quite true, darling," I flippantly agreed. "But her chance has come too late. It should have begun with the most remote of her simian ancestors. I can only hope she does not murder you all some day in order to loot the house."

And Elizabeth had chosen Mary for her child. Valiant Elizabeth!

"I'll ask her when she comes to polish the silver Saturday morning," explained my daughter after a long revel in the silence following my outburst.

"Be sure your mother or Hulda is about when you do it," I came out of my trance to suggest.

"I'm almost as big as she is, if she is older 'n me," was Elizabeth's naïve response, made in such preoccupation of thought as to render her oblivious to her own use of *me*.

So she fully realized that danger to life and limb may be the missionary's lot at home as in darkest Africa. As I silently assimilated this fact, her face underwent a remarkable change. Her lips rammed together in an upward push, and her bashful, good-natured eyes narrowed in grim resolution, back of which I caught the gleam of a hitherto unsuspected incorrigibility. I opened my mouth, and closed it without speaking. Could it be that good, obedient little Betty was actually looking forward to a riotous physical encounter? I had begun to smile broadly, but before any adequate remark presented itself to my mind a cheery voice in the doorway said:

"Run up-stairs and change to your pink linen, Betty."

"Will you button it, Daddy?" asked Elizabeth, sliding out of my lap to start.

"Gladly," I promised, squeezing the small hand that trailed lingeringly through mine.

"Now what have you been doing?" demanded the owner of the cheery voice coming over to take Betty's place.

"Nothing; not a single thing. All I did was lead her on to tattle on Erma Rainey. But I think you should know your daughter has put her name down to Christianize darkest Africa or jungle India or imperturbable China. She goes into training for it next Saturday."

"She *what*?" asked my wife, rearranging my tie, and sitting back to approve of her rearrangement.

I went into details.

"Well, it won't hurt to ask her, will it?"

"Not at all," was my crestfallen response. "But after she has been asked, Elizabeth will need to be either fleet or powerful."

"Don't be silly. Mary will probably promise, and then not come. If she should take it into her head to come—what is so amusing? She *might* come."

"I thought that was your life's ambition—to get her to come." I grinned. "And now you are scared for fear—"

"Bob, I do want her to come,"—her smile was utterly unwilling, and her voice severe,—"but I will not let Betty take her down alone. She talks perfectly awful! If she comes, you—yes, *you*—will have to take them down and deliver them personally to Miss Gridley, and then go back after them. Mary would enjoy the ride, and not think anything about why you took her on home."

"Very well," I agreed; "but I warn you. It will get me looked at. Your best friend will see me and telephone the glad tidings all about. 'Have you heard about Bob Blair? You have n't? He is running around with that awful Mary Judson! I saw him myself! Poor dear Mrs. Blair! She deserves a better husband—'"

"Idiot!" remarked the lady in my lap, before calling out to Elizabeth, who had reached the second landing on her way back in the pink linen, "Run back for your pink bows, dear!" then hastily, to me: "What do you suppose she did last night after I had tucked her into bed? Got up and made a sachet of your tobacco to put with her hair-ribbons! When I expressed my horror, she said: 'But I like it. It smells like kissing Daddy!' And last week she marked the Endeavor lesson in her Bible with your tobacco, and then spilled it all over the Junior Endeavor Room! Miss Gridley told me this morning."

"Poor kid!" I grinned. "I'll bet she got looked at good and plenty. No wonder she was so bitter about being looked at. Here she comes. Well, don't say I did n't warn you if we do not have her with us after Saturday. She is entirely capable of telling Mary why she wishes to take her into Miss Gridley's fold. I sometimes think life would be simpler for Betty if she had less of the Whitney truthfulness and more of the Blair tact. As some illumined soul has so well said, 'It is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much.'"

"Robert Blair, don't you ever dare

say a thing like that before Elizabeth!" ejaculated my horrified wife, giving me a shake before abdicating as Betty reached the door, and then, as Betty presented a yawning array of buttons and buttonholes to be joined together, cast aspersion upon my services as a lady's maid by saying, "Do try to button her dress straight!" and disappeared to hasten dinner.

I heard no more about Elizabeth's chosen calling or her designs on Mary Judson until Wednesday evening when I came down-stairs all toggled out for a dance at the country club to ask Elizabeth for the "first dance," as is my habit, and the condition of my getting to go. She had a record on and the needle ready to set, and gave me a demurely gracious smile at my tremen-

dously formal request for the "first dance."

"I like young fathers," she observed with the discriminating air of a connoisseur as we started off. "Erma Rainey and I have such *nice* fathers. Why, some of the girls' fathers cannot dance at all!"

"My word!" I solemnly marveled. "Is it possible?"

"Honestly, Daddy," she relaxed to say, before going on with her conversation. "Doctor Rainey laughed at me for being a missionary."

"He did? When?"

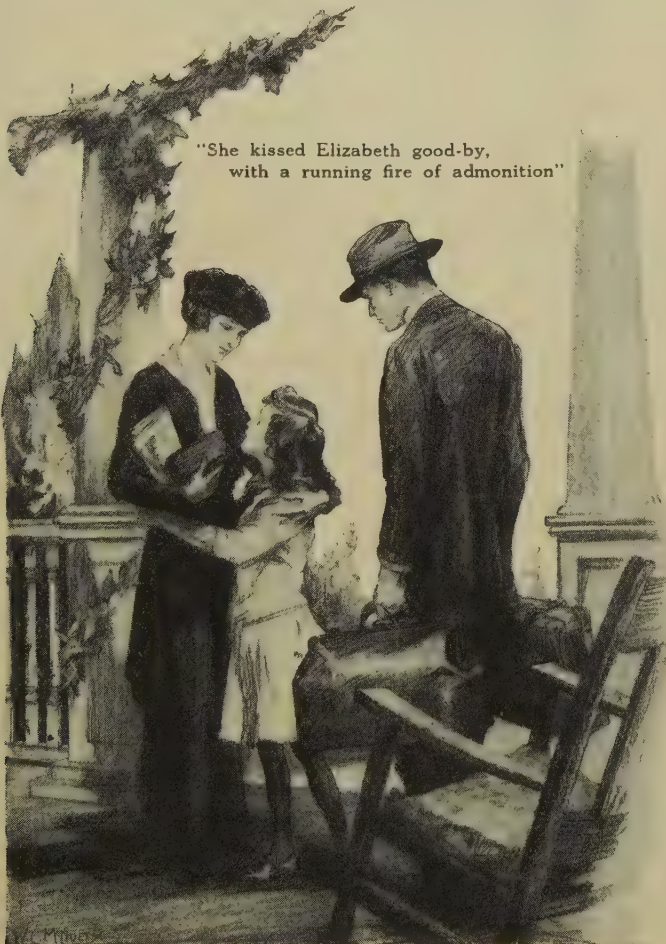
"Yesterday, after school. Erma came home with me to see my room,"—she flashed me a smile of irrepressible pride,—“and then we went down to his office. Mother was not at home, and we

did not have money enough to go see Marguerite Clarke. She is playing *Snow White*," said Elizabeth in her best manner.

"I hear she is charming in the part." I bowed. "But you were telling me about Doctor Rainey."

"Oh, yes. Well, he gave us the money to go, and some to get sundaes with after the show, and then he said, 'Pick on India, Betsy!' You know how he talks, Daddy? 'I'm going there to hunt Bengal tigers some day, and I'll look up your grave and erect a monument for you and try to glean the story from the natives to tell your folks when I get back—if I get back.' What did he mean?"

"He was hinting that hunting tigers is almost as dangerous as being a missionary," I interpreted, to be surprised a second time by that ramming



"She kissed Elizabeth good-by,
with a running fire of admonition"

together of her lips and the incorrigible inward gleam of her narrowed eyes.

"Erma's mother asked me to come to luncheon with Erma Saturday, but I had to decline the invitation." She sighed, explaining, in reply to my punctilious query as to why she had to "decline the invitation," "Why, I have to be home to ask Mary."

"I've heard it said being a missionary entails a great many foregone pleasures," I murmured sympathetically. "I should consider it very carefully before taking any final steps, Betty."

She stared at me in wonder.

"But I've already put my name down," said she.

And I recalled the family folk-tale of that Whitney forefather of Elizabeth's who put his name down as innocently as had Elizabeth herself, and then let himself be defrauded to the tune of sixty thousand dollars, the occasion of his signature being a business one. That he could have saved his money quite lawfully did not save *him*. A Whitney go back on his word? Unthinkable! My only hope for Elizabeth is that the chap who profited by the unalterable Whitney word was one of the less well known Blairs. She has at least a chance to escape the austere ways of the over-righteous.

The first man I saw at the dance was Ted Rainey.

"Hello, Bob. I've overhauled my emergency-kit," he announced. "On purpose."

"What for?" I asked densely.

"What for? For Betsy. I have seen Mary J. in action. On street corners and up alleys."

"Nice place for you to be—up alleys!" I laughed, and forgot all about Mary Judson for the rest of the week, not even remembering her when Elizabeth kissed me good-by a bit wistfully when I stopped to let her out at the maternally appointed corner on Saturday morning. Elizabeth always "goes a piece" with me on Saturdays. I simply returned her kiss, and drove off amused over the funny effect of her freckles when she blushes, as she always does when I lift my hat to her, though she takes that ritual of greeting and leave-

taking quite as a matter of course from other grown-ups.

An hour later my wife telephoned to tell me a message had come saying that her mother was seriously ill and that she was going home. Would I see about trains and reservations while she packed and then come for her?

When I arrived to take her to the train, she kissed Elizabeth good-by, with a running fire of admonition concerning her rubbers if it should rain, asking Daddy or Hulda about going to places, being on time for school and Sunday-school, taking good care of Daddy, and all the things mothers do admonish about, but never a word about Mary Judson! Then we drove off, all the admonitions being repeated to *me*, except that I had not to ask permission of Hulda before setting forth on business or pleasure, and that I was to look after Betty while being looked after by Betty, and I was to write regularly to let her know how Betty was.

"Now, don't you worry about Elizabeth!" I said largely. "I will look after her. What on earth could happen to her? She always does as she is told, and Hulda is the only original trustworthy servant. Her devotion to Betty is positively pathetic. I'll send you a line a day. 'Cross my heart!" as she favored me with a somewhat reminiscent smile. "Two lines; one to let you know Betty is all right, and one for my very own self. Bet you anything! Wire me when you reach home. Good-by."

And then—after those handsome promises! The instant I opened my office door my stenographer stopped me excitedly.

"Go home! Go home, Mr. Blair!" she shouted, and laid violent hold of my coat to give me a shove toward the elevator. "Dr. Rainey telephoned over half an hour ago! Oh, I thought you would *never* come!" She ran along beside me to explain. "She has been in a *fight*! Some awful little girl—" As I dashed into the elevator, wondering dully how bad a girls' fight could be, she broke off to say more normally, "I'll take care of those men for you, Mr. Blair."

Hulda, crying audibly, but with an unprecedented gleam of mirth in her usually bovine gaze, opened the door for



"'Tell me all about it, Sonny,' I begged, at which she flashed me a truly boyish smile"

me as I rushed anxiously up the steps. Before she could get her mouth composed from its amazing contortions, however, to reply to my urgent, "What's happened?" Ted Rainey's voice spoke from the head of the stairs:

"Come on up, Bob." He grinned. "Don't look so white, man! Fine father, you, for a missionary!"

"What's happened?" I repeated, going up two steps at a time. "Where is Betty? In her room?" I started for it; Ted stopped me.

"Wait a minute! She is all right, or she will be in a few days; but, oh, my Lord! she is a sight!" He went off in a whoop of suppressed mirth, echoed from below by Hulda's see-sawing sobs and giggles. But of course, Elizabeth being my child, I could n't be expected to see anything funny in the situation.

"What the devil has happened?" I demanded in exasperation.

"Listen, Bob! I will try to put it into words of one syllable for you. Elizabeth Whitney Blair asked Mary Judson to go to Sunday-school with her to-morrow."

"Well?" impatiently.

"And Betsy told Mary why. With awful Whitney candor, she said: 'You tell

lies. You steal. You swear. You do not keep clean. Why, your ears are dirty *now!* And at Sunday-school you learn to tell the truth and not to steal and not to swear and to be *clean!*'"

"And then—" I was able to grin at last; or, rather, I was not able not to grin.

"And then," said Ted, solemnly, "the heathen r-r-raged. To be explicit, Mary Judson done her damndest; there was a massacre of the missionary. But surgical skill, combined with personal affection, has done wonders. Elizabeth awaits you. The gamest martyr I ever expect to see! Now go on in and see her, but for heaven's sake don't snivel over her and seduce her into pitying herself! I'm glad Beth is n't here, fond as I am of her. I'll mix us something while I wait, unless Betsy's vocation has made you feel that you ought to renounce all liquids?"

Laughing, he ran down-stairs, and I turned toward Betty's room. She was sitting up in the middle of her new bed, craning her neck for the triple reflection in the mirrors of her new dressing-table opposite, and as much of her face as was visible between the bandages

and strips of court-plaster wore a look of impish enjoyment. But even so I knew why Hulda cried and why Ted's hilarity had in it an undercurrent of tenderness. One of Elizabeth's eyes was gloriously blackened or piteously bruised, depending upon how I decided to take the affair, and every patch of plaster and bit of bandage was needed, even making allowance for Ted's indulgence of a child's instinctive dramatic sense. She was feeling gingerly of various parts of her battered body when she caught sight of me in the mirror, and turned with an indrawn sob.

"O Daddy," she quavered; but before I could gather the grotesque little figure up in my arms, she was struggling with a grin, and suddenly we were both shouting with laughter.

"Tell me all about it, Sonny," I begged, at which she flashed me a truly boyish smile.

"Well—I asked her, you know, and she said, '*Why?*' So I told her the truth. I could n't do anything else, could I?"

Refraining from telling her that, generally speaking, there is nothing so dangerous to tell as the truth, I said only:

"And when you had told her the truth, what did she say?"

"She did n't say anything. Just sat up on that stool by the sink and looked at me like a—like a—*spinks!*"

She brought it out triumphantly, looking straight at me with her mis-mated eyes, and I managed to look gravely back. Poor kiddy! It was no time for "joshing" her! And besides, the color in her cheeks had disappeared, leaving her so pale that her freckles were startlingly brown.

"And then?" I prompted.

"Well, all I got to say is, Mary Judson looks as bad as I do," she informed me, with a spiritedness until now utterly foreign to her. "If Hulda had n't called Doctor Rainey, I'd 'a' licked her. She was already yelling, 'You stop that, Betty Blair!' and at first, when she hit me with the soup-ladle she was polishing, I was the only one that yelled." She squinted up her eyes for a mental review of the skirmish, and by the decisive little nod she gave I gathered that her yelling had not lasted long. "Have

you seen the kitchen, Daddy?" she said next, and doubled up in a gale of giggles.

"I guess I'll go look at it now." I laughed, putting her back among her pillows. "Then I must get back to the office. You do whatever Dr. Rainey told you to do about staying in bed. I'll come home to have dinner with you, and give you a further trimming, at checkers. If your mother could see you now!"

"We'll see about that," anticipating the checker-games eagerly before adding a sober: "Mother would think it was awful. At first, when my lip was bleeding so, I wished she was here. But I guess it is better she was n't. She could 'a' stopped me. I did n't pay any attention to Hulda." She grinned. "She talked to us in Swede, and was awful excited; but we kept right on until Doctor Rainey came. He did n't scold me either." She gave my hand, which she still clung to, a squeeze. "I thought *you*—might. You know, because you'd think you ought to, for my own good!" She laughed up at me demurely. "Mother does sometimes, and I thought you might, because she is n't here to. You know. I'm—glad you *did n't*," she added, laying her cheek against my hand.

I sat back down on the edge of the bed.

"Betty," I said, "it is quite a problem, knowing what is the very best thing to be done for a little girl that is given you to bring up. I'm sure your mother—"

"Oh, Daddy," interrupted Elizabeth, "I know. I always feel so sorry *for her*. She takes me so serious. She thinks she has to; specially as you never bother about bringing me up, but just enjoy me. I never *mind* being scolded—not much. It just—tickles me. She's a dandy mother; we know that. But I'm glad you did n't scold me. You never have, and I could n't 'a' stood it very well to-day. I *wanted* you to laugh; and you did. What do you suppose Dr. Rainey said? 'Buck up, Betsy! The worst is yet to come. I'm going to hurt you like the dickens in a minute, but what will you care for that? *You* have licked Mary Judson!' I did n't, really; just nearly. But I could have. I *know*

it. We laughed all the time he was fixing me up. He said: 'Be-lieve *me*, Betsy, I feel sorry for India when you hit it. If it resists, it will certainly need first aid. You 'd better take me along, Betsy, to patch up the heathen when you are done with them. I 'd just dote on mending the Hindu between tiger-hunts.' He *would* be fun to have along," quoth Elizabeth.

"You go to sleep!" I said and laughed. "I *must* get back to the office."

"Was Mary very much scratched up?" I asked Ted, joining him and Hulda in the kitchen, which justified both Elizabeth's mirth and Hulda's despair. "Had I better go around and see her people?"

"Oh, don't worry about Mary. She has had medical attention. I patched her up first, because I knew she would n't wait for me to take her home, as I told her I would. It 's a long way, and she was pretty tired. I watched them two minutes," he confessed. "I wanted to be sure Betty had the match cinched; also that *she* knew she had. Then I parted them, regretfully. In three more minutes the missionary would have been standing with her foot on the heathen's neck. Wish you might have seen Mary when I was giving her my very best professional services. She never said a word; just looked at me like—"

"I know; a spinks!" I laughed. "I don't know what to make of Elizabeth. She said, 'Good-by, Dad,' just now, for all the world like a Bobby instead of a Betty; and let me know that being scolded for her own good 'tickles' her."

"Best thing ever happened to Betty—that scrap," said Ted, with the superior smile of the modern doctor, and lifted his glass. "To the missionary!" he toasted.

The next morning Elizabeth was down-stairs ahead of me, visiting with Hulda about the absorbing affair. Evidently she had discovered Ted's extravagance in the use of bandage and plaster, for no bandage remained, and only three strips of plaster. She wore her black eye with a certain piquancy that just missed being jaunty. I had expected her reaction to be abashed, even sheepish. Hearing my step, she turned.

"Oh, good morning, Daddy."

"Not 'dad'?" I challenged.

She shook her head, dimpling.

"I like daddy *best*," and continued: "I thought I 'd better not go to Sunday-school *myself* this morning; so I called up Erma and asked her to take ten cents for me. I 'll give it back to her at school to-morrow. I can't miss school," she declared; "examinations begin to-morrow. But I know mother would n't like me to go anywhere to-day, looking this way."

Laughing, we went in to breakfast, I, marveling over her new initiative, she, bubbling over with something else to tell me, but which she kept to herself until she brought me the morning paper, as is her custom. But before letting me open it, she settled herself in my lap with a quirky:

"Guess what I 've done, Daddy."

"Aw, Elizabeth," I begged, "you know I am no good at guessing."

"Well," she said slowly, "you know I have always been afraid of people. Not really,"—she frowned over her inability to find the word for her timidity,—"*but kind of* afraid." And when I had nodded in silence, she went on even more slowly: "I don't think I shall ever be afraid of people again, Daddy. I never want to have another fight, for it 's so messy,"—she gave a funny little-girl giggle,—"*but I would n't 'a' missed this one for anything.*"

And I saw in her eyes that the incorrigible gleam of yesterday had changed not to aggressiveness, but to a certain look of vision, as though she had seen through personality, that impressive armor of the Philistines, and had quietly taken stock of her five smooth stones. As my arms tightened about her she flung hers about my neck, and I learned what she had done.

"I called up Miss Gridley,"—she laughed—"and told her I did n't believe I had enough *tack* to be a missionary; so to please take my name off her list. I 'm going to stay with you. You 're such a dandy father! You 'muse me almost as much as I 'muse you. When you have read the paper, will you come out in the yard and take pictures of me to show mother when she comes home?"


"I 'll come *now*," I said laughingly, and did it.

Has Wilson Failed?

AN EXAMINATION OF THE LIBERAL OUTLOOK

By GLENN FRANK

(This is the sixth of a series of articles Mr. Frank is contributing to *THE CENTURY*. This article has a peculiar interest, due to the fact that it takes issue with the prevailing attitude of the liberal and radical press toward the Versailles settlement, although the writer is an acknowledged liberal. The next article in this series will appear in *THE CENTURY* for September.—THE EDITOR.)

HE treaty of Versailles had one immediately marked effect upon liberal and radical publicists: they scrapped their millennial vocabulary. Since the morning the official summary of the treaty was published, they have spoken with a daily diminishing assurance of the death of the old order and the birth of a new order, as far as the actions of the peace conference might sustain a casual relation. The wistfulness of the leaders of a lost cause tinges their belligerent disappointment. For them Armageddon has terminated in a gigantic play with irrelevancies and a petty skirmish for nationalistic interests. Instead of courageous reconstruction they see a log-rolling restoration, a reestablishment of the old order of things under new names, a pouring of old wine into new and misleadingly labeled bottles, with the new wine of freshly awakened aspirations left to flow where it will. They call the treaty a document of capitulation, not even a document of compromise. They say that even the half-loaf is poisoned, that the treaty is a tissue of separate deeds of selfishness. So runs the tone and phrases of the liberal and radical press.

Only those who have forgotten to reconvene their intelligence, after its hysterical adjournment during the war, feel obligated to charge these liberal and radical critics of the peace treaty with pro-Germanism. Their fault, if it be a fault, is that they naïvely took the idealism of war-time statesmanship at

its face-value. But in war, as in drunkenness, it is easier to make resolutions than to keep them. To those who preserved that saving minimum of skepticism which makes for sanity of judgment and shields from disappointment the evident gap between the enactments of the peace-table and the slogans of the battle-field brought neither surprise nor despair. And it may well be that the constructive cynic is a saner guide in these times than either the wholesale defenders or the wholesale denouncers of the treaty. The posture of international affairs seems to be such that neither the Machiavellian defender of a huckster's diplomacy nor the Puritan devotee of abstract right will prove the most effective architect of lasting peace and ultimate justice.

Clear-minded leadership will frankly acknowledge that performance has far from squared with promise, but will not run wild either in its blame or its counsel. It has been sagely said that there is a wide gulf between approving a thing and sacrificing yourself for it; and it must be admitted that statesmanship sighed, but did not sacrifice, for the power to make a new departure. Yet it is not accurate to say that statesmanship went designedly apostate to its ideals. By an immutable law of war-time psychology, its catch-phrases simply outran its convictions; that is, convictions impervious to compromise. It said more than it meant. Not that the statesmen of Great Britain, of France, of Italy, and of the United States were deliberately insincere; they were sim-

ply the victims of a recklessness of resolution that always accompanies a mood of penitence. Against the black background of Germany's imperialistic aggression, statesmen everywhere turned sick at the whole order of things, renounced the devil and all his works, and pledged to the world an absolutely new deal at the peace-table. But the pledge went the way of virtually all supposedly death-bed repentances when the crisis passes. Intrigue took the place of idealism, and calculation superseded enthusiasm.

In the introduction to his essay on "The Political Scene," Walter Lippmann quotes an Italian scholar as having said apropos of the clash of nationalistic claims all over Europe:

This is our old Europe, and you Americans must not be surprised. We have had our American phase, but that is over now that the war is finished. We have been through a frightful illness, and thought we were going to die. Our minds turned in those days to higher things, and along came the Americans with a perfect bedside manner, entrancing self-confidence, the strength of youth, and a gospel of the simple life. We made good resolutions as sick poets do. We swore that if we got well this time, we would stay well. You know—no more city lift, but the country, a cow, rise at dawn, to bed early, exercise, fear God, and listen to Woodrow Wilson. It was sincere at the time. Then Europe recovered. It put off going to the country. It paid a visit to the old haunts, met the old cronies, and felt most awfully bored with the everlasting morality of the Fourteen Commandments. A little of that goes a long way.

The accuracy of this facetious and cynical statement has become more painfully evident day by day. It is no part of my purpose to take a fling either of partizanship or disappointment at Mr. Wilson. For myself, I am convinced that, short of withdrawal from the conference or a daring appeal to the masses of the world, Mr. Wilson did his best to tune the jangling interests of conflicting nationalisms into some sort of harmonious movement toward a new and better international order. It is probably true, in part of

least, to say of Mr. Wilson, as has been said of Mazzini, that he has had his hours of disillusionment, which come to every high priest of the ideal; that he did not accurately gage the inertia of his associates, but read his own shining faith into them; that he is impatient of men who temporize, detests diplomacy, and thinks a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; that the ideal has such compelling power over his own mind that he does not understand men who shrink from plain principles of just action; that he too frequently exaggerates the strength of his own side and underestimates that of the enemy—poor qualities for a conspirator. And the shadow of the old order hangs so persistently over us that even the servants of the ideal must have the conspirator's technic. In diplomacy good must still be done by stealth.

This is not a gesture of despair. It is not of a piece with the protests of the men who have counseled rejection or extensive congressional amendment of the treaty of peace. It is simply a fresh recognition of the fact that progress works toward a flying goal, by painfully and discouragingly slow steps, and that the millennium is still undated. Refusal to join those who have urged American rejection of the treaty does not of necessity imply blindness to the shortcomings of the settlement. We simply have not achieved the new international order we talked about during the war. The nations simply have not abandoned the narrowly nationalistic policies they affected to disregard with such cavalier scorn during the war. And it is better that we frankly take our latitude and longitude in relation to our war-time ideals than that we attempt the perilous practice of self-delusion. It is better to base our policy upon a minimum that is sure than upon a maximum that is not.

History is moving with a giant's stride and at a racer's pace, so that between the writer's desk and the press-room assertions may become either records of accomplished fact or exploded prophecies. A writer to-day finds himself constantly changing the tense of his verbs in the proof-sheets of his arti-

cles. This paper is written before the full text of the treaty of peace has been made public and while the action of the United States Senate is still undetermined. The passage of time before this paper reaches the reader may, therefore, alter its tenses, but will hardly invalidate the principles I purpose now to discuss.

Unless one is ready to welcome a world-wide social revolution, it is difficult to see what American rejection or extensive amendment of the treaty of peace stands to accomplish. With the treaty thrown back into a reconvened session of the peace conference, it is not clear upon what grounds a radical change in the spirit and policy of the conferees may be expected. And it is not a tinkering alteration here and there that will make the treaty a sincere expression of the fundamental aspirations of our time; nothing short of the new order that gave tonic inspiration to our armies of industry and arms and supplemented the sword in the disintegration of German morale can do that. May we hope for that from the conference that designed the original treaty? Hardly.

Withdrawal from a common pact and the making of a separate peace with Germany, regardless of the shortcomings of the treaty, would be changing the devil for a witch. We cannot isolate ourselves. The rise of the modern business system, with its lithe arms of transportation and communication, with its frontier-crossing agencies of credit and capital, has bound the world together into an interdependence from which we cannot extricate ourselves. The next war that assumes at all considerable proportions will find us a combatant regardless of our actions in the settlement of this war. And we shall fare better by having our hand in even a bad bargain than by affecting to stand aloof, only to be dragged later at the heels of forces and fears over which we should have no measure of control at their source.

LIBERALISM'S CHANCE UNDER THE TREATY

It comes down, therefore, to this

question, Is there even a fighting chance to achieve the new order under the treaty as originally submitted to the several governments for ratification? It is by no means certain that this question must be answered in the negative even by liberals and radicals. For despite the fact that the treaty provisions respecting certain issues of territory, race and trade fly in the face of the assertions of constructive and healing statesmanship made by Mr. Wilson and Allied statesmen, the fact remains that in the league of nations, imperfect and rudimentary as its covenant may be, there is provided machinery for the progressive amendment of the treaty and the saner adjustment of international relations in the future. Lord Eustace Percy, with refreshing insight, has said that the league stands or falls solely upon its power to convert paper into life. A hopeful measure of reliance upon the league does not require a blind and extreme partizanship that sees in the league a materialized Utopia. The constitution of the league will admit of many fundamental improvements. The treaty of peace has not produced either a new world order or a new foreign policy for the nations. The league has produced neither. The league does, however, provide the basic organization that can form a better international order and place foreign policy upon a new basis. It is this that Lord Eustace Percy's statement points out with admirable clarity. He says, apropos of the real significance of the league of nations:

Its machinery is not supernatural and, broadly speaking, participation in it involves no limitation on national freedom of action. It exists rather for the purpose of facilitating the conclusion of agreements in the future, adapted to needs as they arise. It is, if you will, a modest and rudimentary reform. But no one who has not had experience of the practical difficulties of securing any binding or certain international agreements under the existing system of international diplomacy can fully appreciate how essential that reform is and how vain would be any new "policies," idealistic or practical, pacifist or military, without a previous fundamental revolution in the ma-

chinery necessary to convert those policies into action.

WHY WILSON COMPROMISED

In other words, included in a treaty that is a product of the old statesmanship is an instrument that gives the new statesmanship its opportunity. It may be thought paradoxical that the old statesmanship should forge any such instrument; but the fact undoubtedly is that it was Mr. Wilson's fundamental devotion to the principles of the new statesmanship that wove the league covenant into a document that apparently contradicts many of its essential aims. Face to face with indisputable evidence that European statesmanship had forgotten little and learned nothing as a result of the war, Mr. Wilson, it seems, compromised principle after principle in order to get the league of nations into the treaty, on the theory that, since it was impossible to get a thoroughly good treaty at the time, it would be better to get an imperfect treaty plus an international agency that would in time correct the situation than to give up the ghost and, withdrawing into a delusive isolation, leave the way open for a purely imperialistic peace unmitigated by any new international machinery that might later be captured by genuinely liberal forces and turned to constructive account. In doing this Mr. Wilson undoubtedly made a courageous gamble. It represents either a short-sighted selling out of the liberal hopes of an awakened world or a far-sighted statesmanship that chose rather to keep the door to the future even slightly open than to permit its being slammed shut and locked, only to be broken down later by riotous revolution that would be no respecter of frontiers. In the hands of dogmatic liberalism the facts may be so assembled as to indicate, with no slight show of conclusiveness, that the first alternative is the case. But I am afraid we must wait for history's verdict.

At any rate, it is more than worth while to attempt an assessment of the bases of liberal hope under the treaty as originally proposed. Speaking purely from the liberal point of view and

upon the assumption that the treaty itself is unsatisfactory, hope lies in the fact that virtually every cabinet in Europe, in the not far distant future, will doubtless be overturned and succeeded by labor-liberal coalitions; and the further fact that such coalitions will find ready at hand the agency of the league of nations with which they can immediately set to work upon the evolving of a more democratically controlled league and the constructive amendment of such phases of the settlement as may then seem to make for instability and ultimate war.

WHAT COMING CABINETS WILL DO

In fact, it is not at all certain but that this is the quickest and surest path to power for world liberalism. I was saying this to a distinguished publicist only this morning.

"Ah, but you overlook the psychology of the situation," he said; "for once let this settlement go through, and the old inertia will cause the masses in all countries to insist that since any sort of settlement has been arrived at, in the name of a war-weary world it should not be tinkered with until the world has had a rest, even though another war may be inevitable some time in the future." But that argues little faith in the fundamental strength of the liberal movement. For myself, I am convinced that the liberal movement is sounder at the base than at the top of society.

It is true, of course, that war making inevitably brings the conservative forces to the top in government, and that it is these forces that are usually in power at the time the settlement of a war is effected. This has been true in other wars; it has been true in this war. It has also been true that the quick overthrow of cabinets have with marked frequency followed wars. Take the Boer War as a case in point. The majority of English Liberals fought the policy and procedure of that war; they opposed the rampant imperialism that informed the war policy of the Government; they strenuously disapproved the settlement. But Junker diplomacy penned the treaty. And the treaty forthwith stimulated throughout Eng-

land a reaction against the statesmanship responsible for the treaty; the cabinet was overturned, and the pro-Boer element gained control of the Government. The new Government restored to the Boer Republic what was in effect its independence, permitted the Boer element to regain political dominance in South Africa, and within the passage of a short time the outstanding political figure of South Africa was the man who, at the head of the Boer forces, fought the British Army.

There is a real chance that just that procedure might follow the ratification of the treaty of Versailles by all governments involved. And for the first time in history there will exist, under the treaty of Versailles, a definitely regularized international procedure under which the nations can undertake the revision of a general treaty without resorting to another war or reconvening a peace conference. That such revision will be accomplished while the present governments are in power no sane mind will predict or hope.

VIENNA AND VERSAILLES

But the forces that dictated those features of the Versailles settlement that are based upon unscientific statesmanship and lay the foundations of future wars are the retreating rear-guard of a passing order; they have made a successful last stand, but their days are numbered. Statesmen, drunk with fresh dreams of empire, may connive at unsatisfactory settlements, but the masses everywhere will not tolerate a repetition of the costly venture they have just been through. They have freshly in mind what a world war means; the war's aftermath will not permit them soon to forget; and they have had their minds turned as never before toward a new and better order. A working internationalism has captured the imaginations of the masses in all countries, if not the minds of diplomats, as no single idea has moved men since the Crusades. The fact that diplomats have not reckoned with this new motive force in international politics does not mean that it is dead. The statesmen at Vienna stood on the threshold of the era of

nationalism, a new motive force in international politics; but they ignored it. It went on working, nevertheless, and has dominated international politics from that moment until now. The statesmen at Versailles stood on the threshold of the era of internationalism, another new motive force in international politics; but they gave it only timid acknowledgment, bowing to it one moment, smiling at it the next. But the idea of a genuine internationalism arising from the intelligent administration of the essentials of life in an interdependent world is the most dynamic idea in human affairs to-day. Statesmen who ignore it will be broken. The time is past when Dame Partington gestures at an irresistible tide can for long take the place of real understanding and administration of a world of interlaced interests.

Certain publicists who, for all their show of realism, are thinking with their emotions are taunting Mr. Wilson with the futility of his fine words during the war. He posed as a cup-bearer of living water, they say, but he has turned out to be only a painter of mirages. That he showed rare insight into the mind and heart of common men throughout the world they do not deny; that he became the spokesman of world liberalism they freely acknowledge; that he gave tongue to hitherto inarticulate millions they readily grant; that he helped a whole world to know and say what it wanted they do not question; that his political offensive supplemented the military offensive in the breaking down of German morale and power they concede, and they take pains to record their former support of Mr. Wilson as liberalism's spokesman. But where once they deified, now they damn. They say that when the acid test was applied, the prophet turned politician, and the realist was lost in the rhetorician. They say that he carried compromise past the point of statesmanship into treason to principle; that he bartered away the dreams of justice and the hopes of lasting peace which he had himself evoked. It would have pleased them better had he denounced his colleagues and withdrawn from the conference.

LIBERALISM'S NEXT MOVE

But the world is not run by dramatics, and progress is not achieved by the showman's tactics. And it must not be forgotten that what happened at the peace-table has not caused the masses of men everywhere to unthink the thoughts that sustained them during the grim days of war—thoughts that Mr. Wilson helped them to think and express. He played the rôle of recruiting officer for a world army of Liberalism. That army had little chance for manœuvres or action at Versailles: *but it has not been demobilized*; it is ready for the second phase of the battle for a new international order. If, when this army of awakened liberalism swings into action, it finds in the league of nations a method and instrument for relatively quick and pacific international action, history will deal kindly with Mr. Wilson as the man who both recruited the army of liberalism and forged its major weapon.

It would be foolhardy to juggle with these hypotheses were the evidence not so overwhelming that the liberal army stands ready to march into action and take up the task of reconstructing the shattered relations of the world where the diplomats of Versailles have left them. But even as I write the news comes of manifestos signed by outstanding leaders of English life recording the popular demand for a more constructive peace, news of monster mass meetings of protest, news of trade-union congresses resolving in behalf of a repudiation of the old statesmanship, news of similar demands from other labor alliances. It is not necessarily that one disagrees with the validity of these demands that prompts a questioning of the wisdom of rejecting the treaty; it is solely a question of *modus operandi*. The world simply is not in a position to go through the period of turmoil and uncertainty that would ensue upon a rejection of the treaty. The primary need is to get the world back to work; that takes precedence over any and all merely political arrangements. With the determination of a treaty hanging fire, uncertainty palsies capital and slows down the movement of credit, and,

most important of all, it keeps the world on that war-tension which will not relax until some sort of settlement is effected. If the original treaty is torn up, and an attempt is made to begin the job of settlement all over again with the same or a reconstituted peace conference, every nation will feel that it must keep itself militarily on the *qui vive*, for no one will know at what moment the conference may split and the war be on again. Again let it be said that the world is in no shape to go through that uncertainty. As long as a recurring war is possible or imminent, or in the event of arms being taken up again, the old conservative forces will fasten their hold afresh upon the governments so involved, and the day of liberalism's triumph be postponed.

Liberalism is to-day very much in the position of a man who had intrusted the conduct of a business to a board of managers the members of which had given fair promise of conducting the business upon sound and profitable lines, but having seen the business go on the rocks under their management is faced with the question of taking the business under his personal management and, assuming its indebtedness and chaos, put it right. A business man faced with such a problem would not hesitate to take the business into his own hands on the ground that his assuming direct responsibility for the business meant his approval of the methods of the ineffective board; he would know that taking over the business with all its faults was the quickest way of getting rid of the ineffective board and getting the business into better hands. Just so the acceptance of the treaty of Versailles is the quickest way of clearing the decks of the obsolete statesmanship that has in too many instances dominated the peace conference. The time element is everything now. And every indication is that liberalism will sweep into power the world over in dramatic repudiation of the treaty of Versailles, once it is ratified. In the United States, with the treaty ratified, there will be an increasing sentiment against using the power and resources of the nation to underwrite an unstable European settlement; pressure will come upon our

Government and its representatives in the league to readjust matters; this pressure will find collaborating pressure from the liberal and labor elements in all the European countries.

If liberalism is a puny child of emotion, if it is going to sulk in a corner because it has not received blanket indorsement of its full bill of particulars, then all this is ill-founded sophistry, it must be admitted. But the facts, even the colored and censored facts that reach the American press, indicate that liberalism is made of sterner stuff. One of the leading liberal journals asserts that it wishes nothing to do with the sophistry that advises us to "accept the League and the treaty, and trust to luck and to the unknown men who may be managers of this bastard League of Nations to right the wrongs the treaty contains." In the phrase, "the unknown men," the editors of this journal betray their timid faith in the sweep and virility of liberalism. To those whose faith has not been dimmed by despair the men who will manage the League are not *unknown*. The stars in their courses are fighting that these men shall be *known* liberals.

It may be said that this is of a piece with the liberal faith that looked for constructive action from the peace conference only to be disappointed. But such assertion overlooks the fact that the peace conference came at the end of a war, with the old diplomatic type in control of the situation, and does not reckon with the fact that liberalism has been put on its guard and had its deter-

mination stiffened by what has happened at the peace conference.

THE REAL TREATY

It would be more difficult to take the attitude suggested throughout this paper were the political and territorial arrangements of the treaty the fundamental things that underlie the world's peace. But they are not. It is the constructive determination of the economic processes and relations of the future that underlies the world's future fortune. Frank A. Vanderlip was right in saying, after an extended investigation of European conditions, that "there are no terms written in the treaty that can bring peace to Europe. The real treaty of peace will be the plan whereby Europe will be able to get machinery, rolling stock, and raw materials and be placed in a position to help herself. . . . The restarting of the wheels of industry everywhere in Europe is a prerequisite to security. . . . An effective plan for doing that would be a real treaty of peace."

And yet the mere manipulation of credit and the shipment of machinery, rolling stock, and raw materials will prove only a palliative for the moment unless there is a general overhauling of the whole system of international economic relations. That will be the major task of liberalism when it captures the governments of Europe and of the world. That task will involve a revision of the treaty of peace and a reconstruction of the league of nations.

The Economic Wing of a League of Nations

If the forecast of this paper, that liberalism will soon capture the governments of the world and set about the task of checking up, revising, and completing the work begun by the statesmen of Versailles, is based upon inevitabilities, as I think it is, then it is of fundamental importance, not to say of necessity, that we, their constituencies, look level-eyed at realities and attempt to visualize what we wish these new liberal governments to do respecting the treaty of peace and the forms and func-

tions of the league of nations. As I have already stated earlier in this paper, I am writing while the full text of the treaty is still withheld from the press, and before Mr. Wilson or any of the Allied statesmen have made explanatory statements either to the general public or to their respective parliaments and congresses. I shall therefore leave to others or to a later paper a detailed discussion of the treaty when the full text has been made public, with all of its contingent clauses and possible

amendments, and confine the remaining part of this paper to a discussion of the issues, the dangers, and the hopes involved in the new international machinery which is set up in the name of the league of nations. And in doing this I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am driving more nearly at the heart of the central problem that the world faces than I would were I to undertake a critique, provision by provision, of the treaty of peace. For, unless I am far afield in judgment, the future of the world will be more nearly determined by what incoming liberal governments accomplish in the direction of a reconstructed league of nations than by their action respecting any term or set of terms in the treaty of peace.

This primary emphasis upon the league of nations is based upon one elementary fact around which the international politics of the future must revolve; namely, the time has long since passed when a purely political peace which confines itself to the shifting of frontiers upon strategic calculations, the readjustment of a balance of power, and the reassembling of racial unities, can either prevent war or promote progress. Under modern conditions that sort of peace will be shorter-lived than ever before. In former times, when wars were primarily political or dynastic, the world might expect a long breathing-spell at least from such a peace. But modern wars are not primarily political. Despite the hateful Hohenzollern megalomania, the war just ended had its roots deep set in economics.

Foreign offices do not attach materialistic labels to the announced war aims that immediately precede mobilizations; bread-and-butter motives are not baldly emblazoned upon the banners used to stimulate morale; but the thing that usually gives the show of validity at home to a war policy is the existence, actual or assumed, of an economic necessity, in the attainment of which the nation is, or may be made to appear, threatened or thwarted.

This fact was never more effectively dramatized than in the late war. The Germans were, of course, docile followers of imperial edicts; but it may be doubted whether the military clique

could so easily have rallied the nation to frenzied support of a designed war had not the economic relations of the world been upon such an outworn, absurd, and ultimately unworkable basis. The three slogans, "a place in the sun," "freedom of the seas," and "world power," stimulated a will to war in the German mind not solely because of the mass docility of the German people, but also because the Germans came to believe that they were ringed about by an economic conspiracy; because they came to feel a sense of constriction, as a man feels in a stuffy room. It may be justly said that this sense of constriction was deliberately suggested and sustained by imperialistic statesmen; it is, of course, true that Germany's statesmen, her professors, and her publicists continually and with artful guile dinned into German ears that the German nation had come late into a pre-empted world; that the German nation was the victim of a *status quo* in the determination of which the modern Germany had no voice. But it is beside the mark for us to waste our time arguing whether Germany's sense of constriction was spontaneous and sincere or adroitly cultivated by designing militarists drunk with imperial dreams. The thing that is of most importance for us to discover is a fundamental answer to this question, What was it in the system of international relations that the blind guides of Germany were able to fasten upon as their starting-point in creating and instilling into the German mind this fiction that Germany was ringed about by an economic conspiracy? Until the answer to this question lies clear in our minds, we may build paper leagues until doomsday, and paper leagues they will remain. The answer to this question promises to give the key alike to international politics and international economics for the future.

INTERDEPENDENCE AND INSECURITY

The answer lies in the central fact of the modern world; namely, that the development of rapid transportation and swift communication, the rise of the modern system of international trade

and finance, with a resulting division of labor as to production among the nations, have produced a world in which all nations are more interdependent, and each nation less secure because less self-sufficient. And until an international system is provided that makes it possible for every nation to be part of the interdependent whole of the modern world without sacrificing its security, we may expect war to succeed war in which first this nation and then that will attempt to bolster up its self-sufficiency by annexing territory, capturing sources of essential raw materials, gaining control of waterways and ports of strategic importance to the nation's trade, building colonial empires, or scrambling for spheres of influence.

In a volume of singular sanity on "The Economic Foundations of Peace," the distinguished English editor, J. L. Garvin, points out the way in which this feature of modern international relations afforded Germany the starting-point for her insane war policy, which was a tissue of false deductions from an economic situation that clearly did need correction at the hands of constructive statesmanship. He points out that this neck-and-neck development of interdependence and insecurity was not confined to Germany; that it was not a plot aimed at Germany; that it was an unsafe condition that would ultimately become more serious for various countries, England included; and that the winning of the war by the Allies and America did not of itself remove its danger; that it still remains the same, or, rather, is aggravated.

Because Germany dramatized for the world this unsatisfactory condition of international relations by her perverted interpretation of it and her blundering and criminal attempt to correct the situation for her interests alone, Mr. Garvin uses Germany in illustration of the combination of interdependence and insecurity that characterizes modern international relations. He says:

To understand better the vital bearing of this problem on the project of enduring peace we must look at the special position of Germany—though we must remember that similar considerations will henceforth

apply more and more to other Central European populations, Teutonic and Slav. In developing to gigantic proportions an industrial system dependent on external supplies of raw material, Germany followed our own (England's) example. But without an empire and resources like ours; above all, without a similar sea-power. Already organized for military aggression, which we were not, she then lost her head, went the wrong way to work, and sought the overthrow of our sea-power and our Allies in a way that, if successful, would have combined naval, military, and economic supremacy in the same hands so as to destroy the safety of all the world. . . . Her economics were in many ways ultra-modern and as able as hazardous. But her politics, on the contrary, were stubbornly traditional and obsolete. Though she thought herself capable of being the ruthlessly dominating and conquering power in the world—the unchartered libertine of force—hers had become of all societies the most dependent on the good will and coöperation of mankind.

The German people . . . had become totally dependent on the new international and inter-Continental conditions of transport and supply. No tariff could alter this . . . Their recent industrial system and its millions of workers were dependent on foreign states even for certain iron-ores (despite their own huge deposits), for copper, zinc, gold, for the rarer metals of industry, for mica as for tungsten; for cotton, wool, silk, flax, jute; for timbers; for skins and hides; for rubber, petroleum, oil-seeds, and other oil-bearing products, for nitrates, and for tobacco. An increasing balance of food-stuffs had to be imported, necessities and luxuries; wheat, barley, rye, maize, and rice; fish and lard, fruit and vegetables, coffee.

Here was a concrete situation of undoubted dependence which was played upon by the ruling clique of Germany. The situation was not a peculiarly German situation. It was part and parcel of the existing international system under which the curve of self-controlled security fell as the curve of interdependence rose. The myth of an anti-German conspiracy has been exploded, but the twin facts of interdependence and insecurity as characterizing inter-

national relations remain. Economic evolution cannot be reversed by edict; the interdependence of nations will inevitably increase, and statesmanship must see to it that the insecurity of nations does not increase with it. Otherwise the world will stagger from one blood-letting to another, and civilization will commit suicide.

Just as Germany before the war was an apt illustration of that union of interdependence and insecurity which applied to all nations with varying degrees, so Germany after the war illustrates the fact that the problem of harmonizing interdependence and security is still the central problem of enduring peace. Just as in the Civil War we freed the negro, but found that the negro problem remained, so we have defeated Germany; but the problem of central Europe remains, a problem fundamental in international politics, and a case by which may be judged the capacity for creative statesmanship on the part of the league of nations. Apropos of this, Mr. Garvin says:

The German race of 80,000,000 is now in a position unprecedented in history—pent up in its home bounds and without a shred of over-seas possessions to give outlet and scope. France could create an immense colonial empire after 1871. . . . The German race has no such resort. There has never been a case like this, and some constructive system must be applied to it; or in sequel, whether near or far, there cannot be peace. Possession cannot be restored; but a fair and full and safe substitute can be devised as soon as Germany gives satisfactory evidence that she is prepared to accept without mental reservation a new system of economic world-partnership as well as of political world-government.

And again, in speaking of the total problem of central Europe in its relation to organization for enduring peace, he says:

Taking the Germans alone, here is a race which by itself may well number in another couple of decades a hundred millions of people. The whole of that race will be politically active, and is most likely to become politically one. It will either be as

sure of its sufficient share of imported raw materials and food as we (the English) are now, or it will not. If not, this race in conjunction with some others around it, will work again to acquire a wider sphere of power and territory, and to overthrow the peace. . . . If, on the other hand, full and secure supply of foodstuffs and raw materials can be guaranteed under the League of Nations—by a system of economic coöperation at least equal in importance to the political constitution and juridical functions of that body—the war-motive may die out and armaments disappear. This is at least a promising way. There is no other hopeful way.

We are still enough under the sway of the war mind that I suppose it is wise for me definitely to state that I have in mind no counsel of softness in our dealings with Germany. No one yet knows whether the fires of intrigue and imperialism in Germany are dead or only banked. A nation so wedded to a dramatic imperialistic dream as the German nation was, needs, no doubt, an equally dramatic and inescapable demonstration of the failure and insanity of its aggressive venture. I am trying only to visualize what must ultimately come in international relations, after the period of transition and probation is over, if peace is to be more than a breathing spell between battles.

One of the first things we shall ask of incoming liberal governments is that they set about the further development of the economic side of the league of nations. As I have tried to suggest earlier in this paper, a merely political league of nations is doomed to failure, if, indeed, it does not become an agency for the spreading rather than for the suppression of war. The root problem of international politics to-day is the devising of guaranties to all nations of the economic rights they must have in an interdependent world.

FOUR ECONOMIC RIGHTS

There are four basic economic rights that every virile industrial nation must enjoy if it is to be a creative and contented factor in international relations. These rights are, the right of transit,

the right of trade, the right of investment, and the right of migration. The prosperity and progress of a modern industrial nation require that the interstate railways, the canals, the seas, and the ports of the world shall be free for the entry and transit of the nation's goods; that in access to markets the nation shall not be unduly discriminated against; that the free capital of the nation shall not be denied adequate play and equitable privilege in the development of the resources of the backward territories of the world; and that the surplus population of the nation shall not be barred from entering more sparsely settled regions of greater opportunity.

For these four rights peoples have always fought, and for them peoples will continue to fight until the statesman excels the soldier in devising guaranties of them for all nations. We need not go to pre-war Germany or to the pre-war international order for substantiating illustration of this assertion. At Paris, in plenary session, in council of ten, and in council of four, at the very cradle-side of the league of nations, an orgy of conflicting nationalistic claims that smacked of the frankest economic imperialism bore stubborn evidence that nations will not lightly cast aside the instruments and methods of the old order until there is trustworthy evidence that these four fundamental economic rights at least can be guaranteed by the new order. This strikes at the heart of the matter. If a league of nations affects to ignore or proves incapable of harmonizing the economic relations of the world, we may well despair of its power to rationalize the political and military policies of the world.

INTERNATIONALISM VS. SUPER-NATIONALISM

It is clearly beyond the possible to pacify the world by any arbitrary distribution of territory and readjustment of strategic frontiers. What is demanded is not the nationalizing of possession of this territory and that port, but the internationalizing of economic opportunity the world over. Now this

does not imply an argument for a hard-and-fast international economic government; it does not suggest an economic super-state; it is internationalism, not super-nationalism, that is required. We do not want, we will not tolerate a world in which nations must stand in a sort of international bread-line awaiting ration tickets for food-stuffs, raw materials, and cargo space. What is demanded, however, is a statesmanlike treatment of such problems as the control and development of backward territories, the export of capital, concessions, access to the sea, port administration, immigration, tariffs, and related problems of world-economics; not in the sense of a super-state, let it be said again, but in the sense of common counsel instead of suspicious competition between nations.

The thing to be kept ever in mind is that the whole issue of international politics centers in the problem of reconciling modern interdependence with national security. The world has become an economic unit; any system that does not approach unity of counsel in its administration must reckon with recurring wars.

ECONOMIC COÖPERATION AND POLITICAL ASSOCIATION

It is discouraging to witness the way in which the bulk of discussion, both for and against a league of nations, is couched in terms of politics rather than in terms of economics. Finally peace cannot be kept by the gowned and wigged judges and arbitrators of a political league of nations, in a world that has not learned to work together. It is not in the court-room that the world needs improved organization so much as in the market-place and in the counting-room. What was it that enabled Germany to hold the world at bay for so long? Was it political and military strategy? Clearly not. It was the superior economic administration of her common life. What was it that finally made the Allies invincible? It was the economic coördination worked out, after much division of effort and blundering, between the Allies and America. The Allies and America learned how to

work together. And it is the adaptation of that inter-Allied economic coöperation to the peace system of the whole world that can alone pacify international relations. The coöperation of the world's administrative genius is even more imperative than the coöperation of the world's armies and navies.

The league of nations covenant as proposed by the peace conference is a good starting-point for a realistic reconstruction of world relations upon an effective basis. As it stands, the political side is worked out more fully than the economic side. There is no doubt that even a political league will avert some wars that would occur were it not in existence. But the real guaranties of peace are the less formal ones involved in the way the economic relations of the world are administered. Some may feel that the present grouping of the Allies and America may be trusted to administer their economic relations in the interests of peace, and that their predominant strength in the world is a sufficient guaranty of peace. But, though that were true, this combination will not permanently continue to be as preponderant as it is now. A restoration either of German or Russian strength would alter the face of things, and statesmanship must take the long view and create an international system for the whole world that will meet the changing needs of coming generations. That means that the rudimentary instruments of political internationalism afforded by the league of nations must be used by the liberal governments of the future to develop a genuine economic internationalism.

THE GOWNED JUDGE AND THE ECONOMIC STATESMAN

A dictatorship of the current combination of Allied powers is a false basis upon which to build for the future. A concert of power must take the place of a balance of power, however salutary we may judge the present balance of power to be. We must organize an international system the chief object of which will be to offer inducements for keeping the peace rather than penalties for breaking the peace. The out-

standing fact of to-day is the world-wide social unrest. This social unrest is more likely to be the cause of the next war than is any dynastic ambition. And that means that we must achieve social peace if we are to have world peace. The judge and the arbitrator are not the men to deal with the pervasive spirit of revolt; the economic statesman is the man needed. We have gone past the time when men regard peace as an end in itself; peace is to-day looked upon as a means to an end—the end of justice, of opportunity and a full life. The world must be organized for harmonious working together.

Little more than the formal beginnings of a league of nations was achieved at Paris. The problem now is to decide upon and organize to attain the permanent objects of a league of nations. We belong to a society of nations by the mere fact of our existence as a nation in the modern world. The issue at stake in the league of nations, therefore, is not whether we shall join a society of nations, but upon what rules we purpose to conduct our common life. We are already in a game; shall we play it under intelligent rules or let it degenerate into a scramble?

It is in this light rather than as participation in a new and artificially conceived organization that we must look upon the league of nations question. A league of nations is inevitable. Peace conferences and senates may delay its full-orbed development, but they cannot prevent its coming. The world's necessity is giving it birth. The world has become unmanageable upon any other basis than a common management. We are only at its beginning. Naturally its difficulties loom large. Our attitude toward the common economic organization of the world is a test of our greatness as a people. We may well covet for ourselves that audacity of statesmanship that will prove our kinship with the citizens of Burgos who resolved to build their cathedral upon such generous plan and enduring foundation "that future generations shall say we are mad to have attempted it." The statesman must to-day stand or fall by his insight or blindness respecting international relations.

A Condensation of the League Covenant

Probably the most effective way to dramatize the extra emphasis that should be placed on the economic side of the league of nations will be to attempt a succinct summary of the covenant as proposed by the peace conference. Every reader of *THE CENTURY* has had occasion to read the covenant itself in the daily press, but unless one takes the time to analyze and condense the covenant, a single reading is likely to leave a somewhat blurred conception of the outlines of the league, for the document is repetitious and cumbersome. Its verbosity grew out of an evident attempt to achieve greater clearness and fullness of definition than usually characterize such documents. The covenant, despite this intention, is difficult to summarize. Its essential features, however, may be set down as follows:

THE AGREEMENTS OF THE LEAGUE

The covenant of the league of nations binds the adhering nations to sixteen definite and distinct agreements, as follows:

(1) To respect and preserve the political independence and territorial integrity of each member against external aggression.

(2) To submit disputes to arbitration by a tribunal administering international law or to mediation by the council or the assembly provided for in the treaty, and furnish a statement of the case to the secretary general of the league.

(3) To abstain from war against any member until the dispute has been submitted to arbitration or mediation, and until three months after the award or recommendation; and even then not to go to war with a member of the league that complies with the award of the tribunal or with the unanimous recommendation of the council or assembly.

(4) To carry out in good faith any award that may be rendered whenever the parties to the dispute voluntarily agree to arbitrate.

(5) To boycott any nation that goes

to war contrary to the covenants of the league, support one another in economic measures necessary to make the boycott effective, support one another in resisting any special measure aimed at one of their number by the offending state, and afford passage through their territory to the forces of league members operating against the offending nation.

(6) To exchange information concerning military and naval programs and industries adaptable to warlike purposes, and for stated periods not exceeding ten years, unless relieved of the obligation by the council, observe limitations of armaments when voluntarily adopted by each of them on recommendation of the council.

(7) To secure fair and humane treatment for labor, as far as practicable, at home and in all countries with which they trade.

(8) To secure just treatment, so far as possible, for native inhabitants of territories under their control.

(9) To entrust the league with supervision over the execution of international agreements providing for the suppression of the white-slave traffic and the sale of dangerous drugs, and with the supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition in countries where the control of this traffic is necessary in the common interest.

(10) To maintain freedom of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of members.

(11) To cooperate in measures for the prevention and control of disease.

(12) To encourage and promote the organization and work of the Red Cross.

(13) To establish international bureaus to administer such matters of common interest as may be agreed upon, as the Postal Union for instance.

(14) To abrogate all treaties and obligations among themselves inconsistent with the covenant of the league and to enter into no such obligations in the future.

(15) To register all new treaties, which shall not become binding until so registered.

(16) To pay a due share of the ex-

pense of administering the affairs of the league.

THE AGENCIES OF THE LEAGUE

This tabulation covers, I think, all of the agreements undertaken by the adherents to the treaty forming the league. To advise and assist in the carrying out of these agreements the covenant provides or authorizes seven agencies or types of agencies. These seven agencies are listed below, with statements of their composition and powers.

(1) An assembly which shall represent all member nations, determine by majority vote its own procedure, and meet at stated intervals as occasion requires. Each member of the league may have three delegates, but only one vote. The assembly shall make its decisions by unanimous vote except as otherwise provided. Its powers are defined as follows:

(a) The discussion, or dealing with, all matters within the sphere of action of the league, or affecting the peace of the world.

(b) Advice regarding the revision or reconsideration of treaties which have become inapplicable, or regarding international conditions dangerous to world peace.

(c) Selection of the four non-permanent members of the council, in succession to Belgium, Brazil, Greece, and Spain temporarily appointed by vote of the Paris conference pending action by the assembly.

(d) The admission of new members to the league by two-thirds vote.

(e) Inquiry into disputes referred to it by the council or the parties to the dispute, and by majority vote the making of recommendations, which, if concurred in by the votes of all the states represented in the council, exclusive in each case of the parties to the dispute, will protect from attack the states complying with them.

(2) A council of nine which by majority vote shall determine its own procedure and meet at least once each year, each member having one vote, as follows: representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy,

Japan, and representatives of the four nations—Belgium, Brazil, Greece, and Spain—designated by the peace conference to serve until the assembly shall appoint their successors. Subject to unanimous vote, the powers of the council are stated as follows:

(a) Expulsion of a member that has violated any covenant of the league.

(b) Formulation of plans for the reduction of armaments for the consideration of the several governments, such plans to be subject to revision at least every ten years.

(c) Advice regarding how the evils attendant upon the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war may be obviated.

(d) Advice regarding means of preserving the territorial integrity and political independence of the members against external aggression, whether actual or threatened.

(e) Suggestion or proposal regarding what shall be done to give effect to the decision if a state fails to carry out the award of an arbitration by which it has agreed to abide.

(f) Formulation of plans for an international court.

(g) Inquiry into disputes not within the domestic jurisdiction of a state, and not submitted to the court or to arbitration or to the assembly; an attempt to secure a settlement by mediation and, failing this, the making of a recommendation which, if unanimous, protects the state complying with it from attack.

(h) Recommendation regarding what military and naval forces shall be contributed by each member to protect the covenants of the league against a nation that resorts to war contrary thereto.

(i) Inquiry into, and the offering of facilities for, the settlement of disputes with or between non-member states and, in case of refusal by the non-member state or states to accept such offer, the making of recommendations and, if necessary, the taking of action to prevent hostilities and settle the dispute.

(j) Fixing the terms of a mandate, by a nation willing to accept it, over any colony or territory formerly gov-

erned by Germany or Turkey whenever this has not been previously agreed upon by the members of the league.

(k) Appointment of the secretary general, subject to confirmation by a majority vote of the assembly, and the confirmation of his subordinates.

(l) The appointment of permanent international commissions and the control of international bureaus.

(m) Supervision of the execution of agreements to suppress the white-slave traffic and the sale of dangerous drugs.

(3) A secretary general and his staff of subordinates, chosen by the council for the administrative work incident at the seat of the league.

(4) An international court to be established in accordance with plans worked out by the council, with power to decide any dispute referred to it by the parties thereto, and to give an advisory opinion upon any matter referred to it by council or assembly.

(5) A mandatory commission to oversee and advise respecting the administration of colonies and backward peoples formerly governed by Germany or Turkey.

(6) A permanent commission to advise on military and naval questions.

(7) International bureaus for the regulation of matters of international interest; existing international bureaus, such as the International Postal Union, to come under the league's direction when the parties creating them so agree, and all international bureaus hereafter created to come automatically under the league's direction.

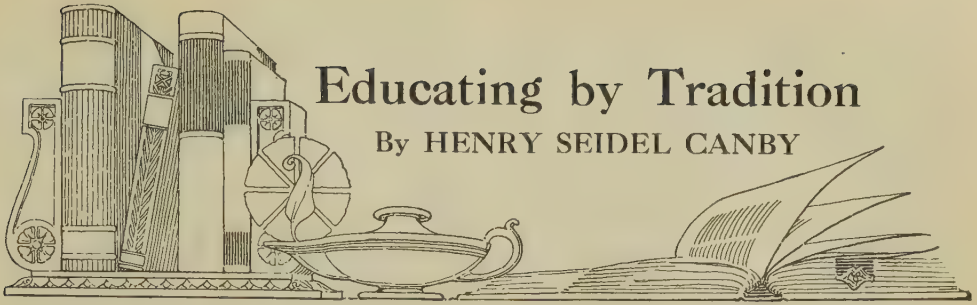
THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE LEAGUE

The covenant provides that charter membership in the league shall be open to the following nations signatory to the treaty of peace: The United States, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, the British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, China, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Ecuador, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Hedjaz, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, Siam, Uruguay; and to the following states which are invited

to adherence to the covenant: Argentine Republic, Chile, Colombia, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Paraguay, Persia, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Venezuela. It further provides that other self-governing states, dominions, or colonies may be admitted to the league upon their giving "effective guaranties" of sincerity and their acceptance of such regulations respecting military and naval armaments as the league may prescribe.

For this summary of the covenant I am indebted to William H. Short and his associates, with whom I collaborated in its making. I have taken the space to include this summary here because it reveals both the hopeful beginnings of world organization which the league of nations provides, and at the same time shows the long distance yet to be traveled by liberal statesmanship before the league becomes a genuine economic partnership as well as a political association for the settlement of disputes. America represents a moral authority, an economic force, and a power of compulsion that is vital to the project. Without American membership, the European nations would need to organize for security upon a narrower basis and resort to reactionary economic policies that might afford a certain sort of mutual insurance, and the world would settle down to the old cycle of preparation, war, recuperation, preparation, and another war.

No sane man wishes to see the United States sacrifice its sovereignty beyond what any intelligent and fair contract or treaty limits it, and underwrite an unstable situation in Europe. If a league of nations must always be only a vigilance committee to restrain a restless Europe, there is much to be said for the men who would have the United States preserve its isolation to the last possible moment. But the league of nations may be more than that. It must be more than that if peace is to endure. It is for the peoples of the world to see to it that their governments use it in organizing the world for a harmonious working together upon the basis of justice and equal opportunity.



Educating by Tradition

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE is one experience that conservative-liberal America — bourgeois America, the pushing America that gets what it wants on this side of the ocean—possesses in common, and that is its education. We of the vast American middle class have all been to high school, or we have lived with high school graduates; we have all been to college, or we have worked with college graduates. Our education, when viewed with any detachment, is astoundingly homogeneous. In a given generation most of us have studied the same textbooks in mathematics and geography and history, read the same selections in literature, been inoculated with the same ethical principles from the Bible and the moralists. Ask us a question as to what makes right or wrong, as the President did in his war messages, and we will respond with a universal roar, like factory whistles when a button is punched on some celebration day.

This general American experience is largely responsible for the tenacity with which we of this generation blindly conserve the liberal principles of our ancestors, even while we keep them, like the tables of the ten commandments, safe from the rude touch of practical experience. Education such as ours seldom fails to influence men's ways of thinking even when their actions pass beyond its control. The influence, however, is too often ineffectual, bloodless. That is a lesson we need to ponder in America.

Education in these colonies in the eighteenth century was bent toward theology. All but the lower schools, if, indeed, they could be excepted, were

contrived to find and to train the pastor, the minister to the people. For him those studies that influence opinion—history, ethics—were chiefly taught. For his purposes, the languages of the classics were chiefly studied. It was the pastor that emerged as prime product of academies and colleges. And therefore theology, that arduous intellectual exercise for which he prepared, set its mark upon all intellects down to the humblest. We wonder at the obsession with religious thinking that the letters and diaries of farmers, merchants, and lawyers of our eighteenth century display to the amazement of their very un-theological descendants. We should rather wonder at the intellectual energy expended in wrestling with a difficult and abstract subject. They entered, as we of the twentieth-century bourgeois do not, into the field of scholarship; they partook of disputes that were as international as Christendom; and shared with the chosen ones for whom all this education was made, Jonathan Edwards and his co-professionals, an interest in problems far broader than their strip of Atlantic clearings. That the experience, whatever we may think of the value of the theology, was good for them does not, I think, permit of argument. There have never been abler Americans than at the end of the eighteenth century.

But nineteenth-century America was a different world. Interest in theology abated for reasons that need not here be discussed. More and more the United States diverged intellectually from our colonial unity with Europe; our own problems engrossed us; and these were problems of material development, of local statecraft, of that elementary edu-

cation which a democracy must necessarily take as its chief concern. What had been a professional training by which God's ministers were to be selected became relatively unprofessional, a so-called "liberal education," the object of which was to illumine and make pliable and broad the minds of laymen. The high purpose of the teacher was not now to choose the leaders of the spirit. It was rather to preserve in a new world of crude physical endeavor the arts and sciences that civilize the mind.

American life in the nineteenth century had many of the characteristics that we are accustomed to associate with heroic barbarism. It had the same insecurity—insecurity of life on the border, insecurity of fortune where life was safe. It had the same frequency of hazardous toil against wild nature; the same accompaniments of cold and privation; the same vast and shadowy enterprises, usually collapsing; the same intensity of physical sensation; the same ardor of emotional experience in the spiritual realm. And always education mitigated extravagance, restrained excess, directed effort. Through education our ancestral Europe restrained and guided us. Education kept us white.

But never, perhaps, has the divergence between life as it had to be lived and the civilities taught us in school been greater. Never has the ideal world, which, after all, it is the chief business of education to mirror, been more different from the facts of experience than in America. The ridiculous scientist of Cooper's "Prairie" who mistakes his donkey for a new monster and thinks it more important to call the buffalo the bison than to eat when hungry of its hump, is a symbol of the contrast between what we learned and what we did in America. In the eighteenth century, education for most Americans was practical preparation for a knowledge of God's ways with man. In the nineteenth it had become not a preparation for life so much as an antiseptic against the demoralizations of a purely material struggle to open up a continent. The results have been of grave political importance.

For the divergence between theory

and practice explains the curiously traditional character of our schooling as we knew it in youth, as our grandfathers knew it in youth. I am not now speaking of the wearisome controversies over Latin and Greek and classic English literature, the so-called traditional subjects which make up a large part of education. It is not the letter, but the spirit, that makes the thing taught traditional. And ever since democracy began, the teacher has had to be the priest and guardian of tradition in America. He has been an anxious parent stretching the coverlet of racial culture over the restless limbs of little immigrants. He has taught reading, writing, and arithmetic as a means of holding fast to our tradition. He has taught literature and history and "moral ethics" and "natural science" as the containers of that tradition. We have almost forgotten that for a time in the early nineteenth century it seemed quite possible that the frontier would become Indian rather than European in its culture. We see clearly now how possible it would have been for whole regions of the South to relapse into negro semi-barbarism. We may guess that save for the teacher and his grinding in of tradition the white races of North America might have slipped backward, as too clearly have the white races in many parts of Latin America.

One element in this education by tradition was specially important. Liberalism, the principle upon which this republic was founded, education took up as soon as it dropped theology, if not earlier. American education became impregnated with liberalism, made liberalism its chief tradition. What we study in school and college stays by us, overlaid perhaps, scarcely vital any more, yet packed close to the roots of our conscious being. And the compost they gave us in America was liberalism. History enshrined the republican ideals of our founders and the democratic ideals of our nineteenth-century development. Sometimes it was taught in college classes with "sources" duly ticketed. Sometimes it trickled through commencement speeches or primers thumbed on back-row benches. The results were the same. In literature,

whether English or American, the same ideas were predominant, or at least were made to seem so by careful selection. Democracy and the rights of man blow through the reading of the American school-boy, somewhat aridly it must be admitted; but still they blow. Civics and government and the social sciences in these latter days, as they are taught in America, advance the same standard.

Not less definite and persuasive was the influence of the men who taught us. Many of them have been aristocratic in taste and in their misprision of the stupidities of the common man, but their text also was of liberalism and democracy whenever the subject or the occasion permitted. Even arithmetic and spelling were presented as the means whereby the child of the laboring man had been given his chance to rise in the world and perhaps become President. Properly considered, the things we have been taught, the men who taught us, the very organization of our school and college system, have been one vast engine for shaping the minds of young America in the turn and mold of liberalism.

But this liberalism, like most of our education, was highly traditional. Our subjects and the men who taught them looked prevailingly backward for inspiration, recalled us to the past, warned us of the future. The urge was always the old Roman one—preserve the piety of your ancestors. Preparations for new conditions, for a possible new liberty in industry or politics, for a possible new democracy in wealth, there were, we must confess, very few. We were linked to tradition; we were made profoundly and sincerely liberal, at least in our theories of life; we were implored to stand pat.

And though education, as the art was practised here in America, has perhaps kept us liberal, it has certainly given to liberalism that faint shadow of unreality, that sacrosanctity which belongs to all traditional beliefs. It is the traditional quality of American education that more than any other single agency has petrified American liberalism.

We plain Americans in our little red school-houses and our big brick high

schools and our spreading universities have learned republicanism and the rights of man and the not-to-be-questioned opportunity of every person to go to the top of the ladder if he wished and were able. This we were taught explicitly and implicitly. And we believed these things because we were made to think that all right-thinking men everywhere believed them; and therefore we recited Gladstone and Lincoln and Trousseau L'Ouverture and passages from Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Mrs. Browning on the freeing of Italy with confident hearts. Furthermore, we felt that these principles were sincere, because, no matter how poor or how stupid, we found educational opportunities opened on every side. There was no discrimination in the quantity of American education, and but little in its quality. Until we left the school or the campus, our liberal tradition fitted us like a garment. It never occurred to us that it might not always fit.

Yet as soon as we moved out into America, crossing that bridge from theory to practice, from ideas to application, which in all countries is long and in new countries longest of all, strange contradictions began to be apparent. Republicanism, it appeared, worked out in practice, at least in our town, into boss control and domination by party leaders, acting usually for vested interests. The rights of man, we discovered, had a curious sound when discussed by labor-unions or the unemployed. Opportunities, it became clear, could not be freely offered to the man without capital unless we were prepared to change radically an industrial system which our common sense taught us was better—at least for us—than the visionary industrial democracies that radicals without business experience wished to set up. Were these precious ideals of ours merely buncombe, then, held only in theory, in practice to be disregarded? Or was democracy good as a half-way measure, but false as a general principle? Was our education a tradition to be revered—and disregarded?

Not a few reached the indicated conclusion, though they kept, as a rule, their opinions to themselves. Perhaps

as many swung to the other extreme, believed that only more democracy would cure us, and also kept out of print, for fear of being associated with radical aliens who held much the same opinions in politics and social affairs, but very different conceptions of cleanliness, morals, and polite conversation. These were our right and left wings merely. The great mass of us, the Americans, took things as they were with a kind of shrewd childish good sense, and pushed ahead, being as democratic as was convenient in this unequal world, but taking no nonsense from people who would interfere with business in order to make us more so. And that is where we are now—at the end of the war, in the midst of a world revolution so great that no one knows whether it has just begun or is just ending.

But a revolution drives men back upon their principles, makes them scan willingly or unwillingly the things they live by—the prejudices, enlightenments, interpretations, convictions that in the largest sense *are* their education. And this is true not only of rapid revolutions, like the French and the Russian, but of slow ones, such as that revolution which has been slowly gathering headway in English-speaking countries for three decades or more, that revolution of social and industrial conditions now rapidly accelerating. And what have Americans thought of their education?

I think they have found it a brake, a stabilizer, a deterrent alike from violent reaction and dangerous experiment. I think also that they have found it what it is—traditional. They have felt it as a taboo, good on Sundays, but on week-days not to be too closely regarded. Where it has preached restraint to the more radical, they have listened, but grown restless. Was it not John Bright who said that England would be ruined if the hours for labor should be shortened? Did not Cooper, who wrote the epic of frontier freedom, sharpen his pen to defend the unearned increment of the landlord? Where it speaks of liberty and equality to the more conservative, they have listened, but not taken it too seriously.

After all, the world must be governed and dividends paid. While the rights of the citizen should be safeguarded, business is business nevertheless, and politics politics. The Declaration of Independence, they felt, should be kept in its place, which was the Fourth of July. Theory—by which they meant education—has little place in practical affairs. They were liberals of course, but plain and prosperous Americans first of all, and the latter, at least, they intended to remain.

And thus, in its noble attempt to shape the minds of Americans to a similitude of their full-blooded ancestors who dared to be radical, American education itself has acquired the sanctity, the reverence, the ghostliness of the dead. Like the dead, it is most influential upon spirits sensitive to the past, and operates through love and veneration and mere habit rather than through immediate compulsion. Like them, it visits the minds of the living only in glimpses of the moon, and its influence, though wide-spread, is partial and easily forgotten in the noonday glare of active, practical life. Americans respect their education, but too seldom do they live by it.

It is a good tradition, this American ideal of noble and sturdy liberalism. The only detraction to be made is precisely that the education which embodies it is felt to be merely traditional. But this is much the same as to say that last year's hat is a good hat, the only trouble being that when we wear it we invariably remember that it is last year's hat. And at least one unhappy consequence follows.

American minds have been coddled in school and college for at least a generation. There are two kinds of mental coddling. The first belongs to the public schools, and is one of the defects of our educational system that we abuse privately and largely keep out of print. It is democratic coddling. I mean, of course, the failure to hold up standards, the willingness to let youth wobble upward, knowing little and that inaccurately, passing nothing well, graduating with an education that hits and misses like an old type-writer with a torn ribbon. America is full of "sloppy think-

ing," of inaccuracy, of half-baked misinformation, of sentimentalism, especially sentimentalism, as a result of coddling by schools that cater to an easy-going democracy. Only fifty-six per cent. of a group of girls, graduates of the public schools, whose records I once examined, could do simple addition, only twenty-nine per cent. simple multiplication correctly; a deplorable percentage had a very inaccurate knowledge of elementary American geography.

A dozen causes are responsible for this condition, and among them, I suspect, one, which if not major, at least deserves careful pondering. The teacher and the taught have somehow drifted apart. His function in the large has been to teach an ideal, a tradition. He is content, he has to be content, with partial results. It is not for life as it is, it is for what life ought to be, that he is preparing even in arithmetic; he has allowed the faint unreality of a priestcraft to numb him. In the mind of the student a dim conception has entered, that this education—all education—is a garment merely, to be doffed for the struggle with realities. The will is dulled. Interest slackens.

But it is in aristocratic coddling that the effects of our educational attitude gleam out to the least observant understanding. This is the coddling of the preparatory schools and the colleges, and it is more serious for it is a defect that cannot be explained away by the hundred difficulties that beset good teaching in a public-school system, nation-wide, and conducted for the young of every race in the American menagerie. The teaching in the best American preparatory schools and colleges is as careful and as conscientious as any in the world. That one gladly asserts. Indeed, an American boy in a good boarding-school is handled like a rare microbe in a research laboratory. He is ticketed; every instant of his time is planned and scrutinized; he is dieted with brain food, predigested, and weighed before application. I sometimes wonder if a moron could not be made into an Abraham Lincoln by such a system—if the system were sound.

It is not sound. The boys and girls,

especially the boys, are coddled for entrance examinations, coddled through freshman year, coddled oftentimes for graduation. And they too frequently go out into the world fireproof against anything but intellectual coddling. Such men and women can read only writing especially prepared for brains that will take only selected ideas, simply put. They can think only on simple lines, not too far extended. They can live happily only in a life where ideas never exceed the college sixty per cent. of complexity, and where no intellectual or esthetic experience lies too far outside the range of their curriculum. A world where one reads the news and skips the editorials; goes to musical comedies, but omits the plays; looks at illustrated magazines, but seldom at books; talks business, sports, and politics, but never economics, social welfare, and statesmanship—that is the world for which we coddle the best of our youth. Many indeed escape the evil effects by their own innate originality; more bear the marks to the grave.

The process is simple, and one can see it in the English public schools (where it is being attacked vivaciously) quite as commonly as here. You take your boy out of his family and his world. You isolate him except for companionship with other nursery transplantings and teachers themselves isolated. And then you feed him, nay, you cram him, with good traditional education, filling up the odd hours with the excellent, but negative, passion of sport. Then you subject him to a special cramming and send him to college, where sometimes he breaks through the net of convention woven about him, and sees the real world as it should appear to the student before he becomes part of it; but more frequently wraps himself deep and more deeply in conventional opinion, conventional practice, until, the limbs of his intellectual being bound tightly, he stumbles into the outer world.

And there, in the swirl and the vivid practicalities of American life, is the net loosened? I think not. I think rather that the youth learns to swim clumsily despite his encumbrances of lethargic thinking and tangled idealism. But if they are cut? If he goes on the

sharp rocks of experience, finds that hardness, shrewdness, selfish individualism pay best in American life, what has he in his spirit to meet this disillusion? Of what use has been his education in the liberal, idealistic traditions of America? Of some use, undoubtedly, for habit, even a dull habit, is strong; but whether useful enough, whether powerful enough, to save America, to keep us "white" in the newer and more colloquial sense, the future will test and test quickly.

Why do we coddle our aristocracy, who can pay for the best and most effective education? I think that the explanation again is to be sought in the traditionalism of American education. If our chief, our ultimate, duty to the boy that we teach is to make him an "American gentleman," and if by this is meant that we are to instill the essence of the Americanism which made Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, and let it go at that, and if all our education hovers about this central purpose—why, the stage is set for a problem play that may become tragedy or farce. It is not thinking we teach then so much as what has been thought. It is not life, but what has been lived; not American liberalism, but a conservatism that never has been characteristically American. The tradition is not at fault, nor the thought of the past, nor the lives of our ancestors; it is when all these things are taught as dead idealism unrelated to the facts of the present that they become merely traditional.

And the boy and girl are not deceived. They take all that is given them—no youth in the world are so pliable, so receptive as ours—and retain and respect and cherish what they remember of it. But it is clear that for them it is tradition, it is unreal in comparison with their sports, their social aspirations. It will be unreal in comparison with their business and their politics and their household affairs. It will be a venerated tradition of liberal thinking for them of which they will be highly conservative. But it will not function in their lives—not more at least than the sixty per cent. that they sought for in order to get that degree of bachelor

of arts which certified that they were versed in the thought of their forefathers. And so they merge in the common American mind that I have called conservative-liberal.

I know of no better proof of the truth of what I have just written than the history of our college undergraduates in war-time.

Here is such a demonstration as comes only once in a generation. Of all unpreparedness, the unpreparedness of the undergraduate for war was apparently chief. He knew little about the war, its causes, its manifestations, for he is not an ardent reader of current events outside his college world, nor does he hear much of the talk of the market-place. He knew little about war. The R. O. T. C. had spread some ideas of drill and discipline and the technic of fighting; but he was neither drilled nor disciplined in 1917. And as for the training in accurate obedience and in exact thinking which war is supposed to demand, he simply did not have it, or so we thought. Nor had his particularistic fashion of following his own little contests to the exclusion of loyalties to the world outside, and his indifference to politics beyond fraternity elections, or economics beyond the cost of theater-tickets and beer, led us to assume a ready response to a great moral emergency in national affairs.

We were utterly deceived. The response of the American undergraduate was immediate and magnificent. He crowded into the most dangerous military professions, and was eminent in the most difficult branches of organization and experiment. He did not, it is true, think very broadly about the war, but he thought intensely. He did not learn accuracy, steadiness, independence overnight, but he learned them. He was wholly admirable; and so were the women, who in ways not yet sufficiently celebrated made it possible for the country to stiffen to the crisis.

And the reason, I believe, was that for the time the education of the undergraduate ceased being traditional and became a moving force in his experience. The dim liberal idealism in which his mind had been moving for many years suddenly took on color and be-

came fire. Every impulse of his mental training urged him to do just what was asked of him, to struggle for democracy, for justice, for a square deal; to believe in the rights of man and the permanence of right and the supremacy of a righteous idealism. And his habits of hard, earnest play, where rules were obeyed and victory went to the best player, also were the very stuff the world wanted, also transformed miraculously into the very apparatus of war. His traditional education, with its extra-curriculum of games that also were traditional in their neglect of the new and special qualities required for success in modern life, precisely fitted the clamorous need of the hour. And the undergraduate for a little while silenced his critics, amazed his friends, and has been in many respects happier than in those years of peace when he was trying to bridge the gap between his education and life as it was being lived in America.

And with peace he relapses—the American in general relapses into the old discontinuity. The crisis of self-defense over, our ideals once more begin to seem impractical, traditionary. As long as the patriotism lit by the war and danger crackled under the pot, our liberalism bubbled ardently; but peace chills the brew. For peace means that we drop our ardors and face again the insistent reachings of the democracy for a greater share in wealth, for a greater control over productivity, for representation in industry as well as in politics. Peace means that we must face not war, with its romantic thrills and its common enemy, but the prosaic causes of war that hide among friends as well as enemies, that for cure demand self-criticism, self-denial, and humbleness of spirit, a struggle in which the Croix de Guerre is likely to be reproach and contumely.

The break between our education and the life we are living again widens, and it is this break which emasculates our liberalism. Viewed alone, the fine ideals of our education are easily defensible; the hustling vigor of our life is also defensible. The trouble is that in ordinary times they fail somehow or another to connect. Education grows

bloodless. Life becomes aimless or merely self-regarding. What we believe grows pallid and fades before it transmutes into what we do. Indeed, I would go further and say that Americans, and specially the graduates of universities, are somewhat weakened by their education. They go out into life with an enormous appetite for living and a set of ideals like a row of preserved vegetables canned and hermetically sealed for future contingencies. In 1917 and 1918 we opened some of those jars and found the contents good for a special emergency. But ordinarily the lids are tight, while we go about our business proud of our stores of education, but inwardly uncertain, like the housewife, as to whether or not those ideas that seemed so good when our teachers packed them away in the season of youth will not be sour to the taste of practical modernity.

The clamor for vocational education is a protest against this ineffectiveness of the merely traditional. But the cure does not lie in such a medicining. Vocational education is well enough, and we need more of it, but training of the hands and of the brain to purely material accomplishments will never save liberalism in America. The strength of vocational education is that it looks forward and prepares for things as they are. Its weakness, when administered alone, is that it neglects the directing mind. In any large sense it is aimless, or, rather, it aims at successful slavery quite as much as at successful freedom. Liberal education also must look forward, must put its traditions to work, must germinate, and become alive in the mind of the American, and then teach him by old principles to attack new problems.

We must either live by our education or live without it. The alternatives are desiccation and anarchy. If we live by it, education itself stays alive, grows, sloughs off dead matter, adapts itself like an organism to environment. If we live without and beyond and in neglect of education, as many "practical" Americans have always done once they left school or college, education decays, and sooner or later the man decivilizes, drifts toward that mere acceleration of

busyness, which is the modern equivalent of barbarism.

Once before, and far more seriously, a civilization was threatened because its education became merely traditional and ceased to function in practical life. The society of Appolinaris Sidonius in the fifth century, as Dill describes it, was faced with economic disruption, with hordes of aliens, with a rampant individualism that put the acquisition of a secure fortune above everything else. The leaders failed to lead. "Their academic training only deepened and intensified the deadening conservatism of unassailable wealth." "Faith in Rome had killed all faith in a wider future for humanity . . . " There was an "apparent inability to imagine, even in the presence of tremendous forces of disruption, that society should ever cease to move along the ancient lines." Roman imperialism became a deadening tyranny. Roman thought divorced itself from Roman life and became an empty philosophy. Disaster followed.

The historical analogy is imperfect. Our civilization is still vigorous where the Roman was tired and weak. No outer barbarians threaten us. Science safeguards us from economic breakdown.

And yet, like the skeptic who does not believe in God, but refuses to take chances on his death-bed, I should not scoff at the parallel. Stale imperialism, shaken religions, a liberalism become an article of faith not an instrument of practice—all these are potential of decay, of explosion. We must look to our education. If it does not grip our life, we must change education. If life is not gripped, our life needs reforming. And the thing is so extraordinarily difficult that it is high time we ceased praising for a while the virtues of our forefathers or the wealth of our compatriots, and began the task. After all, it means no more than to teach the next generation not merely to preserve, but also to carry on, the traditions of America.



Summer Sorrow

By LEONORA SPEYER

WHAT shall meadow hold to please me,
 Spreading wide its scented waving,
 How shall quiet mosses ease me,
 Or the night-wind cool my craving?
 Hill and hedge-row, cloud-sweet sky,
 Echo our good-by!

Bud unplucked and leaf a-quiver,
 Bird that lifts a tuneless trilling,
 Restless dream of brook and river,
 All June's cup a wasted spilling—
 You and I so thirsty-hearted—
 Summer knows us parted!

UNDER THE
OPEN SKY



Camera Pictures by Mildred Ruth Wilson



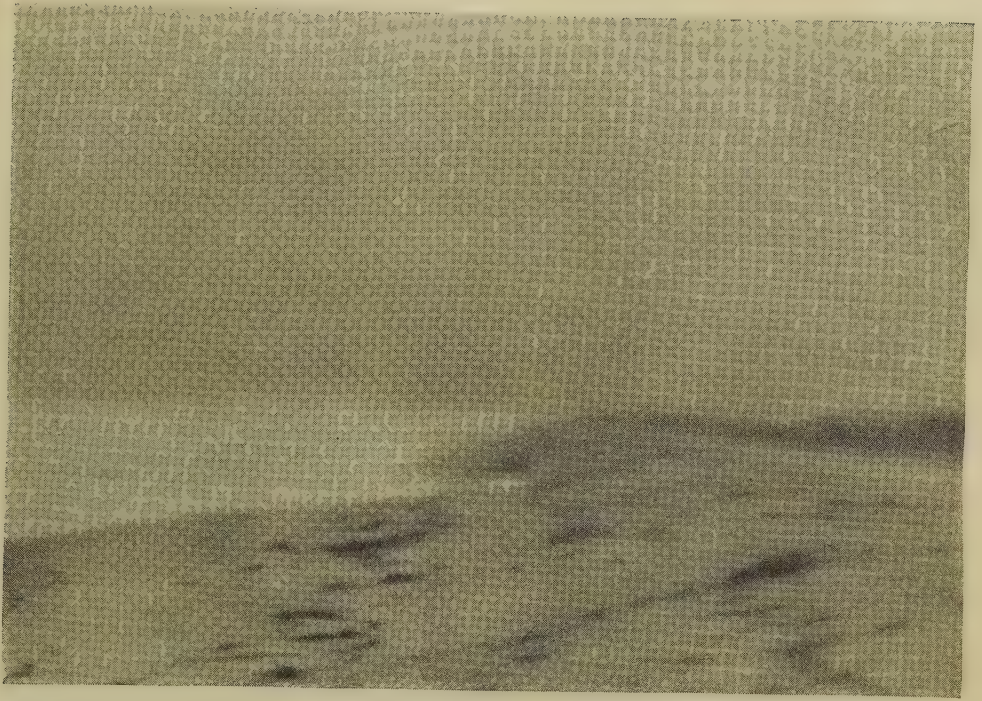
Sand-dune



Ruffled waters



Boats on the bay



Sea-drift



Solitude

A Servant of Reality

By PHYLLIS BOTTOOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price

Synopsis of Chapters I-V.—Before the war Anthony Arden was a rising young surgeon, and through the terrible years at a German prison-camp he spent himself in trying to keep his fellow-prisoners from mental and physical collapse. He comes out alive, but badly shaken. As his older brother has been killed, he is now heir of Pannell. In London he finds that Daphne, his favorite sister, is married and his younger brother Henry, having been exempted, is living in pre-war comfort. He goes down to Pannell, where Tom's death is a heavy shadow over the house, to see his father and mother and two younger sisters. The squire and Mrs. Arden are worried over his nervous state, and Mrs. Arden sends him to visit Daphne in the hope that he will fall in love with one of her friends, some nice girl who will prove a quieting influence.

CHAPTER VI

RUTH MELLICOT had perhaps rather too classic a brow; it rose above her clear gray eyes, white and firm and a little high. She would have made a perfect model for Minerva.

She had been to Girton, and besides a very quiet manner and an ability to follow the points of an argument, however abstruse, she spoke in a low, pleasant voice very agreeable to listen to. There was no reason why it should make people feel as if they had gone back to the school-room.

Both Daphne and Jim liked her extremely. She was a woman to be relied upon in every emergency and she was never in the way. She was modern in her ideas, without coming into conflict with respectability. She had grasped the convenient truth that it is well to think a century ahead, and to act a century behind the present. She was very open-minded about the other world and extremely clear-headed about this one.

Anthony could talk to her upon any subject he liked. He had always thought it was absurd that women should have to be talked to as if the facts of life did not exist for them in the presence of the opposite sex. If you

wanted to know what a woman thought about life, she should be capable of telling you without shirking facts or showing embarrassment.

Ruth was perfectly capable of telling Anthony what she thought upon any subject; she shirked nothing, and it was Anthony who felt embarrassed. She regarded him with her grave, candid eyes as if they were fellow-students at a lecture, discussing one of the subjects in their course. She said that men and women must work together on the dissecting-tables of life, and doctors do not like illustrations about dissecting-tables. Daphne argued afterward with Jim that they ought n't to have been left so much alone together.

It was wonderful weather for April, the kind of weather that seemed designed for long country rambles, teas at wayside inns, and late returns in time to dress for dinner. Anthony had explained to Daphne that if she wanted him really to make friends with Ruth Mellicot, they must be a great deal alone together. He made friends slowly, and he did not think women ever showed their real selves before a third person.

When Daphne said, "Do they before a second?" Anthony smiled the smile of a man who has reason to believe in his own power of discrimination, and re-

plied that they probably did it unconsciously.

Ruth looked very well in coats and skirts, and walking suited her. In the evening she did not show to such advantage. Good walkers seldom do. She was not exactly clumsy, but her figure appeared rather pointless. When she moved she seemed to be shouldering her way through obstacles. There was very little slope to her shoulders, and her elbows and wrists were more prominent than they should have been.

Her conversation was extremely interesting. She read the newspapers carefully, and Anthony never heard her jump ahead of her facts. Ruth did not always share Anthony's opinion, but she was prepared to listen to his arguments, and he could see that on the whole she wanted to agree with him.

Ruth was twenty-five, and in a sensible, unferocious way she wished to get married. She hoped to find a man of her own class with steady principles, a moderate income, and more or less the same ideals; a man who would wish to have a happy, hygienic home, two or three healthy children, and who had a genuine desire to improve the world up to a certain point. Ruth did not wish a crank; cranks wish to improve the world unreasonably and involve their personal futures in their efforts. Ruth did not think this a very necessary or desirable attitude. People's individual futures should run on one line, and their efforts to reform the world should run on another, and these two lines should be parallel and never meet. When she said she feared fanatics and disliked cranks this was what she meant. It is what people usually do mean. Anthony agreed with her, only he meant something a little different. Before he had been two years in prison he would have meant something exactly the same.

Ruth studied Anthony much as he was studying her. She had the same prospect in view; if she liked him enough, she meant to marry him.

It did not annoy Anthony to guess this fact. On the contrary, it rather amused him. He liked her quiet, appraising eyes and her distinct and un-evasive questions. Sometimes he found them a little too difficult to answer, but

he appreciated her asking them. She was not at all eager to attract him, which would have frightened him, nor did she appear to be greatly attracted by him.

Their cards were all out on the table, and they played them in turn without any effort at concealment. It sent Daphne and Jim into fits of laughter.

Daphne and Jim were n't superior about their happiness. It was a child of so much danger and uncertainty that even now, when life appeared open before it, they walked delicately, like Agag, and hid the sharpness of their joy. But they could not hide their happiness itself. They existed in a charmed circle of love, and though they looked over the edge of it from time to time, their inner life was complete and uninterrupted by the actions of others.

"Of course," Anthony observed to Daphne when Ruth had left them to change her shoes, most sensibly, without a suggestion from Anthony, after they had been caught in a shower, "it's an immense comfort to hear exactly what a woman thinks about things. I appreciate it awfully and all that, you know. Miss Mellicot's just been telling me what she expects of a husband. Daphne, if you laugh into your tea like that you'll choke. Only it occurred to me to wonder if you'd ever put it quite like that to Jim."

"My dear," said Daphne, chuckling, "as if I should have dared! And if I had dared, it would n't have mattered. You see, I never thought about him in the least like that. I don't now. He was just Jim."

"Still," Anthony protested, "you must have said to yourself sometime or other before you fell in love with him: 'What kind of fellow is this, good or bad? Would he make a good father for my children?' That kind of thing—what?"

Daphne's eyes brimmed with laughter. She shook her head violently.

"I never said anything of the kind," she answered him. "I always thought of him as Jim, *not* as a man, and I was terrified he'd fall out of his aeroplane and be killed before I knew if he really loved me, and I did n't think about anybody's children for millions of years

afterward. Of course I dare say goodness was a part of his being Jim, but not nearly *all* of it. Badness would n't have mattered if it had n't altered him. Of course I suppose some kinds of badness *do* really alter people. That must be awful, like losing your way in a fog—your way *home*—when you *know* it so frightfully well really, but it would n't stop being your home, would it?"

Daphne became quite serious, looking at Anthony over her bread and butter. It was funny to think of Ruth and Anthony, but it was n't funny to think how badness might alter love.

"Of course," said Anthony, "neither Miss Mellicot nor I sentimentalize nature. If you act on sane principles, sufficient emotion will follow later, only—" his face slightly clouded as he regarded his sister's shining eyes—"I must confess, Daphne, just between you and me, you know, that it's rather like going to a dentist without a toothache."

"Does n't it ache the least little bit?" Daphne asked with anxiety as Ruth came into the room.

Anthony shook his head, and looked considerably at the tall, tidy young woman in front of the tea-table. Ruth did her hair very well. It was bright, smooth, brown hair, and very thick.

"Not in the least, thanks," said Anthony a little dryly. "I have n't felt even a preliminary twinge. Won't you have one of these little pink things, Miss Mellicot?"

"I'll have bread and butter first, please," said Ruth. "It's the good old nursery rule, is n't it?"

And then the door opened, and Kitty came in.

She did not wait to be announced as "Miss Costrelle." She simply threw a long, blue chiffon scarf on a chair, followed by a gold hand-bag and a perfectly insufficient umbrella with a jeweled handle; then she embraced Daphne.

"I know I ought n't to have come," she said apologetically, for the only welcome Daphne gave her was to say reproachfully, "O Kitty! Kitty!"

"It was only tea. I literally was dying for some on the doorstep, and the next house was miles off and full of women who hate me like poison, and won't say so except when they think

I'm looking the other way. And I thought you would n't like Jimmy to find me just *dead* on the mat. It would make him think you such a bad house-keeper.

"This is your brother, is n't it? I've met Miss Mellicot before, I believe. I'm awfully afraid of her. You are the one who went to Girton, are n't you? I can't think why Daphne has such awfully clever friends; she is n't a bit clever herself, really, is she, Captain Arden? Of course I know *you* are, but men don't matter. One is n't afraid of *their* cleverness."

"Give her her tea," said Daphne, resignedly. She seemed to be simultaneously annoyed and amused at the appearance of her unexpected visitor. "She's not really afraid of anybody's cleverness."

Kitty laughed over her tea-cup at Anthony. Her eyes, which were almost black and a little narrow at the corners, laughed, too; her long emerald ear-rings laughed at him. Everything about her glittered and sparkled, and seemed in some strange way directed straight at Anthony.

She took what color there was out of Miss Mellicot as sunshine takes the light out of a fire.

"Of course I've heard all about you," she said, making room for Anthony on the sofa beside her. "Daphne's really awfully fond of me, though you might n't think it. I'm one of her secret sins. She keeps me for dull, rainy days, as you keep chocolates and tell people you have a headache, and then shut yourself up with a box of them and a good detective story. Don't you ever do that? Don't you, Miss Mellicot?"

"I never eat chocolates," said Ruth, coldly.

Daphne groaned inwardly. It was not the moment for Ruth to repudiate chocolates.

Kitty opened her eyes wider than ever. She had black lashes which curled upward, and when she laughed her eyelashes swept together and made her look as if her eyes were shut.

"Would n't Miss Mellicot make a good food-controller?" Kitty murmured. "Perhaps you were one during the war, Miss Mellicot? I often wondered who

the Government really got hold of. I don't believe men did that kind of thing themselves, poor dears. There must have been some really clever people behind the scenes who knew just how much food there really was, and what was absolutely necessary for babies. Somebody very competent who did n't mind people not having what they wanted."

"Do you suppose that women are the only sex who wish to deprive others of what they want?" asked Miss Mellicot, disdainfully. "You don't appear to have a high opinion of your sisters."

"They 're the only people who really seem to mind my having what I want," said Kitty, plaintively. "Still, of course, it would n't be any fun getting it if nobody minded your having it, would it? Do you play billiards, Captain Arden? Yes?" Anthony nodded.

"They have a really good table here," Kitty said, directing a glance at Daphne's increasing gravity. "I 've finished my tea now, and it 's begun to rain again, so I can't possibly go home. It would be such a pity to spoil this hat, would n't it, Miss Mellicot? But perhaps you don't wear hats?"

"Not such perishable ones—in the country," agreed Miss Mellicot, smoothly.

"It would die in a good cause," said Anthony with appreciation, studying the golden wing that rested on Kitty's dark, wavy hair.

Miss Mellicot's lips tightened. It was the first time Anthony had seen her with tight lips. They accentuated her likeness to Minerva.

Kitty smiled at Anthony. Then she turned coaxingly to Daphne.

"We may just as well have a game now, may n't we, Daphne?" she urged. "Or is it *bad* for Captain Arden to play billiards?"

"It 's remarkably good for him," said Anthony, quickly.

He had an intense desire to get Kitty away from Miss Mellicot. Of course it was Kitty who was behaving badly, but, curiously enough, it was not Miss Mellicot whom Anthony wished to take away from Kitty.

Miss Mellicot behaved extremely well. It is quite compatible with behaving

well to look like one of the Muses in the Vatican. There is a didactic Muse fronting the stairs, who keeps a thin little finger very levelly lifted. She seems to warn the approaching onlooker not to be carried away by his feelings.

Miss Mellicot did not lift her finger. She merely turned her eyes a little fixedly on Anthony.

Anthony avoided her glance. Perhaps some day it would be his domestic duty to meet fixed glances and reply to them, but at present he slipped into fluidity. He hurried out of the room behind Kitty.

When they were in the hall, with the door shut, Kitty turned and laughed at him.

"Now," she said, "I know you are *really* brave, Captain Arden. Do you know how I should describe Miss Mellicot?"

"No," said Anthony; "but I have no doubt your description would be picturesque and a little unfair."

"No, it would n't," said Kitty, petulantly, throwing open the billiard-room door. "I should n't be a bit unfair to her. I should describe her as—a perfect wife and mother."

Anthony found himself saying in a tone which he had never dreamed of using with Ruth Mellicot:

"*You* deserve to have your ears boxed." But it was a perfectly suitable tone to use with Kitty. She merely made a face at him over her shoulder.

He watched her with delight swing down her cue and chalk it. She had fine little hands and delicate wrists; her short skirts revealed the neatest feet and ankles Anthony had ever seen. Every line of her small, graceful figure told. She was beautifully dressed, with that unnecessary expensive luxury which Ruth and Anthony had mutually deplored in modern women.

Anthony could hear the rustle of her silk petticoats as she swung round, and see through her transparent chiffon blouse the lace and ribbons under it. Kitty's lips were artificially reddened, and her small, tip-tilted nose was powdered. She had taken no pains to disguise the fact. She was a minx, a flirt, and a perfectly obvious danger-signal to any sane man.

And yet almost all sane men would have done precisely what Anthony did. He followed her into the billiard-room to see what she was up to.

She heaved a little sigh of relief when the door closed.

"I don't really like women, you know," she told him, "except Daphne, and not Daphne when she's cross with me, and she's awfully cross with me to-day. Still, she's generally kind to me; other women are n't."

"I should hardly suppose that you gave them much reason to be," said Anthony, with his eyes on the poise of her figure bending over the table.

"Still," said Kitty, looking up at him with dancing eyes, "I don't know that I give men much *reason*, and yet men are always kind to me, even awfully clever ones like you. And even when I behave—and I do sometimes behave, you know—like a perfect fiend."

"I can well believe it," said Anthony. "Do you like to start, or shall I?"

Anthony did not believe that Kitty could really play billiards. He thought billiards was one of her ways to escape from other women. But he was mistaken. Kitty played a most excellent game of billiards, and was really fond of it; only she could play more than one game at a time.

"I'm being a fiend now," said Kitty in a low voice, like a subdued child's. "Perhaps you did n't know it, but I am—a fiend to Daphne. I promised not to come all the while you were here. Was n't it awful to break it, when Daphne's been so tremendously good to me, and Jim, too; only Jim does n't count. And it was n't true about the tea; it was just curiosity."

"Well," said Anthony, "I hope your curiosity is satisfied agreeably. May I ask why you promised not to come here during my visit?"

Kitty measured her shot carefully, took it successfully, and looked up.

"Daphne thought I should be bad for you," she said. "You see, I am usually supposed to be rather bad for men."

Anthony aimed, and missed. It was an easy stroke, and Anthony could n't think how he had come to miss it.

"Do you try to be?" he asked her.

Kitty hung her head.

"Sometimes I try to be," said Kitty. "Are you trying now?" Anthony asked her. "Because I rather fancy you're putting me off my game."

"I don't want to do that," said Kitty, quickly; "not a bit. Do you like Miss Mellicot? Is she a great comfort to you, I mean? If you were unhappy, you could n't put your head against her as if she were a cushion, could you? It would be rather like leaning against one of those marble block tombstones, the ones that lie flat on the ground, and you feel no one could resurrect under them. Of course she has quite a good figure, really; only I'm *sure* her bones are hard."

"I have not attempted to take that particular form of comfort from Miss Mellicot, if that is what you are asking me," said Anthony, trying hard to keep his gravity. "It's your turn, I think. I've missed again; there must be something wrong about my confounded cue."

"Use mine for a change," said Kitty, sweetly. "I hope you don't mind what I said about Miss Mellicot's bones?"

Anthony did not mean to touch Kitty's hand; the thing simply happened. He felt it slim and warm under his fingers. Kitty's long eyelashes fell over her eyes and hid them. He could not tell if what had happened had happened purposely; he only knew that it was difficult to take away his hand.

"You have n't said if you really like her," declared Kitty after a pause.

"I really like her very much," said Anthony, dryly.

"Now it's your turn again," said Kitty, gaily. "You ought to be more careful this time, Captain Arden. I don't believe you took aim properly before. I'm rather glad you like her as little as that."

It occurred to Anthony that probably when other men were alone with Kitty, and she said this kind of thing, they kissed her. The thought of it stung him intolerably.

"Look here," he said fiercely, "why do you talk to me as if you cared a hang what I think of anybody? You know you don't. I suppose it's your usual way of talking to men you've met half an hour ago, but I tell you plainly I don't care for it. You've no right to

behave as if it mattered to you what I think when it does n't, or as if it mattered to me what *you* think when—when——”

“When it does n't?” asked Kitty, softly. “It’s rather horrid of you to say that, even if it’s true.”

“Well, you have n't any right——” said Anthony, sulkily. He would n't look at her, but he knew perfectly well what she looked like. She had caught her upper lip with one of her teeth and was trying to prevent herself smiling.

“As if having rights mattered,” said Kitty. “You are silly, Captain Arden.”

Anthony put down his cue deliberately and faced her.

“I don't know this game,” he said quietly. “Am I supposed to kiss you? Because in about twenty seconds that is what is going to happen whether I am supposed to or not.”

Kitty tossed her head defiantly, then said unexpectedly:

“Oh, I am a mean little cur to break my promise to Daphne,” and without a word of explanation she flung herself into one of Jim's neat leather arm-chairs, buried her head in her arms, and shook pitifully with sobs.

Anthony found himself on his knees beside her, with one arm across her shoulders.

“Don't! don't, my dear child, my dear baby!” he whispered. “If I was a brute and rough, I'm awfully sorry. I won't touch you. You can say whatever naughty, silly thing you like. Is that what you're crying for?”

Kitty shook her head. She was crying without tears, as boys do who have been beaten in a race.

Anthony drew her into his arms and held her close against him. She made no effort to release herself, nor did she seem aware of him. She fought silently to control her sobs. Anthony felt as if he had a bird's heart throbbing under his hand. She was such an exquisite, delicate creature! Perfume and softness breathed from her small crushed figure. At last she raised her head and pushed away his encircling arms.

“I'll tell you,” she said. “I know it was n't fair even to cry; but I could n't help that. Just for a moment you looked, when you were angry, so like

Dick—that was why I came to see you; I have such a funny feeling, as if I must see the men who do come back. You see, Dick and I were engaged. But he went off so quickly, before we could be married. He was in the regular army—Mons—and then he was missing. I could n't stop hoping. I hoped quite awfully and steadily for two years, then I knew it was no good. I did n't care what happened then. I don't care now, and I never shall in the least care what happens. I just amuse myself.”

Anthony put his hands on her shoulders and met her defiant eyes; beneath the defiance he saw her frightened, broken heart.

He saw her as Daphne had seen her, not as the easier men who flirted with her saw her, or as the angry women whose jealousy she roused saw her. The pity and the waste of it went through him like a knife.

“You poor little thing!” he said very gently. “You poor, dear little thing!”

She sprang away from him quickly at that.

“No, no,” she said; “I'm *not* like that. I'm not poor. You need n't be sorry for me. I do just as I like, and I enjoy myself awfully. I dare say I shall enjoy myself awfully with you. I'm sorry I made such a fuss. I have n't cried like that for ages. It was just—that you reminded me; besides, I could see you've had a pretty bad time yourself. If you'd really liked that woman, I'd have left you alone. I know you did not. You do believe that, don't you?”

“I propose to believe everything you ever tell me,” said Anthony, steadily. “But are n't you going to leave me alone?”

She turned and faced him.

“Do you want me to?” Kitty asked. Her eyes widened again, the corners of her mouth quivered, all of her became as it had been before—a glittering, dancing creature, as bright and strong as a steel magnet.

Anthony made a few steps toward her.

“No,” he said reluctantly; “I suppose I don't want you to leave me alone.”

CHAPTER VII

MISS MELLICOT behaved extremely well. She did not go away at once, and she never in Anthony's presence referred to Kitty. What she said to Daphne on the subject of Kitty, in the privacy of her bedroom, might have been taken from the most outspoken of the classics. She had not been to Girton for nothing.

Miss Mellicot was direct, and in her quiet and ladylike voice she stripped the career of Kitty Costrelle of all the pity and tenderness with which Daphne had attempted to cover it.

"It does not do to sentimentalize about facts, Daphne," Ruth told her. "This is the kind of girl you have chosen for a friend, and your brother, whose judgment is much less sound than I thought, has had to take the consequences."

"As if," Daphne said afterward indignantly to Jim, "you could arrange human beings in packets, like cocoa,—so much hot water to so much sugar,—and know exactly what kind of cup you were going to get at the end of it."

But at the time Daphne could think of no evasive comparisons. She was crushed under the weight of fact. She had gone to Ruth's bedroom because she was afraid that Ruth would be unhappy, but Ruth was not unhappy. She was very seldom unhappy, and she was almost invariably right.

Jimmy drove Miss Mellicot to the station at the end of the week, when her visit came to a not too noticeable close.

Anthony had meant to fulfil this office, but he came in so late for lunch that he had to be left in the dining-room with some reproachfully cold mince.

Anthony assured himself that he was under no obligation to Miss Mellicot, and that she was far too sensible a woman to suppose that he was; but as he stood by the French window in the dining-room, watching her drive off with Jim, he felt a little uncomfortable.

Miss Mellicot looked very well in a high dog-cart. Her veils and pins never betrayed her, and she kept her hat on without visible effort. These traits are indicative of character, the kind of character which Anthony particularly

liked; and yet when the dog-cart had disappeared from view behind the laurel-bushes, Anthony returned to his cold mince with a sigh of unmistakable relief.

He had kept his own counsel for forty-eight hours while he considered that he was thinking things over. Anthony told himself that he was not going to act precipitately about Kitty. He was going to ask Daphne a few straight questions first.

When he had finished his lunch he went out into the garden to ask them. Merry Gardens was not an old place, like Pannell; it was a comfortable, two-storied house, which ramblod conveniently enough between a cedar-tree on a small, sloping lawn to the edge of the fields, which swallowed it up on three sides.

Daphne lay in a hammock under the cedar-tree planning new beds for the following spring. It was an absorbing occupation, and peculiarly difficult to carry on in a hammock, owing to the size of garden-books, the fluttering quality of catalogues, and the hopelessness (in a hammock) of once letting go of a pencil.

She did not hear Anthony approach, and he sat for some time gazing straight in front of him before he broached the question of Kitty. His eyes absorbed the pleasant, easy landscape of Rochetts.

Essex is supposed to be an ugly county by those who do not live in it, but it contrives, once you get away from the endless ramifications of Liverpool Street Station, to have a very pretty little air of its own. It is like one of those women who, without being showily attractive, know how to carry their heads.

As a county it frequently ignores its reputation for flatness, and breaks away into the roundness of small, covered hills, and no one has ever accused Essex of not being green.

From the cedar-tree on the lawn the fields sloped softly away into innumerable folds of wooded copse and distant orchards. The rich pasture-lands glowed in the mild April sunshine with a light that was all their own. It had none of the emphatic clarity of the South, or

the delicate, fine shades of northern Europe; it was a soft and lovely coloring that caused in Anthony an unexpected tightening of the heart.

When he had been given six weeks' solitary confinement in a whitewashed cell for making too many complaints about the condition of his camp he had been haunted by just such a landscape. He slipped his hand out to touch the rough bark of the cedar to make sure of himself. He did not want to wake up suddenly and find the picture fade.

He wanted to keep the green blur of fields, the small group of cottages looking as if they were a thatched and mossy plant native to the soil itself, and the spire of the thick-set church across the village green, safe in his eyes forever. Something in the tension of his figure caught his sister's attention. She looked up quickly.

"Oh, Anthony," she said, "how quietly you came out—and how still you are! You look as if you were holding everything still with you, except, of course, my catalogues of Dutch bulbs. The attempts they make to get over the side of the hammock nobody could control. Poor Ruth! Did you see her drive away? She's so nice, really. I half hoped, and half did n't hope, you'd like her."

"That," said Anthony, feeling suddenly freed from the fixity of his attention, "was exactly how I liked her. Would you mind telling me why you asked Miss Costrelle not to come here during my visit? She made me feel rather a fool when she told me it was your arrangement to keep her out of the house while I was here. Did you suppose I could n't keep my head with a pretty girl, or had you anything in particular against her? Forgive me for asking you, but I want to make up my mind about going to see her. I have n't been yet, you know. I felt I could n't; but I'd rather like to now, unless there is some very definite reason against it."

"I was n't thinking of your head being turned," said Daphne, slowly. She knew this question would come, and she had tried to prepare herself to meet it; but she wished that Jimmy were with her to give her the security of his ad-

miration. She felt her tact might be a little fallible before Anthony's keen, gray eyes. "I was thinking most, I suppose, of poor little Kitty. But of course I thought of you, too, Anthony; I did n't want you to be disturbed. You've got so many new things to get used to, and Kitty would be rather a tremendous new one if you really got intimate with her. She would n't be like Ruth, an experience you can take or leave in cold blood."

"I don't wish to take life like a nursing home," interrupted Anthony a little unfairly, for Ruth was not like a nursing home. "But why 'poor Kitty'? You might tell me, I think, a little more about Miss Costrelle."

"Oh, I'll tell you anything," agreed Daphne, rapidly—"anything I can, of course, and I know what you mean about life; only there's rather a difference between taking it like a nursing home and taking it like the Niagara Rapids."

"Jimmy knew Kitty first, before he knew me, you know, and one day he told me about her, after her lover was killed. Jimmy was sure he was killed in 1914. Kitty was awfully plucky. She drove a motor-ambulance in France for two years without a break. She was considered one of their very best drivers. She never seemed to mind what she did or where she went or what she saw; she seemed made of iron and fire. And then, of course, she broke down. No one could have stood her unrelenting work, and no one could stop her. When she stopped she just gave up everything—hope and her old habits and her work. She came back here, an unprotected little flame, burning whatever she came across. Nothing could persuade her to settle down or take up any fresh interests.

"Her father is a perfect old rip who used to own most of the land about here. He has succeeded in getting rid of all of it except an old farm-house he fortunately settled on Kitty as a present when she came of age. She lives there now, on and off, with an old nurse, and a French cook she picked up on her travels, and I believe her father turns up occasionally for week-ends. The greater part of his life is spent in Lon-

don with a queer collection of blackguards and anonymous ladies.

"Jimmy and I have tried awfully hard to get Kitty received in the neighborhood. She used to be, of course, but now people are inclined to cold-shoulder her. She won't go to church or do any of the usual things, and of course, as you see for yourself, she flirts with every man she comes across. I knew, if she saw you, she'd at least attempt it with you, and I don't believe you know how to flirt—do you, Anthony?—properly."

"I'm not at all sure I could n't learn," said Anthony, consideringly, lighting a cigarette. "Of course it was quite sensible of you and Jim to try to get her out of my way; but now that she's come and seen and conquered, what do you propose to do about it?"

"What do you want me to do about it?" asked Daphne. "I was n't going to do anything."

"That's what I want you to do," said Anthony, throwing away his match—"leave us alone. I won't do Miss Costrelle any particular harm if I can help it, but I don't propose to cut her acquaintance merely because she has had an unfortunate bringing-up and indulges in a risqué manner. It will be an interesting experience for me to know a flirt."

Daphne said nothing. If this was the result of forty-eight hours' solid reflection on the part of Anthony, she doubted if anything she could say would add to the weight of it.

Anthony felt sure from his knowledge of women that if Daphne had anything to urge against Kitty she would very properly have urged it. She would not have invented adverse facts, but she would have stated picturesquely what adverse facts there were. He augured from her silence that there was none. He was relieved by Daphne's account of Kitty, and he did not realize that he had intended to be relieved by whatever account of Kitty he received.

He met Kitty on his way to the farm. She was driving a two-seated, rakish car round a precipitous corner. She pulled up when she saw him.

"Your brother-in-law is a splendid

whip," she observed. "I came right on him suddenly at the end of Clatter's Lane. I did n't do it on purpose, but there's an awfully sharp turn, and I was n't expecting anything. I got by without touching the cart, but Polly bolted. Miss Mellicot did n't scream. She just held her hat on most sensibly. She wears rather hard hats, does n't she? Jim swore."

"Did you happen to see the result of Polly's bolting?" Anthony asked with what gravity he could muster.

Kitty had on a purple slouch-hat, drawn nearly over her eyes, and tied by a long, purple scarf. She wore amethyst ear-rings, and a big bunch of Neapolitan violets was pinned to her breast. These facts served to reduce the anxiety with which Anthony waited to hear the fate of the dog-cart.

"Oh, Jimmy must have got her in hand all right," said Kitty, easily. "They'd be back by now in pieces if he had n't. You ought to have driven Miss Mellicot to the station yourself, you know, Captain Arden. I do think it was rather shabby of you not to. Do you want to have a spin in my car? I'll take you if Daphne knows you were coming to see me. You were coming to see me, were n't you?"

Anthony nodded, and got into the car. Kitty turned it toward the distant hills without waiting for a further answer.

"Daphne knows perfectly," said Anthony at length, "what my plans are, and she's been telling me all about you."

Kitty kept her eyes on the road without speaking. They flew along in silence for a few minutes. Then she said in a curious, flat little voice:

"Whatever she said was true, you know, Captain Arden."

"She might have told me," said Anthony as they shot through the village and tore breathlessly to left and right down country lanes and palpitating commons, "that you habitually exceeded the speed limit."

"I wonder she did n't tell you that," said Kitty, with a sudden dimple. "But perhaps she thought that, as you were so very clever, you would have guessed it. D'you mind how fast we go?"

Anthony shook his head. He was n't going to explain to Kitty what it felt like, after sitting for two years in a small compound watching a man with a gun on the other side of a barbed-wire fence, with a wall beyond it, to be melting through space with the rapidity of a flying cloud.

He was not sure that he was afraid, but the sense of habitual unreality which possessed him was sharper than ever before. He felt as if some fine cord connecting him with the universe had been severed, and that he might at any moment find himself carried off into bottomless space. He lost the sense of his own body, and held on to his racing mind with all the strength that was left in him.

It was difficult to talk while Kitty was driving. She shaved disaster habitually by the turn of a hair; her small, steady hand barely touched the steering-wheel; her eyes ate up the oncoming road with a searching eagerness.

There were moments when it seemed to Anthony that she was not aware of what she was doing: she drove in a trance of speed. The wind caught her hair and blew it flat against her face, then lifted it suddenly, revealing her long-lashed, sparkling eyes, shining as water shines when trees are blown backward from a hidden pool. Her lips were parted with a fierce enjoyment. The purple scarf furled and unfurled itself against Anthony's cheek.

Once or twice she turned her head toward him and laughed a little.

"Your nerve seems to be all right," she assured him when they had escaped a donkey-cart by a miracle and hustled a perilous pathway through a herd of cows. "I wonder what it feels like to be afraid of being hurt," she added speculatively. "I don't mean disliking it. I dislike it myself intensely, but I can't imagine not doing anything I wanted because I was afraid of anything, can you?"

"Yes, I can," said Anthony, looking away from her. "I can imagine being afraid of all sorts of things—noises, angry voices, people's eyes, not getting food when your whole body aches for it, thinking that perhaps you are going

to be left without water, or seeing things that have n't happened, but which you know *may* happen. Look here, don't let 's talk about fear, Miss Costrelle. It 's something that 's inside you, and fierce, like a wild beast in a cage; it 's all right if you keep the bars shut. I can manage all my wild beasts quite comfortably then, but I don't want to feel as if any one's hand was on the lock, fingering at the bars. Understand fear? I can understand any mortal thing about fear except people's being able to overcome it. That I have n't been able to understand. Do you despise me for being a coward, or think I shall get quite right with plenty of good hard exercise and a quart of milk a day?"

"Miss Mellicot said that, did n't she?" asked Kitty.

She put on speed for a long stretch of flat road, and then looked at Anthony.

"Of course I don't think you 're a coward," she said. "I did n't mean that kind of being afraid, though perhaps it helps you to understand the *personal-skin* fear, which was what I did mean."

"I have that, too," said Anthony, quietly.

"Well," said Kitty, gently, "if you have, you 'll just set your teeth and hold on. The people I mean don't. They let their teeth and everything else go. They expect to be held on *to*. I know you are n't like them; that 's why I want to be friends. It 's rather fine when you know how, is n't it? I don't mean being friends, but just setting your teeth and holding on. Would you prefer being a dormouse and sleeping through all the winters?"

"Ah, you 're not given the blessed chance," said Anthony. "I 'd close with a dormouse to-morrow, Miss Costrelle, if I had the choice; but it 's winters during which my imagination is particularly lively. Why do you drive with your gloves off? You 'll get your hands cold."

"You can warm them if you like," said Kitty, calmly, "turn and turn about. I can drive just as easily with my left hand. I like to see my rings when I 'm driving."

"It 's very nice of you," said Anthony, "to make me such an offer; but I don't propose to have any of your friends, or even enemies, witness—what shall I call them?—your gloveless vagaries."

"You 're too particular," said Kitty. "Other men are n't so particular, Captain Arden."

Anthony shot a vexed glance at her. Why was she like a charming, confidential child one moment, and an Eve with the hard knowledge of the ages in her the next?

"I don't intend to treat you as you imply other men treat you," he said coldly. "I have my own methods."

"They treat me," said Kitty, defiantly, "exactly as I intend to have them treat me. I believe you think that I 'm a poor little persecuted angel half the time and a maddening little fool the other half. I 'm nothing of the kind. I 'm twenty-three, and I know my way about considerably better than you do. Shall I drop you here? We 've come another way round. My house is up this lane and then to the right. Be rather careful how you turn, for I 'm apt to come suddenly round the corner, and I always forget to sound my horn till afterward. I 'm expecting my one and only parent just now, so I sha'n't ask you in. He 's a very entertaining person. I can't say you 're very entertaining yourself, Captain Arden, but I dare say I shall get used to you in time."

"I 'm glad to hear that," said Anthony, "because it sounds as if you mean to give me time."

Kitty pulled up to let him out. There was no one in the lane, and Anthony put his hand over hers and held it there.

She looked at him moodily with eyes which had suddenly turned dark and lifeless.

Anthony had never seen a face which depended so for its beauty upon its expression. When Kitty wished, her face became like a house with all its blinds down. She shut out everything, even her prettiness.

For a moment she looked like that now, speculative and sulky, as if she questioned Anthony's possible worth to her, and was annoyed with him for not possessing it more obviously. Then she

shrugged her shoulders and withdrew her hand.

"Oh, yes," she said petulantly, "I suppose I do. You 're rather strong-minded and odd, and I dare say you 'll amuse me for a time. Only, for goodness' sake, don't try to take care of me or show me what I 'm *not* like and ought to be! I really could n't stand that. I 'm just what I *am*, you know, and you 're just what you are, and that 's quite different."

"And if you 've done with some of those Neapolitan violets," said Anthony, unexpectedly to himself, "you can hand them over to me."

Kitty laughed, and unfastened the bunch.

"You can have them all," she said. "Father will only ask who I put them on for!"

"I don't want all," explained Anthony, carefully; "I want exactly half."

He took them from her as he spoke, and repinned the rest with a steady hand.

"You do pin flowers on nicely," Kitty remarked. "I will say that for you. Most men expect pins to stick into space, and let the flowers dribble all over you. I suppose it 's because you 're a doctor. You have a wonderfully steady hand, Captain Arden, even for a doctor."

"It 's just as well," explained Anthony, laughing at her. "You should know that you are not as intoxicating as you appear to imagine. I 'm very pleased to have the violets, but they don't excite me."

"That sounds rather like a challenge," said Kitty, while the laughter shot back into her eyes again. "A dangerous kind of challenge for you to make, coming on the top of the violets."

"Ah, but I got my half safely first," said Anthony. "I ran no risk over it."

"You got half of what I did n't want," agreed Kitty, still laughing. "Good-by, Captain Arden. Don't be too sure about that risk."

She shot away from him through the leafy lane. The boughs met over her head and hid her from his eyes. The lane seemed curiously still and empty after she had gone; almost as if the spring had followed her out of it.

CHAPTER VIII

ANTHONY knew that Daphne and Jim disapproved of his intimacy with Kitty. They never interfered with him and they never let their disapproval out in words, but it was as solid as a mahogany table. They used the silent pressure of sensible and kindly people who expect common sense to triumph in the end if nothing is done to rouse bad blood by argument. They did not invite Kitty to the house, and they never asked Anthony where he had been.

On one occasion Jim, at Daphne's instigation, went a shade further: he made a statement about Kitty that was not in her favor.

"It's no use my saying anything," Daphne privately urged him. "You see, men like Anthony believe what other men tell them about women, when they won't believe what other women tell them. If I say anything about Kitty, Anthony'll think it's because I'm fond of him or vexed with Kitty or recently married; but he'll think you *know*. Put it in your own words, of course; it'll be worse if he thinks I'm behind you."

Jim cleared his throat. He had not even told Daphne what he thought about Kitty in his own words. Men's thoughts about Kitty eluded words. They did not think about her; they felt her. But Jim realized quite as strongly as Daphne that it would be a good thing to pull Anthony up.

"The trouble is," he explained a little uncertainly, "that you never know about a girl—whether you're pulling a man up or setting him on by letting fly at her."

"Oh, don't let fly at her!" cried Daphne, suddenly remorseful. "Poor little Kitty! Just say what she *is*, you know."

Jim grunted. As if he could say what Kitty was without letting fly at her! He was not yet accustomed to the way in which Daphne slipped between the meshes of fact.

Jim chose the occasion when he was walking to the post with Anthony, and Kitty whirled by them in a cloud of dust. He stopped to choke, and turned to look after her.

"There," he said, with emphasis, "goes a piece of pretty hot stuff."

He could n't have put it more plainly. Anthony's face set hard; he made no answer.

His mind set hard, too. He was n't going to accept any one else's estimate of Kitty. He had got into the habit of living against current opinion when he was a prisoner, and he knew its value. You just said to your mind, "It is a lie," and forced your will to accept it.

You said it in the face of newspapers, guards, commandants, and the swift inroads of rumor, and it enabled you to live equably and indifferently among the broken pieces of your fears.

Anthony was in love for the first time in his life, and every one wished him to believe that the object of his love was worthless. Daphne and Jim, with their serene and prosperous happiness, wished him to believe it; a peculiarly stupid and suburban neighborhood offered him their cold shoulders as a proof; and Kitty herself made intermittent efforts to convince him of the same fact.

Anthony was convinced of nothing beyond the sense of Kitty's presence. She was everywhere, whether she was worthless or not. When he was n't with her, he saw her, and heard, through whatever else he was listening to, the sounds of Kitty's voice.

He had no terms for what he felt for Kitty. She was part of the spring. The little dawn wind spoke of her; when he looked out of the window into the apple-blossoms it was to see her face. He heard her hurrying voice in the thrushes' songs; a group of silver birches at the garden's edge were counterparts of Kitty.

Kitty was n't very tall, and though she was slender, her figure had not the dignity of a silver birch. Her small, provocative face was artificially whitened and not the least like the apple-blossoms; her voice was never for long as innocent of innuendo as a thrush's; and for all these divergences from his dreams Anthony had for Kitty a fiercer tenderness. She was no longer a single "experience," however interesting. She had become for Anthony the medium of the spirit of life.

Anthony had never been in love before, and he was unaware that love con-

centrates the forces of the soul into one channel, and then, transcending concentration, breaks its expression over all the world. He knew only that there were a dozen different Kittys and that he loved them all.

He loved the wicked Kitty, who played on him as if he were an instrument; the gay, nonchalant, flirtatious Kitty, who never let him feel unaware of a secret relationship between them, which might mean anything forever, and the next moment be as finished as a blown candle. He loved the child Kitty, who asked him what the Elizabethans were, with a secret hope that they might turn out to be negro minstrels. She loved people with banjos.

Perhaps Anthony cared for this ignorant child Kitty most of all; he felt he could hardly bear to have her out of his sight. And he loved his dear confiding comrade Kitty, who told him what he ought to do when he could n't sleep, and poured out to him the nuisance money was when you had n't got enough. Father always supposed they had more till they found, of course, it was ever so much less. Anthony gathered that father was a great dear, if only people were n't such sharks. The world, according to Kitty, was divided into sharks and prudes; the sharks (horrid tradespeople who would send in bills when you had n't paid them for years and could n't be expected to) used up your money, and the prudes prevented you from enjoying what was left.

And there was the cruel Kitty. Anthony put her last in his mind because it hurt him to think of Kitty as cruel. This Kitty was an Ishmaelitish woman whose hand was against every woman, and every woman's hand against her. Kitty could be very cruel to other women. She left no man alone who belonged to them, she wounded the pride of happy women new to love, and she struck at their trust in their lovers.

She did it deliberately, with hard eyes and malicious laughter. She knew that she could set men alight, and she used her power indiscriminately. She made herself cheap in order to attract attention; but making herself cheap paid. Kitty always secured short successes. Sometimes they were short because

Kitty did n't want to go on with them, but often because, after their first response to her, the men collected themselves and made a successful resistance. But whether they succeeded in resisting her or she succeeded in attracting them, Kitty always laughed. She laughed at the men for being such fools as to yield to her; she laughed at the other women for minding, because, as she pointed out to Anthony, she really would n't have done it if the other women had n't minded; and she laughed at herself for not always being able to pull it off.

It was as if she did not care for her own discredit, and this was what hurt Anthony sharpest. One cannot protect people who do not mind discrediting themselves.

"She does n't know what she's doing," Anthony argued defensively to himself. "She's only twenty-three. Girls are blind to passion; they're brought up blind and explosive. It's a wicked combination, and they're the first victims of the explosion when it takes place, though they are not the only victims, of course. We're wretchedly uncivilized, and our worst sign of it is our fear of revealing nature to the young. They've got to handle it, and not to warn them is like putting a gun into a child's hands and not telling him what happens when you pull the trigger."

Anthony assured himself that Kitty did not know what happened when one pulled the trigger. He let life slip between him and his wits, he forgot Pannell, and he even put aside the preoccupation of his profession. He had some excuse for this, for a surgeon must have steady hands, and his hands were not quite steady yet.

Rochetts was doing what it could for Anthony, and spring had set itself into his heart, but his raw nerves were not wholly covered yet. He could not count on his serenity.

Every morning he woke at dawn to listen to the country sounds. The earth stirred at three o'clock in a faint, gray light—a light which was like the mere absence of darkness. All the birds moved in their nests at its approach, and shook out a sleepy protest before they sank into their last short sleep. A

wind sprang up suddenly and passed across the fields with a faint shuddering of shaken leaves; sometimes a brief shower fell, a hurrying small shower, leaving behind it the sweetness of the visited earth.

Anthony would lean out of his open window, watching the light come across the sloping fields. The big row of elms at the foot of the apple-orchard moved first; they drove their grave heads out of the dark, and between them the gray, clear fields tentatively took color.

The apple-orchard beyond the kitchen-garden became for a brief moment an unearthly splendor; the white and pink of its blossoms shone like an alabaster screen. The light deepened and kindled under a colorless sky; pink clouds floated up into it with golden edges; the sunshine came softly without fire. There was no direct moment of transformation before Anthony found the flowers in the garden had their natural colors, the fields their dew-washed green, and all the quiet land its daily covering of tranquil light.

Anthony drank in the sounds of life, the little regular country sounds, with a quickened sense of reassurance and returning energy. The mildness of England sank into his being, not all at once, and not with the blinding ecstasy he had expected, but at last it came. He felt he was at home and free. He slept quietly at night, and when he woke he knew before he remembered that nothing terrible was going to happen. He found himself not able to say which was strongest in him, love of Kitty or love of England. Both consumed and restored him, and at first Kitty helped England to quiet Anthony.

It pleased her to see him happy, to make his restless, haunted eyes turn to laughter, to watch his strained senses relax under her confident gentleness.

He did n't make love to her. This was odd of course, but Kitty rather liked it. His eyes showed her that he felt for her the hungry, obedient worship of a good dog. He looked at her with all the gentleness of a first passion before it turns to fire.

Anthony was not a weak person, but when he looked at Kitty his eyes were often as appealing as a child's.

He tremendously wanted her to be kind to him; and sometimes Kitty was cold and hard and shut him out of her eyes. She wanted him to entertain her, and took the life out of him by showing him that he did n't. Or she tried to hurt him by saying reckless things. Kitty did n't have to try very hard; she knew she could always hurt Anthony by depreciating herself.

It was the way she punished him for his occasional attempts to hold her in. Anthony always wanted to take care of Kitty. In order to take care of her, it was necessary to see as much of her as possible. The really awkward part of this task was the little that is possible in censorious small places like Rochetts, when sooner or later people have to be in for meals, and neighbors do not acknowledge the lengthening out of spring evenings as a definite alteration to the clock.

Of course Anthony met Kitty every day, but this was n't nearly enough for him. There was all the part of the day when he was n't with her, when she might get her feet wet, or break without the immunity of his protection into some danger zone of mischief.

Kitty could n't be expected to know the perils of life when Anthony was n't there. She had n't known them before he came, and she only laughed when he tried to point them out to her and to lay down laws and arrangements for the rest of her time. She either laughed or she grew a little restive; and when she grew restive, Anthony, who knew that nothing in the world could hold her, least of all his heart, quickly withdrew his claims.

He told her that of course he would n't bother her; she must do exactly as she liked, only for his sake to be a little careful. And Kitty laughed still more. It was so absurd of Anthony to suppose for a single moment that she would n't do exactly what she liked whether he told her to or not. But it was nice of him to want her to be careful; it was not what men usually wanted of Kitty.

CHAPTER IX

KITTY had never had many advantages, but there had been a time when to be

Kitty was in itself an advantage. Her mother died at her birth, and her father, though she was the only human being he really loved, was very little with her; he preferred his caprices to his affections. But Kitty did not miss either of her natural protectors very deeply. She had Peckham, and though Peckham was only an old nurse, she was a selfless fount of love; from a bump to a dead bird she was all attention, consolation, and reward.

Nothing that Kitty cared for escaped Peckham, and she stood solid and aggressive between Kitty and her occasional fears. Peckham was unable always to provide Kitty with what she wanted,—the brass eagle off the lectern and the housekeeper's blue beads were a case in point,—but she strained every nerve to procure substitutes. In all her happy childhood Kitty never knew what it was to be deliberately thwarted.

And then there was Dick. One said one's prayers to God, but everything else one said to Dick. Dick was the eldest son of the retired rector, an enchanting personage who did not preach sermons and who always went about with sweets in his pocket. He was the only pillar of the church who ever attracted Kitty.

Dick's people lived across the river, at the foot of the garden. There was an island in the river, and Dick made a bridge from his garden to the island, and from the island to Kitty's garden. Long before the bridge was built, when they were only babies, they were taken solemnly by the road to tea, to play with each other.

Whenever Kitty fell down, Dick, who was a year older, picked her up; and whatever Dick was given, he gave half of it to Kitty. Even his catapult he lent her. It was one of those strange affections which transcend relationship and never alter except to deepen as the years pass.

They took their first plunge into life together, hand in hand, and it never occurred to either of them to have a separate thought. They played together every day until Dick went to school, and they broke their hearts over the agonizing separation between the golden flashes of the holidays. The gloom was

slighted lifted for Kitty by Dick's rabbits (they were carefully transferred to her across the bridge, hutch by hutch), and to Dick by her scrawled bulletins as to their increasing and pervasive families.

When he came back they still played together. Other boys had entered into Dick's life to war with feminine influences, but they did not touch his feelings for Kitty.

Kitty had none of the distinctive markings of a girl; she might just as well have been another boy. Dick's favorite pursuits were hers. There was no tree she feared to climb, she ran like a deer, and her high jumps cleared her own height. She was more unexpected than boys usually are, but she was just as truthful, just as loyal, just as plucky.

She did not stop being a comrade until Dick was eighteen, and then she became everything else. The comrade was still there, but submerged in something so tremendous and inspiring, so exciting and yet so intensely secure, that Dick found no words to explain even to Kitty what he felt for her.

But Kitty did n't need Dick's words. What happened first to Dick happened as a matter of course afterward to Kitty. When Peckham, unable to bear the responsibility of the situation, reported upon it to Mr. Costrelle, he listened to her with amused attention. Then he said:

"Have they been allowed to see as much as they liked of each other till now; no opposition at all, eh?"

Peckham in a flutter answered that they had.

"You see, sir," she explained, "Miss Kitty being such a tomboy, and Master Dick's mother an invalid and never out of the house, I was hard put to it to think of a reason why they should n't be together."

"Well, continue not to think of a reason," replied Mr. Costrelle, calmly. "Allow them to be together as much as ever they choose. They 'll soon get over it. When young people are permitted to do exactly as they like, they seldom continue to like it for any length of time."

Not long after this conversation Mr. Costrelle decided to take Kitty abroad.

He was in the habit of frequent and prolonged visits to Paris and Monte Carlo. Kitty, accompanied by intermittent governesses, would n't be a bother, and Mr. Costrelle wanted her to be taught to speak French and how to put her clothes on properly. He did not think these two subjects easily mastered in his own country.

"The only thing a girl need bother her head about," Mr. Costrelle explained to Kitty, "is how to amuse a man and how to get a bit of her own back. Lots of old women will cram you up with nonsense; they 'll say a woman needs education, freedom, equal rights, and what not. Don't you believe 'em. Men are what matter to women, and women are what matter to men.

"A clever girl has n't got equal rights; she 's got 'em *all*, and a girl is n't clever if she 's read half the London Library and can't make a man who looked at her once want to look at her again. Make 'em want and keep 'em wanting. You can't begin too early, but don't lose your head over it. That 's where women make such awful fools of themselves. They start caring about some fellow and running him down as if they were a Paris cabby after a foot-passenger. No man 'll stand it. Don't you ever budge, however much you care for a fellow. Get him keen and then hold him. Good artificial fly, invisible line, firm hand at the end of it, feet well against the bank, and you 'll have your fish landed. D' you see my point?"

Kitty saw her parent's point; she listened gravely out of the depths of her seventeen-year-old wisdom and innocence. She was never quite so old again.

"You won't mind, will you," she said consideringly, "if I marry Dick instead, and don't play any particular kind of game? You see, I 'd rather marry Dick."

"Marry whom you like," said her father, promptly, "provided he can support you. I can't, as you know, and what your mother wanted to leave you three hundred a year for God only knows. You can't even dress on it. She always was penny wise and pound foolish. But take my advice; if you want to keep your husband, learn to play your game.

Any fool can get a husband; look at the sights who do. 'Pon my word, I saw a woman the other day with a cast in her eye and a harelip, with a wedding-ring on. Of course you 'd think there was money back of it, but there was n't. Sheer will power. She 'd been after him like a boa constrictor gets a rabbit. But that 's not enough to keep a man faithful for a fortnight. You must learn the ropes."

"But Dick," Kitty said reflectively—"could n't I keep Dick without playing a game? You see, there never have been any particular ropes with Dick."

"I never met a man yet," said Mr. Costrelle, emphatically, "who did n't like a woman better because other men were after her. Besides, you 've got yourself to think of. Life 's chancy. You want to have something to fall back on.

"I dare say a lot of people—all your mother's relations and that stuffy set at Rochetts—would say I ought to have had you educated to some profession. Well, what I 'm teaching you will pay you better than *any* profession. You never need be at a loss. If you 're happy with Dick, or whoever you pick out to be happy with, you can *stay* happy; and if you 're not, by Jove, you can make 'em pay for it."

"But I 'm going to be happy, of course," said Kitty, calmly. "I settled all that long ago, and I sha'n't want anybody to pay for it."

"Well, make damned sure you can *make* them pay for it if you ever do want it," urged Mr. Costrelle. "No use thinking you 'll have a shy at it later on when your looks are going. You might as well race a horse that 's never learned to start. You take my word for it, girls and horses need training while they 're young."

"All right," said Kitty, thoughtfully; "I 'll train."

It amused Mr. Costrelle extremely to watch Kitty training, and it did n't do Kitty any particular harm then.

Her heart was safe, and she learned point by point, sometimes from a lightly dropped reflection of her father's and more often from the varied experiences that presented themselves, the mastery of her subject.

Mr. Costrelle knew men of all sorts

and of all ages, and they all became sooner or later the declared admirers of Kitty. Peckham, perturbed and powerless, watched the strange procession. She could not interfere with Kitty's freedom, but she never left her alone. She sat and knitted on benches at Monte Carlo, she reluctantly attended the most risqué of French plays, she was seasick on board yachts, and giddy in racing-motors; but Peckham was always there. Perhaps, owing to this adamant protection, Kitty flirted serenely on without disaster. She learned the ways of men, and little by little she learned the powers of women. Dick did n't like it, but he fell deeper in love.

They argued and quarreled about Kitty's adventures, but neither of them ever doubted the other. Their future was plain before them, and in the depths of their hearts they knew that there were no other men or any other women.

When Kitty was eighteen Mr. Costrelle insisted on her spending six weeks in London with an aunt. Kitty did n't want to go. She did n't like her aunt, with whom she had occasionally lunched in an awe-inspiring, dark London dining-room where she had been stared at reflectively and without kindness by three girl cousins.

The Morelands were a dull family; still, they had a large house and a wide acquaintance. They were modern enough to know what to go and see, though none of it adhered to them. No member of the family had ever said anything worth remembering or had done anything it was necessary to forget. London spoke of them as "the dull Morelands," but it did speak of them.

Mr. Costrelle, who hardly ever urged any course of action upon Kitty, virtually insisted upon the Morelands.

"Yes, of course you 'll be bored," he agreed; "but, my dear child, at your age what else can you expect? Young people must learn to be bored, and the sooner the better. I 've been bored for fifty years, but I 've learned how. I quite admit that your aunt 's a dowd and your cousins three young and very undistinguished frumps, but that 's precisely why they 're so valuable. If you have one good frump at your side,

you have a margin; with three or four, any future is virtually open to you.

"You know all the men you need to know now, and none of the women you 've met with me can be of the slightest use to you. It 's high time you should square a few frumps. Otherwise the men 'll do you harm. You 'll be considered fast."

"But are n't I fast?" Kitty inquired. "I thought knowing a lot of men was always fast."

"So it is," said her father, with a chuckle, "damned fast and damned convenient, but you 'll have to slow up over it. Sprinkle a few of these Moreland women across your track, and then you can do what you like. See?"

Kitty did n't see, but she did what she liked.

It was, after all, quite an amusing time. Many of the men she knew turned up, and invitations were showered upon her, backed by flowers and chocolates. Her cousins did n't like her even though she religiously shared all the chocolates and flowers with them, and her aunt stared rather hard at some of Kitty's callers.

Kitty's French clothes were a great success, but her French manners had to be toned down. Dick hated them, and the other men were sometimes a little tiresome. Kitty had long ago learned to deal with men who were tiresome. She did it with laughter and good humor and a little touch of decision, and she very seldom needed any other weapon.

A good many of the men she had met in Monte Carlo and met again in London were tiresome; and in the middle of the six weeks Dick wanted to marry her. He said quite suddenly he *must* marry her. The Morelands sent Kitty back to her father with expedition and without cordiality.

Mr. Costrelle shrugged his shoulders and said it was a pity.

"You 've had a very short run for your money," he observed to Kitty, "but do as you like. Dick 's a good fellow. I suppose you can pig it on nine hundred a year, which, I understand, you 'll scrape up between you, and Dick 'll have money some day. I dare say domesticity is best taken young. You can

make a fresh start later on if you want to, now you've got the swing of it."

They were to be married in a month, and two weeks later Dick was crossing the channel with the First Expeditionary Force.

He had n't expected to be called up so soon. A telegram to Kitty miscarried, and in the end they had n't time for marriage, only for a strange half-hour, in which they said nothing at all except queer, fragmentary things out of the tops of their minds; but of course they expected the war to be over in three months.

There was no time for anything but jokes, little clumsy jokes about Berlin and the kaiser; and then there seemed nothing left but interminable terror.

A few weeks later the rector came to Alington Farm to tell Kitty that Dick was missing. Kitty was spraying the second crop of roses against blight. They were Gloire de Dijon roses, growing over the porch, full of heavy scent.

The rector said to her:

"My dear, will you come and see my wife? She's almost your mother now, you know."

He wished that Kitty had had a real mother. She faced him for a moment speechlessly; her eyes slipped past his words to his fears. He answered them quickly.

"I do not know that he is dead," he said, showing her the telegram.

Kitty was afraid the rector was going to say something about God, but he did n't. He looked all about him vaguely, down to the garden's edge, and across the rickety bridge.

"We don't know what it means," he said dully; he kept his eyes turned away from Kitty.

She stood quite still, holding the telegram, as if she could not make up her mind to give it back to him. It did not seem to Kitty that Dick belonged to either his father or his mother. They were old; they had had him. He had been their child. They were lucky people whose relationship was complete; no one could stop Dick having been their son. They could afford to know that he was dead.

"No," she said at last, "I won't go and see his mother."

She turned and went into the house. The rector did nothing to detain her, and he never told any one what Kitty had said.

Kitty went to her room and locked the door. She lay on the bed, face downward, till the dark came.

Her body felt dry and as if it were broken. She shed no tears. Peckham came to her door crying, but Kitty told her to go away.

"Please," she said quietly, "go right away, Peckham."

The next day her father came down from London. Kitty unlocked the door for him. She knew he would n't say anything to bother her. He brought her a cup of tea, and when she had drunk it, he said to her:

"Member my telling you life was chancy? Well, it is, you see, damned chancy. If I were you, I should just sit tight and make the best of it."

"So I would if I were sure he was dead," explained Kitty. "You see, if he's there,—anywhere at all I mean,—I want to be what he wants, that kind of woman; and if he is n't, well, then, I don't care what I am."

"Well, give the thing time," urged her father. "Wait a bit; you're very young. You can only be innocent once, you know; you can always be the other thing."

"Oh, I'm not thinking of all that," said Kitty, impatiently. "Men don't matter. I'm wondering what to be—myself, you see, if things don't come right."

"No, of course you're not now," agreed her father. "But you will, you know, my dear. Dreams are what we all start out with, and it's pretty tough when they get broken. But it's facts we end up on, and when we want the facts, we want them worse than we wanted the dreams."

"You talk as if Dick had n't been a fact," said Kitty, bitterly; and then she began to cry, because she herself had spoken as if Dick were no longer a fact.

Mr. Costrelle helped her to go to France. He could n't go himself because three relentless doctors refused to pass him for active service.

"If I were you," he said to Kitty as

he saw her off, "I should wait two years. The war won't end any sooner. People say it will, but it won't. You'll have a hell of a time, but you can afford it at eighteen. So shall I, of course, and at my age it's more serious. I shall simply be bored stiff with people all around me doing things for the country, the kind of people, I mean, who will take this war as if it were a new sort of lap-dog.

"I sha'n't turn a hair myself. If my country does n't want me to fight, it can leave me alone. I'm not going to turn myself into a Red Cross pin-cushion to please anybody.

"When you want to come back, you'll find me just as you left me—except for what they get out of me in the way of taxes."

"I wonder what you'll find me," said Kitty.

CHAPTER X

PECKHAM had none of the rights of love; she had only its services and its long suspenses. It was very gratifying, in the face of the entire dissolving household, to be put in charge of Alington Farm, to have an assured income, a kitchen maid, and a silk umbrella (with her initials on the handle), presented to her by Miss Kitty as a parting present. But Peckham saw through these gratifications to the fact of her lamb's unprotected disappearance. No umbrella could soften the fact of Miss Kitty's going into the country in Europe of which Peckham least approved.

Peckham disliked all countries that were not her own, but she had a special horror of France. She thought it an indecent place, abandoned to a parcel of fly-by-nights and the sinister ministrations of the Roman Catholic Church. Peckham did not know which she disapproved of most thoroughly, the grands boulevards or the pope. Now there were the Germans, and by what she read in the newspapers, they were as bad or worse.

The French could n't get them out of the country, and we had to help them; that is to say, Miss Kitty had to help them. The European War became

for Peckham an act of reckless charity on the part of Kitty.

And after two years the war stopped. It went on in the newspapers and as far as the soldiers were concerned, and strange things took place or ceased to take place in the larder; but Miss Kitty returned.

Alington Hall had been sold. There was only Alington Farm left. It was the last piece of the old Alington estate. Mr. Costrelle had settled it upon Kitty as a twenty-first birthday present. It was older than the hall itself, and stood in an overgrown garden, with an ancient four-square tower rising out of it, flanked by an old stone chapel that had for years been the undisputed abode of a family of Berkshire pigs. Mr. Costrelle hardly ever came near it. He stayed in London, and sometimes in the summer he came down for a night or two, looked moodily over the little place, tipped Peckham, and told her that Miss Kitty was well, there was no occasion for her to starve herself, and the war would probably go on forever.

"Should you say Miss Kitty was really better, sir—happier, as you might say?" Peckham would venture as the last moments of Mr. Costrelle's occasional visit drew to a close, and Mr. Costrelle always shook hands with her at the gate, most handsomely (the postman had remarked upon it with awe; for Mr. Costrelle was not one to demean himself with inferiors), and replied in the same words:

"There is n't any news of Master Dick, you know, Nurse. I should say Miss Kitty was about the same."

And at the end of the two years Miss Kitty came back, but she was n't at all the same.

She was taller and thinner and a very great deal older. But her age was not a visible portent. She looked as pretty as a peach and as young as a June day. It was in her mind and in the presentment of her personality that Kitty had grown old. She had been like a flower in her youth, and now she was like a piece of very bright, well polished enamel.

Kitty was very kind to Peckham, but there was something as hard as steel under her kindness. She was very gay,

but there was something unapproachably bitter under her gaiety. She was a woman of the world, and she very soon became the talk of Rochetts.

England was denuded of men, but Alington Farm was never long without one. Generals, colonels, lieutenants, engineers, commanders of men-of-war, each appeared and reappeared on leave, or stationed within motoring distance, and Kitty entertained them all. There were only a French cook, Peckham, and the kitchen maid, but there always seemed money enough for what Kitty wanted. Her room was always full of new French clothes and of strange French perfumes. There was a litter of men's photographs in presentation silver frames that Kitty rarely looked at, and of endless letters that she barely read, and there was a good deal of valuable jewelry that she frequently wore. It was perhaps not surprising that Rochetts should talk and that Peckham should suffer.

Peckham knew that Kitty had three hundred a year; so did Rochetts. Rochetts drew its own conclusions, and Peckham refused to draw hers.

Mr. Costrelle came down a good deal oftener. He got on remarkably well with whichever of Kitty's friends happened to be there,—they stayed at the inn and spent their entire days at Alington,—and Mr. Costrelle seemed not in the least concerned by the regularity of their appearances or the lateness of their departures.

"Well, you've got Miss Kitty back," he said on the first of these occasions to Peckham.

Peckham met his eyes in a way that was unusual with her.

"Yes, in a sense I have, sir," she assented.

"Just the same as ever?" Mr. Costrelle remarked, smiling a little at the fixity of Peckham's regard.

"I don't find Miss Kitty the same, sir," Peckham ventured breathlessly.

"Ah, well," Mr. Costrelle said, turning away to end the conversation, "you must put up with what you have, Peckham. It's a changing universe, and wise people change with it. I don't say they improve,—that's a matter of opinion,—but they change."

Peckham did not expostulate directly with Kitty. She did not dare. The vicar's wife expostulated, and she left the drawing-room with flaming cheeks and an air of having got the worst of it.

"Don't let that woman in again if she calls," Kitty remarked afterward to Peckham. "She's been impertinent. I don't like impertinent women." But the vicar's wife did n't call again.

Gradually every one in the neighborhood—the women, that is to say—ceased to call, every one except Daphne Wynne. Daphne came often, and Peckham learned to love the sound of laughter which ensued—the old easy laughter that reminded her of the times before Miss Kitty went away and when she did not have that little cold ring in her voice, which made her laughter now have a formidable and dangerous sound.

Kitty never laughed like that with Daphne Wynne; and now even Daphne Wynne had stopped coming.

Peckham went slowly up-stairs to brush Miss Kitty's hair. She was a splendid brusher, and it was the hour of the day she liked the most. When Miss Kitty sat still in front of her long Italian mirror, with her thick, black hair sweeping to her knees, she looked like a little child again, and sometimes, when she was in the mood for it, she talked like a little child to Peckham. But this afternoon Peckham was afraid. She knew she must say something at last, she must risk the rebuff which would cost her more than it cost the vicar's wife. She could not go on any longer saying nothing to Miss Kitty, when all the rest of the world had turned against her and was saying everything it could.

While Mrs. Wynne continued to call, Peckham had said to herself that Rochetts was old-fashioned and stupid and did n't know what went on in good society among young people without any harm in it. But Mrs. Wynne knew. Mrs. Wynne, with her kind, laughing eyes, would never stop seeing her friends for any but reasons which Peckham would have to consider grave.

Captain Arden was a grave reason. Miss Kitty was n't being fair with Captain Arden. If she liked him, why did n't she marry him? And if she did n't



"'Do you think I 'm a very wicked woman, Nannie?'"

marry him, why did n't she let him alone?

"Is that you, Peckham?" Kitty called out a little impatiently. "I 'm going out this afternoon, so you must be quick. I sha'n't be in till late."

"Yes, Miss Kitty," said Peckham. She took out the large ivory brush and began with her steady hand a rhythmic movement of the brush over Kitty's thick, glossy hair.

Kitty's hair shone as a well-bred horse's coat shines under the hand of the most careful of grooms; she smiled at Peckham in the glass.

"You're grave to-day, Peckham," she said. "You look rather like Lot's wife going to seed when she looked back on Sodom. I suppose I 'm Sodom, are n't I? What have I been doing now? Anything worth turning into salt for? Do you think I 'm a very wicked woman, Nannie?"

"Well, Miss, I 'm sure I never think of you as a woman at all," said Peckham, evasively, "having brought you up, as it were, from a baby. Nor would any one, the length you wear your skirts, and all that stocking showing! I do wish you 'd let me let down a tuck or two. The way people can't take their eyes off your legs is more than I can bear, Miss Kitty."

"But I like to have everybody's eyes on my legs," said Kitty, calmly. "If you had as pretty ones as I have, Nannie, you 'd wear your skirts up to your knees, and thank God for them."

"You let your tongue run away with you, Miss Kitty," said Peckham, severely. "Respectable people in my class of life don't think anything about their legs, and if I 'd been given pink silk stockings by a young man when I was a girl, and he not even a blood relation, I should have died of shame."

Kitty laughed.

"I made Captain Arden buy me those silk stockings, Nannie," she explained. "He 's very like you. He wanted to die of shame, but people don't die of shame as easily as you think. Papa says shame was invented to keep modest people from boring amusing ones; only it has n't succeeded."

"Don't you go quoting your papa to me, Miss Kitty," said Peckham, stiffly.

"You know I never could bear to hear the things he said, before an innocent child, too. I wonder Captain Arden's sister don't come in with him sometimes, like she used to do. There is n't a nicer lady anywhere than Mrs. Wynne. Have you done anything to vex her, Miss?"

The small, white face between its two dark showers of falling hair winced suddenly; a sullen expression came into Kitty's eyes.

"I shall do as I like," she said shortly, "and behave as I please. It 's nothing to you, Nannie, if I choose to quarrel with Mrs. Wynne."

Peckham went on brushing just as smoothly, just as steadily, but her heart was out of it; it was everything in the world to her what Kitty did, and Kitty knew it.

Kitty blinked her eyelids rapidly together and repented.

"Sorry, Nannie," she said. "It was horrid of me to say that. Of course you care, and I do, too, really. I am very fond of Daphne Wynne. I expect she thinks I 'm not playing the game with Captain Arden, you know, and that 's put her back up."

"If you was to marry Captain Arden, now," said Peckham, persuasively, "she would n't go for to object to that, would she, Miss Kitty?"

Kitty laughed again, with that note of bitterness in it, as hard as a stone under clear water.

"She 'd have every right to, Nannie," she said; "but I 'm not, as a matter of fact, thinking of marrying Captain Arden. I don't happen to be a marrying woman. I prefer a—single life."

"If you 'll excuse my saying so, Miss Kitty," said Peckham, severely, "that 's a mistake on your part. A man behind you is a man behind you, as it were. Ladies can be a great deal freer, with a gentleman to look after them, than they can living alone; and Captain Arden 's such a nice gentleman, too."

"I don't want to be looked after," said Kitty, impatiently, "and why should I marry Captain Arden any more than any of my other friends? I 've far grander matches under my hand if I wanted them, Nannie."

"Yes, I know, my dear," said Peckham, gently; "but you don't treat them

as you treat Captain Arden. You have a way with him that seems more comfortable-like, more as if you were at home with him; and that 's what I like to see in any one coming to the house so often."

"Have I?" said Kitty, consideringly. "Have I a different way with him? I must stop it if I have, you know, Nannie. That 's what I should call being unfair. I suppose it 's because he 's had such a bad time; still, that 's hardly a reason for giving him a worse."

"If you feel like that about him, Miss Kitty," Peckham urged, "why not do a little more for him? He 's longing for a home, and to settle down with you and all. I can see it in his eyes. Could n't you look at it like something you could do for him, and he having had such a bad time, as you say?"

"You don't know what you 're talking about," said Kitty, coldly. "Besides, he 's come out of his bad time. It 's over for him; he 's come out all right. I 'm not terribly sorry for him."

She closed her eyes for a moment on the vision of those who had not come out all right. Peckham went on brushing her hair quietly and holding her breath for fear of checking what Miss Kitty might say next, but all Kitty said, after a minute's pause, was:

"Where 's my scarlet tam-o'-shanter? I think it 's going to rain. And my Burberry. I 'll put on my chiffon dress to-night; the one you say heathen savages would n't be seen in. As a matter of fact, Peckham, heathen savages would n't dream of wearing anything like so much. A feather behind one ear and a necklace is quite sufficient for a heathen savage, and if you go on looking as solemn as the last trump at a race meeting, that 's the way I 'll come down to dinner to-night."

Peckham whitened visibly under this dire threat.

"Some day, Miss Kitty," she observed, "there 'll be a judgment upon you, there will surely."

"Well, I don't mind if there is," said Kitty, defiantly snatching up the scarlet cap and cramming it low over her eyes. "I've got a grievance against the judge, if it comes to that, worth any two of his against me. But don't you

worry, Nannie! It 's Captain Arden I 'm going out with this afternoon; that ought to please you. He 's as quiet as a suet pudding, and as safe as a cathedral."

"It don't matter how particular gentlemen are if you are n't, Miss Kitty," said Peckham quietly. "What they begin has nothing to do with it. A hair turns them."

"Well, I 'm just going to try," said Kitty, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes as she left the room, "if a hair *will* turn Captain Arden."

CHAPTER XI

ANTHONY had no inner egoism; he did not make pictures in his mind of himself, nor did he try to make them to his advantage in the minds of other people. He was without that key to character that the desire to please others involves. Nobody had ever called him sympathetic or confided to him picturesque and inaccurate accounts of their lives. His desire to serve was evident; but it was roused only by those who were courageous sufferers, at the mercy of a stronger force. He took no interest in the aggrieved, and he always asked why a dog was lame before attempting to help it over a stile.

But he had made no such researches into the causes of Kitty's ostracism. He swept into the back of his mind all adverse facts against her. Kitty was not to blame; everybody else was to blame: her father, for her upbringing, which was admittedly careless; the neighborhood, for its blind-eyed strictness; and, above all, other women. The women of Rochetts became Anthony's inveterate enemies. They were unappeasably at war with Kitty; but it was difficult for Anthony to fight them, because they did things which Anthony could not fight.

When they passed Mrs. Bucket, the clergyman's wife, in the car, she deliberately turned her back and gazed through the hedge.

One cannot get out of a motor-car and fight with a lady for looking at a hedge; and yet Mrs. Bucket's action was obviously hostile. There was noth-

ing in the hedge, or through it, to look at except the silhouette of a preoccupied pig, and there was no dust in the road; there was only Kitty.

"A woman of that type," Anthony exclaimed angrily, "disgusts me. Their religion is supposed to be love, and their practice is hate. They would n't have been seen in the New Testament except behind the portliest of the Pharisees. None of them envisages a generous action, and they have n't enough courage to face one of their own ugly thoughts. If she has anything against you, why does n't she stand up and say so? She belongs to a race of jackals that eat other people's kill."

"Rubbish!" said Kitty, lightly. "Poor old thing, she is n't a bit like a jackal. She does n't like me, and I don't like her; why should she bow to me?"

"You would n't have cut her," said Anthony, a little crestfallen at this reception of his championship. "I saw you meant to bow to her."

"It's not in my interest to cut respectable women," replied Kitty, coolly. "I don't often get the chance; they turn their backs before I have time to do more than cock my tam-o'-shanter at them."

"Even Daphne's unfair to you," went on Anthony, bitterly. "At least I suppose she is. If she was n't unfair, you'd surely come to Merry Gardens."

"Have you asked her why I don't come?" replied Kitty, evasively, putting on speed with a jerk.

"Oh, she only says, 'She can come if she likes, Tony; I sha'n't stop her.' But if she asked you, you'd come, would n't you, Kitty? Not asking you is stopping you."

"She won't ask me," said Kitty, dryly. "I should leave it alone if I were you, Anthony. I don't believe Ishmael was a man. I believe he was a lady of uncertain attractions, living in a suspicious country neighborhood where nobody knew how to put on their clothes. But Daphne's all right. I told you why she's down on me before, but I did n't tell you what she'd tried to do for me first."

"She came here to an awfully stiff and old-fashioned neighborhood, where the people were all friends of Jim's, and had wanted him to marry one of their

daughters, with her own way to make, and she tried to make mine instead. She saw me left out at a silly, frumpish, old school treat where they'd had to ask me to get a subscription; and from that moment she fought my battles in season and out of season, and it was mostly out of season with my battles. And what have I ever done for her? Nothing except try to turn her husband's head."

"Kitty!" exclaimed Anthony, aghast. "Old Jim?"

"Oh, well," said Kitty, indifferently, "I did; and no thanks to *his* superior morals that I did n't succeed. I got fed up with his explaining potato crops to me, so I dropped him. Jim's a nice fellow and he hates me like poison now. He thinks it's his virtue, but it is n't; it's pure funk. But Daphne was never afraid of me. She was nice to me, not pitying or superior or 'you-poor-thingish,' just nice. She thought I'd had no luck."

"Perhaps she did n't know about Jim," suggested Anthony, who refused to see his favorite sister justified at Kitty's expense.

"Oh, she knew," said Kitty, calmly, "as quickly as she would have known if her first baby had cut a new tooth. Daphne's no fool about men. She knew she could really hold Jim, and she was n't afraid of me; but she was n't going to be nasty, either. She is n't really nasty now; she's merely holding off because I'm not playing the game. She'd be nice again to-morrow if I'd behave properly to you."

"What do you call behaving properly to me?" asked Anthony, with amusement. "I've not complained so far."

"Never seeing you again would be behaving properly to you," said Kitty, with a curious gravity. "I see that now, but it's too late."

"You could n't, I fancy, even the two of you, dispose of me quite so easily," observed Anthony.

Kitty made no answer to this statement. She said after a pause:

"Women are all right. Look at Peckham. Peckham would be cut into little bits to prevent my having a chilblain. I don't quite know a man who would be, not even you, Tony. Oh, actual bits, perhaps. But you would n't always

want to take a back seat so as to give me a front one, would you? That 's what old Peckham wants—she 'd be willing to be jolted off on to the road to see me safe and sound on the front seat."

Anthony said something about the maternal instinct.

"You can call it what you like," said Kitty, indifferently. "All I 'm saying is, women do more for you than men sometimes, and don't get anything out of it. There was a woman once who did a thing for me,—an angel from heaven would have turned its nose up at,—and she made no more fuss about it than if she had lent me a pocket-handkerchief. I appreciate that you 're paying me a left-handed compliment by having a shy at women; but you can take my word for it, there 's nothing in it."

"You dislike them yourself," urged Anthony, hotly; "you told me so."

"Of course, I do," said Kitty. "Why not? I dislike them because they 're not anxious for me to amuse myself at their expense, and that 's the only form of amusement that happens to appeal to me. I dare say you like burglars,—I don't blame you for it,—but it 's a peculiar taste that the police don't share. As far as other women are concerned, I 'm a burglar, and they 're the police. It 's not much 'use your trying to reconcile us, is it?"

Anthony ignored this metaphor. He did not believe that Kitty broke laws. She merely ignored conventionalities.

"What happened to the woman you say helped you?" he asked, instead, a little resentfully. "If she was really a good sort, why did n't you keep hold of her and have a friend to fall back on?"

"We could n't meet again," said Kitty, briefly. "That 's the hill over there beyond the windmill, with the row of beeches on the top. We get out there."

Anthony frowned at the windmill. He hated mysteries, and above all he hated coming on a mystery in Kitty's life. He suspected that there were things he would dislike to know in Kitty's career, but he disliked even more not knowing them.

"I have n't the right to ask you any questions, of course," he said stiffly.

"No," agreed Kitty, "you have n't;

but don't let that worry you. I would n't answer you even if you had. I don't believe in rights about questions. Live and let live, that 's my motto. We dump the car here and climb up. Rather a nice hill, is n't it?"

Anthony stood looking up at the soft, green incline above them. There were thickets of young hazel-bushes on the slopes, hollows full of may-blossom, and the sharpened green of very young leaves.

"The new-born leaves," Kitty quoted softly, touching them with her bared fingers. "That 's Dante, is n't it? The woman I told you about said that to me once. Of course I never read myself except when it 's wet, and I should n't read Dante in a blizzard. I prefer D'Annunzio!"

"I don't believe you 've read a word of D'Annunzio in your life," said Anthony, crossly. "You just say that to tease me, because you know I hate decadent stuff, full of moonshine and mud. Why do you always try to make yourself out what you know I don't like, Kitty?"

"Well, it does tease you, does n't it?" laughed Kitty. "Poor old Tony! You 're awfully easily teased. Never mind; that 's because you like me. I like you to like me, you know."

"I wish you did," said Anthony under his breath. He held a bramble back to let her pass. Kitty saw his arm tremble as she touched it.

"Oh, not like that," she said lightly; "that 's a stupid, solemn way. Like me as if liking were a joke, not as if it were a state funeral and I were the corpse."

Anthony stopped suddenly. He felt as if something had literally moved in his heart.

"For God's sake! don't talk like that!" he exclaimed harshly. "You 're not ill, are you?"

Kitty turned her head and opened wide eyes at him in which astonishment mixed with a curious look of resentment.

"Ill?" she said. "Why should I be ill? How just like a doctor! Of all the nonsense, Anthony!"

It was n't in the least like a doctor; it was the kind of statement that any



"He did not know what was left of him or what was Kitty"

doctor would have laughed at, and of course it was nonsense, only some stubborn instinct in Anthony remained unrelieved. He had felt one of those moments of panic that the heart never forgets.

Kitty's lithe young figure stepped readily on in front of him. She was beyond the copse of young trees and out on the open hillside. Anthony called to her to stop and watch the beauty of the expanding world at their feet, the line of may-blossoms like the crest of a breaking wave, beyond it the orchards, and a common covered with a burnished shield of gorse, flame upon golden flame.

But Kitty refused to do more than glance at it over her shoulder.

"It's the same old view I've seen for years," she said impatiently.

Anthony shut his lips. The view meant nothing to him if she would not share it. Kitty's impatience stripped the woods of bloom and disallowed the beauty of the day. He wondered if he had been stupid to talk against women; perhaps Kitty had not realized that it was because she was different from all other women that all the other women must be in the wrong. Anthony could not explain this to Kitty; he could not really explain anything. For moment by moment he felt more aware of her and less aware of everything else.

He did not dream that Kitty was intentionally blinding him to everything but herself. She did not speak again until she had reached the group of beeches at the top of the hill. They stood silent and massive above her, as if their big brown trunks were the columns of a cathedral aisle.

"There'll be thunder soon," said Kitty under her breath. "I love storms."

Anthony stood beside her as motionless as one of the tree trunks. He thought she did not realize what he was feeling. Perhaps she was thinking of the coming rain, while he stood tense with his struggle not to take her in his arms.

She turned and looked at him with eyes in which laughter brimmed over, seized him by the shoulders, and swiftly drawing his head down to hers, kissed him full on the lips.

Her action took Anthony completely

by surprise. He caught her so close to him that she could not speak, and covered her face and eyes and hair with kisses. It was as if they ceased to be human beings, and became two wild creatures in the woods, full of magic and madness. Anthony slipped beyond her control and beyond his own.

All the years of his intense restraint fell from him; his whole being seemed to alter in her arms. He did not know what was left of him or what was Kitty.

Kitty said his name at last, over and over, very softly and steadily.

"Anthony! Anthony!" It seemed to him as if he were being called back out of another world. He let her go at last, forcing his will to answer hers.

She leaned, with her back against a tree, breathless and white, but laughing a little.

"I won't scold you, Tony," she said. "It was all my fault. I took you by surprise, and that was a little the way you took me. I did not know, you see, you would be that kind of lover."

"I did not frighten you, did I?" he asked anxiously. "I'll take the greatest care of you always, Kitty; I'll never let anything hurt or frighten you again. I never dreamed you could, I never thought I might—"

"Don't put too much weight on anything I do," Kitty interrupted him, quickly. "The woods are full of mischief. Poor old Anthony! You do look done. That's because you think I am, is not it? Well, I'll race you to the bottom of the hill to show you I'm not."

She was off like a flash between the trunks of the trees, and Anthony after her. It was a breathless, absurd, confusing race.

Anthony felt as if he had got into a nightmare. He did not know the path, and Kitty was mercilessly aware of it. She took short cuts and avoided rough places, leaving him to stumble into pitfalls and be caught by unexpected brambles. He broke free at last, and before they reached the car he had caught her and seized her by the shoulders.

"Kitty, you're a little devil," he said breathlessly. "Are you all right?"

Kitty ignored the question.

"That's better," she said, with approving eyes. "I'm a little devil, and

you 're no better than you should be. Now you can come home and dine with me—no, I won't be kissed on the roadside; but just bear those two facts in mind, won't you?"

She sprang away from him into the car. Anthony swung himself up beside her, taking the steering-wheel out of her hands.

"No you don't," he said fiercely. "I've had enough of your initiative for one afternoon. I'm going to do the driving from now on."

Kitty yielded lightly, with smiling eyes. She watched Anthony's face as he steered the car out of the narrow lane and road by the windmill. His eyes had a queer, odd light in them—a light of intense, controlled excitement, and his rather heavy jaws were set firmly. She would not be able to take him by surprise so easily again. The clouds had darkened rapidly, and just as they turned into the open road the rain began. Thunder rolled down on them from the low hills, and all the may-trees and the golden gorse were blotted out in storm.

Kitty leaned back in the car and shut her eyes; a little smile still lingered

round her lips. Anthony glanced at her from time to time to see that she was properly wrapped up and did not look as if she was too exhausted by her race.

He swore to himself that he would never again leave her to her own discretion or let her do things for which she had to pay.

He would pay for whatever she did himself, guide those small, wilful hands of hers, and put his heart under her feet. He could not tell if he was happy or sad, but he was settled; he knew what he had to do.

She was his life now; there was no other uncertainty. Nothing that people said of her could alter his judgment. Daphne and Jim, his people of Pannell, must accept her or be blotted out.

There was nothing left but Kitty. Kitty, too, was silent. She sat muffled up in her Burberry, with the rain lashing against her face. She was quite comfortable and content, but she made no resolutions. Only, as they flashed past the wet fields and round the familiar corners, she remembered Peckham's phrase, "A hair will turn him." A hair had turned Anthony. That was why Kitty was smiling.

(To be continued)



Certainties

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Whether you dwell by hut or throne,
Whether your feet tread silk or grass,
Comes the one lad you shall never own,
Or the one lass.

Whether you 've pence to spend, or gold,
Whether you 've toil or time to weep,
Comes the one pain that may never be told
And may never sleep.

Whether you weep or mock in pride,
Whether you tell or still deny,
Comes the one scar that your heart must hide
Till the day you die.



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The Island of Helgoland

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

XVII. THE GROWING ENMITY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY

IN the opening years of the twentieth century one great fact stood out in ever-blackening relief to every student of international affairs and lover of his fellowmen—the growing enmity of Great Britain and Germany. Much energy was expended in denying it. The mere fact that such energy seemed called for proved that the hatred existed. It is possible to argue away a concrete incident; it is impossible to argue away a great mass of national ill feeling.

In the earlier stages of the great European conflict it was usual to allege that "at bottom this is merely a war of commercial interests." Such a statement is folly. It is perfectly true that there was grievous commercial competition. "Made in Germany" was undoubtedly the text for many unscriptural anathemas; nevertheless, it assuredly took more than counting-room fury to make Briton and German fly at one another's throats. Certainly German commercial prosperity was increasing by such leaps and bounds that Teutons had no right to grudge their English

cousins their trade. On the other hand, in the decade before the outbreak of the great war British commerce was by no means so decadent as to justify gloomy prognostications and a resort to desperate remedies to check competition.

Even before the two countries began to have any official quarrels Englishmen vaguely felt that Germans disliked them, but in the nineties they treated this possibility with their characteristic disdain. The interests of the great land and the great sea empires seemed to clash at few points. In 1890 Britain actually ceded Helgoland to Germany, in return, indeed, for concessions in East Africa; but it was an island, which, minute though it seemed, formed a veritable pistol in the North Sea pointed at Hamburg and Bremen. It may in fairness, however, be stated that the ill feeling of the Prussian Junker class for England was no menace to the world's happiness until it came into sinister combination with the darling policies and ambitions of William II.

The young kaiser from the outset spoke much of peace, he was a frequent visitor at the court of his grandmother, he professed a keen admiration for many things British; but he also mani-

fested a tendency to make innovations in German policy which spelled collision with England if pushed beyond a certain point. By a long series of acts and speeches he also played into the hands of the great elements among his subjects who were coming to teach that war was a blessing, and that war with England was most blessed of all.

Kaiser Wilhelm took pride not merely in being the head of the Prussian war-machine; he speedily indicated his ambition to be the head of an extremely formidable naval machine also. In 1889 the German navy had been so weak for offensive purposes that Bismarck had been fain to come to an understanding with the United States over the possession of the Samoa Islands despite the fact that the issue had been serious and that the American Navy then barely reckoned a small squadron of modern steel vessels.

In 1896 the kaiser sent a telegram to President Kruger of the Boer Republic of the Transvaal congratulating him on having repelled a raid of English filibusterers. For a variety of reasons this message was peculiarly obnoxious to the English people, especially as the Transvaal was supposed to have all its foreign relations pretty strictly through Great Britain, and the emperor had expressed his glee that Kruger had avoided his danger "without appealing to the help of friendly powers." This seemed to imply that Germany was ready in case of need to stand behind the Transvaal against England. The latter answered by mobilizing a "flying squadron" of battle-ships and cruisers so superior to anything William could send to Africa that the helplessness of the kaiser to make good his bold suggestion became absurd.

In 1898 occurred the Spanish-American War and the Dewey-Diedrichs incident at Manila. The rising Pan-German party saw the democratic Yankee republic carrying off a whole string of tropical islands, the very thing good Teutons lusted after, before their very eyes. Their first jealousy was aimed at America. Had the German fleet been only a little stronger, how many interesting things might have happened!

But it was clear that England regarded American success with profound complacency. She had given us very effective help at Manila. The wrath of the Pan-Germans was directed against England, too.

In 1899 the Boer War was begun in Africa. Germans as a nation sympathized intensely with the Dutch farmers struggling against a mighty empire. It was not merely natural partiality for the under dog. In crushing the Boers the British were putting an end to a dream very many Germans had half consciously cherished of a South Africa that should be controlled or at least "protected" by the Hohenzollern eagle.

Nevertheless, while the newspapers and public meetings raged, William II preserved a studiously correct attitude toward England until the Boers had surrendered (1902). He used the situation, however, to preach a very plain sermon to his subjects: he must have a greatly enlarged fleet.

Germany's need of a mighty navy was not solely based on the idea of reckoning with England. Bülow, as imperial spokesman, stated the case concisely late in 1899. Two of the three instances which he cited as proving the necessity of a powerful fleet are of more interest to Americans than to Britons. He said a need of naval increase was urgent because "first the Spanish-American War, then the disturbance in Samoa, and then the war in South Africa put our overseas interests at such different points in serious embarrassment; and fate proved it [this requirement of a strong navy] before our eyes." . . . "*You will understand, gentlemen, that in my official position I cannot say much, and that I cannot dot all my i's.*" It is quite likely, then, that if at the close of the nineteenth century Germany had possessed a powerful fleet, America and not England might have first tested Teutonic naval valor. Nevertheless, the main uses of a great fleet would have been against England. The nation that could cripple Great Britain upon her chosen element could obviously give the law to any lesser maritime power. In submitting the 1900 naval program, Tirpitz, therefore announced frankly, "Germany must

have a battle-fleet so strong that with the greatest of the sea powers for adversary, a war against it would involve such dangers as would imperil his own position in the world."

On January 22, 1901, died the mighty Queen Victoria. Not quite sixty-four years had reigned this good as well as great sovereign. Her direct political influence in England had not seemed very large; her indirect social influence in every monarchy of Europe had been tremendous. Kings and emperors had recognized her moral priority and her right to lecture them privately in behalf of peace and of fair international dealing. Even the Hohenzollern had stood in respectful awe of her. But now in her place reigned her son Edward VII. The relations of the new monarch and William II, his nephew, were not cordial. The later reasons alleged for their coldness were

various, but coldness undoubtedly there was. Great monarchies do not go to war to-day merely because their rulers are personally unfriendly, but the public peace is not strengthened when two kings mistrust each other. Edward VII was sixty years old when he began to reign. All his life he had been overshadowed by his august mother. His chief duty for long had been to represent the queen at many court ceremonials and public functions where a royal presence and a few smooth, non-committal words were in order. People did not take Edward VII very seriously, but he had served a long apprenticeship in the school of the world. He knew all the capitals of Europe and was on especially good terms with the French. The political power of an

English king, he knew, was slight; his indirect opportunities, especially in diplomacy, enormous. Much earlier than most Englishmen, he seems to have grasped the serious consequences of the growing spirit of Pan-Germanism, and in 1903 he began a deliberate cultivation of friends for Great Britain. He began by visiting Italy, with which indeed England had excellent relations,

and the king whereof, Victor Emmanuel III, had been a very welcome visitor while a young prince at the court of Queen Victoria. It was easy and natural to return from Rome by rail, and to be received in Paris by President Loubet. It was only five years since the Fashoda incident and the great humiliation of France, but Parisians were always courteous, and French statesmen were beginning to discover that if the Pan-German scheme menaced the British Em-



Photograph by Brown Brothers

King Edward VII

pire, an indispensable preliminary to the scheme involved the crushing of France. Edward, therefore, was cordially received in Paris. He welcomed President Loubet to England on a return visit a little later. In 1904, the first direct consequence of Edward's policy became known: on April 8, Lord Lansdowne, the British foreign minister, and M. Paul Cambon, the French ambassador at London, signed a series of conventions that ended virtually all the outstanding questions between England and France. There were of course many other points settled, but the main decision was this: France agreed to cease to make difficulties about the English occupation of Egypt, and on the other hand England was to pull no wry faces if France found it needful to

stretch her hands over Morocco. Thus was born the famous "Entente Cordiale," an informal agreement for good-fellowship and harmony that should have spelled happiness for the world.

Not to particularize all his travels, Edward VII, working informally with the British foreign office, visited from time to time all the major powers of Europe, and nowhere, in German opinion, wrought the kaiser's policies any good. Russia and England swore off all their old feuds. Questions of influence in Afghanistan and Tibet were cleared up; and chief matter of all, Persia, a distracted empire over the protection of which there had been vast wrangling, was to be divided into three spheres of influence, a Russian one in the north, an English one in the South, and a neutral zone between. Not a single German interest was menaced by this agreement.

The two signatories did not make any kind of alliance. They only agreed to cease quarreling and to live together in harmony, and yet the Berlin newspapers were soon full of solemn, if not inflammatory, editorials: another case of Edward's nefarious policy of "isolating Germany," of "hemming her in," and forming a great barrier against her which only the sword could cleave away. The idea that England was a decrepit nation, gripping in some miserly fashion upon a maritime power which in justice belonged to the virile Teutonia was fostered in literally a myriad ways. In 1906 a cheap volume in paper covers lay on almost every bookstall in the fatherland. It sold in huge editions. Very possibly it was not published without high inspiration. Its title was liter-

ally "Sea-Storm," and told of how the nations of Europe, headed by Germany, attacked Great Britain and cast her from her naval throne. The last chapter gleefully described the entrance of Prussian regiments into London, and how the United States, taking advantage of the plight of her old enemy, annexed Canada and all other British possessions in America.

The effect of all this in Great Britain was of course to produce wrath, distrust, and considerable counter-reviling. A great part of the Pan-German literature luckily was never indeed put into English, but quite enough was translated to produce a most disagreeable impression. England in turn had a fair supply of jingoes, pamphleteers, and mudslingers, and naturally her responsible statesmen were obliged to take serious notice of undeniable facts. As was written in



Photograph by Paul Thompson

King Victor Emmanuel III

1911, "If a nation constantly proclaims that it is the strongest and greatest people on earth, that its destiny is to dominate the world, that it will do so by the use of the mightiest armaments the world has ever seen, and that it will use them instantly and mercilessly against those who thwart its will, what wonder that its neighbors take it at its word and insure one another's prosperity and safety by *ententes* and understandings?"

The above is certainly true. It was, however, not merely the angry disparagement of Great Britain that led to this tension with Germany, but the continual growth of the German fleet. With a civil-speaking Germany, Englishmen might not have been so anxious; but new threats and the clamor-

ous forging of new armor went on together. The result was the constant tightening of the diplomatic bow.

The events since 1900 had sufficiently convinced Englishmen of all but the extreme radical wing that a great navy was the only reasonable life insurance for the nation. Had they been persuaded otherwise, undoubtedly the outbreak of Armageddon would have been followed in a few months by so complete a victory for Teutonia as would have realized the Pan-German's wildest dreams. But Englishmen of the predominant Liberal party utterly refused to listen to the proposition that not merely a great navy, but also a great army, was needful if their presumptive enemies were to be held at bay. The most they would consider was sending a modest expeditionary force from their limited old-style professional army to give France a little friendly aid, while their navy swept the seas and kept London snug and warm, whatever the fate of Paris. The blindness of otherwise highly able English leaders to the fact that the life of their empire could be menaced by a land-drive upon the channel ports or upon Egypt or the Persian Gulf would seem to-day inconceivable to retrospective Americans did we not find so many among our own wise and good who long after 1914 continued to asseverate that the United States needed neither army nor fleet and that our own participation in the European War was merely a wicked, disordered dream.

One great voice was indeed raised strenuously for some form of compulsory military service—that of Lord Roberts, the doughty old conqueror of South Africa. A clear-headed, practical man, able to take the Pan-Germans from their own point of view, he strove earnestly to tell the truth to his countrymen and shake them out of their smug self-confidence. In October, 1912, he delivered a tremendous speech at Manchester, warning Englishmen that Germans were planning a speedy war against Great Britain, that this war would come the moment the Teutonic forces were ready, that the policy of a ruthless stroke applied by Bismarck in 1866 and 1870 would be used over again,

and that "*Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck.*" He therefore urged universal military service.

The rejection of his plea by the Liberal leaders of England was furious and disdainful. "The Nation," their chief weekly, carried a fiery article on "A Diabolical Speech," describing Roberts as speaking merely according to the "crude lusts and fears which haunt the unimaginative soldier's brain." "The Manchester Guardian," their chief daily, flatly denied Roberts' facts and premises, and declared that Germany was never accused with justice "of breaking her word, of disloyalty to her engagements, or of insincerity." And so they laughed him to scorn.

Thus through 1913 and into 1914 events moved forward, outwardly calm, but within the fires of international hatred burning: England utterly distrustful of Germany, but only half girded for the worst; Germany looking on England as the chief element which held her back from her ever-strengthening ambition—a land empire across Europe and Asia, a sea empire with innumerable colonies, and a great dominion in South America easily acquired by smashing the Monroe Doctrine after the United States had been left isolated by the ruin of the British fleet, in short, a greater Roman Empire.

In 1911 Rohrbach, the distinguished German publicist, summed up a formidable political theory in four words, "Germany's fate is England."

XVIII. THE STORM-CENTER IN MOROCCO

DURING the later years of his life Otto von Bismarck was surveying the possible causes for war which might arise in the world, and the danger-spot he selected was a country little known at the time and which had not then been in any way a source of dispute, Morocco. Bismarck in this was a true prophet, for while the Moroccan difficulty did not cause the European War, it undoubtedly contributed to bringing it about.

Morocco was the last independent state on the north coast of Africa. Formerly it had been a stronghold of

fanatical Mohammedanism and the home of daring pirates, the Salee rovers, who had been the terror of mariners as far north as the English Channel, but of late it had greatly fallen from its high estate.

But it was not the previous strength or the present weakness of the country that made Morocco a European problem; it was the great national resources of the land. Morocco was, with the possible exception of Asia Minor, the last "white man's country" left unoccupied by the European nations. The land was rich in minerals of every sort, iron especially, that great necessity of modern industry. Its agricultural resources were immense, and it had a rich soil, which the Moroccan native had barely scratched. The climate, especially in the uplands of southern Morocco, was entirely suitable for Europeans, and the small number of inhabitants in proportion to the area permitted of large immigration. No wonder that the European peoples rushed forward to gain the chance to exploit such a prize.

Unfortunately, they did not come forward singly or confine their attention each to certain localities. They pushed their interests all over Morocco, and as each group of nationals felt the competition from a group from some other nation, they appealed to their home government for aid and protection, thus making of their economic quarrels international questions. The diplomacy of Europe was busily occupied with the economic squabbles of different national groups desiring to exploit the mines, work the lands, or build the railroads of Morocco.

But this was not all of the difficulty. The people of Morocco, in whose land these European groups wished to build railroads and work mines, were fanatical Mohammedans and as such bitterly opposed to the entry of Europeans into Morocco. Nor did they manifest their displeasure merely passively; whenever possible they endeavored to put an end to these activities by violence. But these activities were being carried on as a result of concessions granted by the Moroccan Government, and it was therefore the duty of that Government

to give them protection. This duty, however, it seemed unable to fulfil.

The Government was a feudal one. The country was divided among various tribes, each with its chief, some of whom had more real power than the sultan himself. The control of Abdul Aziz over these was dependent on the amount of military force he could bring against them, and as this military force was by no means strong, each chief was generally left to do what was right in his own eyes except during the rare moments when the sultan and his army were in the neighborhood.

In addition, the character of the sultan introduced a new complication. Photography, billiard-tables, automobiles, even an American bar, were shipped to Morocco to gratify the tastes of the sultan. The religious feelings of the Moroccan people were horrified by the spectacle of the ladies of the harem, with unveiled countenances, riding in the palace grounds on bicycles provided by the kindly generosity of Abdul-Aziz. Of the palace orgies or of the wild extravagance of the sultan it is unnecessary to speak. It turned the hearts of his people from him and contributed in no small degree to the increase of the disorder.

For the extravagance of the sultan Europe can hardly be held responsible; but when it brought him into debt, when he was obliged to search Europe for those who would take his loans, the credit and stability and general character of the Moroccan Government were forced anew on European attention. If money was to be loaned to Abdul-Aziz, some care must be taken not only that it should be paid, but also that it should be expended with some degree of wisdom. This and the prevalent disorder virtually forced Europe to consider some form of intervention in Moroccan affairs.

On the fact that some intervention in Morocco was needed the European powers seem to have been agreed, but no agreement was reached as to the power or powers to which this intervention was to be entrusted. The prize was too great, and each power was too jealous of the others, to allow any one to secure it without a struggle. Eng-

land had probably been the first to secure interests in Morocco, and at the opening of the twentieth century she had by far the largest share of the Moroccan trade, and this leading position she managed to keep during the next ten years, although she was rapidly losing it to France. But England seems to have been unwilling to undertake the responsibility—the restoration and maintenance of order—which this privileged position placed on her. She was too much occupied elsewhere, in South Africa and in India. Gradually Englishmen came to the conclusion that this position of supremacy must be allowed to pass to France provided that France allowed full economic opportunity to all in Morocco, though they were unwilling that a strong military and naval power like France should control that part of Morocco opposite Gibraltar.

The claims of France to the supreme control in Morocco rested on various grounds. The possessions of France surrounded Morocco on two sides, east and south, and with the exception of a small strip bordering on the Spanish colony of Reo del Oro, the entire land frontiers of the sultan bordered on French colonies. France, therefore, was better fitted than any other power with bases from which such military forces as were necessary for the maintenance of order might operate. Moreover, to France, a state of order in Morocco was far more necessary than to any other state, for disorder in the sultan's dominions might easily affect the neighboring French colonies, and in case of war an independent and disorderly Morocco would form a convenient base from which irregular expeditions might be made on French colonies. In the second place, there were economic bases for this claim. Although French trade was not in the lead in Morocco, it was fast taking that position, aided by the favorable geographical situation. Indeed, Algeria and Morocco economically belonged together and could best be developed together.

But these French claims were zealously contested by Germany. Germany's trade was still a very poor

competitor with that of France and England, but it was growing, being organized in the true Teutonic fashion. It may be doubted, however, if it could ever overcome the advantages which geographical position had conferred on France and take the first position. And yet it is only fair to point out that Germany had certain rights and interests in Morocco that they were entitled to protect, and reasonable German action taken to this end was justifiable.

The German position, however, seems to have been based on broader considerations. She had entered late into the race for colonies, and had been, or thought she had been, left behind in the rewards, and here was the last "white man's country" obtainable passing into the hands of France! This consideration alone seems to have been the factor which moved the German colonial party and the Pan-Germans to make every effort to prevent such a result. The real Moroccan question was lost in German minds in the larger question of the division of the pleasant and profitable places of the earth—a division in which they claimed France and England had secured an undue share. At bottom, then, it appears to have been a question of prestige.

Spain had certain claims, rather shadowy, but none the less earnestly insisted on, to the northern part of Morocco. Beyond that her interests did not go. Her trade in the rest of Morocco was almost nil, her resources in men and money for the preservation of order in the entire country were insufficient. Her claim to northern Morocco, however, as a sphere of influence happened to coincide with the wishes of Great Britain; for the latter power wished to prevent France from acquiring the control of the Moroccan coast across from Gibraltar.

Thus every one of the four powers mentioned had claims in Morocco that they were justified in protecting. One of them, France, was by its position peculiarly fitted to take the task of maintaining order and directing the future of Morocco; but Germany was unwilling to acquiesce in such an arrangement, and her constant efforts to prevent it are the chief feature of the

Moroccan problem of the first eleven years of the twentieth century.

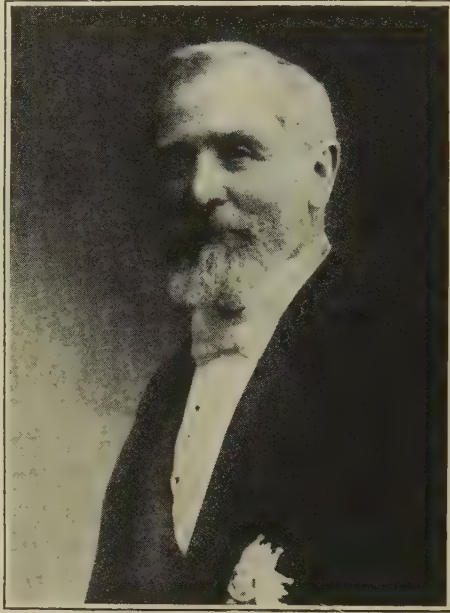
The modern phase of the problem opens with the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. By this arrangement England agreed to allow the predominant position of France in Morocco provided that English trade was protected and that Spanish claims were satisfied. In return France agreed to admit England's predominant position in Egypt. Up to this period France and England had been rivals in the colonial field, a rivalry so keen that six years earlier it had nearly brought the two countries to war. In April, 1904, however, they came to an agreement on the points in dispute in a series of treaties of which the Morocco-Egyptian agreement was one. In October of the same year this agreement was completed by a treaty between France and Spain by which the Moroccan situ-

ation of the two was regulated. In both treaties the maintenance of the independence of Morocco was assured.

Both treaties also contained secret annexes by which, in "the event of either government being constrained by force of circumstance" to alter the existing situation, mutual aid was promised, and the French-Spanish secret annex laid down the bases for a partition of Morocco between France and Spain. It is possible to consider these secret annexes as destroying all the effect of the public declarations and as indicating the covert intention of proceeding, as soon as possible, to a Franco-Spanish absorption of Morocco by English aid. It does not seem as if this reasoning is necessarily true. Conditions in Morocco were subject to

rapid change, and any government embarking on a policy of maintaining order and of directing the sultan's government ought to be prepared for all contingencies. The exact intention of the French Government at this time is hard to discover; possibly it was not sure itself.

Germany's first attitude toward these agreements was not hostile. Bülow, the German Chancellor, stated that Germany's interests in Morocco were entirely economic, and as long as these interests were not endangered, she would offer no opposition. But as time went on this earlier position was modified. Many reasons contributed to this. First was the rather discourteous attitude of M. Delcassé, the French foreign minister, in declining to give to Germany official notice of the agreements of 1904. Then, too, the secret agreements may have leaked



Photograph by Brown Brothers

President Loubet

out to such an extent as to give Germany the idea that some arrangement detrimental to her interests was under consideration. But the real reason for her actions in 1905 appear to lie in factors far greater than the mere problems of Morocco.

In the days of Bismarck, Germany had been content to wait in calm confidence in her strength and had refused to waste her energies and to make enemies in raising barren questions of prestige. But with the more feverish days under William II the idea seems to have developed that Germany ought to insist on her rights and demand that in every problem raised in Europe or in the world she be consulted. So an increasing group in Germany demanded that these agreements should be

questioned and brought under the purview of German diplomacy.

Gradually this group seems to have secured control of the Imperial Government, although it is doubtful if they ever secured the complete adherence of the emperor, who seems at this time to have disliked violent measures against France. But the German Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, was in a difficult political situation at home and needed the support of the conservatives, which could be gained only by a more spirited foreign policy. The moment for this display of strength was most propitious, while Russia, France's Continental ally, was undergoing defeat in the war against Japan, and the European position of France was thereby weakened. It was therefore decided in Berlin to challenge this new Anglo-French agreement.

William II was cruising in the Mediterranean in the early spring of 1905. Suddenly, on March 31, he appeared at Tangier and replied to the greetings addressed to him with a speech which at once produced a serious diplomatic situation. He said:

It is to the sultan in his position as an independent sovereign that I am paying my visit to-day. I hope that under the sovereignty of the sultan a free Morocco will remain, open to the peaceful rivalry of all nations, without monopoly or annexation, on the basis of absolute equality. The object of my visit to Tangier is to make it known that I am determined to do all that is in my power to safeguard efficaciously the interests of Germany in Morocco, for I look on the sultan as an absolutely independent sovereign.

It was a direct challenge to the Anglo-French treaty, in which the paramount interests of France in Morocco had been admitted, and to the entire foreign policy of friendship with England as directed by M. Delcassé. And when this speech was backed by an ultimatum that Morocco should be placed under an international control the whole foundation of the agreement of

1904 was attacked.

But France was in no position to fight even though England appears to have promised armed aid in case she so elected. Delcassé resigned, and France agreed to submit the whole Moroccan question to an international conference to meet at Algeiras in 1906.

There is something, as has been already admitted, to be said for the German claims in the matter. Germany had certain interests which would be destroyed if France were allowed to make



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Prince von Bülow

Morocco a closed preserve for her capitalists. But England was in the same position, and had Germany decided to open diplomatic negotiations with England, she could probably have secured the latter's aid against such a contingency without this undue exhibition of table-thumping. Indeed, the whole affair left an impression which cost Germany many possible friends at the conference. Moreover, it was not the secret, but the *public*, clauses of the Moroccan treaty that Germany attacked—clauses which she had hitherto accepted, and this conduct left a feeling of insecurity in Europe.

Indeed, the whole German aim in this affair seems to have been to gain prestige and not to protect her interests in Morocco. Germany had spoiled her

case, which was not altogether a bad one at the start, by her bullying methods, and when the conference met at Algeciras, a little Spanish town near Gibraltar, French diplomacy had arrayed against Germany almost all of the powers. To this conference had come delegates from the United States, called thither, it is said, by the German Government in the hope of securing their aid; but these neutral delegates decided to uphold, in the main, the French contentions. France alone was really well situated to keep order and to guide the Moroccan Government, and these two were necessities in handling the problem. Even Italy, Germany's ally, deserted her, and Austria-Hungary, her most devoted friend, at times showed signs of independent action. So a compromise was made—a compromise which merely covered the German defeat, sketched out in its main outlines, it is said, by President Roosevelt in reply to an appeal for aid from the German Emperor. This act of Algeciras contained in its one hundred and twenty-three articles many principles dear to Americans; for example, that of the open door. It declared the sovereignty and independence of the sultan and the integrity of his dominions, and made the control international in form. All these were concessions to Germany. On the other hand, it admitted the French claim of paramount interests in the land, and confided to France and Spain the direction and the greatest share in this international control. In itself it was a splendid document, full of hope for the future. But would it work?

It soon became evident that it would not. The other powers involved in the international control, after having asserted their claims in Morocco, promptly withdrew to their own affairs and left France and Spain to grapple with the Moroccan anarchy and to try to manage the sultan. They were willing to take the trade and exploit the resources of the country, but they shrank from the attendant responsibilities.

In these circumstances the act of Algeciras was unworkable. A strong control over Morocco was needed. This control could be international, but if

the other powers refused to assist France and Spain, then the control had to be vested in these two. Therefore, in the five years following Algeciras, Morocco drifted more and more into the status of a Franco-Spanish protectorate or a division between the two. Not that this result was greatly desired in either France or Spain; both seem to have shrunk from the expense in men and money that this obligation would involve, and yet the facts of the situation drove them on.

Almost all the European powers were reconciled to the protectorate as the ultimate solution; the exception was Germany. In the first place, her trade in Morocco was growing, and she feared that it would be destroyed if the protectorate was allowed. In the second place, her prestige was bound up in the act of Algeciras. She endeavored in every way, therefore, to check French efforts, intriguing with the sultan and raising questions. Abdul-Aziz, the incompetent, had lost his throne to his abler brother Mulai-Hafid, and Germany hoped that she could secure the new sultan. In vain, for he gradually gravitated toward France. Finally Germany in 1909 made a swift volte-face. In an agreement with France she recognized the paramount interests of the latter in Morocco, and in return obtained the chance for her subjects to associate with the French in all the economic development of Morocco.

Now, this agreement virtually destroyed the open door in Morocco, which had been all along the great German contribution. England protested against it, but without avail. Again, Germany admitted the paramount political interests of France in Morocco, a thing which hitherto she had refused to do. The agreement was regarded in France as giving her a free hand to deal with the sultan in return for economic concessions to Germany. Unfortunately, the wording of the agreement was so loose as to allow two different interpretations by the two parties to it, and, instead of peace, it led to strife.

It was at this inopportune moment that news came to Paris of a bad situation at Fez, the capital of Morocco. Anarchy was said to be increasing, the

power of the sultan gone, and the lives of Europeans were endangered. How far this information was correct seems never to have been entirely settled, but, at any rate, it was enough to cause the French Government to send a strong force inland to Fez to restore order. This action, however, in so critical a time was full of danger. Germany was disgruntled and would surely seize the opportunity to declare that the act of Algeciras was violated and a new situation had arisen. In this view they would have some justification, for a French force, once in Fez, would probably never withdraw,—in fact, it never did,—and in such a situation it was idle to talk of the independence of Morocco. Spain promptly took a hand in the game by seizing the territory allotted to her by the secret treaty of 1904. A new situation had indeed arisen; the act of Algeciras was dead.

Probably it would have been better for France openly to avow this fact and to ask the price of Germany's consent. Such seems to have been the advice of M. Cambon, the sagacious French ambassador to Germany, and to such a course France would probably have come in time. Unfortunately, there had been two quick changes of ministry in Paris, and French policy at this time was rather weak and uncertain. Therefore it lost precious time while Germany became more and more angry and threatening.

When one army is attacking another, it selects a position to assault not because that position is important in itself so much as that it is the weakest spot in the opposing line and that defeat there will endanger the entire plan of the enemy. Morocco was France's weakest position in world policy, and Germany attacked it not because Morocco in itself was so important to her, but because a defeat for France *here* might force her to come to terms elsewhere. So the story of the events of 1911 passes outside the boundaries of the Moroccan problem into the wider limits of world policy.

If we examine the map of Africa as it was in 1911, between the Niger and the Congo rivers we find two colonies, one of Germany—Kamerun—and one

of France—the French Congo. Both these colonies were typical tropical dependencies, not white man's countries, and yet very valuable in the economic sense. Each had been farmed out by the respective governments to various trading companies of which the leading French example was the so-called N'Goko-Sangha Company. Unfortunately for world peace, the boundary between the two colonies was uncertain, border disputes were frequent, and it appears that a more enterprising Germany company had encroached on the land of the French company. Despairing of any settlement, the French Government decided to form a co-partnership in the Congo such as had been formed in Morocco. In return for granting this arrangement the N'Goko-Sangha Company demanded an indemnity for losses sustained to the Germans, and when the French Chamber of Deputies refused to vote the indemnity, the whole plan fell through, much to the disgust of the Germans, who had hoped to gain much from such an arrangement.

In the spring of 1911, however, M. Caillaux, at first foreign minister, then premier, took up the negotiations again. This new negotiation seems to have had a much wider scope. Carried on in secret,—French diplomacy seems to have known nothing of it,—Caillaux's negotiations seemed to have aimed at a general exchange of territories in central Africa, and even the cession of French Congo in return for German allowance of a French protectorate in Morocco. In addition, it appears that the French purse was to be opened to the support of German economic plans in Turkey and elsewhere. A splendid colonial empire in central Africa, French funds for the completion of the Bagdad railway—such was the vision opened before the Germans. It is not to be wondered at that they seized it.

Speed was, above all, necessary. France had taken her share,—her army was at Fez,—and now Germany wished her compensation. Germany was grumbling; there was talk of lost prestige. France might be merely delaying, and so Germany decided to call for a

show-down. Unfortunately for her, this violence ruined her cause.

On July 1 the German Ambassador notified the French Government that Germany had decided to send a war-ship to Agadir, a port in southern Morocco. This act showed that Germany placed herself on an equality with France in Morocco, denied all that had gone before, and reopened the whole Moroccan problem. Her ostensible reason—protection of Germans and prevention of unrest around Agadir—was frivolous, for neither Germans nor unrest were present in the region. It was merely another gesture with the fist on the table, another warning to the world that Germany and German prestige must be considered. It was a mistake, because it solidified France and ruined any chance the Caillaux schemes might have had. It was a crime, because it nearly plunged Europe into war.

The new situation was received in France with great calm. In England there was more tension, and this was increased by the obstinate refusal of Germany at the start to give to England any statement of her intentions, an action which seemed to show a design to exclude England from the negotiations and treat the Anglo-French Entente as a thing of naught. Probably Germany had no such intention, but it was felt in England that this matter must be cleared up speedily. And so on July 21 Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for the British Government, declared at a Guildhall dinner that England could not and would not be disregarded, that England's interest in Morocco and treaty relations with France must be taken into account. Probably it would have been wiser to wait, for the German Government had, a day or so before, decided to give England a frank statement denying that they had any intentions of seizing territory in Morocco. In this they were undoubtedly sincere, for if in the days immediately following July 1 they had dreamed of a German South Morocco, they had soon changed their demands to compensations elsewhere.

But the Lloyd George speech changed

matters. Germany assumed a tone of injured dignity, and war was not far off. But neither side seemed anxious to press the matter, and on July 27 friendly relations were again resumed. The German Government stated its ends in the negotiations with France, and the English Government agreed not to interfere.

These negotiations between France and Germany had been dragging on since July 1. On July 7 the German Government agreed in principle to a French protectorate in Morocco, although they wished to limit this, but in return demanded heavy compensations in the French Congo. At times the Germans showed a desire to take all and give little or nothing, and in the second week of September it seemed as if the negotiations would be broken off. A panic set in on the Berlin bourse, and war was generally expected. But good sense finally prevailed, and the negotiations were carried on to a final settlement in the treaty of November 4, 1911. By this the French protectorate in Morocco was admitted, although France agreed to maintain the open door for the trade of outside nations. In return France ceded to Germany a large region in French Congo.

Thus ended the Moroccan question. Not entirely, for it continued to grow for months in the Reichstag and in the Pan-German newspapers. The colonial minister resigned in disgust, and the German colonial party declared that the fatherland had suffered an intolerable humiliation. These men, in their rage, were now ready for desperate measures; but official Germany was not—yet. And so the whole question slowly sank below the horizon, its departure luridly illuminated by the flames of Pan-German oratory. On the whole its history is a rather sordid story of intrigue and violence. Twice it nearly plunged Europe into war, and its legacy was an increased mistrust between England and France on one side and Germany on the other. It did not cause the World War of 1914, but it greatly contributed to the spirit of hostility out of which the war came.

(To be continued)



Youth, Riding

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

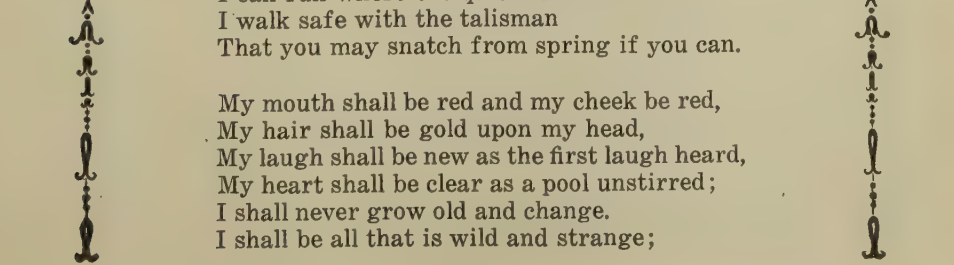
I will not bow my head
To listen to the dead.
I am alive and I am young;
There is gladness in my tongue,
And my lips are red.
There is red within my blood,
There is red beneath my cheek,
There is a flood
Of red that makes me sing and speak
And shout with youth.

I will never bow my head
And sit and listen to the dead.

I am young, I am young;
I am fleet.
I am fresh and living and sweet.
They reach out hands for the joy I hold,
They who are old, they who are old;
I give them joy with my two hands thrust
Out to their hands, for they are dust;
They are dust and they are mold,
They are dust falling under my feet,
And what I have I will not withhold.
They take what I give, and greedily
Pluck at my gown for the youth they see;
At my throat, on my hands, I loose each gem,
And give to them;
But well I know
To give is to keep. They cannot hold
The youth I stretch to them. They are old.

I have the step of a god, the swift
Sweep of a deer, and a swallow's lift.
I can go where the three winds go;
I can run where the quick winds run.
I walk safe with the talisman
That you may snatch from spring if you can.

My mouth shall be red and my cheek be red,
My hair shall be gold upon my head,
My laugh shall be new as the first laugh heard,
My heart shall be clear as a pool unstirred;
I shall never grow old and change.
I shall be all that is wild and strange;





All that sets the thought aglow
To have, to snatch, to glimpse, to go,
To hear, to snare, to make, to know.
I shall be what is beyond the white
Horizon's line, and what the night
Holds in its lips for the tired to hear.
I, who am youth, shall be always dear.
Those are slaves alone who choose.
We who wish may have life to use.

Others change may traffic among,
Others change may choose and buy;
Not I! Not I!

I bear a sword, I bear a shield,
I have a spear to wield.
I shall go over the world and kill,
Tread and tramp and blot and still
All that is wrong, though set on high,
I who am youth and cannot die.

All that are old have need to fear.
They shall not cumber
And keep the earth for a place to slumber.
I am youth, and I come alone.
I will pull you from your throne,
I will pull you from your place,
You who are staid and calm of face.
I look within you and I see
Well you have need to shrink from me.
I am a rebel, and I ride
Wherever there are things to hide;
I pull them into the light and slay
All that is old and mean and gray.
I shall snatch, I shall seek,
I shall find, too, and shall destroy.
I am youth, I am youth,
I am joy.

Ruthless to myself and the weak,
Tireless to tear and build and seek,
I shall not shrink from a lonely land
Or grope with my hand for another hand
Or a staff to hold,
Like those who cower
And like those who are old.

Only my own heart I hear,
Only my own strength I heed.
I have no lack, I have no fear,
I have no need.

I shall yet kill evil, I
Who am youth and cannot die.





"IN THE TOWER ROOM"

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Norman Price
(Illustrating "A Servant of Reality")

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Radical America

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is with no intention to be paradoxical that I call America a radical nation. I know well by experience, sometimes galling, what an English labor leader or a French socialist thinks of America, as he understands it. A mere congestion of capital, a spawning-ground of the bourgeoisie, the birthplace of trusts, where even the labor-unions are capitalistic. If the world is to be saved for democracy, he says, it will not be by America.

I am not so sure. Being one of those who doubted whether the successful termination of the war would forever make safe democratic ideals, I feel at liberty to doubt whether the triumph of a European proletariat will give us what we want. It depends much upon what one means by democracy. And correspondingly, whether America is fundamentally radical or conservative depends much upon what one means by radicalism. If, like Louis XIV or Napoleon, I had a leash of writers and scholars at my command, I would have them produce nothing but definitions while these critical years of transition lasted. I would make them into an academy whose fiat in general definition would be as valid as the French Academy's in the meaning of a word. I would make it a legal offense for two men to quarrel over socialism when one means communism and the other state control of the post-office. I would, like the early Quakers, require arbitration for all disputants, especially in politics,

knowing that a clear head would quickly discover that arguers on democracy conceivably meant anything from a standard collar for every one to nationalization of women. But the good old days of literary dictatorship are past. The most a writer upon the American mind can do is to endeavor honestly to make his own definitions as he goes; and I believe that American radicalism needs a good deal of defining.

It is not the doctrines of Babeuf or Marx or Lenine that have made what seems to be the indigenous variety of American radicalism. Their beliefs, and especially those of Marx, have found acceptance here. There are moments in intellectual or industrial development when men's minds become seeding-grounds for ideas blown from without. There were centuries when the mystical ideas of the Christian East were sown and rooted in the barbarian brains of the West. There were the years when the liberal ideas of the French Revolution were blown across Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries. And much that we call radical in America is simply foreign seed, growing vigorously in our soil, but not yet acclimated; as it is growing also in Russia and New Zealand. And much is not American in any sense, but rather the purely alien ideas of immigrants—individual men among us. It is not for nothing that Trotzky was here, and the Marxists, the syndicalists, the nihilists, and the communists of half Europe. We have been exposed to every germ of rad-

icalism ever hatched in the Old World; yet neither the young professor, lecturing on the redistribution of wealth, nor the Russian stevedore, who in lower New York awaits the proletariat revolution, truly represents American radicalism. These are the ideas and these the men our restless youth are borrowing from, but they are not yet, they may never be, American.

It is fortunately not yet difficult to separate foreign from indigenous radicalism. There is that in both our heredity and our environment which makes the American mind bad soil for the seed of foreign ideologies. They rain upon us, they germinate; but they do not make a crop. We are too self-reliant, too concrete; our New World has kept us too cheerfully busy; the heavens of opportunity have leaned too low over this blessed America for discontent which leads to dreaming, oppression which makes revolt, to be common among us. We "old Americans," at least of this generation, are poor material for Bolshevism; even as socialists we are never more than half convinced. Our radicalism has been of a different breed.

Indeed, radicalism, like religion and sea-water, takes color from the atmosphere in which it is found. The French radical possesses the lucidity and the self-regarding spirit of the modern French mind. He lends ideas, but does not propagate them. The English radical seeks his ends by direct political action in good English fashion. And the native American has his own way also. That its essential quality of radicalism has often been overlooked, while the term has been bandied among soap-box orators and devotees of the bomb, is natural, but unfortunate for clear thinking.

Our home-bred radicalism has been physical and moral, not intellectual. It has been a genuine attempt to tear down and rebuild, but it has not ordinarily been called radicalism, which term has been usually applied to radical thinking, to the intellectual radicalism of revolutionary organizations and protestants against the social order. Our effective radicals have been the leaders, not the opponents, of American society. They have been business men, philanthro-

pists, educators, not strike-leaders, social workers, and philosophers.

I talked recently to the head of a great manufacturing plant where technical skill both of hand and of brain was exercised upon wood and brass and steel. The modern world, according to his viewing (which was very obviously from the angle of business) is divided into two categories, executives and engineers. Executives are the men who organize and control. They are the ones chiefly rewarded. Engineers invent and carry out. They are the experts. It is the executives who lead; the experts supply ideas, work out methods, but follow.

This statement may be disputable, and it is certainly a painfully narrow bed in which to tuck American life and American ideals. Nevertheless, it has at least one element of profound truth. In the world of physical endeavor and physical organization it is executive business men who have changed, broken up, reorganized, developed the material world of America. They have fearlessly scrapped the whole machinery of production, transportation, and trade as it existed in the last generation, and in many respects improved upon, or destroyed by competition, the parallel order in the Old World. They have been true radicals of the physical category, and their achievements have been as truly radicalism as the experiments of Lenine in government ownership. That is a physical radicalism, dealing with material values chiefly and without reference to some of the greatest needs of the human spirit, does not mean that intellect of a high, if not the highest, order may not have been required for its successful accomplishment.

Our other native radicals, the philanthropists and the educators, have also been chiefly executives. Their work has been inspired by the stored-up moral force of America, especially Puritan America. But their great achievements, like those of the business men, have been in organization and development rather than in thought.

In earlier generations our moral radicals were such men as Emerson and Whitman. To-day they are college

presidents, organizers of junior high-school systems, or heads of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie trust—prime movers all of them in systems of educational or philanthropic practice that uplift millions at a turn of a jack-screw. And these men in any true sense of the word are radicals—so radical in their thoroughgoing attempts to transform society by making it more intelligent, healthier, more productive that all Europe is protesting or imitating them. Who is exercising a greater pressure for durable change upon the largest number, who is digging most strenuously about the roots of the old order, John Rockefeller, Jr. and his co-workers or Trotzky? It is not easy to say.

This essay is not propaganda, and I am not particularly concerned as to whether or no the reader accepts my broadening of the term "radicalism." Time may force him to do so, for no one can tell in a given age just what actions and what theories will lead to the tearing up of old institutions and the planting of a new order. Those absolutist kings, Philip Augustus and his successors, who crushed together the provinces of France were, we see now, radicals, though power and privilege were their motives. I, however, am interested in men rather than in categories, and the philanthropist radicals, the business radicals, and the educational pioneers of America already interest the world strangely.

What they are in essence is of course more important than the name we give them. And first of all I believe that in a genuine, if narrow, sense they have been idealistic; indeed, that their American idealism has made them radical. If America at present is actively, practically idealistic (something Europe and the world in general would like to have determined) it is due to them.

Idealism is not a negative virtue. It is not mysticism. It is not meditation, though it may be its fruits. Whatever idealism may be in philosophical definition, in life it is the desire and the attempt to put into practice conceptions of what ought theoretically to be accomplished in this imperfect world; and the quality of the idealism depends upon the quality of the idealist.

In this sense—a true sense for America, however inapplicable to the Middle Ages—who can doubt that such Americans as I have described are idealistic? Nowhere in the world are there more visible evidences of the desires of men wreaking themselves upon earth and stone and metal, upon customs and government and morals, than in this new continent. And these desires are predominantly for betterment, for perfection,—a low perfection sometimes, it is true,—for the "uplift," physically, morally, intellectually of humanity.

Of course the quality of American idealism is mixed. Beside the pure ambition of a St. Francis to make men brothers, beside the aspiring hope of the cathedral builders to make faith lovely to the eye, the ideal of a chain of five-and-ten cent stores, or a railroad system, or even a democratic method of education, is not a luminous, not a spiritual, idealism. But a working ideal for the benefit of the race it may be, and often is.

The truth of this has not seemed obvious to Europeans or to most Americans. Our individualism has been so intense and often so self-seeking, our preoccupation since the Civil War so dominantly with matter rather than with mind or spirit, that it is easy for foreigners to call us mere money-grubbers. Yet no one who has ever talked with a "captain of industry" or the director of a great philanthropic enterprise feels doubt as to the unsoundness of this description. Unfair, narrow, material-minded we may have been, but our enterprises have had vision behind them, dreams, perhaps, imposed upon us by the circumstances of a new, raw continent, by wealth for the seeking, by opportunities for the making, by vast battles with nature to be organized and won.

Furthermore, behind and beneath all our strivings sets of moral ideas have been active. America has never been blasé or cynical. We have never relinquished the ethics of puritanism, which are the ethics of the Bible. Even the greedy capitalist has disgorged at last, and devoted his winnings to the improvement of the society he preyed upon. But most American capitalists

have not been greedy. They themselves have been devoured by a consuming desire to accomplish, to build up, to put through. When they have broken laws, it is because the laws have held them back from what seemed to them necessary, inevitable development for the greater good of all—because, in a word, they were radical.

One night in war-time, at a base port in Scotland far from our own environment and our native prejudices, I heard the self-told tale of an arch-enemy of American "interests," a pugnacious man who had fought and won, with a price on his head, sent millionaires to jail, been calumniated, been trapped by infamous conspiracies, and escaped them—a man better hated, better loved than is the fortune of most of us. My other companion was another American, a young, but celebrated, preacher, a moralist of the breed of the Beechers and the Spurgeons. And the same question rose to our lips when the story was finished. These enemies, these magnates who had been jailed and defeated, and yet still fought and often successfully, were they mere self-seekers, rascals, by any fair definition? And neither of us was satisfied with that answer, nor was the hero of the story. Two of us at least agreed that it was rather a case of "enterprise" *versus* "social justice," of individualistic effort *versus* the rights of a community. The zeal of the capitalists had burned in their hearts until they broke through morality in an effort to make good.

But of course most of our American radicals have not been even illegal in their idealism. Their zeal has encountered only obstinacy, stupidity, and the intractable conservatism of ordinary life. These men have built up great industries that made life more facile, or extended great educational and health enterprises over States and beyond seas, with little harm to any man and much good to most, unless the source of the wealth expended be questioned, or the effect of a zealot's ideas enforced upon millions.

Indeed, if strength of purpose, if energy, if a burning desire to change, to better the minds, the bodies, or the tools of men, were all that could be

asked of radicalism, then we might well rest content with the achievements to 1919 of the American idealist-radical. But more has been asked of the reformer, even of the reformer of business methods, than energy and will. The radicalism I have described, based upon common sense and inspired by restless virility, has not always been adequate. The pioneering days are ended when a good shot could always get game, a strong arm always find plowlands. It is time to take thought. And if one compares the uprooting energy of Americans with the intellectual radicalism of Europe or with the new radicalism of the incoming American generation, a curious difference appears. Our old radicalism was perhaps healthier, certainly more productive of immediate betterment to those who profited by it; but it is harder to define, harder to follow into a probable future, because, when all is said, it is relatively aimless.

Where do our vast business enterprises lead? Toward a greater production of this world's goods, toward an accumulation of wealth in the hands of the sturdy organizers; but equally toward a vast corporate machine in which the individual man becomes a particle lost in the mass, toward a society which produces wealth without learning to distribute or employ it for the purposes of civilization. I do not say that this latter port is our destination. I say that our business leaders are steering a course which is just as likely to land us there as anywhere. Or, rather, they are stoking the engines and letting the rudder go free.

And is our vast educational enterprise any more definitely aimed? Perhaps so, for the increase of intelligence is an end in itself. Nevertheless, for what is, let us say, the American high school preparing, a new social order, or the stabilization of the old one? When the aristocrats and the burghers of Europe began to be educated, they tore themselves apart in furious wars over religion. When the Western proletariat becomes educated, will they not tear our social fabric in class wars also? Are we educating for this or against it? For what kind of society are we edu-

cating? The socialist has his answer. Can American school boards say?

And our organized philanthropists, combating hookworm, tuberculosis, lynching, child labor, liquor, slums, and preventable crime? The medieval church, hampered by its lack of science and the waywardness of its world, engaged in such a struggle, and from a thousand monasteries, built, like our modern foundations, upon the profits of exploitation, strove to uplift Europe. Its aim and end were clear: to practise charity that the souls of workers and donors might be saved; to clothe the naked and feed the hungry that love might be felt to govern the world. And the church succeeded in its measure until, on the somewhat specious plea that not love, but justice, was demanded, rapacious governments seized the capital of the ecclesiastical corporations and sold the abbeys for building stone and lead.

Our great organizations are more efficient than the church, because they are more scientific. Whether they are more successful depends upon one's estimate of success. The modern man, for whom they care, is a cleaner, brighter, more long-lived person than his medieval ancestor. He is probably better material for civilization, because, if more vulgarized, he is more intelligent. Whether he is happier is not so certain. The church inspired a confidence (not always justified) in the friendliness of destiny which the Rockefeller Foundation has so far failed to equal. Nevertheless, scientific philanthropy, though it promises less, achieves what it does promise more thoroughly and without those terrible by-products of the ecclesiastical system—servility, pauperism, bigotry, and superstition. But what is its aim?

With little more regard to the source of their wealth than the church, the philanthropies of to-day have far less regard for the final results of their benefactions. As with the educators, it is enough for them to, so to speak, improve the breed. The apparent philosophy behind their program is that when the proletariat is bathed, educated, and made healthy, it will be civilized, and therefore competent to take over the world (including universities and steel

mills, railroads and hospitals) and run it. But the executives of these great organizations would probably protest against this reading of their expectations almost as quickly as the donors of the funds; certainly they show no readiness to meet the proletariat half-way on its upward path. Clearly, you cannot wash, teach, and invigorate society without powerfully affecting the whole social fabric. The feeble experiments of the nineteenth century in universal education have already proved that. Some transformation the great endowments of our age are laboring to bring about. For the creating of a new race they have a plan, but not for its salvation, even on this side of heaven. Indeed, as the German experience shows, they may even become instruments by which the common man is made a mere tool firmly grasped by the hand of authority. Common sense alone governs them. Their vision is bent upon the immediate, not the ultimate, future.

A little vague these criticisms may seem to the practical mind; and vague, when philosophically considered, are the aims of American radicalism. Very different, indeed, they are from the clean-cut programs of the European radical, whose habitat now is from the Urals to Puget Sound. There is little vagueness in socialism, little vagueness in syndicalism, the very opposite of vagueness, despite the efforts of the American press, in Bolshevism. In all these systems the past is condemned, the present reconstructed, and the future made visible with a lucidity that betrays their origin in efforts of the pure reason. That, of course, is the difficulty—at least to American and most British intelligences. The aim of Bolshevism is so definite as to be almost mathematical. Society as a whole is considered economically, and a program deduced that will fill the most mouths with the least labor. To be sure, stomach-filling is not the sole purpose of Lenine and his followers. They argue, and with more right than our easy-going bourgeois civilization is willing to concede, that idleness, unrest, and crime are more often the result than the cause of poverty. Nevertheless, the type radical of the European variety

does unquestionably rest his case upon the premise that man is merely a tool-using animal. Ask a Bolshevik where civilization is going, and he will answer you with ease and explicitness. Ask the average American, and he will either reply in vague platitudes or deny both knowledge and responsibility. Of the two men he is less likely to be wrong.

And note well that our domesticated socialists and intelligentzia, though far more inclined to consider the human factor than the Bolsheviks, have the same advantage of clarity of aim, and the same tendency to confuse ideas with facts. Common sense—not the highest virtue, not the virtue which will save our souls, or even our bodies, in a crisis like war or a turmoil of the spirit—is often lacking in the socialist. Good humor—again not a quality that wins heaven's gates, but a saving grace, nevertheless—is noticeably absent from the columns of our radical weeklies. An admirable service they are rendering in clarifying the American mind, in forcing it, or some of it, to face issues, to think things through, to be intelligent as well as sensible; but the logical rigidity of their program inhibits that sense of proportion which recognizes the *Falstaffs* and the *Micawbers* of this world, smiles sometimes over miscarriages of idealism, sympathizes with feeble, humorous man, does not always scold.

And yet the American who dislikes scolding should beware of superciliousness. It is much easier for genial folks to chide the critics with programs than to be critical of themselves. The normal American is a product of American education, with its insistence upon liberal progress, upon acceleration toward the vaguest of goals. It has not taught him to be critical of others in any thorough-going fashion, it has not taught him to be critical of himself. The confidence that has carried our business to a maximum, that has flung our schools broadcast, and swept our philanthropies over the world, spelled differently is self-assurance. Nothing disturbs us so much as to be told to stop and think. Nothing angers the business world so much as legislation that "halts business." Nothing infuriates an educa-

tional organizer more than to question the quality, not the quantity, of his product. We have seen clearly what we wished to do with iron and coal and food. We have felt, in education and philanthropy, sure of our moral bases. Our energy has been concentrated on going ahead. To be radical intellectually, to think it all out in terms of a possible relation of labor and capital, of a possible education, of a possible society for the future—that has not appealed to us. We have shunned philosophical programs by instinct, and wilfully built for to-day instead of tomorrow. The American radical has done too little thinking; the European, perhaps too much.

But the infection of thought is spreading. I do not believe that the youths who will make the coming generation—the youths that fought the war—are going to be radicals in the sense that I have called European. If the ideas of Marx and Lenine ever take root in America, it will be because social injustice such as we have not yet been cursed with makes a soil for them. If they take root, they transform in the growing, like foreign plants in California weather. But the new generation is not like the old. It is more sensitive to the winds of doctrine. It is less empirical, less optimistic, less self-assured.

Already one can divide into two classes the undergraduates as one finds them in American colleges. The smaller group their elders would call radical. But they are not socialists, not anarchists, not even consistently liberal. More truly, they are critics of things, as they are. Their minds are restless; they are ever seeking for definitions, for solutions, for a cause to enroll under. They are restless under the push of common-sense America that drives them into activity without explanation. They are painfully aware of the difference between their ideas and the conditions of life in modern society, and are determined to test one by the other. Their native idealism has become intellectual.

The other group is far larger, but, if less restless, is no more static. Most of its members are indifferent to the new ideas scintillating all over the world,

if indeed they are not ignorant of them. Nevertheless, their faith in society as it was is curiously weak. If few of them are likely to become socialists, few also will be inspired by the idealist-radicalism of their fathers. The naïve enthusiasm of those fathers for "movements," "deals," "progress" is not (unless I miss my guess) common among them. They are not likely to overturn America a second time in order to make great fortunes; philanthropy does not interest them; education as a missionary endeavor does not seem to attract them. Their moral foundations are less solid than in old days; their energies less boundless; aimless endeavor for the sake of doing something is no longer a lure. Either they will find a program of their own to excite them, or stand pat upon the fortune they expect to inherit. If their future is to be narrowed to a choice between pleasure and mere productivity, why, then these men would rather run motor-cars than make them. There is a very real danger that rather than hustle for the sake of hustling, they will prefer to "lie down" on their job. And thanks to the homogeneity of the current American mind, this analysis, if it is true at all, is true of thousands.

The American radical in the future, I take it, will still be idealist, but not Bolshevik. That generalization from the needs of poverty is at the same time too material to suit his temper, which is still fundamentally moral, and too rash economically to sit with his practical common sense. He will remain an idealist; but a sharpening of his intellect will give teeth to his idealism, and the practical common sense he will carry over from the days when his kind were pioneers in a new world will steady him. What he will want is not yet clear, except that it will certainly not be the world of Marxes or the kaiser (himself in many respects a radical). What he will do I cannot venture to guess. But if one dare not prophesy, one may at least hope.

And my hope is that a principle now visibly at work among many Americans may guide him also. Principles, if they are sound, have a way of making themselves felt through the padding of men-

tal habit and convention, like knobs in a chair-seat.

The principle I have in mind is merely this: that a man's character and the ideas upon which, so to speak, he operates must be appraised separately. Tenacity of will, honesty of spirit, tenderness of heart—such elements of character make a man neither conservative nor radical, but they cannot be left out of political accounting.

And my hope is that the new generation is going to be forced toward such a weighing and discrimination of character and policies. Their mental padding has worn thin in war-time. The moral conventions that we have accepted almost unhesitatingly here in America no longer protect the youth with certainty from the shrewd blows of rationalism or superstition.

Therefore ideas and character are both likely to be more closely inspected in the days that are coming. The conservative minded, as in the past, will emphasize character; and as that is a much better platform to stand on than mere obstinacy or self-interest, they will presumably be better conservatives, provided that the intellectual unrest of the times forces them to think. The radicals will search for ideas that may transform the future, and if the abundance of ideas in relation to the paucity of accomplishment causes them to put a higher value upon character, why, so much for the better radicalism.

No future in the history of the world has been so interesting as is the immediate future of America. Our next great political leader, who may be conservative, but is probably radical, is now in college or has but lately been graduated—unless, indeed, he has just been admitted to a labor-union. And he is studying the careers of the men who dealt most heavily in character, the amiable McKinley, the fiercely instinctive Roosevelt; he is studying the careers of the men who have been dominated chiefly by ideas, the moral idealist Wilson, the ruthless thinker Lenine. He is learning, one hopes, when and why each and all failed, each and all in their measure succeeded. Whether he profits, and we profit, from their experience, time alone will discover.

Ireland *versus* "Ulster"

By ERNEST A. BOYD

BY the use of inverted commas we in Ireland have established an easy remedy for the misunderstandings which inevitably arise out of the indiscriminate use of the word "Ulster" in Anglo-Irish politics. To us Ulster is a purely geographical term, which describes the northern province of Ireland containing the nine counties of Donegal, Cavan, Monaghan, Tyrone, Armagh, Fermanagh, Down, Antrim, and Derry. This region is intimately and gloriously associated with the greatest traditions, literary and historical, of the Irish nation from the earliest times, when it was the scene of the epic masterpiece of Celtic literature, down to the eve of the union, when Wolfe Tone conceived his dream of the United Irishmen in Belfast, and Grattan founded at Dungannon the Volunteers of prophetic significance. Evidently this Irish Ulster is not the "Ulster" which has called forth the rebellious enthusiasm of Sir Edward Carson and his English friends. The one is a national, the other a political, phenomenon. Yet, strange to say, owing to the absence of inverted commas, it is on behalf of the political "Ulster" that a plea for self-determination is often raised by those who argue that Ireland cannot deny to Ulster a right which she claims for herself. In other words, the demand of the Irish people for self-government presents itself as indistinguishable from the claim of "Ulster" to revolt against the laws of national and political unity. If the principle of nationality be the test of the right to self-determination, then it is important to distinguish between Ulster and "Ulster."

The history of the Plantation of Ulster need not be recapitulated to-day. The facts are historical, and, whatever else may be said of them, they are hardly the best foundation for a claim to special consideration at the expense of the native population of the country upon which the settlers were thrust. The present obstacles in the way of any acceptance of the theory that Ulster is a homogeneous entity are sufficient to dispense with a return to ancient history in the manner of which we Irish are accused of being over-fond. In 1911 the total population of our northern province was 1,581,696, of which 690,816 were Catholic Nationalists. Politically, this division was emphasized by the return of seventeen Nationalist, as against sixteen Unionist, members of Parliament. Even since the last election, when a redistribution of seats and the split of the Nationalist vote between Nationalists and Sinn Feiners affected these figures to the advantage of the Unionists, there is still a majority in Ulster united with the majority elsewhere in Ireland, so far as the demand for an Irish parliament is concerned. Ulster is neither Unionist nor Protestant: three counties, Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan, are almost wholly Catholic; Catholics and Protestants are about equally divided in Armagh, Tyrone, and Fermanagh; and it is only in the three eastern counties of Down, Antrim, and Derry that there is a strong Protestant Unionist majority. Even there Belfast has returned one Nationalist member, representing the Home Rule Catholic minority. If the four counties known as northeast Ulster are grouped together for electoral purposes, it is found that five

Nationalists are elected as against fourteen Unionists. The remaining five counties return twelve Nationalists and only two Unionists. Clearly it is impossible to consider Ulster as a political and religious unity. If the right of Ireland to self-determination be granted, not only will a minority of the whole country be "coerced," but a minority in Ulster itself.

To do "Ulster" justice, those interested have rarely dared to base their demand for separate treatment on the ground of a majority's right to self-determination. Carsonia is frankly anti-democratic and particularist, demanding special concessions for a minority on the sole ground of local advantage, and without any thought for the rights of the majority in Ulster or of the remaining provinces of Ireland. It is alleged that "Ulster" has prospered since the union, that it is passionately devoted to England,—not the empire, for colonial Home Rule is abhorrent,—that its interests are opposed to those of the rest of Ireland, and that these would suffer at the hands of a legislature representing an agricultural community and dominated by Catholicism. The very arguments cited in favour of "Ulster" are a proof of the particularism and purely local selfishness of their champions. So far as the prosperity of Ulster is concerned, it is limited to a few industries in a restricted area. The province shows the second highest total of emigration for all Ireland between 1851 and 1911,—namely, 1,236,872,—and between 1841 and 1911 the population of Ulster had declined by 805,177 persons. Three Ulster counties are on the list of Irish counties with the greatest number of emigrants, and two of them are in the super-prosperous, super-contented "northeast corner"; namely, Antrim, with 297,605, and Down, with 162,571. And, as showing that this decline of man power is not a heritage of papal superstition, these figures are higher than those for the third county, Tyrone, whose emigrants over the same period numbered 149,243. As for the pretense that a poverty-stricken agricultural population would victimize this "prosperous" industrial minority, it is

worth noting that the taxable revenue per head is lower in Ulster than in Leinster, being £3 9s. 8d. in the former, £4 8s. 9d. in the latter, and that congested districts, with all the misery the words connote, are found in Ulster no less than in Connaught. On per capita valuation the *highest* northern county ranks only twelfth in Ireland. In fact, what "Ulster" fears even more than it fears democratic government is democratic taxation. Its claim to self-determination is a claim for capitalist determination alike for Ireland and Ulster.

It has always been a matter of bitter surprise to Irishmen that, having swallowed the camel of coercing Ireland, Englishmen strain at the "Ulster" gnat, and pronounce its "coercion" unthinkable. If "Ulster" had ever displayed any generous capacity for self-sacrifice in the interests of the British Commonwealth, this squeamish respect would be comprehensible at least. But, as every newspaper reader knows, it was upon Ireland, not upon "Ulster," that the test of self-effacement was imposed when the energies of England were engaged by the war with Germany. Instead of throwing upon Sir Edward Carson the onus of carrying out the treasonable conspiracy with which he had been occupied up to the time of the Larne gun-running, the British Government preferred to play upon the better nature of Mr. John Redmond. Rather than risk a rebellion of professional loyalists at a time when the safety of the empire was threatened, England admitted the justice of the "Ulster" revolt against democracy, and produced an insurrection later, precisely among those who had armed themselves for the purpose of upholding a law sanctioned by the British Parliament. Against the danger of testing the loyalty of "Ulster" in the hour of England's need was set the more congenial risk of testing the patience of the Irish nation.

Every Irishman knows how profound is the indifference of "Ulster" to English interests or English sentiment whenever these threaten to clash with the interests of Carsonism. Two cheap booklets, "The Grammar of Anarchy" and "A Handbook for Rebels" (pub-

lished by Maunsel & Co.), have recently provided a convenient record and analysis of the nature of "Ulster's" attitude toward England. The views expressed in these ingenuous speeches by prominent Carsonites are simply a wider application of a point of view whose commonest manifestation is the intense indignation of the average Orangeman when denied the title of Irishman. The professions of undying affection for England no more correspond to individual sentiment than do the boastings of economic independence to individual interests. Should northeast Ulster become Carsonshire, under separate English administration, nobody will be more seriously disturbed than the Ulster bankers and the thousand and one business men who do not own the few favored industries independent of Irish support. In other words, these purely selfish manifestations of loyalty to England and independence of Ireland, made possible only by exploiting popular religious bigotry, do not represent real political and social conditions. They are as remote from the facts of Ulster's life as are the panic fears of Catholicism which haunt the imagination of the Protestants where they are a dominating majority, but are proved groundless by their absence in the scattered Protestant minorities outside northeast Ulster.

Ireland as well as England has seen already the salutary effects of ignoring querulous and fearful minorities in Irish affairs. The Protestant ascendancy hath protested too much. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was an act of robbery and confiscation; anarchy and revolution were threatened by the Land Laws; social disintegration, oppression, and ruin were promised as the certain consequences of the Local Government Act, yet we have survived them all. Only in northeast Ulster is there protection from this beneficent process whereby the timid are reassured by accomplished fact, and the conservative are subjected to the inevitable laws of time and change. The horrors of the Home Rule of 1914 did not fail to awaken the same terrors as those previous acts of progressive legislation, and, as the limited powers

granted under the act clearly show, the panic-stricken were faced with no more substantial dangers than on previous occasions. Even the widest measure of colonial self-government mooted at the Irish National Convention contained safeguards and restrictions which left no opportunity for the exercise of those malevolent desires credited to Irishmen by Sir Edward Carson. The suspicious fact is that "Ulster" protests as vehemently against a generous measure of dominion Home Rule as against the pathetic act on the statute book, which, after thirty years of agitation, granted Ireland the grudging terms of a penal colony. All Home Rule bills are described as tyranny and coercion, without reference to the varying degrees of freedom they may confer. Sovereignty is denied in all of them, and if any intelligent believer in democratic government will study the Home Rule Bill against which 470,000 Covenanters petitioned, he will have no difficulty in testing the alleged sincerity of the Carsonian insurrectionists. He will also understand, as he scans its handcuffing clauses, why the world-wide crusade for self-determination has whetted the appetite of Irish Nationalists. Since Carson provides the rope, we may as well be hanged for a colonial sheep as for a Redmondite lamb.

The late T. M. Kettle, whose belief in self-determination showed no Carsonian limitations, expressed the Irish case against Ulster when he wrote:

If eighty-four Irish constituencies declare for Home Rule, and nineteen against Home Rule, then, according to the mathematics of Unionism, the Noes have it. In their non-Euclidean geometry the part is always greater than the whole. In their unnatural history the tail always wags the dog. On the plane of politics it is not necessary to press the case against "Ulster" any further than that. Even majorities have their rights. If a plurality of nine to two is not sufficient to determine policy and conduct business in a modern nation, then there is no other choice except anarchy, or rather an insane atomism. Not merely every party, but every household, and in last resort every individual, will end as a Provisional Government.

The case cannot present itself otherwise to the Irish mind. We assume that nationality must determine the right to self-government; we are convinced of our separate national identity; therefore we claim the right which is accorded by England to peoples of no more authentic lineage. It is the Irish contention that if the "coercion of Ulster is unthinkable," then it is equally unthinkable to grant the demands for self-government of the various European nationalities whose "Ulsters" do not seem to disturb the statesmen most insistent upon the protection of Carsonia. We consider it a most sinister and suspicious fact that the champions of Ulsteria are often precisely the most eloquent spokesmen of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. It is inconceivable at the present time that there is any serious intention of so disintegrating the world that no minority will exist without self-determination. It is possible that the day will come when that ideal can be realized, but Ireland does not believe she should wait until the millennium, the advent of which would be the sole means of carrying out to its full theoretical limits a principle whose application has not elsewhere been so delayed.

Only the most doctrinaire interpretation of the principle of self-determination can be invoked to justify the setting up of a claim for "Ulster" on equal terms with Ireland. "Ulster" is not, as has been shown, a geographical entity; it is certainly not a national organism; it is not even homogeneous in religion and politics. It is an integral part of the province whose name it usurps, and its separatism flourishes solely because a small portion of the community, led by strangers, has not been exposed to the process of incorporation into the national and economic being, such as has everywhere resulted in political unity. We do not anticipate civil war, which has in most cases preceded the welding together of similarly divided communities, for we hold that the work of absorption will be painlessly effected by economic pressure. At the worst, a trial of strength in war, as between the Federal and Confederate States of North America, would

lead to the definite establishment of a dominant majority. It is immaterial which side should win, provided one were irrevocably defeated. The consequences of an Irish civil war could not mean one quarter of the misery, waste, and disruption which a continuance of this unsettled problem has brought upon Ireland. Fortunately, however, there are not even two parties of extremists who believe in the probability of civil war, and one set of extremists in a nation of essentially moderate and well-disposed people will have some difficulty in making Ireland follow the example of other countries faced with the same problem.

Irishmen plead that as the word "Ulster" is misused in this connection, so is the word "coercion." The coercion in question is the same as that to which all minorities have submitted. It does not stand for the forcible oppression of an independent people by an alien government, for, whatever their political origin, Ulstermen are self-confessedly and aggressively Irish. They are asked to rid themselves of their hallucinations, fostered by those who exploit them brazenly. It is a peculiar fact that the people of "Ulster" have never yet been allowed to speak for themselves. The Catholic peasantry became articulate in the person of Michael Davitt, the Catholic worker in James Connolly, both notable spokesmen of the ideals of democracy, it is interesting to state. Orangeism relies upon lawyers and capitalists for the expression of its views, and these representatives have a consistent record of opposition to every progressive measure passed by the House of Commons, and to every progressive idea which has captured the Irish people. To witness the savage carnivals, the "annual brain-storm," as it has been termed, in which "Ulster" renews its barbarous hatred of the phantoms which blind the people to real issues, is to understand the imperative necessity of liberating the victims. They can be freed not by special recognition of their primitive tribalism, but by sharing the common duties and privileges of Irish self-government. Free Ireland, and you free "Ulster."

The Wedding Jest

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower

IT is a tale which they narrate in Poictesme, telling how love began between Florian de Puitsange and Adelaide de la Forêt. They tell also how young Florian had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another; but that this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.

And the tale tells how the Comte de la Forêt stroked a gray beard and said:

"Well, after all, Puitsange is a good fief——"

"As if that mattered!" cried his daughter, indignantly. "My father, you are a deplorably sordid person."

"My dear," replied the old gentleman, "it does matter. Fiefs last."

So he gave his consent to the match, and the two young people were married on Walburga's eve, on the last day of April.

And they narrate how Florian de Puitsange was vexed by a thought that was in his mind. He did not know what this thought was. But something he had overlooked; something there was he had meant to do, and had not done: and a troubling consciousness of this lurked at the back of his mind like a small formless cloud. All day, while bustling about other matters, he had groped toward this unapprehended thought.

Now he had it: Tiburce.

The young Vicomte de Puitsange stood in the doorway, looking back into the bright hall where they of Storisende were dancing at his marriage feast. His wife, for a whole half-hour his wife, was dancing with handsome Etienne de Nérac. Her glance met Florian's, and Adelaide flashed him an especial smile. Her hand went out as though to touch him, for all that the width of the hall severed them.

Florian remembered presently to smile back at her. Then he went out of the castle into a starless night that was as quiet as an unvoiced menace. A small and hard and gnarled-looking moon ruled over the dusk's secrecy. The moon this night, afloat in a luminous, gray void, somehow reminded Florian of a glistening and unripe huge apple.

The foliage about him moved at most as a sleeper breathes as Florian descended eastward through the walled gardens, and so came to the graveyard. White mists were rising, such mists as the witches of Amneran notoriously evoked in these parts on each Walburga's eve to purchase recreations which squeamishness leaves undescribed.

For five years now Tiburce d'Arnaye had lain there. Florian thought of his dead comrade and of the love which had been between them—a love more perfect and deeper and higher than commonly exists between men; and the thought came to Florian, and was petulantly thrust away, that Adelaide loved ignorantly where Tiburce d'Arnaye had loved with comprehension. Yes, he had known almost the worst of Florian de Puitsange, this dear lad who, none the less, had flung himself between Black Torrismond's sword and the breast of Florian de Puitsange. And it seemed to Florian unfair that all should prosper with him, and Tiburce lie there imprisoned in dirt which shut away the color and variousness of things and the drollness of things, wherein Tiburce d'Arnaye had taken such joy. And Tiburce, it seemed to Florian—for this was a strange night—was struggling futilely under all that dirt, which shut out movement, and clogged the mouth of Tiburce, and would not let him speak, and was struggling to voice a desire which was unsatisfied and hopeless.

"O comrade dear," said Florian, "you

who loved merriment, there is a feast afoot on this strange night, and my heart is sad that you are not here to share in the feasting. Come, come, Tiburce, a right trusty friend you were to me; and, living or dead, you should not fail to make merry at my wedding."

Thus he spoke. White mists were rising, and it was Walburga's eve.

So a queer thing happened, and it was that the earth upon the grave began to heave and to break in fissures, as when a mole passes through the ground. And other queer things happened after that, and presently Tiburce d'Arnaye was standing there, gray and vague in the moonlight as he stood there brushing the mold from his brows, and as he stood there blinking bright, wild eyes. And he was not greatly changed, it seemed to Florian; only the brows and nose of Tiburce cast no shadows upon his face, nor did his moving hand cast any shadow there, either, though the moon was naked overhead.

"You had forgotten the promise that was between us," said Tiburce; and his voice had not changed much, though it was smaller.

"It is true. I had forgotten. I remember now." And Florian shivered a little, not with fear, but with distaste.

"A man prefers to forget these things when he marries. It is natural enough. But are you not afraid of me who come from yonder?"

"Why should I be afraid of you, Tiburce, who gave your life for mine?"

"I do not say. But we change yonder."

"And does love change, Tiburce? For surely love is immortal."

"Living or dead, love changes. I do not say love dies in us who may hope to gain nothing more from love. Still, lying alone in the dark clay, there is nothing to do as yet save to think of what life was, and of what sunlight was, and of what we sang and whispered in dark places when we had lips; and of how young grass and murmuring waters and the high stars beget fine follies even now; and to think of how merry our loved ones still contrive to be even now with their new playfellows. Such reflections are not always conducive to philanthropy."

"Tell me," said Florian then, "and is there no way in which we who are still alive may aid you to be happier yonder?"

"Oh, but assuredly," replied Tiburce d'Arnaye, and he discoursed of curious matters; and as he talked, the mists about the graveyard thickened. "And so," Tiburce said, in concluding his tale, "it is not permitted that I make merry at your wedding after the fashion of those who are still in the warm flesh. But now that you recall our ancient compact, it is permitted I have my peculiar share in the merriment, and I drink with you to the bride's welfare."

"I drink," said Florian as he took the proffered cup, "to the welfare of my beloved Adelaide, whom alone of women I have really loved, and whom I shall love always."

"I perceive," replied the other, "that you must still be having your joke."

Then Florian drank, and after him Tiburce. And Florian said:

"But it is a strange drink, Tiburce, and now that you have tasted it, you are changed."

"You have not changed, at least," Tiburce answered, and for the first time he smiled, a little perturbingly by reason of the change in him.

"Tell me," said Florian, "of how you fare yonder."

So Tiburce told him of yet more curious matters. Now the augmenting mists had shut off all the rest of the world. Florian could see only vague, rolling graynesses and a gray and changed Tiburce sitting there, with bright, wild eyes, and discoursing in a small, chill voice. The appearance of a woman came, and sat beside him on the right. She, too, was gray, as became Eve's senior; and she made a sign which Florian remembered, and it troubled him. Tiburce said then:

"And now, young Florian, you who were once so dear to me, it is to your welfare I drink."

"I drink to yours, Tiburce."

Tiburce drank first; and Florian, having drunk in turn, cried out: "You have changed beyond recognition!"

"You have not changed," Tiburce d'Arnaye replied again. "Now let me tell you of our pastimes yonder."

With that he talked of exceedingly curious matters. And Florian began to grow dissatisfied, for Tiburce was no longer recognizable, and Tiburce whispered things uncomfortable to believe; and other eyes, as wild as his, but lit with red flarings from behind, like a beast's eyes, showed in the mists to this side and to that side, and unhappy beings were passing through the mists upon secret errands which they discharged unwillingly. Then, too, the appearance of a gray man now sat to the left of that which had been Tiburce d'Arnaye, and this new-comer was marked so that all might know who he was; and Florian's heart was troubled to note how handsome and how admirable was that desecrated face even now.

"But I must go," said Florian, "lest they miss me at Storisende and Adelaide be worried."

"Surely it will not take long to toss off a third cup. Nay, comrade, who was once so dear, let us two now drink our last toast together. Then go, in Sclaug's name, and celebrate your marriage. But before that let us drink to the continuance of human mirth-making everywhere."

Florian drank first. Then Tiburce took his turn, looking at Florian as he himself drank slowly. As he drank, Tiburce d'Arnaye was changed even more, and the shape of him altered, and the shape of him trickled as though Tiburce were builded of sliding fine white sand. So Tiburce d'Arnaye returned to his own place. The appearances that had sat to his left and to his right were no longer there to trouble Florian with memories. And Florian saw that the mists of Walburga's eve had departed, and that the sun was rising, and that the graveyard was all overgrown with nettles and tall grass.

He had not remembered the place being thus, and it seemed to him the night had passed with unnatural quickness. But he thought more of the fact that he had been beguiled into spending his wedding-night in a graveyard in such questionable company, and of what explanation he could make to Adelaide.

THE tale tells how Florian de Puy-sange came in the dawn through flower-

ing gardens, and heard young people from afar, already about their maying. Two by two he saw them from afar as they went with romping and laughter into the tall woods behind Storisende to fetch back the May-pole with dubious old rites. And as they went they sang, as was customary, that song which Raimbaut de Vaqueiras made in the ancient time in honor of May's ageless triumph.

Sang they:

"May shows with godlike showing
To-day for each that sees
May's magic overthrowing
All musty memories
In him whom May decrees
To be love's own. He saith,
*I wear love's liveries
Until released by death.*

"Thus all we laud May's sowing,
Nor heed how harvests please
When nowhere grain worth growing
Greets autumn's questing breeze,
And garnerers garner these—
Vain words and wasted breath
And spilth and tasteless lees—
Until released by death.

"Unwillingly foreknowing
That love with May-time flees,
We take this day's bestowing,
And feed on fantasies
Such as love lends for ease
Where none but travaileth,
With lean, infrequent fees,
Until released by death."

And Florian shook his sleek, black head. "A very foolish and pessimistical old song, a superfluous song, and a song that is particularly out of place in the loveliest spot in the loveliest of all possible worlds."

Yet Florian took no inventory of the gardens. There was but a happy sense of green and gold, with blue topping all; of twinkling, fluent, tossing leaves and of the gray under side of elongated, straining leaves; a sense of pert bird-noises, and of a longer shadow than usual slanting before him, and a sense of youth and well-being everywhere. Certainly it was not a morning wherein pessimism might hope to flourish.



"The earth upon the grave began to heave and to break in fissures"

Instead, it was of Adelaide that Florian thought: of the tall, impulsive, and yet timid, fair girl who was both shrewd and innocent, and of her tenderly colored loveliness, and of his abysmally unmerited felicity in having won her. Why, but what, he reflected, grimacing—what if he had too hastily married somebody else? For he had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another: but this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.

THE tale tells how Florian de Puy-sange found Adelaide in the company of two ladies who were unknown to him. One of these was very old, the other an imposing matron in middle life. The three were pleasantly shaded by young oak-trees; beyond was a tall hedge of clipped yew. The older women were at chess, while Adelaide bent her meek, golden head to some of that fine needle-work in which the girl delighted. And beside them rippled a small sunlit stream, which babbled and gurgled with silver flashes. Florian hastily noted these things as he ran laughing to his wife.

"Heart's dearest!" he cried. And he saw, perplexed, that Adelaide had risen with a faint, wordless cry, and was gazing at him as though she were puzzled and alarmed a very little.

"Such an adventure as I have to tell you of!" said Florian then.

"But, hey, young man, who are you that would seem to know my daughter so well?" demanded the lady in middle life, and rose majestically from her chess-game.

Florian stared, as he well might.

"Your daughter, madame! But certainly you are not Dame Melicent."

At this the old, old woman raised her nodding head.

"Dame Melicent? And was it I you were seeking, sir?"

Now Florian looked from one to the other of these incomprehensible strangers, bewildered; and his eyes came back to his lovely wife, and his lips smiled irresolutely.

"Is this some jest to punish me, my dear?" But then a new and graver

trouble kindled in his face, and his eyes narrowed, for there was something odd about his wife also.

"I have been drinking in queer company," he said. "It must be that my head is not yet clear. Now certainly it seems to me that you are Adelaide de la Forêt, and certainly it seems to me that you are not Adelaide."

The girl replied:

"Why, no, messire; I am Sylvie de Nointel."

"Come, come," said the middle-aged lady, briskly, "let us have an end of this play-acting! There has been no Adelaide de la Forêt in these parts for some twenty-five years, as nobody knows better than I. Young fellow, let us have a sniff at you. No, you are not tipsy, after all. Well, I am glad of that. So let us get to the bottom of this business. What do they call you when you are at home?"

"Florian de Puy-sange," he answered, speaking meekly enough. This capable large person was to the young man rather intimidating.

"La!" said she. She looked at him very hard. She nodded gravely two or three times, so that her double chin opened and shut.

"Yes, and you favor him. How old are you?" He told her twenty-four. She said inconsequently: "So I was a fool, after all. Well, young man, you will never be as good-looking as your father, but I trust you have an honest nature. However, bygones are bygones. Is the old rascal still living, and was it he that had the impudence to send you to me?"

"My father, madame, was slain at the Battle of Marchfeld—"

"Some fifty years ago! And you are twenty-four. Young man, your parentage had unusual features, or else we are at cross-purposes. Let us start at the beginning of this. You tell us you are called Florian de Puy-sange and that you have been drinking in queer company. Now let us have the whole story."

Florian told of last night's happenings, with no more omissions than seemed desirable with feminine auditors.

Then the old woman said:

"I think this is a true tale, my daugh-

ter, for the witches of Amneran contrive strange things, with mists to aid them, and with Lilith and Sclaug to abet. Yes, and this fate has fallen before to men that have been overfriendly with the dead."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the stout lady.

"But, no, my daughter. Thus seven persons slept at Ephesus, from the time of Decius to the time of Theodosius—"

"Still, Mother—"

"And the proof of it is that they were called Constantine and Dionysius and John and Malchus and Marcian and Maximian and Serapion. They were duly canonized. You cannot deny that this thing happened without asserting no less than seven blessed saints to have been unprincipled liars, and that would be a very horrible heresy—"

"Yet, Mother, you know as well as I do—"

"And thus Epimenides, another excellently spoken-of saint, slept at Athens for fifty-seven years. Thus Charlemagne slept in the Untersberg, and will sleep until the ravens of Miramon Lluagor have left his mountains. Thus Rhyming Thomas in the Eildon Hills, thus Ogier in Avalon, thus Oisín—"

The old lady bade fair to go on interminably in her gentle, resolute, piping old voice, but the other interrupted.

"Well, Mother, do not excite yourself about it, for it only makes your asthma worse, and does no especial good to anybody. Things may be as you say. Certainly I intended nothing irreligious. Yet these extended naps, appropriate enough for saints and emperors, are out of place in one's own family. So, if it is not stuff and nonsense, it ought to be. And that I stick to."

"But we forget the boy, my dear," said the old lady. "Now listen, Florian de Puysange. Thirty years ago last night, to the month and the day, it was that you vanished from our knowledge, leaving my daughter a forsaken bride. For I am what the years have made of Dame Melicent, and this is my daughter Adelaide, and yonder is her daughter Sylvie de Nointel."

"La! Mother," observed the stout lady, "but are you certain it was the last of

April? I had been thinking it was some time in June. And I protest it could not have been all of thirty years. Let me see now, Sylvie, how old is your brother Richard? Twenty-eight, you say. Well, Mother, I always said you had a marvelous memory for things like that, and I often envy you. But how time does fly, to be sure!"

And Florian was perturbed.

"For this is an awkward thing, and Tiburce has played me an unworthy trick. He never did know when to leave off joking; but such posthumous frivolity is past endurance. For, see now, in what a pickle it has landed me! I have outlived my friends, I may encounter difficulty in regaining my fiefs, and certainly I have lost the fairest wife man ever had. Oh, can it be, madame, that you are indeed my Adelaide!"

"Yes, every pound of me, poor boy, and that says much."

"And that you have been untrue to the eternal fidelity which you swore to me here by this very stream? Oh, but I cannot believe it was thirty years ago, for not a grass-blade or a pebble has been altered; and I perfectly remember the lapping of water under those lichened rocks, and that continuous file of ripples yonder, which are shaped like arrow-heads."

Adelaide rubbed her nose.

"Did I promise eternal fidelity? I can hardly remember that far back. But I remember I wept a great deal, and my parents assured me you were either dead or a rascal, so that tears could not help either way. Then Ralph de Nointel came along, good man, and made me a fair husband, as husbands go—"

"As for that stream," then said Dame Melicent, "it is often I have thought of that stream, sitting here with my grandchildren where I once sat with gay young men whom nobody remembers now save me. Yes, it is strange to think that instantly, and within the speaking of any simple word, no drop of water retains the place it held before the word was spoken; and yet the stream remains unchanged, and stays as it was when I sat here with those young men who are gone. Yes, that is a



"The older women were at chess"

strange thought, and it is a sad thought, too, for those of us who are old."

"But, Mother, of course the stream remains unchanged," agreed Dame Adelaide. "Streams always do except at high water. Everybody knows that, and I see nothing remarkable about it. As for you, Florian, if you stickle for love's being an immortal affair," she added, with a large twinkle, "I would have you know I have been a widow for three years. So the matter could be arranged."

Florian looked at her sadly. To him the situation was incongruous with the terrible archness of a fat woman.

"But, madame, you are no longer the same person."

She patted him upon the shoulder.

"Come, Florian, there is some sense in you, after all. Console yourself, lad, with the reflection that if you had stuck manfully by your wife instead of mooning about graveyards, I would still be just as I am to-day, and you would be tied to me. Your friend probably knew what he was about when he drank to our welfare, for we should never have suited each other, as you can see for yourself. Well, Mother, many things fall out queerly in this world, but with age we learn to accept what happens without flustering too much over it. What are we to do with this resurrected old lover of mine?"

It was horrible to Florian to see how prosaically these women dealt with his unusual misadventure. Here was a miracle occurring virtually before their eyes, and these women accepted it with maddening tranquillity as an affair for which they were not responsible. Florian began to reflect that elderly persons were always more or less unsympathetic and inadequate.

"First of all," said Dame Melicent, "I would give him some breakfast. He must be hungry after all these years. And you could put him in Adhelmar's room—"

"But," Florian said wildly, to Dame Adelaide, "you have committed the crime of bigamy, and you are, after all, my wife!"

She replied, herself not unworried:

"Yes; but, Mother, both the cook and the butler are somewhere in the bushes

yonder, up to some nonsense that I prefer to know nothing about. You know how servants are, particularly on holidays. I could scramble him some eggs, though, with a rasher. And Adhelmar's room it had better be, I suppose, though I had meant to have it turned out. But as for bigamy and being your wife," she concluded more cheerfully, "it seems to me the least said the soonest mended. It is to nobody's interest to rake up those foolish bygones, so far as I can see."

"Adelaide, you profane equally love, which is divine, and marriage, which is a holy sacrament."

"Florian, do you really love Adelaide de Nointel?" asked this terrible woman. "And now that I am free to listen to your proposals, do you wish to marry me?"

"Well, no," said Florian; "for, as I have just said, you are no longer the same person."

"Why, then, you see for yourself. So do you quit talking nonsense about immortality and sacraments."

"But, still," cried Florian, "love is immortal. Yes, I repeat to you, precisely as I told Tiburce, love is immortal."

Then said Dame Melicent, nodding her shriveled old head:

"When I was young, and served by nimbler senses and desires, and housed in brightly colored flesh, there were many men who loved me. Minstrels yet tell of the men that loved me, and of how many tall men were slain because of their love for me, and of how in the end it was Perion who won me. For the noblest and the most faithful of all my lovers was Perion of the Forest, and through tempestuous years he sought me with a love that conquered time and chance; and so he won me. Thereafter he made me a fair husband, as husbands go. But I might not stay the girl he had loved, nor might he remain the lad that Melicent had dreamed of, with dreams be-drugging the long years in which Demetrios held Melicent a prisoner, and youth went away from her. No, Perion and I could not do that, any more than might two drops of water there retain their place in the stream's flowing. So Perion and I grew old to-

gether, friendlily enough; and our senses and desires began to serve us more drowsily, so that we did not greatly mind the falling away of youth, nor greatly mind to note what shriveled hands now moved before us, performing common tasks; and we were content enough. But of the high passion that had wedded us there was no trace, and of little senseless human bickerings there were a great many. For one thing"—and the old lady's voice was changed—"for one thing, he was foolishly particular about what he would eat and what he would not eat, and that upset my housekeeping, and I had never any patience with such nonsense."

"Well, none the less," said Florian, "it is not quite nice of you to acknowledge it."

Then said Dame Adelaide:

"That is a true word, Mother. All men get finicky about their food, and think they are the only persons to be considered, and there is no end to it if once you begin to humor them. So there has to be a stand made. Well, and indeed my poor Ralph, too, was all for kissing and pretty talk at first, and I accepted it willingly enough. You know how girls are. They like to be made much of, and it is perfectly natural. But that leads to children. And when the children began to come, I had not much time to bother with him; and Ralph had his farming and his warfaring to keep him busy. A man with a growing family cannot afford to neglect his affairs. And certainly, being no fool, he began to notice that girls here and there had brighter eyes and trimmer waists than I. I do not know what such observations may have led to when he was away from me; I never inquired into it, because in such matters all men are fools. But I put up with no nonsense at home, and he made me a fair husband, as husbands go. That much I will say for him gladly; and if any widow says more than that, Florian, do you beware of her, for she is an untruthful woman."

"Be that as it may," replied Florian, "it is not quite becoming to speak thus of your dead husband. No doubt you speak the truth; there is no telling what sort of person you may have married in

what still seems to me unseemly haste to provide me with a successor: but even so, a little charitable prevarication would be far more edifying."

He spoke with such earnestness that there fell a silence. The women seemed to pity him. And in the silence Florian heard from afar young persons returning from the woods behind Storisende, and bringing with them the May-pole. They were still singing.

Sang they:

"Unwillingly foreknowing
That love with May-time flees,
We take this day's bestowing,
And feed on fantasies."

THE tale tells how lightly and sweetly, and compassionately, too, then spoke young Sylvie de Nointel:

"Ah, but, assuredly, Messire Florian, you do not argue with my pets quite seriously. Old people always have some such queer notions. Of course love all depends upon what sort of person you are. Now, as I see it, mama and grand-mama are not the sort of persons who have real love-affairs. Devoted as I am to both of them, I cannot but perceive they are lacking in real depth of sentiment. They simply do not understand such matters. They are fine, straightforward, practical persons, poor dears, and always have been, of course, for in things like that one does not change, as I have often noticed. And father, and grandfather, too, as I remember him, was kind-hearted and admirable and all that, but nobody could ever have expected him to be a satisfactory lover. Why, he was bald as an egg, the poor pet!"

And Sylvie laughed again at the preposterous notions of old people. She flashed an especial smile at Florian. Her hand went out as though to touch him, in an unforgotten gesture. "Old people do not understand," said Sylvie de Nointel in tones which took this handsome young fellow ineffably into confidence.

"Mademoiselle," said Florian, with a sigh that was part relief and all approval, "it is you who speak the truth, and your elders have fallen victims to the cynicism of a crassly material ag

Love is immortal when it is really love and one is the right sort of person. There is the love—known to how few, alas! and a passion of which I regret to find your mother incapable—that endures unchanged until the end of life.”

“I am so glad you think so, Messire Florian,” she answered demurely.

“And do you not think so, mademoiselle?”

“How should I know,” she asked him, “as yet?” He noted she had incredibly long lashes.

“Thrice happy is he that convinces you!” says Florian. And about them, who were young in the world’s recaptured youth, spring triumphed with an ageless rural pageant, and birds cried to their mates. He noted the red brevity of her lips and their probable softness.

Meanwhile the elder women regarded each other.

“It is the season of May. They are young and they are together. Poor children!” said Dame Melicent. “Youth

cries to youth for the toys of youth, and saying, ‘Lo! I cry with the voice of a great god!’”

“Still,” said Madame Adelaide, “Puy-sange is a good fief.”

But Florian heeded neither of them as he stood there by the sunlit stream, in which no drop of water retained its place for a moment, and which yet did not alter in appearance at all. He did not heed his elders for the excellent reason that Sylvie de Nointel was about to speak, and he preferred to listen to her. For this girl, he knew, was lovelier than any other person had ever been since Eve first raised just such admiring, innocent, and venturesome eyes to inspect what must have seemed to her the quaintest of all animals, called man. So it was with a shrug that Florian remembered how he had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another; since this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.



Verona Blossomed Once

By CHARLES BRACKETT

Verona blossomed once in Juliet,
And once the Scottish land caught flower of fire
In that disastrous Mary; Herefordshire
Put forth a loveliness like mignonette
In Nell of Drury Lane, and Domremy
Bore Joan a sworded lily. These have been
Great ladies and God’s flowers, but I have seen
Our old North country bloom as marvelously.

Some blind force in the root gropes toward the flower,
Finds what is best in earth, and builds perfume
And cloudy color and thin leaves that stir
In the clear winds all day. A kindred power,
Delicate and tremendous in the womb,
Gathered her elements and fashioned her.



A VOLUNTEER COCOANUT GROVE, WITH TREES OF ALL AGES

The Devil-Fish of Vait-hua

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

“THE Iron Fingers That Make Words,” the Marquesans called my typewriter. Such a wonder had never before been beheld in the islands, and its fame spread far. From other valleys and even from distant islands the curious came in threes and fours. They watched the strange thing write their names and carefully carried away the bits of paper.

“Aue!” they cried as I showed them my speed, which would be a shame to a typist.

Chiefs especially were my visitors, thinking it proper to their estate and to mine that they should call upon me and graciously invite me to their seats of government.

So it happened that one morning as I sat on my *paepae* eating a breakfast of roasted breadfruit prepared for me by Exploding Eggs, the thirteen-year old native boy whom I had engaged as general servant, my naked skin enjoying the warmth of the sun, and my ears filled with the bubbling laughter of the brook, I beheld two stately visitors approaching. Exploding Eggs named them to me as they came up the trail.

Both were leading chiefs of the

islands. Katu (Piece of Tattooing) of Hekeani led the way. His severe and dignified face was a dark blue in color. His eyes alone were free from imbedded indigo ink. They gleamed like white clouds in a blue sky, but their glance was mild and kindly. Sixty years of age, he still walked with upright grace, only the softened contours of his face betraying that he was well in his manhood when his valley was still given over to tribal warfares, orgies, and cannibalism.

Behind him came Neo Aftu Atrien of Vait-hua, a stocky brown man with a lined face, stubby mustache, and brilliant, intelligent eyes. He mounted the steps, shook hands heartily, and poured out his informed soul in English.

“Johnny, I spik Ingrish. You Iris’-man. You got ‘O,’ before name. I know you got tipwrite can make machine do pen. I know Panama Canal. How is Teddy and Gotali?”

I assured the chief that both Roosevelt and Goethals were well at last account, and he veered to other and more personal topics.

“Before time, come prenty whale-ship my place,” he said. “I know geograffy, mappee, grammal. I know Egyptee,

Indee, all country; I know Bufflobillee. Before time, whale-ship come America for take water and wood. Stay two, t'ree week. Prenty rum, biscuit, mollassi, good American tobbee. Now all finish. Whale-ship no more. That is not good."

His name means The Seventh Man Who Is So Angry He Wallows In The Mire. "Neo" means all but the number, and for so short a word to be translated by so detailed a statement would indicate that there were many Marquesans whose anger tripped them. Else such a word had hardly been born.

I showed the chiefs the marvels of my type-writer, displayed to their respectful gaze the golden bed, and otherwise did the honors. As they departed, Neo said earnestly:

"You come see me; you have my house. You like; you bring prenty rum, keep warm if rain."

"A wicked man," said Exploding Eggs in Marquesan when the trail lay empty before us. "One time he drink much rum; French gendarme go to arrest him, he bite—" With an eloquent gesture my valet indicated that Neo's teeth had removed in its entirety the nose of the valiant defender of morals. "No good go see him," he added.

However, the prospect intrigued my fancy, and finding a few days later that Ika Vaikoki, whose discerning parents had named him Ugh! Dried-up Stream, was voyaging toward Vait-hua in a whale-boat, I offered him ten francs and two liters of rum to take me. Remembering Neo's suggestion, I took also two other bottles of rum.

While our whale-boat shot across the Bordelaise Channel pursued by a brisk breeze, Ugh, a wisp of a man of fifty, held the helm. He was for all the world like a Malay pirate; I have seen his double steering a proa off the Borneo coast, slim, high-cheeked, with a sashful of saw-like knives. Ugh had no weapon, but his eye was a small flaming coal that made me thankful cannibalism is a thing of the past. He had been carried through the surf to his perch upon the stern because one of his legs was useless for walking, but once he grasped the tiller, he was a seaman of skill.

The oarsmen wore turbans of pink, blue, and white muslin to protect their heads from the straight rays of the white sun. Bright-colored *pareus* were about their loins, and several wore elastic sleeve-holders as ornaments on tawny arms and legs, while one, the son of Ugh, sported ear-rings, great hoops of gold that flashed in the sunshine. With their dark skins, gleaming eyes, and white teeth, they were a brilliant picture against the dazzling blue of the sea.

Straight across the channel we steered for Hana Hevane, a little bay and valley guarded by sunken coral rocks over which the water foamed in white warning. Two of the men leaped out into the waves and hunted on these rocks for squids, while we beached the boat on a shore uninhabited by any living creature but rats, lizards, and centipedes.

Several small octopi were soon brought in, and one of the men put them on some boulders, where the tide had left the pools of water, and cleaned them of their poison. He rubbed them on the stone exactly as a washerwoman handles a flannel garment, and out of them came a lather as though he had soaped them. Suds, bubbles, and froth—one would have said a laundress had been at work there. He dipped them often in a pool of salt water, and not until they would yield no more suds did he give each a final rinsing and throw it on the fire made on the beach.

Suddenly a shout broke my absorption in this task. The son of Ugh, with the gold ear-rings, waving his arms from amidst the surf on the reef, called to me to come and see a big *feke*. As his companions were dancing about and yelling madly, I left the laundrying of the small sea-devils and splashed two hundred yards through the lagoon to the scene of excitement.

Four of the crew had attacked a giant devil-fish, which was hidden in a cave in the rocks. From the gloom it darted out its long arms and tried to seize the strange creatures that menaced it. The naked boatmen, dancing just out of reach of the writhing tentacles, struck at them with long knives. As they cut off pieces of the curling, grop-

ing gristle, I thought I heard a horrible groan from the cave, almost like the voice of a human in agony. I stayed six feet away, for I had no knife and no relish for the game.

Four of the long arms had been severed at the ends when suddenly the octopus came out of its den to fight for its life. It was a reddish-purple globe of horrid flesh, horned all over, with a head not unlike an elephant's, but with large, demoniacal eyes, bitter, hating eyes that roved from one to another of us as if selecting its prey. Eight arms, some shorn of their suckers, stretched out ten feet toward us.

The Marquesans retreated precipitately, and I led them, laughing nervously, but not joyously. The son of Ugh stopped first.

"*Ta! ta! ta! ta!*" he cried. "Are we afraid of that ugly beast? I have killed many. *Pakeka!* We will eat it, too."

He turned with the others and advanced toward the *feke*, shouting scornful names at it, threatening it with death and being eaten, warning it that the sooner it gave up, the quicker ended its agony. But the devil-fish was not afraid. Its courage shamed mine. I was behind the barrier of the boatmen, but once in the throes of the fight a slimy arm passed between two of them and wound itself around my leg. I screamed out, for it was icy cold and sent a sickening weakness all through me, so that I could not have swum a dozen feet with it upon me. One of the natives cut it off, and still it clung to my bloodless skin until I plucked it away.

The son of Ugh had two of the great arms about him at one time, but his companions hacked at them until he was free. Then, regardless of the struggles of the maimed devil they closed in on it and stabbed its head and body until it died. During these last moments I was amazed and sickened to hear the octopus growling and moaning in its fury and suffering. Its voice had a curious timbre. I once heard a man dying of hydrophobia make such sounds, half animal, half human.

"That *feke* would have killed and eaten any one of us," said the son of

Ugh. "Not many are so big as it, but here in Hana Hevane, where seldom any one fished, they are the biggest in the world. They lie in these holes in the rocks and catch fish and crabs as they swim by. My cousin was taken by one while fishing, and was dragged down into the hidden caverns. He was last seen standing on a ledge, and the next day his bones were found picked clean. A shark is easier to fight than such a devil who has so many arms."

The boatmen gathered up the remnants of the foe and brought them to the beach, where the elder Ugh was tending the fire. Crabs were broiling upon it, and the pieces of the *feke* were flung beside them and the smaller octopi.

When they were cooked, a trough of *poipoi* and one of *feikai*, or roasted breadfruit mixed with a cocoanut-milk sauce, were placed on the sand, and all squatted to dine. For a quarter of an hour the only sounds were the *plup* of fingers withdrawn from mouths filled with *poipoi*, and the faint creaming of waves on the beach. Marquesans feel that eating is serious business. The devilfish and crabs were the delicacies, and served as dessert. Blackened by the fire, squid and crustacean were eaten without condiment, the tentacles being devoured as one eats celery. I was soon satisfied, and while they lingered over their food and smoked I strolled up the valley a little way, still feeling the pressure of that severed arm.

Hana Hevane had its people at one time. They vanished, as from a hundred other valleys, before the march of progress. The kindly green of the jungle had hidden the marks of human habitations.

Only the bones of *La Corse*, the schooner Jerome Capriata had sailed many years, lay rotting under a dark and grotesque banian, never more to feel the foot of man upon the deck or to toss upon the sea. Her mast was still stepped, but a hundred centipedes crawled over the hull.

When I returned to the fire, the boatmen were talking. Ugh! Dried-up Stream, his stomach full and smoke in his mouth, bethought himself of a tale, an incident of this very spot. In a sardonic manner he began:

"The men of this island, Tahuata, in the old days descended on Fatu-hiva to hunt the man-meat. After the battle, they brought their captives to Hana Hevane to rest, to build a fire, and to eat one of their catch. This they did, and departed again. But when they were in their canoes, they found they had forgotten a girl whom they had thrown on the sand, and they returned for her. The sea was rough, and they had to stay here on the beach for the night.

"As was the custom, they erected a gibbet, two posts and a horizontal bar, and on the bar they hung the living prisoners, with a cord of *parau* bark passed through the scalp and tied around the hair. Their arms were tied behind them, and they swung in the breeze.

"In the night, when the Tahuata men slept from their gluttony, one of them arose silently and unbound a prisoner who was his friend, and told him to run to the mountains. He then lay down and slept, and in the darkness this man who had been freed returned stealthily and unloosed a girl, the same who had been forgotten on the sand. In the morning the other captives were dead, but those who escaped were months in the fastness of the heights, living on roots and on birds they snared. In the end they went to Motopu. They were well received, for the Tahuata warriors thought a god had aided them, and they and their children lived long there."

Ugh smiled reminiscently, as if his thoughts were returning from pleasant things, and clapped his hands as a signal for reëmbarking.

The bowls of food remaining were tied in baskets of leaves and hung in the banian-tree to await the boatsmen's return for the night, the steersman was carried to his place, and the boat pushed through the surf.

A giant shark swam close to the reefs as we rowed out, a hungry, ill-looking monster. One of the bottles of rum the oarsmen had drunk on the way to Hana Hevane, the other was stored for their return, and to gain a third the son of Ugh offered to go overboard and tie a rope to the shark's tail, which is the way natives often catch them. A shark

was not worth a liter of rum, I said, being in no mind to risk the limbs of a man in such a sport. Besides, I had no more to give away. I could imagine the rage of Seventh Man Who Wallows should he learn of my wasting in such foolishness what would keep us both warm if it rained.

As we caught the wind, a flock of *koio* came close to us in their search for fish. The black birds were like a cloud; there must have been fifty thousand of them, and flying over us, they completely cut off the sunlight, like a dark storm. If they had taken a fancy to settle on us they must have smothered us under a feathered avalanche. Ugh was startled and amazed that the birds should come so close, and all raised an uproar of voices, and waved arms and oars in the air to frighten them off. They passed, the sun shone upon us again, and in a sparkling sea we made our way past Iva Iva Iti and Iva Iva Nui, rounding a high, green shore into the bay of Vait-hua.

The mountains above the valley loomed like castellated summits of Italy, so like huge stone fortresses that one might mistake them for such from the sea. The tiny settlement reaching from the beach half a mile up the glen was screened by its many trees.

The whale-boat slid up to a rocky ledge, and my luggage and I were put ashore. Exploding Eggs, who had insisted on accompanying me, took it into his charge, and with it balanced on his shoulders we sauntered along the road to the village where the French gendarme had lost his nose to the mad *namu*-drinker.

THE beach followed the semicircle of the small bay, and was hemmed in on both sides by massive block rocks, above which rose steep mountains covered with verdure. The narrow valley itself sloped upward on each hand to a sheer wall of cliffs. In the two miles from the water's-edge to the jungle tangle of the high hills were thousands upon thousands of cocoanut-palms, breadfruit, mango-, banana-, and lime-trees, all speaking of the throng of people that formerly inhabited this lovely spot, now nearly deserted.

The tiny settlement remaining, with its scattered few habitations, was beautiful beyond comparison. A score or so of houses, small, but neat and comfortable, wreathed with morning-glory vines and shaded by trees, clustered along the bank of a limpid stream crossed at intervals by white stepping-stones. Naked children, whose heads were wreathed with flowers, splashed in sheltered pools, or fled like moving brown shadows into the sun-flecked depths of the glade as we approached.

We were met beneath a giant banian-tree by the chief, who greeted us with simple dignity and led us at once to his house. The most pretentious in the village, it consisted of two rooms, built of redwood boards from California, white-washed, clean and bare, opening through wide doors upon the broad *paepae*. This house, the chief insisted, was to be my home while I remained his guest in Vait-hua. My polite protestations he waved away with a courtly gesture and an obdurate smile. I was an American and his guest.

My visit was obviously a great event in the eyes of Mrs. Seventh Man Who Is So Angry He Wallows In The Mire. A laughing Juno of thirty years, large and rounded as a breadfruit-tree, more than six feet in height, with a mass of blue-black hair and teeth that flashed as white as a fresh-opened cocoanut, she rose from her mat on the *paepae* and rubbed my nose ceremoniously with hers. Clothed in a necklace of false pearls and a brilliantly scarlet loin-cloth, she was truly a barbaric figure; yet in her eye I beheld that instant pre-occupation with household matters that greets the unexpected guest the world over.

While the chief and I reclined upon mats, and Exploding Eggs sat vigilant at my side, she vanished into the house, and shortly returned to set before us a bowl of *poi* and several cocoanuts. These we ate while Neo discoursed sadly upon the evil times that had befallen his reign.

"Me very busy when prenty ship come," he mourned. "Me fix for wood; get seven dollar load. Me stay ship, eat hard-tackee, salt horsee, chew tobacco, drink rum. Good time he all dead."

The repast ended, we set out to view the depleted village with its few inhabitants, the remainder after Europe had subtracted native habits and native health.

The gorge that parted the valley was wide and deep for the silver stream that sang its way to the bay. When the rain fell in cascades, the channel hardly contained the mad torrent that raced from the heights, a torrent that had destroyed the road built years before when whalers' ships by the dozens came every year. Now the natives made their way as of old up and down rocky trails and over the stepping-stones.

Near the beach we came upon a group of tumble-down shanties, remnants of the seat of government. Only a thatched school-house and a tiny cabin for the teacher were habitable. Here the single artist of the islands, Monsieur Charles Le Moine, had taught the three "R's" to Vait-hua's adolescents for years. He was away now, Neo said, but we found his cabin open, and littered with canvases, sketches, paint-tubes, and worn household articles.

"He got litt'ee broomee, an' sweep paint out litt'ee pipe on thing make ship's sails," Neo explained. Surely a description of a broad modern style.

On the wall or leaning against it on the floor were a dozen drawings and oils of a young girl of startling beauty. Laughing, clear-eyed, she seemed almost to speak from the canvas, filling the room with charm. Here she leaned against a palm-trunk, her bare brown body warm against its gray; there she stood on a white beach, a crimson *pareu* about her loins and hibiscus flowers in her hair.

"That Hinatini," said Seventh Man Who Wallows, speaking always in what he supposed to be English. "She some pumpkin, eh? Le Moine like more better make *tiki* like this than say book. She my niece."

The rich colors of the pictures sang like bugle-notes among the shabby odds and ends of the studio. A cot, a broken chair or two, a table smeared with paints, an old shoe, a pipe, and a sketch of the Seine gave me Le Moine in his European birthright; but the absence of any European comforts, the lack even

of dishes and a lamp, told me that Montmartre would not know him again. The eyes of the girl who lived on the canvases said that Le Moine was claimed by the Land of the War Fleet.

Turning from the dingy interior of his cabin, I saw in the sunlight beyond the door his model in the life. Le Moine had not the brush to do her justice. Vanquished Often, as Hinatini means, was perhaps thirteen years old, with a grace of carriage, a beauty and perfection of features, a rich coloring, no canvas could depict. Her skin was of warm olive hue, with tinges of red in the cheeks, and the lips were cherry-ripe. Her eyes were dark brown, large, melting, childishly introspective. Her hands were shapely, and her little bare feet, arched, rosy-nailed, were like flowers on the sand. She wore the thinnest of sheer white cotton tunics, and there were flamboyant flowers in the shining dark hair that tumbled to her waist.

She greeted me with the eager artlessness of the child that she was. She was on her way to the *via puna*, the spring by the beach, she said. Would I accompany her thither? And would I tell her of the women of my people in the strange islands of the *Menike*? They were very far away, were they not, those islands? Farther even than Tahiti? How deep beneath the sea could their women dive?

I answered these and other questions while we walked down the beach, and I marveled at the unconscious grace of her movements. The chief wonder of all these Marquesans is the beauty and erectness of their standing and walking postures. Their chests are broad and deep; their bosoms, even in girls of Vanquished Often's age, rounded, superb; and their limbs have an ease of motion, an animal-like litheness unknown to our dress-bound women.

Vanquished Often was the most perfect type of all these physical perfections, a survival of those wondrous Marquesan women who addled the wits of the whites a century ago. There was no blemish on her, nor any feature one would alter.

Half a dozen of her comrades were lounging upon the sand when we reached the spring. Here an iron pipe

in the mountain-side tapped subterranean waters, and a hollowed cocoanut-tree gave them exit upon the sand, where salt waves flowed up to meet them. Long, lean, curving cocoanuts arched above, and beneath their ribbons of shade lay an old canoe, upon which sat those who waited their turn to bathe, to fill calabashes, or to gossip.

For all time, they said, this had been the center of life in Vait-hua. Old wives' tales had been told here for generations. The whalers filled their casks at this spring, working every hour of the twenty-four because the flow was small. Famous harpooners, steersmen who winked no eye when the wounded whale drew their boat through a smother of foam, shanghaied gentlemen, sweepings of harbors, Nantucket deacons, pirates, and the whole breed of sailors and fighting fellows, congregated here to bathe and to fill their water-casks. Near this crystal rivulet they splashed one another in their quarrels over Vait-hua's fairest, and exchanged their slop-chest luxuries and grog for the favors of the island chiefs.

It was Standard Oil, sending around the world its *tipoti*, or tin cans, filled with illuminating fluid cheaper than that of the whale, that ended the days of the ships in Vait-hua, and they sailed away for the last time, leaving an island so depopulated that its few remaining people could slip back into the life of the days before the whites came.

"*Alice Snow* las' whale-ship come Vait-hua six years before," said the Seventh Man Who Wallows. "Before that, one ship, *California* name, Captain Andrew Hicks. Charlie, he sailmaker, run away from Andrew Hicks. One Vait-hua girl look good to him. She hide him in hills till captain make finish chase him. That him children."

Indeed, most of the faces turned toward me from the group about the spring were European either by recent heredity or tribal nature. I could see the Saxon, the Latin, and the Viking, and one girl was all Japanese, a reference to which caused her to weep. "Iapona" was to her pretty ears the meanest word in Vait-hua's vocabulary, and her playmates held it in reserve for important disagreements.

Vanquished Often, slipping from her white tunic, stepped beneath the stream of crystal water and laughed at the cool delight of it on her smooth skin. It was a picture of which artists dream, the naked girl laughing in the torrents of transparent water, the wet crimson blossoms washing from her drowned hair, and beneath the striped shade of the palm-trunks her simple, savage companions waiting their turn, squatting on the sand or crowded on the canoe, their loins wrapped in crimson and blue and yellow *pareus*. Behind them all the mountains rose steeply, a mass of brilliant green jungle growth, and before them, across the rim of shining white sand, spread the wide blue sea.

Vait-hua was all savage; whatever bewildermments the missionaries had brought had faded when dwindling population left the isle to its own people. In the minds of my happy companions at the *via puna*, modesty had no more to do with clothing than, among us, it had to do with food. The standards of the person are everywhere formed by the mass opinion of those about him. Savage peoples can never understand our philosophy, our complex springs of action. They may ape our manners, wear our ornaments, and seek our company, but their souls remain indifferent. They laugh when we are stolid. They weep when we are unmoved. Their gods and devils are not ours.

From our side, too, the abyss is impassable. Civilization with its refinements and complexities has stripped us of the power of complete surrender to simple impulses. The white who would become like a natural savage succeeds only in becoming a beast. "*Plus sauvage que les kanakas*," is a proverb in the islands. Its implications I had occasion to heed before the evening was ended.

Wrapped only in a gorgeous red *pareu*, I sat on the *paepae* of the chief's house, now become mine. I was the special care of Mrs. Seventh Man Who Wallows, who all afternoon long had sat on her haunches over a cocoanut-husk fire stirring savory foods for me. Fish, chickens, pigs, eggs, and native delicacies of all kinds she had cooked and sauced so appetizingly that I conferred on her the title of "Chefess" *de cuisine*,

and voiced my suspicions that some deserting cook from a flag-ship had traded his lore for her kisses. Her laughter was spiced with pride, and the chief himself smilingly nodded and gestured to assure me that I had guessed right.

Now in the quiet of the evening, empty bowls removed, pandanus-leaf cigarettes lighted, and pipe passing from hand to hand, we sat rejoicing in the sweet odors of the forest, the murmur of the stream, and the ease of contentment. Many elders of the village had come to meet the stranger, to discuss the world and its wonders, and to marvel at the ways of the whites. The glow of the pipe lighted shriveled, yet still handsome, countenances scrolled with tattooing, and caught gleams from rolling eyes or sparkles from necklace and ear-ring. Above the mountains a full moon rose, flooding the valley with light and fading the brilliant colors of leaf and flower to pale pastel tints.

Vanquished Often sat beside me, her dark hair falling over my knee, and listened respectfully to the conversation of her elders, who discussed the gods of the stranger.

They wondered what curious motive had impelled the Jews, the *Aati-Ietu*, to kill *Ieto Kirito*, the Saviour of the world. They discussed the strange madness that had possessed *Iuda Iskalota*, that he had first bought land with his forty pieces of silver and then hanged himself to a *purau*-tree. Was it cocoanut land? they asked. Was it not good land?

Often across the worn stones of the *paepae* stole a *vei*, a centipede, upon which a bare foot quickly stamped. The chief said casually, "If he bite you, you no die; you have hell of a time." They were not natives of the Marquesas originally, he said; they came in the coal of ships. His patriotism outran his knowledge, for the first discoverers bitterly berated these poisonous creatures, though no more warmly than Neo, who drew heavily upon his stock of English curses to tell his opinion of them.

When the time came for saying *apaē kaoha*, my kindly hosts sought to confer upon me the last proof of their friendliness. They proposed that I marry Vanquished Often.

My refusal was incomprehensible to them, and Vanquished Often's happy smile in the moonlight quickly faded to a look of pain and humiliation. They had offered me their highest and most revered expression of hospitality. To refuse it was as uncustomary and as rude as to refuse the Alaskan miner who offers a drink at a public bar.

"Menike," pleaded the chief, "that Hinatini more better marry white man, friend of Teddy, from number one island. She some pumpkins for be good wife. Suppose maybe you like Vait-hua, you stay long time; suppose you go soon, make never mind."

The fair chieftess shook her ear-rings and smiled archly.

"Bonne filly pooh voo, Menike," she urged in her Marquesan French. "Good wife for you. It is my pleasure that you are happy. She is beautiful and good. You will be the son of our people while you are here."

Vanquished Often, who had a vague notion of the greatness of her uncle's Menike friends, Teddy and Gotali, and of the desirability of an alliance with one of their tribe, approached me softly and rubbed my back in a circle the while she crooned a broken song of the whaling days, concerning the "rolling Mississippi" and the "Black Ball line." Seventh Man Who Wallows in the Mire himself began to make concentric circles on my breast with his heavy hand, so that I was beset fore and aft by the most tender and friendly advances of the Marquesan race. Never was hapless guest in more unfortunate plight.

She was only a child, I said; Americans did not mate with children. They smiled as at a pleasantry, and again extolled her charms. Desperately I harked back to the ten commandments in an endeavor to support my refusal by other reasons than distaste or discourtesy, but laughter met my text. "White man does not follow white man's *tapus*," said my hostess, gently placing my hand in that of Vanquished Often. The slender fingers clung timorously to mine. Unhappy Hinatini feared that she was about to be disgraced before her people by the white man's scorn of her beauty.

I was fain to invent a romance upon the spot. I was madly enamoured of an

Atuona belle, I said. She waited for me upon my own *paepae*; she was a mighty woman and swift to anger. She would wreak vengeance upon me and upon Vanquished Often. I would adopt Vanquished Often as my sister. In token of this I pressed my lips upon her forehead and kissed her hands. She smiled bewitchingly, pleased by the novel honor.

My hosts and their friends departed with her, half pleased, half puzzled at this latest whimsy of the strange white, and I lay down upon the mats of the chief's house, with Exploding Eggs lying across the doorway at my feet.

The night brought fitful dreams, and in the darkest hour I woke to feel a frightening thing upon my leg. By the light of the dimly burning lantern I saw a thousand-leg, reddish brown and ten inches long, halting perhaps for breath midway between my knee and waist. It seemed indeed to have a thousand legs, and each separate foot made impresses of terror on my mind, while each toe and claw clutched my bare flesh with threatening touch.

The brave man of the tale who saves himself from cobra or rattler by letting the serpent crawl its slow way over his perfectly controlled body might have withheld even a quiver of the flesh, but I am no Spartan. At my convulsive shudder each horrid claw gripped a death-hold. In one swift motion I seized a corkscrew that lay near by, pried loose with a quick jerk every single pede, and threw the odious thing a dozen yards. A trail of red, inflamed spots rose where it had stood, and remained painful and swollen for days.

Whether it was because this experience became mixed with my first dreams in beautiful Vait-hua, or whether my Celtic blood sees portents where they do not exist, certain it is that as the stealthy charm of that idyllic place grew upon me through the days something within me resisted it. I was ever aware that its beauty concealed a menace deadly to the white man who listened too long to the rustle of its palms and the murmur of its stream.

LIFE in Vait-hua was idyllic. The whites, having desolated and depopulated this once thronged valley, had

gone, leaving the remnant of its people to return to their native virtue and quietude. Here, perhaps more than in any other spot in all the isles, the Marquesan lived as his forefathers had before the whites came.

Doing nothing sweetly was an art in Vait-hua. Pleasure is nature's sign of approval. When man is happy, he is in harmony with himself and his environment. The people of this quiet valley did not crave excitement. The bustle and nervous energy of the white wearied them excessively. Time was never wasted, to their minds, for leisure was the measure of its value.

Domestic details, the preparation of food, the care of children, the nursing of the sick, were the tasks of all the household. Husband and wife, or the mates unmarried, labored together in delightful unity. Often the woman accompanied her man into the forests, assisting in the gathering of nuts and breadfruit, in the fishing and the building. When these duties did not occupy them, or when they were not together bathing in the river or at the *via puna*, they sat side by side on their *paepaes* in meditation. They might discuss the events of the day, they might receive the visits of others, or go abroad for conversation; but for hours they often were wrapped in their thoughts, in a silence broken only by the rolling of their pandanus cigarette or the lighting of the mutual pipe.

"Of what are you thinking?" I said often to my neighbors when breaking in upon their meditation.

"Of the world. Of those stars," they replied.

They would sympathize with that Chinese traveler who, visiting America and being hurried from carriage to train, smiled at our idea of catching the fleeting moment.

"We save ten minutes by catching this train," said his guide, enthusiastically.

"And what will you do with that ten minutes?" demanded the Chinese.

To be busy about anything not necessary to living is, in Marquesan wisdom, to be idle.

Swimming in the surf, lolling at the *via puna*, angling from rock or canoe,

or fishing with line and spear outside the bay, searching for shell-fish, and riding or walking over the hills to other valleys, filled their peaceful, pleasant days. A dream-like, care-free life, lived by a people sweet to know, handsome and generous and loving.

That he never saw or heard of the slightest quarrel between individual persons was the statement a century ago of Captain Porter, the American. Then as now the most perfect harmony prevailed among them. They lived like affectionate brothers of one family, he said, the authority of the chiefs being only that of fathers among children. They had no mode of punishment, for there were no offenders. Theft was unknown, and all property was left unguarded. So Porter, who, with his ship's company, killed many Marquesans, was fully aware of their civic virtues, their kindness, gentleness, and generosity.

It is so to-day in Vait-hua, where the whites are not. I have had my trousers lifted from my second-story room in a Manila hotel by the light-eyed and -fingered bamboo of the Tagalog *ladron* while I washed my face, and stood aghast at the mystery of their disappearance with door locked, until looking from my lofty window I beheld them moving rapidly down an *estero* in a *banca*. I have given over my watch to a gendarme in Cairo to forbend arrest for having beaten an Arab who tripped me to pick my pocket, and I have surrendered to the rapacity of a major-general-uniformed official in Italy, who would incarcerate me for not having a tail-light lit. In San Francisco, when robbed upon the public street, I have listened while the police suggested that I offer a fee to the "king of the dips" and a reward to certain saloon-keepers to intercede with the unknown-to-me highwaymen for the return of an heirloom.

Yet through the darkest nights in Vait-hua I slept serenely, surrounded by many possessions desirable in the eyes of my neighbors, in a house the doors of which were never fastened. There was not a lock in all the village, or anything that answered the purpose of one. The people of this isolated valley, for-

getting their brief encounter with the European idea of property, had reverted to the ways of their fathers.

Before interference with their natural customs the Marquesans were communists to a large degree. Their only private property consisted of houses, weapons, ornaments, and clothing, for the personal use of the owner himself. All large works, such as the erection of houses, the building of large canoes, and, in ancient days, the raising of *paepaes* and temples, were done by mutual coöperation, though each family provided its own food and made provision for the future by storing bread-fruit in the *poi-poi* pits. Neo, like the long line of chiefs before him, had gathered a little more of the good things of life than had the majority, but he was in no sense a dictator, except as personality won obedience. In the old days a chief was often relegated to the ranks

for failure in war, and always for an overbearing attitude toward the commoners. Such arrogant fellows were kicked out of the seat of power unceremoniously.

"Our pure republican policy approaches so near their own," said the American naval captain, Porter, a hundred years ago.

Men were honored for their artistry, highest place being given to the tattooers, the carvers, the designers and builders of canoes, the architects, doctors, and warriors. Men and women rose to influence and rank only by deeds that won popular admiration. These people were hero-worshipers, and in the bloodiest of the old days those of fine soul who had a message of entertainment or instruction were *tapu* to all tribes, so that they could travel anywhere in safety and were welcome guests in all homes.



Double canoes on the beach at Papeete, Tahiti

On Discovering the World

By GEORGES DUHAMEL



THE world contains not one single object that might not be a source of happiness. Sorrow springs from this, that man outdoes himself in misusing everything. He turns against his own body or his own spirit all sorts of things that seem well made for his joy.

Every being contains an unbelievable store of happiness, and this one virtue reveals the angle from which he ought to be judged.

Your true business man makes a practice of weighing everything in terms of gold—a human being, a field of wheat, a beam, a precious stone. His tables of value are false, but the principle of valuation remains none the less efficacious, fundamental. The mistake of these persons is in testing everything by a single measure, in reducing everything to this gold, which enables them to seek their chosen pleasure. If it is drink or woman, they transmute an orchard into wine or into women, losing terribly by the exchange. They thus produce a sort of analogy to what the physicists call the degradation of energy; little by little the traffickers degrade their pleasures until they obtain those they prefer. But happiness is higher than this; it cannot be degraded, bought, transmuted. It is a pure relationship between the soul and the world. It will never be the mere object of a transaction. Many are the men who have fastened their hope, their future upon the acquisition of some material good, only to experience after years of effort and privation a burning disillusion.

That is because happiness is too proud and free a thing to obey the commands of merchants. It follows laws of its own that seem like inspirations; it does not come at the bidding of business men. The castle we have long coveted may open at the appointed hour; joy will not take up its abode there unless we have deserved it.

It must be repeated again that the principle of evaluation is at the base of our moral life. But each thing should be valued in itself and for itself.

A tuft of violets is worth a great deal for its perfume and its beauty; it can bring joy or consolation to a great many hearts. But it has only the slightest commercial value; estimated in terms of building lumber or free-stone, it signifies nothing, or virtually nothing.

That so many men should cut and sell wood, shape and barter the stone of which our houses are built, go gathering violets through the May thickets to sell them to townfolk, is undoubtedly right and necessary. The real question is quite a different one: we must first possess for their own sakes all the blessings that are offered us, and not obstinately transform them, without an important reason, beyond our strict needs, at the risk of forever losing our understanding and our true possession of them.

It is almost a truism that men who are obliged by their profession to handle, store, or sell substances famous for their power of giving pleasure—perfumes, fruits, silks—end by losing all appreciation of them and even by

contracting a disgust and contempt for them. Cooks have no appetite. Let us not be cooks, then, in the presence of this vast world; let us know how to preserve or restore to each object its original savor and significance.

I say "restore" intentionally, for the world seems to be more and more turning from its true sense; that is to say, its human sense, the only one for us.

A stone is a beautiful thing—beautiful from all points of view. Its grain, its color, its brilliancy, its hardness are all so many virtues that exercise and satisfy our senses, excite our reflections. We have a thousand noble uses, speculative or practical, to which we can put such an object. We shall be the kings of the universe if we assert boldly that we find in these uses and in our joy the very destiny of the stone.

I remember seeing hills that had been disemboweled by a bombardment and were sown with long splinters of twisted iron; the base of a monstrous shell appeared before me one day under these conditions, and it seemed to me truly inhuman, this product of the work of men. The noble metal, with which so many good and beautiful things can be made, took on a hateful appearance. Man had achieved the mournful miracle of denaturing nature, rendering it ignoble and criminal.

Truly, we are equally guilty every time we turn an object aside from its mission, which is altogether one of happiness. We are guilty again every time we fail to extract for others and for ourselves all the happiness an object holds in store and only asks to be allowed to yield.

It is because every fragment of the earth is a source of happiness that men ceaselessly dream of winning that source for their own profit. They do not wish to have all humanity refresh itself, plunge its feverish face and lips, in the cool waters.

Once the springs were the delight and the wealth of whole peoples. They were conducted magnificently along majestically proportioned aqueducts; their liquid opulence, crossing valleys and mountains, entered the cities with a great outburst of architectural joy; it

shone and sparkled in the sunlight from a thousand embellished apertures before it went to bathe and nourish the people. The statues of the gods watched over this treasure.

To-day the most beautiful springs are guarded by railings; one goes to a wicket and pays in order to drink there. In the same way all the springs of joy seem to have been sequestered for the profit of a few people.

This is not always for the sake of gain. In most cases it is simply for exclusiveness. The man who owns something capable of giving joy naïvely imagines that he will be happier if he is the only one to drink from this inexhaustible breast. He becomes infatuated with it and thinks of nothing but how to shut up his treasure. He puts up a wall and provides it with fragments of sharp glass, so that the wall may show its teeth, so that it may be not only defensive, but in some sense offensive. At times, yawning with ennui in the very midst of his material prosperity, he makes an opening in the wall, only to correct this imprudence with a ditch; and from behind this he seems to say: "Now see how rich I am. Look and proclaim it in a loud voice, you who pass by; for I am beginning not to be so sure of it myself."

To shut up a picture, a beautiful tree, a sumptuous tapestry, for one's own exclusive benefit is, after all, only a trifling folly; but there are some who undertake to capture a river, a mountain, a horizon, the sea.

A few years ago I visited the shore of the Mediterranean between Cannes and Menton. I was struck by a strange thing: the road that follows the edge of the sea, at the foot of the hills, through a thousand natural beauties, continually loses sight of the waves; it seems as if pushed back, held aside.

People have appropriated the horizon; they have driven their fortune like a wedge between the divine sea and the road of the common folk. They wish to be the only ones to possess the ocean, dawn, the gold and sapphire of noon, the tempests and the thunders of the open sea.

Do not be alarmed, mistaken brothers, do not tremble; we shall not throw

down your walls. Live in peace in your sumptuous prison; our portion remains so beautiful and so great that we shall never exhaust it.

Close your gates. You will not shut in the perfume of your shrubbery or all the wind or all the sky. You will not imprison the fragrant odor of your flower-beds. We shall breathe them, as we pass, lovingly, and continue on our way. We shall go on still further, for we have many things to acquaint ourselves with. We divine so many, many of them that a whole life is short in the light of such a destiny. But if it pleases you to join our vagabond company, you will discover, perhaps, the other side of your own walls, which are hung with flaxweed and wild geranium. The road that skirts them outside leads to joy also.

Besides, one does not find these ingenuous walls everywhere. The greed of men has not yet subjected all the beauty of things. You have snatched up in your fingers a fleeting draft of water; the ocean does not seem to be aware of it.

You must understand that we really possess nothing by ourselves. Veil, if you wish, the faces of your women and visit every day the gold in the depths of your vaults. Exclusiveness yields you no wealth save that which is dead and unproductive. But he is truly rich for whom life is a perpetual discovery.

DISCOVERY! It seems as if this word were one of a cluster of magic keys—one of those keys that make all doors open before our feet. We know that to possess is to understand, to comprehend. That, in a supreme sense, is what discovery means.

To understand the world can well be compared to the peaceful, enduring wealth of the great landowner; to make discoveries is, in addition to this, to come into sudden, overflowing riches, to have one of these sudden strokes of fortune which double a man's capital by a windfall that seems like an inspiration.

The life of a child who grows up unconstrainedly is a chain of discoveries, an enriching of each moment, a succession of dazzling surprises,

I cannot go on without thinking of the beautiful letter I received to-day about my little boy. It said:

Your son knows how to find extraordinary riches, inexhaustible treasures, even in the barrenest fields, and when I set him on the grass, I cannot guess the things he is going to bring out of it. He has an admirable appreciation of the different kinds of soil; if he finds sand, he rolls in it, buries himself in it, grabs up handfuls, and flings them delightedly over his hair. Yesterday he discovered a mole-hole, and you cannot imagine all the pleasure he took in it. He also knows the joys of a slope which one can descend on one's feet or head over heels, or by rolling, and which is also splendid for somersaults. Every rise of ground interests him, and I wish you could see him pushing his cart up them. There is a little ditch where on the edge he likes to lie with his feet at the bottom and his body pressed tight against the slope. He played interminably the other day on top of a big stone. He kept stroking it; he had truly found a new pleasure there. And as for me, I find my wealth in watching him discover all these things.

It is thus a child of fifteen months gives man lessons in appreciation.

Unfortunately, most systems of education do their best to substitute hackneyed phrases for the sense of discovery. A series of conventions are imposed on the child; he ceases to discover and experience the objects in the world in pinning them down with dry, formal labels by the help of which he can recognize them. He reduces his moral life little by little to the dull routine of classifying pins and pegs, and in this fashion begins the journey to maturity.

Discover! You must discover in order to be rich. You must not be satisfied to accept the night good humoredly, to go to sleep after a day empty of all discovery. There are no small victories, no negligible discoveries; if you bring back from your day's journey the memory of the white cloud of pollen the ripe plantain lets fall in May at the stroke of your switch, it may be little, but your day is not lost. If you have only encountered on the road the

tiny urn of jade which the moss delightfully balances at the end of its frail stem, it may seem little, but be patient. To-morrow will perhaps be more fruitful. If for the first time you have seen a swarm of bees go by in search of a hive, or heard the snapping pods of the broom scattering its seeds in the heat, you have nothing to complain of, and life ought to seem beautiful to you. If, on that same day, you have also enriched your collection of humanity with a beautiful or an interesting face, confess that you will go to sleep upon a treasure.

THERE will be days when you will be like a peaceful sovereign seated under a tree: the whole world will come to render homage to you and bring you tribute. Those will be your days of contemplation.

There will be days when you will have to take your staff and wallet and go and seek your living along the high-ways. On these days you must be contented with what you gain from observing, from hunting. Have no fear: it will be beautiful.

It is sweet to receive; it is thrilling to take. You must by turns charm and compel the universe. When you have gazed long at the tawny rock, with its lichens, its velvety mosses, it is most amusing to lift it up. Then you will discover its weight and the little nest of orange-bellied salamanders that live there in the cool.

You have only to lie among the hairy mints and the horsetails to admire the religious dance of the dragon-fly going to lay its eggs in the brook, or to hear in early June the clamorous orgy of the tree-toads, drunk with love; and it is very pleasant, too, to dip one's hands in the water, to stir the gravel at the bottom, whence bubble up a thousand tiny, agile existences, or to pick the fleshy stalk of the water-lily that lifts its tall head out of the depths.

There are people who have passed a plant a thousand times without ever thinking of picking one of its leaves and rubbing it between their fingers. Do this always, and you will discover hundreds of new perfumes. Each of these perfumes may seem quite insignificant,

and yet when you have breathed it once, you wish to breathe it again; you think of it often, and something has been added to you.

It is an unending game, and it resembles love, this possession of a world that now yields itself, now conceals itself. It is a serious, divine game.

Marcus Aurelius, whose philosophy cannot be called futile, does not hesitate, amid many austere counsels, to urge his friends to the contemplation of those natural spectacles that are always rich in meaning and suggestion. He writes:

Everything that comes forth from the works of nature has its grace and beauty. The face wrinkles in middle age, the very ripe olive is almost decomposed, but the fruit has, for all that, a unique beauty. The bending of the corn toward the earth, the bushy brows of the lion, the foam that drips from the mouth of the wild boar and many other things, considered by themselves, are far from being beautiful; nevertheless, since they are accessory to the works of nature, they embellish them and add a certain charm. Thus a man who has a sensitive soul, and who is capable of deep reflection, will see in whatever exists in the world hardly anything that is not pleasant in his eyes, since it is related in some way to the totality of things.

This philosopher is right, as the poets are right. As our days permit us, let us reflect and observe; let us never cease to see in each fragment of the great whole a pure source of happiness. Like children drawn into a marvelous dance, let us not relax our hold upon the hand that sustains us and directs us.

CHALIFOUR was a locksmith. I knew him in my childhood. You would have said that he was just a simple country laborer. Why has he left the memory of a rich and powerful man? His image will always be for me that of the "master of metals."

He worked in a mean, encumbered room, full of the pungent, acrid odor of the forge, which seemed to me a sort of annex to those other underground vaults that used to be peopled by the earth-spirits.

How I loved to see him, with his little apron of blackened leather! He would seize a bar of iron, and this iron at once became his. He had his own way of handling the object of his labor that was full of love and authority. His gnarled hands touched everything with a mixture of respect and daring; I used to admire them as if they were the somber workmen of some sovereign power.

It seemed as if some pact had been made between Chalifour and the hard metal that gave the man complete mastery over the material. One might have thought that solemn vows had been exchanged.

I see him again with his pensive air working the panting bellows and watching the metal, whose incandescence was almost transparent. I see him at the anvil, the hammer, handled forcefully, delicately, obeying like a subject demon. I see him before the drill, starting the great wheel, following the measured exigencies of a ceremonial rite. Especially I see him before the smoky window, with its pale flood of light, surveying, with that fine smile under his white beard, the conquered piece of metal, the creature of his will, which he had charged with destiny.

O ancient laborer, great, simple man, how rich and enviable you were, you who aspired to just one thing—to do well what you were doing, to possess intimately the object of your toil! No one better than you has understood the ponderous, obedient iron, no one more than you has worked it with greater love and constancy.

Somewhere there exists, I believe, an unhappy man eaten up with nerves and stomach disorder. He lives crouched up against his telephone, and sends his orders to all the stock exchanges of the world. People call him the "iron king," for some reason that has to do with finance. I do not believe he has ever touched or weighed a morsel of real iron. Let us smile, Chalifour. Let us smile, my master.

I SHOULD like to tell you about Bernier, too. They say he is a very poor man, because his coat is all shiny from wear, and his shoes have the weary, wretched

look of things that have never been young; because the sweat of many summers has soaked and stained the ribbon of his hat, and his baggy trousers give him the air of always kneeling.

Bernier has a poor little drooping mustache, with nothing glorious about it. You know only too well that he earns a hundred and twenty francs a month in some government bureau, and that people say of him, "He 's a poor devil with a miserable job."

As for me, I know that Bernier is rich, and I have seen him smile in the hour of his wealth, for the true wealth has its times of slumber and its awakenings. Bernier possesses something which is quite strange and almost inexpressible: it is a space, a white space, vast and virgin, and it is his power to be able to trace there certain harmonious lines which he alone knows how to trace in the right way.

Why have you never seen, why have you never been able to see, Bernier at the moment when he begins his work, when the whole sickly light of the office seems concentrated on the beautiful white page? His face is serene, smiling, assured. He half closes his eyes and draws back his head; he holds adroitly and elegantly a certain chosen pen, flexible, with a good point, a pen that belongs to him alone, which he has prepared for himself and which he would throw away if some blundering fool happened to touch it. And then he begins.

His kingdom is ranged all about him: ink pure from all dust, a brightly lined ruler, a collection of pens with all sorts of points. He begins, and the black line obeys him, springs up, curves in, stops, bounds forward or falls back, prances, yields. Look at Bernier's face. Is it really the face of that poor wretch you have just described to me? No, no. It is the face of a masterful man, calm, sure of himself and his wealth, who is doing something that no one can do as well as he. Across a snowy, limitless desert he directs, as if in a dream, a black line that advances, advances now slowly, now dizzily, like time itself.

YOU are willing to pay ten francs to see an acrobat or a trained dog. Per-

haps you have never watched a spider about to prepare its web. In that case, do not miss the spectacle at the very next opportunity. When you have had a good glimpse of the extraordinary creature revolving about the center of the work, and fastening with its hind leg, so quickly and accurately, the thread that it unwinds in just the right quantity, you will be so delighted that you will want to show the marvel to all those you love.

It is strange what a contempt men have for the joys that are offered them freely. And yet this does not argue a shallowness in our natures: there is a certain beauty in our prizing an object just because it has cost us some trouble. You must not imagine, however, that the marvels of nature come for nothing. They cost patience, time, and attention.

An unhealthy curiosity and the taste for anomalies incline us to take pleasure in seeing a creature perform an action for which its own organism seems unsuited. It palls very quickly. For a long time now, for example, the flight of aviators has ceased to excite our interest. We know all about that unmysterious machine; its very sound and its presence in the sky defile the silence and the space whose virginity was a refuge for us. On the other hand, I assure you I never cease to be fascinated by the mysterious manœuvres of a swarm of gnats, their interweaving curves, the spherical movement which from instant to instant transports the whole group of insects and seems the result of some secret password. And many other subtle and profound mysteries remain for the imagination, full of allurements, full, one might say, of resources.

And do you think there is nothing disturbing in the beauty of the imperious flight of the great dragon-fly, in its sudden, meditative pauses, in its peremptory starts, which lash the air like a supple, furious whip?

To whatever school of philosophy they belong, the great observers of natural phenomena, the Darwins, Lamarcks, Fabres, give us a magnificent lesson in love. But why do we nourish ourselves only on their harvests instead of providing our own? Why do we buy and

read their books without drawing any real profit from them, without ever taking the trouble to look down at our own feet, without ever going to live with the creatures of the sand and the grass their minute, thrilling existence, in which everything would be for us full of novelty, discovery, suggestion?

THE world is so generous and I feel my heart so full, so overflowing, that I do not even dream of arranging in order all these things I have to say to you. I should wish first of all to see your brow relax, to hear you say that you are less dispirited and that you refuse to be bored.

I should like to know all of you, and each in particular, to take you by the arm and walk with you through one of the streets of your town, or along the highroad, if you live in the country. You would tell me of your cares, and we should search together and see if there is indeed nothing in the universe for which you are especially destined, if there does not indeed exist, already for your wound, the precise balm that is necessary to anoint and heal it.

I came out this morning from my shelter of planks. The barren, chalky soil that surrounds it is surely the most sterile in all Champagne; but it had rained, and the storm had brought up out of this miserable soil, which is almost without vegetation, all sorts of kindly odors. They were worth more than all the perfumes of Florida, for they were the humble gift of poverty.

At the end of next February I could show you some morning, if the sun was out, the color of the birches against the blue of the winter sky. All the slender branches will seem ablaze with purple fire, and through this delicate flame the sky will survey you with an exquisite tenderness. You must wait, you must drink it in deeply, and not go on your way before you have understood it. From it you will be able to store up enough happiness to last you till another winter comes and gives birth once more to this prodigy of light.

Last year, during the hard summer months on the Aisne, I used to escape each day, for a second, toward the end

of the afternoon, from the overheated tent where we carried on the bloody work of the ambulance. One of my comrades was in the habit of eating an apple at this hour. I used to ask him to be good enough to lend it to me for a moment. I loved to breathe its delicate, penetrating perfume, which every day changed with the fruit. That was indeed a rare, a beautiful moment amid the fatigues of that concert of suffering and death.

I requisitioned this imponderable part of another's wealth, then I returned the apple to my comrade. I could have wished that you had all been with me to taste that poignant little joy.

When peace comes again, if you wish to see me in May, I will take you out under the great sycamore that is turning green at the bottom of the meadow. And there as you listen to the flying, the humming, the loving, and the living of the millions of creatures that people its cool foliage, we shall set out together on a journey so rare that you will leave your heaviest sorrows along the way.

SOME years ago a magazine undertook to ask a number of writers in what chosen spot they would like to pass a few beautiful hours. Emile Verhaeren answered, "In a certain corner of the harbor of Hamburg."

Verhaeren is among those who have revealed to us the mournful grandeur of city views, of factory towns, those places that seem accursed and from which one might think that happiness was forever exiled.

The aspirations of our souls are so plentiful, so tenacious, so fertile, that we find something to console us, satisfy us, exalt us in those very spots where suffering rules tyrannically, where the valley of Gehenna is most precipitous.

I visited the docks of Liverpool with a sort of horror. There were tall brick buildings, their roofs lost in the smoke, windows covered with grime, their interiors nothing but monstrous heaps of cotton-bales. Men were climbing about there like flies. Everything smelt of fog and mold. Narrow pavements,

slimy with rain, ran along by the dry-docks, where the steamers, like immense corpses, were being assailed by the frantic crowd. The workers toiled amid a bombardment of hammers, a whirl of sparks. The drills snarled like whipped cats. A hideous light, smothered by the smoke and the mist of the Mersey, drowned everything in its fetid flood.

And yet since then I have often dreamed of that terrible spot and felt the need of living there.

For two years I attended the wounded of the First Army Corps, all of them men from the North, stained by the coal on face and chest, men from the factories or the mines. I walked with them through the smiling landscapes of the Aisne, the Vesle, the Marne, when those lovely valleys had not yet been too much disfigured by the war. Certainly they all enjoyed the slopes, with their gracious groves of trees, the beautiful cultivated fields, draped like many-colored shawls over the shoulders of the little hills; but they all thought most, with love and regret, of cylinders, mine shafts, machines, and a smoky horizon.

I can understand it. One's native soil, one's own habitude, the familiar human landscape, molded upon the other and transfiguring it. Above everything we have to recognize that the soul is sensitive to many infinitely varied and often contradictory things. Grace of lines, rustic charm, are qualities that attach us to a country; fierce and desolate grandeur is another such, and this indeed has almost the strongest nostalgic power of all.

When beauty seems to have abandoned the world, we must realize that it has first deserted our own hearts.

BETWEEN your five senses, open like the dazzling port-holes on the side of a ship, do you really believe there is nothing but the void, the night, the dumb wall?

I do not know, I do not know. I cannot believe.

The sound rises—rises like the skylark, and the ear rises with it. And then comes a moment when the sound still rises, and the hearing stops, like those birds that do not frequent the loftiest altitudes.

Tell me, are they lost truly and forever, those sounds that hold sway at the gates of your soul, those sounds to which your senses are not equal?

Wait, hope. Some day perhaps we shall know.

You will say to me: "The light is so beautiful, so beautiful! It adds luster to so many things that are dear to me! Have I any need to dream of other rays than these? My eyes have already so much to do that they are overcome by their delight. The beauty of sound and silence ceaselessly intoxicates my ear."

True. Your soul has active purveyors. They do not leave it idle. They come and heap at its feet riches that demand its enthusiasm and its solicitude.

But often there is in your soul something your senses have not brought there, an exquisite joy, an inexpressible sadness. Do not forget that you live bathed in a multitude of rays to only some of which you are sensible. The others are perhaps not quite strange to you. What is passing in contraband across the frontiers of your being? Do not obstinately try to bring it under control. Submit, experience, be merely attentive and respectful to everything. Some day we shall perhaps know more things than we are able to divine now.

ONE of the greatest delights of the religious faith is to abandon ourselves to gratitude, to be able to thank from an overflowing heart the moral being to whom we feel indebted for our wealth.

Why, then, since I have long lost this faith, do I still feel each day and several times a day the great need of singing the canticle of Francis of Assisi, the lovely canticle in which he says:

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, and unto all Thy creatures, especially our gracious brother the sun, who gives us the day and through whom Thou showest us Thy light. He is beautiful and radiant with a great splendor. He is the symbol of Thee, Most High.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, for our sister the moon and the stars, fashioned by Thee in the sky, clear, precious, and beautiful.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, for our mother the wind, and for the air and the clouds, for the pure sky, and for all the time during which Thou givest to Thy creatures life and sustenance.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, for our sister the water, who is so useful, precious and clean.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, for our brother the fire, through whom Thou illuminest the night. He is lovely and gay, courageous and strong.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, for sister our mother the earth, who sustains us and nourishes us, and brings forth divers fruits and flowers of a thousand colors and the grass.

A poet has transposed these divine strophes into the harmony of French verse and sings thus:

I shall praise you, Lord, for having made
so lovely and so bright
This world where you wish us to await our
life.

Now, I know very well that in this world I am not awaiting life; I am living. I know very well that it is here I must live, and lose no time about it. My gratitude is all the more pressing, all the more intense.

What if it does rise to an empty heaven, that infinite gratitude?

It will not be lost. And is that heaven ever empty to which we breathe out so many dreams, where there trembles so much beauty?

The sweetest of human voices has said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Perhaps we shall be pardoned if we dare to murmur, "Lay up for yourselves in this world."

They will not perish, these treasures, O my son and all you whom I love; they will not perish if you thirst to discover them only that you may share them with others, that you may bequeath them to a devout posterity.

They will not perish if they find their being, their supreme reason, in that region of the soul where believers have raised up the tabernacle of a God.



From A Chinese Screen

By *AMY LOWELL*

A Panel

Under the broken clouds of dawn
The white leopards eat the grapes
In my vineyard.
And in the sunken splendor of twilight
The ring pheasants perch among the red fruit
Of my pomegranate trees.
The bright-colored varnish
Scales off the wheels of my chariots,
For the horses which should draw them
Have gone northward in a gloom of spears.
My stablemen march,
Each with a two-edged spear upon his shoulder,
And my orchard-tenders have put on the green-feathered helmets
And girt themselves with black bows.
I stand above the terrace of three hundred rose-trees
And gaze at my despoiled vineyards.
Drums beat among the northern hills,
But I hear only the rattle of the wind on the chipped tiles
Of my roof.


A thousand little stitches in the soul of a dead man,
Still one can enjoy these things,
Sitting over a fire of camphorwood
In a quilted gown of purple-red silk.



Spring Longing

The south wind blows open the folds of my dress;
My feet leave wet tracks in the earth of my garden;
The willows along the canal sing, with new leaves turned upon the wind.

I walk along the tow-path,
Gazing at the level water.
Should I see a ribbed edge
Running upon its clearness,
I should know that this was caused
By the prow of the boat
In which you are to return.




Poet's Wife

Cho Wên-chün to her husband Saiü-ma Hsiang-ju

You have taken our love and turned it into coins of silver.
You sell the love-poems you wrote for me,
And with the price of them you buy many cups of wine.
I beg that you remain dumb,
That you write no more poems,
For the wine does us both an injury,
And the words of your heart
Have become the common speech of the emperor's concubines.

Peaceful Annexation

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

HE war is over. The wholehearted coöperation of the great struggle for right and justice has made room for a huge international scramble for spoils. Poland is going to annex Lithuania, Lithuania is going to annex Poland, the Ukraine wants something from both of these nations, the Czecho-Slovaks want Vienna, the Jugoslovaks want Triest, and everybody else wants everything that is conveniently near, while America looks on in silence and astonishment and wonders what it is all about.

Meanwhile Holland has made ready to join the ranks of the annexationists. It desires additional territory; it needs more fertile soil. It is shortly going to conquer new domains at the expense of the unsuspecting herring and the slippery eel. The old Zuyder Zee is going to be drained, and within thirty years from now four hundred thousand acres of new and valuable land will have been added to the Dutch Kingdom. They will prevent a repetition of that wholesale starvation which followed the outbreak of the Great War and the embargo of the smaller nations of neutral Europe. Incidentally, a few of the ancient cities along the dikes will disappear. The island of Marken, beloved of the American tourist, will become an insignificant hill amidst rich grain-fields and cow-pastures. The crown prince, safely exiled amidst the watery wastes of the Zuyder Zee, will have to be taken to a more distant isle. Otherwise there will be no regrets.

Man is apt to treat his inanimate servants with scant consideration. An old Roman bridge has been used for two thousand years. Then a new steel structure is ordered from Bethlehem, and the Roman masonry is left to the inclement mercies of rain and wind, to sink into ruin as fast or as slowly as the

weather will permit. A janitor or a distinguished professor or a great statesman who has completed forty years of useful service is tendered complimentary dinners, he is given honorary mention in the newspapers, he is made to feel how well his neighbors think of him; but a branch of the ocean which for fifteen centuries has carried the country's trade is pumped off the geographical map without a single word of apology or lamentation.

Yet, when all is said and done, the Zuyder Zee has been a good little sea as such salty phenomena go. At times it has drowned a number of villages and their inhabitants and has killed thousands of cows and sheep without so much as a ripple of excitement. More often it has put on a thick coat of ice to give a whole nation a cheerful skating holiday. Ever and always it has provided innumerable trade-routes for the Dutch merchant ships, and during the great struggle for independence of the sixteenth century it provided the shallow vessels of the rebel provinces with an ideal manœuvring-ground against the heavy and cumbersome Spanish galleons.

It was a freakish creature. For no apparent reason it threw heavy banks of sand across the towns of Kampen and Stavoren and reduced important towns of the Hanseatic League to third-rate country villages. Then it took a sudden liking to the old city of Haarlem, bit a piece out of the province of northern Holland, and presented the birthplace of Frans Hals with a ready-made harbor, giving easy access to the ocean and the riches of the Indies. A little later, at the mouth of this newly formed bay, a small fishing village was built. It was mentioned for the first time in the year 1275. Rapidly it grew, and twenty-five years later it was given full civic rights and privileges. It was

known as the village built on the dike of the river Amstel; in Dutch, Amsterdam. After three hundred years of steady growth it was recognized as the capital of the most prosperous and successful trading state the world had ever seen. It commanded the commerce of

From that moment the Zuyder Zee had lost her chief reason for being. It was doomed. After a very prolonged and extremely careful investigation the Netherlands Parliament passed a law authorizing the draining of this useless stretch of water. The queen

signed the bill. Four ministers duly countersigned it. It was printed in the official gazette. Next the engineer will step forward and start upon his labors. He will be the high executioner of much that was old and beautiful, but to the vast majority of the people of that region he will appear as the hopeful pioneer of a better day. As fishermen they could no longer make a living; as farmers they have a great future before them.

The task of this inverted wrecking crew will not be easy. The Zuyder Zee, like all branches of the ocean, is a persistent and treacherous enemy. Her attacks will come from all sides at once. But her tricks (the feminine gender suits her better than any



the Baltic, carried the grain of all Europe, developed the vast Indian empire that has made Holland one of the three largest colonial nations of modern times.

Then Amsterdam suffered the fate of her humble and much-despised neighbors. The harbor began to fill with sand. Dredging was of no avail. Soon no ship of more than seven feet of draft could cross the bars that stretched in front of the old port. The city, which for seven centuries had looked toward the east, was forced to turn her face westward. A canal was dug which connected Amsterdam directly with the North Sea.

other) are well known to people who for almost fifteen hundred years have made war upon rivers, sounds, lakes, and ditches. Besides, the inhabitant of the dry land has now a new and powerful ally in the modern electric pump. This handy contrivance, which can be placed upon any dike, within a very few days can handle more than one thousand cubic feet of water per minute. The old windmill, which has kept Holland dry for the last six centuries, waving its busy arms full tilt, never could lift more than ten cubic feet during the same period of time. The picturesque mill will soon be ready for the museum of mechanical curiosities. This is very sad for

the amateur painter of water-colors, but very agreeable for the farmer, who will be less exposed to sudden inundation.

Provided with his new motors, the engineer will first of all build a gigantic dike that will connect the eastern part of the province of Holland with the western coast of Friesland. Leaving the Dutch coast, this dam will run straight to Wieringen, the island of recent, if doubtful, fame. Past the temporary abode of the former crown prince it will then stretch out toward the opposite shore until the coast of Friesland is reached. This dike will be forty-eight kilometers long, and it will cost about a million guilders per kilometer. It will provide a new and direct road between the northern part of the country and the capital, as it will shorten the railroad journey from Amsterdam to Leeuwarden, the Frisian capital, from 208 to 150 kilometers.

Nine or ten years will be necessary to complete this part of the work, but after the fourth year the first great *polder* (the Dutch name for a drained piece of land) will be begun, and in the sixth year the second *polder*, a little toward the south, will be started. The process of draining is the same in every instance. First of all, surrounding a certain and definite area of water, a heavy dike will be constructed. Powerful pumps will be placed at regular intervals, and the water will be pumped into the newly formed Ysel Lake, from where it will be conducted into the North Sea through the locks built on the eastern coast of the Island of Wieringen. After fifteen years of labor these two *polders* will be ready for occupancy. Seven years later, in the twenty-first year of the great draining process, the first of the two eastern *polders* will be started, and by the end of the twenty-fifth year the last one will have been added to this imposing list of peaceful conquest. After thirty-three years of constant work, if all goes well, more than four hundred thousand acres of fertile clay will have been annexed, and a new rural population will be occupying fourscore villages built upon the bottom of the ocean.

What is to be done with this newly gained land has been a matter of par-

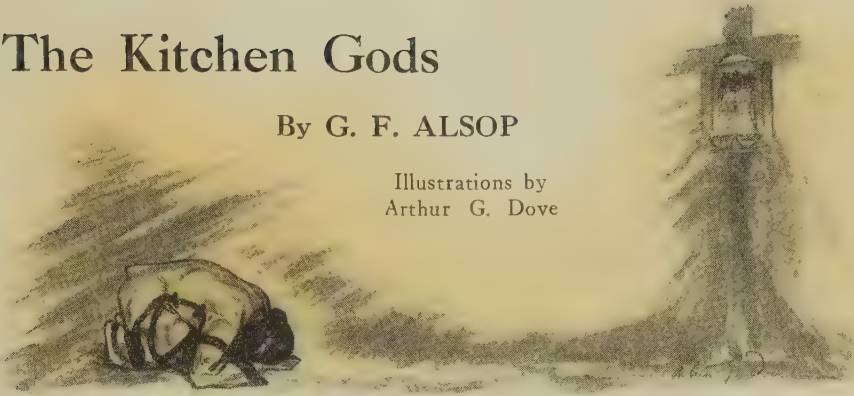
ticular study. The committee of investigation has decided in favor of the small landholder. It would have been little short of a crime to allow these rich pastures to fall into the hands of a restricted number of capitalists looking for safe and profitable investments. The great and crying need of Holland at the present moment is more land. The low countries along the banks of the North Sea have never suffered from the evils of a large land-holding gentry. With few exceptions, the farmer is an independent citizen who holds his lands under a lease which makes him the nominal proprietor for a long number of years.

But the country is small, and families are large. The eldest son can succeed the father. The second and third and fourth and eleventh son must either go abroad and seek new fortunes in Asia or America, or they are reduced to the class of the common day laborer. It is of the greatest importance to the country to keep this valuable class of men at home as independent or semi-independent farmers. They have the lore of the land and sound agricultural traditions in their blood and bones. They must be attracted to the newly formed territories. To assist them in acquiring farms at reasonable terms, a new bank will be created—the Bank of the Zuyder Zee. It will be a sister institution of the Postal Savings Bank, a financial institution under direct and constant control of the state. In the beginning this bank will devote its activities to the management of the actual work of draining. After sixteen years, when the first *polder* is expected to be ready for occupancy, the bank will begin the task of parceling off the farms among deserving applicants. This work will have to be done very gradually and with extreme care; otherwise the sudden increase of the land supply will upset values all over the country and will cause a general financial panic. But within three years after the last engineer has departed for further conquests, the Zuyder Zee will be a memory of the past; a new population, living from six to ten feet below the surface of the ocean, will be engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The Kitchen Gods

By G. F. ALSOP

Illustrations by
Arthur G. Dove



THE lilies bloomed that day. Out in the courtyard, in their fantastic green-dragoned pots, one by one the tiny, ethereal petals opened. Dong-Yung went rapturously among them, stooping low to inhale their faint fragrance. The square courtyard, guarded on three sides by the wings of the house, facing the windowless blank wall on the fourth, was mottled with sunlight. Just this side of the wall a black shadow, as straight and opaque as the wall itself, banded the court with darkness; but on the hither side, where the lilies bloomed and Dong-Yung moved among them, lay glittering, yellow sunlight. The little box of a house where the gate-keeper lived made a bulge in the uniform blackness of the wall and its shadow. The two tall poles, with the upturned baskets, the devil-catchers, rose like flag-staffs from both sides of the door. A huge china griffon stood at the right of the gate. From beyond the wall came the sounds of early morning—the click of wooden sandals on cobbled streets and the panting cries of the coolies bringing in fresh vegetables or carrying back to the denuded land the refuse of the city. The gate-keeper was awake, brushing out his house with a broom of twigs. He was quite bald, and the top of his head was as tanned and brown as the legs of small summer children.

"Good morning, Honorable One," he called. "It is a good omen. The lilies have opened."

An amah, blue-trousered, blue-jacketed, blue-aproned, cluttered across the courtyard with two pails of steaming water.

"Good morning, Honorable One. The water for the great wife is hot and heavy." She dropped her buckets, the water splashing over in runnels and puddles at her feet, and stooped to smell the lilies. "It is an auspicious day."

From the casement-window in the right balcony a voice called:

"Thou dunce! Here I am waiting already half the day. Quicker! quicker!"

It sounded elderly and querulous, a voice accustomed to be obeyed and to dominate. The great wife's face appeared a moment at the casement. Her eyes swept over the courtyard scene—over the blooming lilies, and Dong-Yung standing among them.

"Behold the small wife, cursed of the gods!" she cried in her high, shrill voice. "Not even a girl can she bear her master. May she eat bitterness all her days!"

The amah shouldered the steaming buckets and splashed across the bare boards of the ancestral hall beyond.

"The great wife is angry," murmured the gate-keeper. "Oh, Honorable One, shall I admit the flower-girl? She has fresh orchids."

Dong-Yung nodded. The flower girl came slowly in under the guarded gateway. She was a country child, with brown cheeks and merry eyes. Her shallow basket was steadied by a ribbon over one shoulder, and caught be-

tween an arm and a swaying hip. In the flat, round basket, on green little leaves, lay the wired perfumed orchids.

"How many? It is an auspicious day. See, the lilies have bloomed. One for the hair and two for the buttonholes. They smell sweet as the breath of heaven itself."

Dong-Yung smiled as the flower-girl stuck one of the fragrant, fragile, green-striped orchids in her hair, and hung two others, caught on delicate loops of wire, on the jade studs of her jacket, buttoned on the right shoulder.

"Ah, you are beautiful-come-death!" said the flower-girl. "Great happiness be thine!"

"Even a small wife can be happy at times." Dong-Yung took out a little woven purse, and paid over two coppers apiece to the flower-girl.

At the gate the girl and the gate-keeper fell a-talking.

"Is the morning rice ready?" called a man's voice from the room behind.

Dong-Yung turned quickly. Her whole face changed. It had been smiling and pleased before at the sight of the faint, white lily-petals and the sunlight on her feet and the fragrance of the orchids in her hair; but now it was lit with an inner radiance.

"My beloved Master!" Dong-Yung made a little instinctive gesture toward the approaching man, which in a second was caught and curbed by Chinese etiquette. Dressed, as she was, in pale-gray satin trousers, loose, and banded at the knee with wide blue stripes, and with a soft jacket to match, she was as beautiful in the eyes of the approaching man as the newly opened lilies. What he was in her eyes it would be hard for any modern woman to grasp: that rapture of adoration, that bliss of worship, has lingered only in rare hearts and rarer spots on the earth's surface.

Foh-Kyung came out slowly through the ancestral hall. The sunlight edged it like a bright border. The doors were wide open, and Dong-Yung saw the decorous rows of square chairs and square tables set rhythmically along the walls, and the covered dais at the head for the guest of honor. Long crimson scrolls, sprawled with gold ideographs, hung from ceiling to floor. A

rosewood cabinet, filled with vases, peach bloom, imperial yellow, and turquoise blue, gleamed like a lighted lamp in the shadowy morning light of the room.

Foh-Kyung stooped to smell the lilies.

"They perfume the very air we breathe. Little Jewel, I love our old Chinese ways. I love the custom of the lily-planting and the day the lilies bloom. I love to think the gods smell them in heaven, and are gracious to mortals for their fragrance's sake."

"I am so happy!" Dong-Yung said, poking the toe of her slipper in and out the sunlight. She looked up at the man before her, and saw he was tall and slim and as subtle-featured as the cross-legged bronze Buddha himself. His long, thin hands were hid, crossed and slipped along the wrists within the loose apricot satin sleeves of his brocaded garment. His feet, in their black satin slippers and tight-fitting white muslin socks, were austere and aristocratic. Dong-Yung, when he was absent, loved best to think of him thus, with his hands hidden and his eyes smiling.

"The willow-leaves will bud soon," answered Dong-Yung, glancing over her shoulder at the tapering, yellowing twigs of the ancient tree.

"And the beech-blossoms," continued Foh-Kyung. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

"The foreign devil's wisdom," answered Dong-Yung.

"It is greater than ours, Dong-Yung; greater and lovelier. To-day, to-day, I will go to their hall of ceremonial worship and say to their holy priest that I think and believe the Jesus way."

"Oh, most-beloved Master, is it also permitted to women, to a small wife, to believe the Jesus way?"

"I will believe for thee, too, little Lotus Flower in the Pond."

"Tell me, O Teacher of Knowledge—tell me that in my heart and in my mind I may follow a little way whither thou goest in thy heart and in thy mind!"

Foh-Kyung moved out of the shadow of the ancestral hall and stood in the warm sunlight beside Dong-Yung, his small wife. His hands were still withheld and hidden, clasping his wrists within the wide, loose apricot sleeves of



"Dong-Yung bent her head to sniff the familiar sweet springtime orchid hanging from the jade stud on her shoulder"

his gown, but his eyes looked as if they touched her. Dong-Yung hid her happiness even as the flowers hide theirs, within silent, incurving petals.

"The water is cold as the chill of death. Go, bring me hot water—water hot enough to scald an egg."

Foh-Kyung and Dong-Yung turned to the casement in the upper right-hand wing and listened apprehensively. The quick chatter of angry voices rushed out into the sunlight.

"The honorable great wife is very cross this morning." Dong-Yung shivered and turned back to the lilies. "To-day perhaps she will beat me again. Would that at least I had borne my lord a young prince for a son; then perhaps—"

"Go not near her, little Jewel. Stay in thine own rooms. Nay, I have sons a-plenty. Do not regret the childless-

ness. I would not have your body go down one foot into the grave for a child. I love thee for thyself."

"Now my lord speaks truly, as do the foreign devils to the shameless, open-faced women. I like the ways of the outside kingdom well. Tell me more of them, my Master."

Foh-Kyung moved his hands as if he would have withdrawn them from his apricot-colored sleeves. Dong-Yung saw the withheld motion, and swayed nearer. For a moment Dong-Yung saw the look in his eyes that engulfed her in happiness; then it was gone, and he looked away past her, across the opening lily-buds and the black rampart of the wall, at something distant, yet precious. Foh-Kyung moved closer. His face changed. His eyes held that hidden rapture that only Dong-Yung and the foreign-born priest had seen.

"Little Jewel, wilt thou go with me to the priest of the foreign-born faith? Come!" He withdrew his hand from his sleeve and touched Dong-Yung on the shoulder. "Come, we will go hand in hand, thou and I, even as the men and women of the Jesus thinking; not as Chinese, I before, and thou six paces behind. Their God loves men and women alike."

"Is it permitted to a small wife to worship the foreign-born God?" Dong-Yung lifted her eyes to the face of Foh-Kyung. "Teach me, O my Lord Master! My understanding is but young and fearful—"

Foh-Kyung moved into the sunlight beside her.

"Their God loves all the world. Their God is different, little Flower, from the painted images, full of blessings, not curses. He loves even little girl babies that mothers would throw away. Truly his heart is still more loving than the heart of a mother."

"And yet I am fearful—" Dong-Yung looked back into the shadows of the guest-hall, where the ancestral tablets glowed upon the wall, and crimson tapers stood ready before them. "Our gods I have touched and handled."

"Nay, in the Jesus way there is no fear left." Foh-Kyung's voice dropped lower. Its sound filled Dong-Yung with longing. "When the wind screams in the chimneys at night, it is but the wind, not evil spirits. When the summer breeze blows in at the open door, we need not bar it. It is but the summer breeze from the rice-fields, uninhabited by witch-ghosts. When we eat our morning rice, we are compelled to make no offering to the kitchen gods in the stove corner. They cannot curse our food. Ah, in the Jesus way there is no more fear!"

Dong-Yung drew away from her lord and master and looked at him anxiously. He was not seeing her at all. His eyes looked beyond, across the fragile lily-petals, through the solid black wall, at a vision he saw in the world. Dong-Yung bent her head to sniff the familiar sweet springtime orchid hanging from the jade stud on her shoulder.

"Your words are words of good hearing, O beloved Teacher. Nevertheless,

let me follow six paces behind. I am not worthy to touch your hand. Six paces behind, when the sun shines in your face, my feet walk in the shadow of your garments."

Foh-Kyung gathered his gaze back from his visions and looked at his small wife, standing in a pool of sunshine before him. Overhead the lazy crows flew by, winging out from their city roosts to the rice-fields for the day's food.

"Tea-boiled eggs!" cried a vender from beyond the wall. A man stopped at the gate, put down his shoulder-tray of food, and bargained with the ancient, mahogany-scalped gate-keeper. Faint odors of food frying in oil stole out from the depths of the house behind him. And Dong-Yung, very quiet and passive in the pose of her body, gazed up at Foh-Kyung with those strange, secretive, ardent eyes. All around him was China, its very essence and sound and smell. Dong-Yung was a part of it all; nay, she was even the very heart of it, swaying there in the yellow light among the lily-petals.

"Precious Jewel! Yet it is sweeter to walk side by side, our feet stepping out into the sunlight together, and our shadows mingling behind. I want you beside me."

The last words rang with sudden warmth. Dong-Yung trembled and crimsoned. It was not seemly that a man speak to a woman thus, even though that man was a husband and the woman his wife, not even though the words were said in an open court, where the eyes of the great wife might spy and listen. And yet Dong-Yung thrilled to those words.

An amah called, "The morning rice is ready."

Dong-Yung hurried into the open room, where the light was still faint, filtering in through a high-silled window and the door. A round, brown table stood in the center of the room. In the corner of the room behind stood the crescentic, white plaster stove, with its dull wooden kettle-lids and its crackling straw. Two cooks, country women, sat in the hidden corner behind the stove, and poked in the great bales of straw and gossiped. Their voices and

the answers of the serving amah filled the kitchen with noise. In their decorous niche at the upper right hand of the stove sat the two kitchen gods, small ancient idols, with hidden hands and crossed feet, gazing out upon a continually hungry world. Since time was they had sat there, ensconced at the very root of life, seemingly placid and unseeing and unhearing, yet venomously watching to be placated with food. Opposite the stove, on the white wall, hung a row of brass hooks from which dangled porcelain spoons with pierced handles. On a serving-table stood the piled bowls for the day, blue-and-white rice patterns, of a thin, translucent ware, showing the delicate light through the rice seeds; red- and -green dragoned bowls for the puddings; and tiny saucer-like platters for the vegetables. The tea-cups, saucered and lidded, but unhandled, stood in a row before the polished brass hot-water kettle.

The whole room was full of a stirring, wakening life, of the crackling straw fire, of the steaming rice, all white and separate-kerneled in its great, shallow, black iron kettles, lidded with those heavy hand-made wooden lids, while the boiling tea water hissed, and spat out a snake of white steam.

With that curious democracy of China, where high and low alike are friendly, Dong-Yung hurried into her beloved kitchen.

"Has the master come?" asked the serving maid.

"Coming, coming," Dong-Yung answered. "I myself will take in his morning rice, after I have offered the morning oblations to the gods."

Dong-Yung selected two of the daintiest blue-and-white rice-pattern bowls. The cook lifted off the wooden lid of the rice-kettle, and Dong-Yung scooped up a dipperful of the snow-white kernels. On the tiny shelf before each god, the father and mother god of the household, Dong-Yung placed her offering. She stood off a moment, surveying them in pleased satisfaction—the round, blue bowls, with the faint tracery of light; the complacent gods above, red and green and crimson, so age-long, comfortably ensconced in their warm stove corner. She made swift obeisance with

her hands and body before those ancient idols. A slant of sunshine swept in from the high windows and fell over her in a shaft of light. The thoughts of her heart were all warm and mixed and confused. She was happy. She loved her kitchen, her gods, all the familiar ways of Chinese life. She loved her silken, satin clothes, perfumed and embroidered and orchid-crowned, yet most of all she loved her lord and master. Perhaps it was this love for him that made all the rest of life so precious, that made each bowl of white rice an oblation, each daily act a glorification. So she flung out her arms and bent her head before the kitchen gods, the symbol of her ancient happiness.

"Dong-Yung, I do not wish you to do this any more."

Dong-Yung turned, her obeisance half arrested in mid-air. Foh-Kyung stood in the doorway.

"My lord," stammered Dong-Yung, "I did not understand your meaning."

"I know that, little Flower in my House. The new meaning is hard to understand. I, too, am but a blind child unused to the touch of the road. But the kitchen gods matter no more; we pray to a spirit."

Foh-Kyung, in his long apricot-colored garment, crossed the threshold of the kitchen, crossed the shadow and sunlight that striped the bare board floor, and stood before the kitchen gods. His eyes were on a level with theirs, strange, painted wooden eyes that stared forth inscrutably into the eating centuries. Dong-Yung stood half bowed, breathless with a quick, cold fear. The cook, one hand holding a shiny brown dipper, the other a porcelain dish, stood motionless at the wooden table under the window. From behind the stove peeped the frightened face of one of the fire-tenders. The whole room was turned to stone, motionless, expectant, awaiting the releasing moment of arousal—all, that is, but the creeping sunshine, sliding nearer and nearer the crossed feet of the kitchen gods; and the hissing steam fire, warming, coddling the hearts of the gods. Sun at their feet, fire at their hearts, food before them, and mortals turned to stone!

Foh-Kyung laughed softly, standing



"The porcelain dish fell from the hand of the cook, and a thousand rice-kernels, like scattered pearls, ran over the floor"

there, eye-level with the kitchen gods. He stretched out his two hands, and caught a god in each. A shudder ran through the motionless room.

"It is wickedness!" The porcelain dish fell from the hand of the cook, and a thousand rice-kernels, like scattered pearls, ran over the floor.

"A blasphemer," the fire-tender whispered, peering around the stove with terrified eyes. "This household will bite off great bitterness."

Foh-Kyung walked around the corner of the stove. The fire sparked and hissed. The sunshine filled the empty niche. Not since the building of the house and the planting of the tall black cypress-trees around it, a hundred years ago, had the sunlight touched the wall behind the kitchen gods.

Dong-Yung sprang into life. She caught Foh-Kyung's sleeve.

"O my Lord and Master, I pray you, do not utterly cast them away into the burning, fiery furnace! I fear some evil will befall us."

Foh-Kyung, a green-and-gold god in each hand, stopped and turned. His eyes smiled at Dong-Yung. She was so little and so precious and so afraid! Dong-Yung saw the look of relenting. She held his sleeve the tighter.

"Light of my Eyes, do good deeds to me. My faith is but a little faith. How could it be great unto thy great faith? Be gentle with my kitchen gods. Do not utterly destroy them. I will hide them."

Foh-Kyung smiled yet more, and gave the plaster gods into her hands as one would give a toy to a child.

"They are thine. Do with them as thou wilt, but no more set them up in this stove corner and offer them morning rice. They are but painted, plastered gods. I worship the spirit above."

Foh-Kyung sat down at the men's table in the men's room beyond. An amah brought him rice and tea. Other men of the household there was none, and he ate his meal alone. From the women's room across the court came a shrill round of voices. The voice of the great wife was loudest and shrillest. The voices of the children, his sons and daughters, rose and fell with clear childish insistence among the older

voices. The amah's voice laughed with an equal gaiety.

Dong-Yung hid away the plastered green-and-gold gods. Her heart was filled with a delicious fear. Her lord was even master of the gods. He picked them up in his two hands, he carried them about as carelessly as a man carries a boy child astride his shoulder; he would even have cast them into the fire! Truly, she shivered with delight. Nevertheless, she was glad she had hidden them safely away. In the corner of the kitchen stood a box of white pigskin with beaten brass clasps made like the outspread wings of a butterfly. Underneath the piles of satin she had hidden them, and the key to the butterfly clasps was safe in her belt-jacket.

Dong-Yung stood in the kitchen door and watched Foh-Kyung.

"Does my lord wish for anything?"

Foh-Kyung turned, and saw her standing there in the doorway. Behind her were the white stove and the sun-filled, empty niche. The light flooded through the doorway. Foh-Kyung set down his rice-bowl from his left hand and his ivory chop-sticks from his right. He stood before her.

"Truly, Dong-Yung, I want thee. Do not go away and leave me. Do not cross to the eating-room of the women and children. Eat with me."

"It has not been heard of in the Middle Kingdom for a woman to eat with a man."

"Nevertheless, it shall be. Come!"

Dong-Yung entered slowly. The light in this dim room was all gathered upon the person of Foh-Kyung, in the gleaming patterned roses of his gown, in his deep amethyst ring, in his eyes. Dong-Yung came because of his eyes. She crossed the room slowly, swaying with that peculiar grace of small-footed women, till she stood at the table beside Foh-Kyung. She was now even more afraid than when he would have cast the kitchen gods into the fire. They were but gods, kitchen gods, that he was about to break; this was the primeval bondage of the land, ancient custom.

"Give me thy hand and look up with thine eyes and thy heart."



"Suddenly an unheard-of thing happened"

Dong-Yung touched his hand. Foh-Kyung looked up as if he saw into the ether beyond, and there saw a spirit vision of ineffable radiance. But Dong-Yung watched him. She saw him transfigured with an inner light. His eyes moved in prayer. The exaltation spread out from him to her, it tingled through their finger-tips, it covered her from head to foot.

Foh-Kyung dropped her hand and moved. Dong-Yung leaned nearer.

"I, too, would believe the Jesus way."

In the peculiar quiet of mid-afternoon, when the shadows begin to creep down from the eaves of the pagodas and zigzag across the rice-fields to bed, Foh-Kyung and Dong-Yung arrived at the camp-ground of the foreigners. The lazy native streets were still dull with the end of labor. At the gate of the camp-ground the rickshaw coolies

tipped down the bamboo shafts, to the ground. Dong-Yung stepped out quickly, and looked at her lord and master. He smiled.

"Nay, I do not fear," Dong-Yung answered, with her eyes on his face. "Yet this place is strange, and lays a coldness around my heart."

"Regard not their awkward ways," said Foh-Kyung as he turned in at the gate; "in their hearts they have the secret of life."

The gate-keeper bowed, and slipped the coin, warm from Foh-Kyung's hand, into his ready pocket.

"Walk beside me, little Wife of my Heart." Foh-Kyung stopped in the wide graveled road and waited for Dong-Yung. Standing there in the sunlight, more vivid yet than the light itself, in his imperial yellow robes, he was the end of life, nay, life itself, to

Dong-Yung. "We go to the house of the foreign priest to seek until we find the foreign God. Let us go side by side."

Dong-Yung, stepping with slow, small-footed grace, walked beside him.

"My understanding is as the understanding of a little child, beloved Teacher; but my heart lies like a shell in thy hand, its words but as the echo of thine. My honor is great that thou do not forget me in the magnitude of the search."

Dong-Yung's pleated satin skirts swayed to and fro against the imperial yellow of Foh-Kyung's robe. Her face colored like a pale spring blossom, looked strangely ethereal above her brocade jacket. Her heart still beat thickly, half with fear and half with the secret rapture of their quest and her lord's desire for her.

Foh-Kyung took a silken and ivory fan from an inner pocket and spread it in the air. Dong-Yung knew the fan well. It came from a famous jeweler's on Nanking Road, and had been designed by an old court poet of long ago. The tiny ivory spokes were fretted like ivy-twigs in the North, but on the leaves of silk was painted a love-story of the South. There was a tea-house, with a maiden playing a lute, and the words of the song, fantastic black ideographs, floated off to the ears of her lover. Foh-Kyung spread out its leaves in the sun, and looked at it and smiled.

"Never is the heart of man satisfied," he said, "alone. Neither when the willow fuzz flies in the spring, or when the midnight snow silvers the palms. Least of all is it satisfied when it seeks the presence of God above. I want thee beside me."

Dong-Yung hid her delight. Already for the third time he said those words—those words that changed all the world from one of a loving following-after to a marvelous oneness.

So they stepped across the lawn together. It was to Dong-Yung as if she stepped into an unknown land. She walked on flat green grass. Flowers in stiff and ordered rows went sedately round and round beneath a lurid red brick wall. A strange, square-cornered, flat-topped house squatted in the midst

of the flat green grass. On the lawn at one side was a white-covered table, with a man and a woman sitting beside it. The four corners of the table-cloth dripped downward to the flat green grass. It was all very strange and ugly. Perhaps it was a garden, but no one would have guessed it. Dong-Yung longed to put each flower plant in a dragon bowl by itself and place it where the sun caught its petals one by one as the hours flew by. She longed for a narrow, tile-edged patch to guide her feet through all that flat green expanse. A little shiver ran over her. She looked back, down the wide graveled way, through the gate, where the gate-keeper sat, tipped back against the wall on his stool, to the shop of the money-changer's opposite. A boy leaned half across the polished wood counter and shook his fist in the face of the money-changer. "Thou thief!" he cried. "Give me my two cash!" Dong-Yung was reassured. Around her lay all the dear familiar things; at her side walked her lord and master. And he had said they were seeking a new freedom, a God of love. Her thoughts stirred at her heart and caught her breath away.

The foreigners rose to greet them. Dong-Yung touched the hand of an alien man. She did not like it at all. The foreign-born woman made her sit down beside her, and offered her bitter, strong tea in delicate, lidless cups, with handles bent like a twisted flower-branch.

"I have been meaning to call for a long time, Mrs. Li," said the foreign-born woman.

"The great wife will receive thee with much honor," Dong-Yung answered.

"I am so glad you came with your husband."

"Yes," Dong-Yung answered, with a little smile. "The customs of the foreign born are pleasant to our eyes."

"I am glad you like them," said the foreign-born woman. "I could n't bear not to go everywhere with my husband."

Dong-Yung liked her suddenly on account of the look that sprang up a moment in her eyes and vanished again. She looked across at the priest, her husband, a man in black, with thin lips and

seeing eyes. The eyes of the foreign woman, looking at the priest, her husband, showed how much she loved him. "She loves him even as a small wife loves," Dong-Yung thought to herself. Dong-Yung watched the two men, the one in imperial yellow, the one in black, sitting beside each other and talking. Dong-Yung knew they were talking of the search. The foreign-born woman was speaking to her again.

"The doctor told me I would die if I came to China; but John felt he had a call. I would not stand in his way."

The woman's face was illumined.

"And now you are very happy?" Dong-Yung announced.

"And now I am very happy; just as you will be very happy."

"I am always happy since my lord took me for his small wife." Dong-Yung matched her happiness with the happiness of the foreign-born woman, proudly, with assurance. In her heart she knew no woman, born to eat bitterness, had ever been so happy as she in all the worlds beneath the heavens. She looked around her, beyond the failure of the foreign woman's garden, at the piled, peaked roofs of China looking over the wall. The fragrance of a blossoming plum-tree stole across from a Chinese courtyard, and a peach-branch waved pink in the air. A wonder of contentment filled Dong-Yung.

All the while Foh-Kyung was talking. Dong-Yung turned back from all the greenness around her to listen. He sat very still, with his hands hid in his sleeves. The wave-ridged hem of his robe—blue and green and purple and red and yellow—was spread out decorously above his feet. Dong-Yung looked and looked at him, so still and motionless and so gorgeously arrayed. She looked from his feet, long slim, in black satin slippers, and close-fitting white muslin socks, to the feet of the foreign priest. His feet were huge, ugly black things. From his feet Dong-Yung's eyes crept up to his face, over his priestly black clothes, rimmed with stiff white at wrist and throat. Yes, his face was even as the face of a priest, of one who serves between the gods and men, a face of seeing eyes and a rigid mouth. Dong-Yung shuddered.

"And so we have come, even as the foreign-born God tells us, a man and his wife, to believe the Jesus way."

Foh-Kyung spoke in a low voice, but his face smiled. Dong-Yung smiled, too, at his open, triumphant declarations. She said over his words to herself, under her breath, so that she would remember them surely when she wanted to call them back to whisper to her heart in the dark of some night. "We two, a man and his wife"—only dimly, with the heart of a little child, did Dong-Yung understand and follow Foh-Kyung; but the throb of her heart answered the hidden light in his eyes.

The foreign-born priest stood up. The same light shone in his eyes. It was a rapture, an exaltation. Suddenly an unheard-of-thing happened. The outside kingdom woman put her arms around Dong-Yung! Dong-Yung was terrified. She was held tight against the other woman's shoulder. The foreign-born woman used a strange perfume. Dong-Yung only half heard her whispered words.

"We are like that, too. We could not be separated. Oh, you will be happy!"

Dong-Yung thought of the other woman. "In her heart she is humble and seemly. It is only her speech and her ways that are unfitting."

"We are going into the chapel a moment," said the priest. "Will you come, too?"

Dong-Yung looked at Foh-Kyung, a swift upward glance, like the sudden sweep of wings. She read his answer in his eyes. He wanted her to come. Not even in the temple of the foreign-born God did he wish to be without her.

A coolie called the foreign-born woman away.

The priest, in his tight trousers, and jacket, black and covered with a multitude of round flat buttons, stood up, and led the way into the house and down a long corridor to a closed door at the end. Dong-Yung hurried behind the two men. At the door the priest stood aside and held it open for her to pass in first. She hesitated. Foh-Kyung nodded.

"Do not think fearful things, little Princess," he whispered. "Enter, and be not afraid. There is no fear in the worship of Jesus."

So Dong-Yung crossed the threshold first. Something caught her breath away, just as the chanting of the dragon priests always did. She took a few steps forward and stood behind a low-backed bench. Before her, the light streamed into the little chapel through one luminous window of colored glass above the altar. It lay all over the gray-tiled floor in roses and sunflowers of pink and gold. A deep purple stripe fell across the head of the black-robed priest. Dong-Yung was glad of that. It made his robe less hideous, and she could not understand how one could serve a god unless in beautiful robes. On the altar beneath the window of colored flowers were two tall silver candlesticks, with smooth white tapers. A wide-mouthed vase filled with Chinese lilies stood between them. The whole chapel was faintly fragrant with their incense. So even the foreign-born worshippers lit candles, and offered the scent of the lilies to their spirit God. Truly, all the gods of all the earth and in the sky are lovers of lit candles and flowers. Also, one prays to all gods.

The place was very quiet and peaceful, mottled with the gorgeous, flower-like splashes of color. The waiting candles, the echoes of many prayers, the blossoms of worship filled the tiny chapel. Dong-Yung liked it, despite herself, despite the strangeness of the imageless altar, despite the clothes of the priest. She stood quite still behind the bench flooded and filled with an all-pervading sense of happiness.

Foh-Kyung and the black-robed priest walked past her, down the little aisle, to a shiny brass railing that went like a fence round before the altar. The foreign-born priest laid one hand on the railing as if to kneel down, but Foh-Kyung turned and beckoned with his chin to Dong-Yung to come. She obeyed at once. She was surprisingly unafraid. Her feet walked through the patterns of color, which slid over her head and hands, gold from the gold of a cross and purple from the robe of a king. As if stepping through a rainbow, she came slowly down the aisle to the waiting men, and in her heart and in her eyes lay the light of all love and trust.

Foh-Kyung caught her hand.

"See, I take her hand," he said to the priest, "even as you would take the hand of your wife, proud and unashamed in the presence of your God. Even as your love is, so shall ours be. Where the thoughts of my heart lead, the heart of my small wife follows. Give us your blessing."

Foh-Kyung drew Dong-Yung to her knees beside him. His face was hidden, after the manner of the foreign worshippers; but hers was uplifted, her eyes gazing at the glass with the colors of many flowers and the shapes of men and angels. She was happier than she had ever been—happier even than when she had first worshiped the ancestral tablets with her lord and master, happier even than at the feast of the dead, when they laid their food offerings on the shaven grave-mounds. She felt closer to Foh-Kyung than in all her life before.

She waited. The silence grew and grew till in the heart of it something ominous took the place of its all-pervading peace. Foh-Kyung lifted his face from his hands and rose to his feet. Dong-Yung turned, still kneeling, to scan his eyes. The black-robed priest stood off and looked at them with horror. Surely it was horror! Never had Dong-Yung really liked him. Slowly she rose, and stood beside and a little behind Foh-Kyung. He had not blessed them. Faintly, from beyond the walls of the Christian chapel came the beating of drums. Devil-drums they were. Dong-Yung half smiled at the long-known familiar sound.

"Your small wife?" said the priest. "Have you another wife?"

"Assuredly," Foh-Kyung answered. "All men have a great wife first; but this, my small wife, is the wife of my heart. Together we have come to seek and find the Jesus way."

The priest wiped his hand across his face. Dong-Yung saw that it was wet with tiny round balls of sweat. His mouth had suddenly become one thin red line, but in his eyes lay pain.

"Impossible," he said. His voice was quite different now, and sounded like bits of metal falling on stone. "No man can enter the church while living in sin

with a woman other than his lawful wife. If your desire is real, put her away."

With instant response, Foh-Kyung made a stately bow.

"Alas! I have made a grievous mistake. The responsibility will be on my body. I thought all were welcome. We go. Later on, perhaps, we may meet again."

The priest spoke hurriedly.

"I do not understand your meaning. Is this belief of such light weight that you will toss it away for a sinful woman? Put her away, and come and believe."

But Foh-Kyung did not hear his words. As he turned away, Dong-Yung followed close behind her lord and master, only half comprehending, yet filled with a great fear. They went out again into the sunshine, out across the flat green grass, under the iron gateway, back into the Land of the Flowery Kingdom. Foh-Kyung did not speak until he put Dong-Yung in the rickshaw.

"Little Wife of my Heart," he said, "stop at the jeweler's and buy thee new ear-rings, these ear-rings of the sky-blue stone and sea-tears, and have thy hair dressed and thy gowns perfumed, and place the two red circles on the smile of thy cheeks. To-night we will feast. Hast thou forgotten to-night is the Feast of the Lanterns, when all good Buddhists rejoice?"

He stood beside her rickshaw, in his imperial yellow garment hemmed with the rainbow waves of the sea, and smiled down into her eyes.

"But the spirit God of love, the foreign-born spirit God?" said Dong-Yung. "Shall we feast to him, too?"

"Nay, it is not fitting to feast to two gods at once," said Foh-Kyung. "Do as I have said."

He left her. Dong-Yung, riding through the sun-splashed afternoon, buying colored jewels and flowery perfume and making herself beautiful, yet felt uneasy. She had not quite understood. A dim knowledge advanced toward her like a wall of fog. She pressed her two hands against it and held it off—held it off by sheer mental refusal to understand. In the courtyard at home

the children were playing with their lighted animals, drawing their gaudy paper ducks, luminous with candle-light, to and fro on little standards set on four wheels. At the gate hung a tall red-and-white lantern, and over the roof floated a string of candle-lit balloons. In the ancestral hall the great wife had lit the red candles, speared on their slender spikes, before the tablets. In the kitchen the cooks and amahs were busy with the feast-cooking. Candles were stuck everywhere on the tables and benches. They threw little pools of light on the floor before the stove and looked at the empty niche. In the night it was merely a black hole in the stove filled with formless shadow. She wished—

"Dong-Yung, Flower in the House, where hast thou hidden the kitchen gods? Put them in their place." Foh-Kyung, still in imperial yellow, stood like a sun in the doorway.

Dong-Yung turned.

"But—"

"Put them back, little Jewel in the Hair. It is not permitted to worship the spirit God. There are bars and gates. The spirit of man must turn back in the searching, turn back to the images of plaster and paint."

Dong-Yung let the wall of fog slide over her. She dropped her resistance. She knew.

"Nay, not the spirit of man. It is but natural that the great God does not wish the importunings of a small wife. Worship thou alone the great God, and the shadow of that worship will fall on my heart."

"Nay, I cannot worship alone. My worship is not acceptable in the sight of the foreign God. My ways are not his ways."

Foh-Kyung's face was unlined and calm, yet Dong-Yung felt the hidden agony of his soul, flung back from its quest upon gods of plaster and paint.

"But I know the thoughts of thy heart, O Lord and Master, white and fragrant as the lily-buds that opened to-day. Has thy wish changed?"

"Nay, my wish is even the same, but it is not permitted to a man of two wives to be a follower of the spirit God."

Dong-Yung had known it all along. This knowledge came with no surprise. It was she who kept him from the path of his desire!

"Put back the kitchen gods," said Foh-Kyung. "We will live and believe and die even as our fathers have done. The gate to the God of love is closed."

The feast was served. In the sky one moon blotted out a world of stars. Foh-Kyung sat alone, smoking. Laughter and talk filled the women's wing. The amahs and coolies were resting outside. A thin reed of music crept in and out among the laughter and talk, from the reed flute of the cook. The kitchen was quite empty. One candle on the table sent up a long smoky tongue of flame. The fire still smoldered in the corner. A little wind shook the cypress-branches without, and carried the scent of the opened lilies into the room.

Dong-Yung, still arrayed for feasting, went to the pigskin trunk in the corner, fitted the key from her belt into the carved brass wings of the butterfly, and lifted out the kitchen gods. One in each hand, she held them, green and gold. She put them back in their niche, and lifted up a bowl of rice to their feet, and beat her head on the ground before them.

"Forgive me, O my kitchen gods, forgive my injurious hands and heart; but the love of my master is even greater than my fear of thee. Thou and I, we bar the gates of heaven from him."

When she had finished, she tiptoed around the room, touching the chairs and tables with caressing fingers. She stole out into the courtyard, and bent to inhale the lily fragrance, sweeter by night than by day. "An auspicious

day," the gate-keeper had said that morning. Foh-Kyung had stood beside her, with his feet in the sunshine; she remembered the light in his eyes. She bent her head till the fingers of the lily-petals touched her cheek. She crept back through the house, and looked at Foh-Kyung smoking. His eyes were dull, even as are the eyes of sightless bronze Buddhas. No, she would never risk going in to speak to him. If she heard the sound of his voice, if he called her "little Flower of the House," she would never have the strength to go. So she stood in the doorway and looked at him much as one looks at a sun, till wherever else one looks, one sees the same sun against the sky.

In the formless shadow she made a great obeisance, spreading out her arms and pressing the palms of her hands against the floor.

"O my Lord and Master," she said, with her lips against the boards of the floor, softly, so that none might hear her—"O my Lord and Master, I go. Even a small wife may unbar the gates of heaven."

First, before she went, she cast the two kitchen gods, green and gold, of ancient plaster, into the embers of the fire. There in the morning the cook-rice amahs found the onyx stones that had been their eyes. The house was still unlocked, the gate-keeper at the feast. Like a shadow she moved along the wall and through the gate. The smell of the lilies blew past her. Drums and chants echoed up the road, and the sounds of manifold feastings. She crept away down by the wall, where the moon laid a strip of blackness, crept away to unbar the gates of heaven for her lord and master.



The Future of the Ottoman Races

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



AMONG the many blank checks Germany was asked to sign in the Treaty of Versailles, none demanded more renunciation and was more far-reaching in its significance than Article 155. It read:

Germany undertakes to recognize and accept all arrangements which the Allied and Associated Powers may make with Turkey and Bulgaria with reference to any rights, interests and privileges whatever which might be claimed by Germany or her nationals in Turkey and Bulgaria and which are not dealt with in the provisions of the present Treaty.

This stipulation is consistent with the determination to banish Germany from every portion of the world's surface outside of the German Empire and to impair her sovereignty in not inconsiderable portions inside the empire. It puts the future of the near East into the hands of Great Britain and France and Italy. Japan has no interests in Turkey, and it cannot be expected that the United States will pursue a more vigorous policy in regard to Turkey than in regard to China.

Representatives of the races liberated from or still subject to the Turks came to Paris with the idea that the Treaty of Versailles would establish a new order in the near East. The speeches of Allied statesmen had encouraged them to believe in the settlement of their destiny in accordance with their wishes and interests. For had not the Entente powers frequently given as one of the principal objects of the war the liberation and independence of Ottoman subject races? Had they not claimed to be the defenders of small nationalities? They asserted that they were fighting for humanity and a durable peace and not for selfish national inter-

ests or commercial advantages or territorial aggrandizement. But when May 7, 1919, arrived, and the treaty was presented to the Germans, the section concerning Turkey and Bulgaria could not be otherwise than vague. After six months of negotiations the victors were as far from a decision about the future of the Ottoman races as they were when the conference of Paris was convened. Never once, from the opening day of the congress to the day the treaty was completed, were the representatives of Ottoman subject races consulted in more than a perfunctory way as to their claims and wishes. They were kept as completely in the dark as they had been at Berlin in 1878. Only one thing was clear—the intention of the leaders of the allied and associated powers to use the Ottoman subject races and their lands as pawns in a diplomatic game according to the old-fashioned nineteenth-century precedent.

It may be urged, however, that the disposition of the Ottoman Empire is provided for at the beginning of the treaty in the covenant of the League of Nations. Article 22 declares that "the well-being and development of peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world form a sacred trust of civilization," securities for the performance of which "should be embodied in this Covenant." The article goes on to read:

The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as Mandatories on behalf of the League.

The characters of the Mandate must differ according to the stage of the development of the people, the geographical situation of the territory, its economic conditions and other similar circumstances.

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

In every case of mandate, the Mandatory shall render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territories committed to its charge.

The degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the Mandatory shall, if not previously agreed upon by the Members of the League, be explicitly defined in each case by the Council.

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the Mandatories and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates.

The wording of this article contains several "jokers," which will enable it to be interpreted to suit the aspirations of imperialists who plan a further extension of European eminent domain. Witness the phrase, "advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility;" the statement that "the characters of the Mandate must differ according to" several conditions, the last of which is "other similar circumstances;" the adjective "certain" before "communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire;" the qualification "until such time as they are able to stand alone;" "principal" before "consideration;" and the insertion of "if not previously agreed upon by the Members of the League" in the next to the last paragraph. These "jokers" give the great powers the opportunity of coming to an understanding about the "territories" in accordance with their own ambitions and interests. If further proof than the wording of Ar-

ticle 22 is needed to show what the victors have in mind, the attitude of "principal Allied and Associated Powers" toward the problems of the Ottoman Empire during peace negotiations can be adduced.

During the months from January to May, 1919, near-Eastern problems came frequently before the Council of Ten and the Council of Four. Representatives of the Ottoman subject races were invited to present their claims. They were given a formal hearing. Then they heard no more from the conference of Paris. There was no opportunity for full, heart-to-heart discussion. They had no way of finding out whether their claims were approved or disapproved, or why. They were not asked to present modified programs, and it was not pointed out to them where their desiderata gave rise to difficulties or were deemed impracticable. The principal allied and associated powers made no effort to bring together the various elements of the Ottoman Empire in a common conference to reach an agreement of division of territory and to lay the foundations of an economic union. The representatives of every element in the empire authorized to treat in the name of their people were in Paris. The opportunity was unique.

But this was the nightmare of the statesmen who were feigning to establish justice and freedom for all races. They would tolerate no Pan-Turkish conference; they would recognize no agreement among the elements of Ottoman Empire to dispose of themselves. The reasons for the silence and unresponsiveness of Entente statesmen to the appeals of the Ottoman subject races soon became evident. Great Britain and France and Italy were bound by the secret treaty of April 26, 1915, and by later accords negotiated in 1916 and 1917, to a cold-blooded policy of division of the spoils. The treaties and accords were made without consulting the peoples concerned, and were inspired by selfish political and commercial interests. From the beginning of the conference of Paris, the criterion adopted for the solution of problems was the reconciliation of the imperial-

istic ambitions of the victorious powers. Since there was no other thought in the minds of the statesmen than what would be advantageous to Great Britain or France or Italy, why waste time in reconciling the interests, much less in listening to the importunities, of Greeks, Armenians, Kurds, Arabs, Palestinians, and Syrians.

In the summer of 1919 the near-Eastern question was as insoluble and as dangerous to the peace of Europe as it had always been. With Germany and Austria eliminated and Russia temporarily out of the running, the three remaining powers had a wonderful opportunity to come to an understanding in regard to Turkey. But the three could no more agree than the six. Because of this tragic state of affairs, President Wilson was unable to guarantee that the United States would consent to be a mandatory in the near East and thus become involved in the madness of Old World imperialism.

The question of accepting a mandate, however, came before the American people. It was inevitable that the conception of a society of nations should carry with it responsibilities as well as privileges. The difficulty was for Europeans to understand why Americans regarded being invested with a mandate as a responsibility. In intimate conversations with prominent French and British statesmen I have found that they considered the Wilsonian conception of attribution of mandates a harmless euphemism. Article 22 in their mind was simply an expedient to dispel opposition on the part of the radical elements in their own countries and the people who were to be the victims of exploitation. "After all," said one of them to me, "your President is a splendid politician and he knows just what to throw out to capture public opinion." Americans are, curiously enough, not cynical in questions of foreign policy. Not having borne the white man's burden, we think of colonies and protectorates as an altruistic proposition.

If there is to be a future of independence for the races of the Ottoman Empire, the United States must have a hand in the reconstruction of the near

East. The European powers are without surplus capital to invest in the new states, and have no functionaries or officials for exportation at the present time. Certainly, they have neither money nor men for carrying on an altruistic work such as is implied in Article 22 of the peace treaty. If Great Britain and France and Italy go into Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, it will not be for helping the inhabitants of those countries to speedy self-government and independence. It will be for extending their colonial domains, for protecting existing interests, and developing new interests. We can put no faith in the solemn assurances of statesmen and in official statements of governments. Have we not before our eyes the example of Egypt, whose independence was guaranteed most formally by the British, and which the British bound themselves to evacuate within a short time?

Article 22 reads, "The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory." If this treaty provision is fulfilled, all the subject races, with the exception of the Greeks, who naturally want to be united to Greece, will vote for the United States as mandatory. Their second choice is Great Britain. I am convinced that neither France nor Italy would have a majority anywhere. In regard to France, the reason for this is not enmity or dislike. In fact, French culture is more widespread in the Ottoman Empire than Anglo-Saxon. But the feeling is well-nigh universal that France, after the losses of this war, and especially with the tremendous new obligations she must assume in Alsace-Lorraine, Kamerun, and Togoland, will not possibly be able to send large amounts of capital and an adequate supply of first-class administrators, military officers, and engineers into the territories liberated from the Ottoman Empire. But is not Great Britain, after five years of war, in a somewhat similar position? What power other than the United States can perform the task of mandatory? With wounds to bind up and with tremendous existing obligations in Africa and Asia, which are being added to by the di-

vision of the German colonial empire, Great Britain and France are unable to become disinterested big brothers to the liberated Ottoman races.

The alternative to allowing the Ottoman Empire to be cut up into spheres for exploitation by Great Britain and France and Italy is the assumption of responsibility for the immediate future of the whole empire by the United States. For if America accepted a mandate for only one of the liberated races, our conception of administering the mandate would inevitably and immediately bring us into conflict with the other mandatories. This is a strong statement. I do not qualify it, however, for it represents a conviction based upon intimate knowledge of what is going on behind the scenes in Paris. By taking over the future of the Ottoman races, the United States would not only be assuming a duty of humanity to those races; she would also be aiding powerfully in preventing the disruption of the Entente Alliance and the failure of the society of nations. If the foreign offices of Great Britain and France and Italy are allowed a free hand in carrying out cherished programs, we shall have oppression and unrest in western Asia, leading to uprisings and ending in war between those who are to-day allies.

In a previous *CENTURY* article,¹ I explained at length the problem of Zionism. Palestine is one of many problems for which the solution slated violates the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, and at the same time jeopardizes friendly relations between powers. I used Palestine as an illustration. Within the limits of this article it is impossible to deal with the questions of Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Kurdistan, Armenia, Turkey narrowed down to her ethnographical limits, the "unredeemed" Greeks, and Constantinople and the straits. Each of these

questions is complex. Each involves the others. Each is bound up with special interests and colonial dreams of one or more great powers.

Prophecy is futile. The Byzantine proverb still holds good in regard to the region of the later Roman Empire: "Think out logically what ought to happen and what can reasonably be expected to happen, and then be sure that it will not happen." Kiamil Pasha, frequently Grand Vizir of Turkey, once said to me, "My friend, in writing about us, avoid speculation and statistics." But the setting forth of certain facts is essential to a proper understanding of the problems and dangers before the world in connection with the future of the Ottoman dominions. Ante-bellum conditions and events of the war should have influenced vitally the near-Eastern policy of the Entente powers. Unfortunately, nothing is changed. Whenever a problem of the Ottoman Empire came up at the Paris conference, it was envisaged in the light of each power's particular traditional imperialism. The same influences that precipitated several wars in the nineteenth century were at work. Promises to liberate Arabs, Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks were war manœuvres and not intended seriously.² Not President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent discourses," as had been promised at the time of the armistice, but the Anglo-Franco-Russo-Italian treaty of April 26, 1915; the Anglo-French Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916; the Anglo-French promises to Italy at St.-Jean-de-Maurienne in 1916; the Anglo-Hedjaz treaty of 1917; and the Franco-Russian convention of February, 1917, were the bases of the Ottoman settlement in the minds of the Entente delegates and members of commissions. In discussing just settlements, Entente representatives disposed of arguments that such or such a measure was in the

¹In *THE CENTURY* for January, 1919.

²Alternating the soft and loud pedal in the proclamation of ideals is strikingly illustrated by the experience of Poland during the war. The statesmen of both groups of belligerents acted in exactly the same way toward Polish aspirations; that is, encouraged or discouraged them according to the exigencies of the moment. Before the Revolution rendered Russia impotent, the Entente powers, allies of Russia, were bitterly hostile to the resuscitation of Poland, while the Central powers encouraged Poland's aspirations. When the advantage for the Central powers of sustaining Poland was over, they became Poland's enemies. On the other hand, the Entente powers, no longer having the fear of alienating Russia and needing an ally in the East to put in the place of Russia, declared their espousal of Poland's cause. In 1916 I was censored for advocating Polish independence by the French military censorship. In 1918 I was censored by the same people for advising moderation in the advocacy of Polish territorial claims!

interests of the people concerned by a flat *non possumus*. The American experts on near-Eastern affairs were met constantly by the statements, "our treaty obligations come first, of course," and "our traditional policy demands this solution."

In brief, the actions of Entente fleets and armies in the near East and the position of Entente statesmen at the conference of Paris reveal the following policies. *British policy*: in lieu of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, now no longer possible, Great Britain must control the approaches to the Suez Canal and the Persian Gulf, prevent any other European power from approaching Persia on the land side, inherit the Mesopotamian and Syrian portion of the Bagdad Railway, and substitute herself for Russia in central Asia, northern Persia, and the Caucasus. *French policy*: to preserve French culture and commercial influence in the near East France must have Syria, with a hinterland, and Cilicia, and must prevent Anglo-Saxonism from getting complete control of the Arabs and Armenians. France declares that she has been waiting since the Crusades for the political disruption of Islam at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. If she has to give up Palestine to the British, there must be compensation in upper Mesopotamia and Cilicia. *Italian policy*: since Great Britain and France exclude Italy from the eastern end of the Mediterranean, Italy must re-establish her medieval control of the Ægean Sea and the trade marts of western Asia Minor. This means permanent possession of Rhodes and other islands in the neighborhood, and a large slice of the mainland on the Mediterranean and Ægean coasts of Asia Minor.

British and French policies are irreconcilable, whatever the optimists of the peace conference may have said. To remain friends, it is not enough to express a desire to be friends or even to have certain common interests. Friendship between nations necessitates absence of causes of conflict. Symbols count for more than realities with the French. The British do not realize this. The question of Syria is already

poisoning Franco-British relations. Constantinople is becoming a bone of contention, too. British policy raises the question of unity of the Arabs. But if this movement once gains momentum, France will be threatened in Syria, and Great Britain herself in Palestine and Egypt. The French policy, if it succeeds, will deprive the Armenians of hope of recreating their national life; for without Cilicia, Armenia would be cut off from the Mediterranean. Italian policy can succeed only at the expense of the unity and well-being of the Greek nation. Acquiescence in the ambitions of Italy makes war between Greece and Italy inevitable, and will enable Germany to renew her political alliance with Italy.

The Entente powers were not blind to these dangers. Fearful of the disruption of the alliance before Germany was forced to sign the Treaty of Versailles, and unable to postpone indefinitely consideration of the future of the Ottoman Empire, the expedient of inviting "unofficially" a Turkish delegation to Paris was adopted in June, 1919. Headed by Damad Ferid Pasha, Grand Vizir, and other Turks who had not been identified with the Committee of Union and Progress, the Turkish delegation reached Paris, and was received by the Council of Ten on the very day the privilege of verbal discussion was finally and irrevocably denied to the German delegation. The Turks made the classic plea of the necessity of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire for the peace of Europe. They maintained that they were in the majority at Constantinople and in most of Asia Minor, and that where there was not a Turkish racial majority, there was always a Moslem religious majority. The Turks demanded the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, with the exception of the Arabic-speaking portions. The Turkish delegation was a British inspiration. As the portions of the Ottoman Empire Great Britain claimed were not to be included in the proposed Turkish state, it was easy for the British to be generous. After all, the Turks had as much right to live as any one else, and the maintenance of Constantinople and Asia Minor as a politi-

cal unity had four advantages: (1) it would eliminate the certain conflict between Italy and Greece; (2) it would settle the Armenian question in case of American refusal to accept a mandate, and would enable France to take Cilicia in fee simple; (3) it would reserve for a future and friendly Russia the inheritance of Constantinople and the straits; (4) it would prevent agitators in the Mohammedan possessions of Great Britain and France from making capital of hostility to the calif. All four of these reasons appealed to French statesmen in the same way as to British statesmen. In a resuscitated Turkey, France would still be protector by treaty right of Christians, and Great Britain would preserve a privileged commercial position. In return for another chance to live, the Turks were ready to promise anything to the two Occidental powers. But where did Italy come in? And what was to become of the "unredeemed" Greeks and the Armenians? Italy had "rights," secured by her secret treaty of 1915 and subsequent negotiations. M. Venizelos, before the Moslems of India protested, had made the Entente leaders live up to their promises of days when they wanted and needed his help. In the Greek premier, whose authority and popularity at Paris were far beyond that of the spokesmen of other small nations, the "unredeemed" Greeks had a precious ally. The Armenians had no such advocate. Americans and a few Europeans sympathized with the Armenians, but none had an interest in championing their cause. Zionist influence was strong enough to prevent the natives of Palestine from having a hearing. France laid down as the *sine qua non* of her aid to the Syrians their unqualified acceptance of a French protectorate. As for the Arabs, their claims were listened to only in so far as the claims did not conflict with British plans and interests.

The subject Ottoman races, with the exception of the Kurds and a certain portion of the Arabs, are not ignorant, untutored peoples, refractory to discipline and incapable of creating a national life in new political organisms. They recognize the justice of Article 22

of the Treaty of Versailles, and the impracticability of starting out upon their new existence without a great deal of financial and military aid, and a certain measure of administrative aid, from "advanced nations." But despite the solution adopted by the conference of Paris, they will be no more content than were the Balkan States after the Congress of Berlin, and they will defy the great powers at the earliest possible moment. Tutelage with no element of political and commercial exploitation they would gladly submit to, but I found in intimate conversation with the representatives of these different races that they have no faith in the sincerity of any European power. Their programs are identical: freedom from the Turkish yoke; aid from mandatories with no political string attached to it; international guaranties of early complete independence; membership on terms of equality with other states in the society of nations. The precedent has been set in the case of the Hedjaz. The others ask no more than is promised and in a large measure has already been granted to the Hedjaz.

On December 30, 1918, M. Venizelos exposed the claims of Greece before the Council of Ten. He declared that there were over eight million Greeks in the world of whom nearly half still live outside the limits of the Kingdom of Greece. He estimated at 1,700,000 the Greek population of Asia Minor; 365,000 the Greeks of Constantinople and neighborhood; 100,000 the Greeks of the islands; and 235,000 the Greeks of Cyprus. M. Venizelos declared in regard to Constantinople that "the natural solution would be to give the vilayet to Greece in establishing international guaranties for the liberty of the straits." But he realized that if the society of nations was immediately established, there might be international reasons for creating an international state in Constantinople and the straits. Invoking the principle of nationalities, he asked that the islands be restored to Greece by Italy, and Cyprus by Great Britain. In Asia Minor M. Venizelos asked for all the vilayets bordering on the Ægean Sea, with a substantial hinterland. Smyrna,

he said, was one of the oldest and most characteristically Hellenic of Greek cities. Although there were many thousands of Greeks in the interior of Asia Minor, in the Trebizond district on the Black Sea coast and in Cilicia, Premier Venizelos told the peace conference that the Turks should be allowed to form a state in central Asia Minor, and that the Greeks, in order to make Armenia viable, were willing to sacrifice the Greek population of Trebizond and Cilicia to afford the Armenians outlets to the Black Sea and to the Mediterranean. The million Greeks in western Asia Minor are rightly called by M. Venizelos, "together with the population of the islands, the purest portion of the Hellenic race, which has best preserved the ethnic type." M. Venizelos could have gone further. None can deny the assertion that the Ottoman Greeks are intellectually the flower of Hellenism. For the very reason of their servitude, they have attained a higher degree of universal education and general Hellenic culture than the Greeks of the kingdom.

The Armenians claim the six vilayets of eastern Asia Minor, together with Cilicia, and are in accord with the Armenians of the former Russian Caucasus to form a united state stretching from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, from the Armenian mountains on the border of Persia to the plains of Cilicia. As the Italians oppose Greek unification, the French oppose Armenian unification. Both nations have tried to denature the spirit and prove the impossibility of success of the Hellenic and Armenian national movements. But the efforts of imperialists at Paris were greatly embarrassed by the understanding between Greeks and Armenians. On February 25, 1919, the Greek and Armenian patriarchs of Constantinople signed on behalf of their respective nations a solemn agreement to sustain the territorial claims of each other. The end of the agreement reads as follows:

If our nations had enjoyed liberty, they would have numbered dozens of millions. To-day they are reduced in Turkey to 2,500,000 Greeks and 1,500,000 Armenians. It

is only as a consequence of the most heinous crimes that a Mussulman majority exists in this or that locality; and to recognize such a majority would be to excuse, to sanction, and to encourage the measures of extermination which the Turks have employed against us. We have always inhabited this country. We have irrigated its soil with our sweat and blood. . . . The Turk has been, and remains to this day, a terrible parasite living on our flesh. He has produced no work of civilization. He has not built a single city. He has everywhere sown death and ruin.

We demand that we be no longer compelled to live under a Turkish government, and we declare that we shall never submit to such a government, under whatever control it might be placed. We ask for restoration of our national domains. If all the Greek and Armenian populations cannot be included within the limits of our respective states, these populations should live under a Greek or an Armenian government, according to the necessities of the case.

We ask for a great Armenia, with a free and broad access to the Black Sea and to the Mediterranean, and we Greeks declare that we shall be happy to see Cilicia integrally incorporated into the other six vilayets of Armenia and be permitted to develop freely.

We ask for the restoration to Greece of all of which she has been forcibly despoiled and which therefore rightly belongs to her, and we Armenians declare it to be our wish that Thrace, Constantinople, the vilayets of Aidin and Brusa, and the sanjaks of Ismidt [Nikomedia] and Bigha be integrally incorporated into Greece.

This agreement, presented at the peace conference with their own personal approval by Premier Venizelos and President Boghos Nubar Pasha of the Armenian national delegation, is contrary to the stipulations of the secret treaty by which Great Britain and France bought the intervention of Italy in the war. It embarrassed and angered the diplomats, who threatened and tried to bully Greeks and Armenians. But from the point of view of the races living in Turkey it is a splendid step forward, and is bound to have a radical influence upon the future of the Ottoman Empire. Subterranean

influences destroyed the hopes of Greeks and Armenians at Paris. If both races continue to stick together, they will succeed in upsetting the diplomatic combinations of Paris just as the Balkan races upset the diplomatic combinations of Berlin. Owing to the depletion of their populations (the Greeks have lost 700,000 and the Armenians 1,000,000 by massacre, deportation, and starvation since 1914), Greek and Armenian claims undoubtedly comprised vast territories in which they were in minority, even with the patriarchal agreement to stand in with and support each other. But, as Premier Venizelos and Nubar Pasha pointed out, the Moslem elements were by no means all Turkish, and little faith could be placed in the official figures. During five years of war the Turks had suffered from losses in battle, from disease, and from famine. They were weak physically and ruined economically. With security and good government, Greeks and Armenians would compensate for their possible initial numerical inferiority by their higher standard of education and by the fact that they formed almost everywhere the small bourgeoisie.

The Christian races of Asia Minor cannot become factors of economic prosperity and political peace in the near East unless they are freed from Turkish sovereignty. None who has lived in the near East contests this statement. Advocates of the retention of Turkish sovereignty over Constantinople and the whole of Asia Minor, now that it is possible to limit the Turkish state to ethnographical boundaries, are inspired by other reasons than the welfare and interests of the people of the Ottoman Empire, Moslem and Christian alike. On the grounds of justice and practicability, the claims of Greeks and Armenians may seem excessive. Disinterested experts hesitated to indorse the Greek and Armenian programs, fearing that it was simply a question of turning the tables in religious and racial persecution, and that the new states would be as weak and as much a menace to the world's peace as Turkey has been. But we must bear in mind the common interests of Greeks and Armenians to succeed in the experiment of recreating

their national life. If the two races were at loggerheads, there would be no hope of success. As it is, Premier Venizelos realizes the importance of a strong Armenia in the east as a check against the Turks. If Greece were reconstituted in western Asia Minor without the Armenians on the other side of the Turks, there would be constant fear of an offensive return of the Turks against the cities of the Ægean coast. Similarly, the Armenians have every interest to see Greece installed in western Asia Minor. Less than a hundred years ago independent Greece was created with 300,000 inhabitants, a good third of whom were Albanians. The great powers had no faith then or later in the viability of Greece. European statesmen were equally sure that each successive Balkan State born against their will could not live without their aid and protection. Whatever troubles the Balkan States have had were due to the intrigues of the great powers. If the society of nations, as created by the Treaty of Versailles, is a real international instrument for helping the world to a better understanding and not a trust of imperialistic powers, greater Greece and Armenia will have a better chance of becoming strong independent states than had the Balkan States. The difficulties seem enormous now, but the handicaps are not so great as those of Greece, Serbia, Rumania, and Bulgaria after the congresses of Paris and Berlin.

The Asiatic expansion of greater Greece involves the future frontiers of Turkey, the settlement of the status of Constantinople and the straits, and resistance to Italian imperialism. A different set of problems confronts Armenia. Her boundaries are matters of dispute not only with the Turks, but with the races of the Russian Caucasus, the Persians, the Kurds, the Arabs, and the Syrians. The Moslem Tatars and the Christian Georgians of the Caucasus have shown no disposition to come to an understanding as to frontiers with the Armenian republic of the Caucasus. Persian and Armenian territorial claims conflict not only in the Caucasus, but in Kurdistan. The situation is further complicated by the English plan of

creating independent Azerbaidjan at the expense of both Armenia and Persia. French and British are rival claimants for important districts of Armenia on the Mesopotamian frontier. France refuses to recognize the right of Armenia to Cilicia. French intrigues prompted the Syrians to claim the whole of the Gulf of Alexandretta, with the intention of depriving Armenia of a port on the Mediterranean. The Armenian national delegation had no means of defending Armenian interests.

While the powers were squabbling at Paris, Turks and Tatars continued to massacre Armenians, and the Armenian refugees in the Caucasus, precious remnant of the race, were allowed to die of starvation.

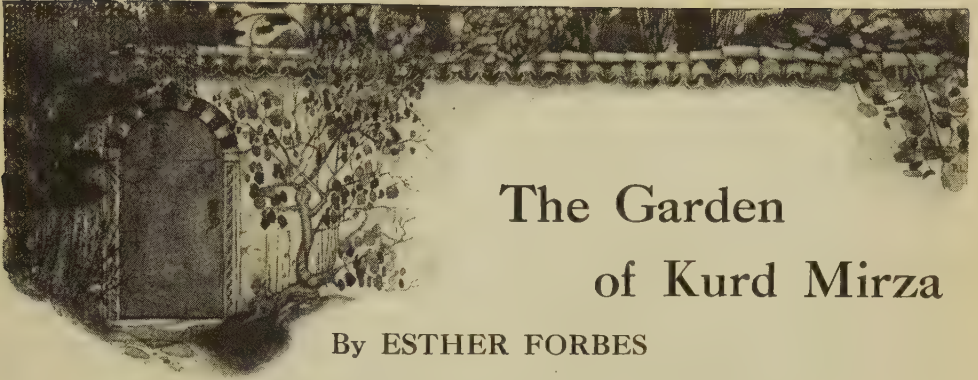
Beyond Asia Minor proper and Armenia lie the vast Arabic-speaking portions of Asiatic Turkey. During the war the Arabs of the Hedjaz, under the Sherif of Mecca, rebelled against the Turks, and coöperated with the Entente powers. Before the end of the war these regions were conquered from the Turks by the British. In 1916 Great Britain and France made an arrangement known as the Sykes-Picot agreement, settling their "spheres of influence" in the Arabic-speaking portions of the Ottoman Empire. More than a year later the British Government gave official encouragement to Zionist aspirations to possess Palestine—under British protection, of course. France acquiesced in this. But France was not a party to a treaty between Great Britain and the Hedjaz, promising Damascus to Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Hedjaz, the former Sherif of Mecca. The conference of Paris did not bring out all the promises made to the Arabs by the British, but there is no doubt that after the initial check of the Bagdad campaign, ending in the surrender of Kut-el-Amara, the British military authorities were prodigal in assurances of independence to the Arabic tribes of Mesopotamia. To protect Aden, similar promises were given to the tribes of the Yemen. These tribes had never acknowledged the political suzerainty of the Turks, and had always been virtually independent, paying no taxes to

the Turks and furnishing no conscripts to the Ottoman Army. Turkish administrative authority in Mesopotamia did not extend far from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. In Arabia the Turks held only the ports and the sacred cities. They were never masters of the entire line of communication between Arabia and Syria, even after the Hedjaz railway was completed. The autonomous status of the Lebanon compelled the Turks to respect the virtual independence of a large portion of Syria. And in the Holy Land, where Christian and Jewish establishments were numerous and jealously protected by the European powers, the Turks scarcely regarded themselves as masters in their own house.

In discussing the future of Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, it is essential to take into consideration the slightness of the bonds that attached the Arabic-speaking portions of the Ottoman Empire to Constantinople. Undoubtedly, the former Arabic-speaking Ottoman subjects, Christian and Moslem equally, suffered inconvenience from Turkish maladministration before the war, and were greatly persecuted by the Turks during the war; but the victorious powers cannot expect Arabic-speaking Ottoman subjects to regard them as liberators. If justice is done to Armenian and Greek aspirations, Armenians and "unredeemed" Greeks will bless the Great War; but the conference ran the risk of becoming the enslavers, rather than the liberators, of the other portions of the Ottoman Empire.

Like the Turks whom they dispossessed, the British may be able to establish their authority along the river valleys of Mesopotamia, and on the Persian Gulf as far as the guns of their warships reach; the French may colonize the ports of Beirut and Tripoli and Alexandretta; but both Occidental powers will have their hands full if they try to make an India and an Algeria out of Mesopotamia and Syria. Three years ago I wrote, in discussing the relations of Europe and Islam, that the Arabs wanted friends and not masters.¹ What was true during the war is all the more true after the war.

¹ See *THE CENTURY* for May, 1917.



The Garden of Kurd Mirza

By ESTHER FORBES

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

I DO not know whether children really mind transplanting very little or whether we were exceptional, for little Ann and I flourished equally well anywhere. We were quite as much at home in Constantinople after a week's residence as in Eau Claire or Lowell or any other Christian place. Our father left us with our haughty and great—genealogically, at least—Uncle Lionel, and from a merely physical point of a still greater Aunt Abbie, then disappeared into Persia. We looked about us and found all things good. From our nursery-windows we could watch the crazy traffic on the Bosphorus—ferries, caiques, and fishing-boats with orange sails. The nurse wore six strings of beads about her neck, and chided us only in a soft foreign language which at first we did not understand; the Dalmatian chef was reserved, but kind; the Turkish stableman loved us frankly, and let us play even under the hoofs of the horses. Sometimes the white-bearded head groom would “oost” us up on to the mighty backs of the black Russian pair, Ali and Baba, as they stood in the twilight of their stalls, ceaselessly munching. Now and then one would expand in a sigh, and our little legs were thrust to right angles, and our eyes stood out of our heads until the horse collapsed to normal again.

There was only one cloud on our happy horizon: we still went to school, and school broke in upon more valuable

researches. The little Eatons, whose governess we shared, we found “silly,” the governess we nicknamed “Miss Goosey.” England, whence they all came, we thought must be a poor place. Yet even this cloud had a bright lining. Ivan Varvan, or Barthan, the mighty and beautiful Montenegrin gate-keeper, always took us over and back. I have often wondered how large he really was. I remember him as colossal, epic, immense. When we spoke to him, he had a way of reaching down vast hands and lifting us up to his line of vision, as if he actually could not hear our tiny pipings so far below him. He always wore full native costume, a harmony of crimsons, dull blues, and gold. He dressed, walked, and spoke like a prince, and we trusted him as only children can trust, and worshiped him as a demigod.

I remember a morning in late summer. We were slow in starting, because Aunt Abbie had insisted at the last moment on clean pinafores, and the faces that we presented to our guide were as sulky as our frocks were clean. Neither was he in a happy mood; hardly a word passed among us until the center of the Turkish village was reached. Then Ann turned to him impatiently and caught his hand.

“Ivan,” she urged, “are we to-day? You know; are we to-day?” Ivan knew. He had not yet said whether we were to go to the Eatons’ house by the short and uninteresting route, or by the long trail on the high land past the garden-wall of a great pasha.

“Yes,” he pronounced judgment; “to-

day we will go past the garden of Kurd Mirza." His face grew hard and thin as he spoke the name, as we had seen happen many times before. To us passing this garden was the height of danger; only Ivan's presence gave us courage. I am sure no threat from Uncle Lionel could have made us go by it with him. Ann and I clutched hands; we knew that when the white stucco wall was reached we would be clutching Ivan, for he had told us tales of the horrors within, and from our imaginations we had completed the picture. It was a garden where nothing blossomed; skeletons, hyenas, slimy things, crawled in its sand. From the trees fell apple-worms as big as an arm, white, made in sections, like an accordion. It was a place where we could assign all the night fears of childhood. My largest contribution was mad dogs and quicksand. Ann sent in a consignment of milkmen, and when I argued that milkmen were harmless, she would answer wisely, "Oh, yes, of course they are now; for I've locked them all up." All this sense of terror we had caught more from Ivan's face than from his word, and we had caught it from the face of our nurse, a country woman of his, when they had talked together of Kurd Mirza in the shadow of the veranda. The road we knew well. When we came to the blue-tiled village fountain we took the upper road leading to the left; then we would pass the guard-house, and we knew that the soldiers would speak to us in the kindly way Turkish men often address children, and if the handsome, swarthy Abdul was there, it might be things to eat, or kittens to see, or a lame puppy picked out of a Stamboul gutter, anyway, his handsome, good-natured self to admire.

"O-he-yah," he called, coming out of the blackness of the guard-house and blinking in the strong light. "So once again the little daughters pursue their books. Learn while young; you will see the folly of it when older." He pushed back his Astrakhan fez with a wise gesture; then turning to Ivan, his strong, yellow teeth flashed in a wolfish smile. "And once again does Ivan take them the long way so that he may pass the garden of his enemy. But not only

does Kurd Mirza Pasha yet live, but *she* lives, too, eh? It was never written that either should die of Montenegrin knifing. Ha!" He laughed, tipping back his square head, and his companions laughed, although I doubt if they could understand the Serbian dialect. "Kurd Mirza lives," he taunted, or rather boasted. "What *giaour* shall kill Kurd Mirza or any whom his hand protects? What; did you think the girl would stay in the mountains and drink sour goats' milk with *you* when she might live on *heratlakoon* with a pasha? Man! I say to you—"

"Hold your infernal tongue!"

Abdul bowed politely and very good-naturedly; then, with a gesture to us to wait, he went to the guard-house and came back with a green Amasain pear for each of us. Ivan, unruffled, made himself a cigarette, and lit it from the rude Turk's. Abdul always blew the smoke through his nostrils. It gave him a spirited, dragon-like appearance that he admired immensely. The conversation had taken a very unpleasant turn. Usually there was some mention of the pasha and the mysterious "she," but not until cigarettes and discussion of military affairs to the north had made them friendly. There was a sad refrain to their tales of war: "Then we burned *that* village and went on to the next." Often Abdul—he was some kind of officer and very independent—would walk as far as the cemetery with us, a street dog at his heels, exhorting us to marry good Mohammedans.

"I have sworn to kill her first," said Ivan; "for she is a Christian and guiltier than he. I am in no hurry; the time will come. I wait, and he knows that I wait. Not even the harem of the sultan is more closely guarded."

"That is correct," Abdul agreed. "But do not kill the pasha until he has made me lancer in the sultan's own body-guard, even as he has promised me." He called after us as we started on, "*Allah billiah*," and we turned, and waved our hands to him.

To our left was the hobbledehoy Turkish cemetery. The painted stones lay criss-crossed like jackstraws, and from among them rose century-old cypresses. Some lived, and some were

dead. The contrast between the dense tapestry of the living and the brown lace of the skeletons suggested a quaint change of stitches upon embroidery. Beyond them and through them, many, many feet below, we could see the Bosphorus running free and beautiful, holding the slovenly Russian merchantmen powerless more than to keep their own against the "Devil's Current." Later the tide would change, and admit them to the Black Sea. Little Ann always pitied these struggling boats. She thought they must suffer as she did in bad dreams, when she could not run.

"You observe," said Ivan, pointing to the cemetery, "how these infidels bury their dead, very near to the surface? Why? They know they must soon leave Europe and wish to have their ancestors handy, for they will take them with them. You know, when the Turks leave Europe, our Black Ivan will break from his cave at Obod, alive again to help his Montenegrins. Two years ago I put my ear to his grave. I heard, 'Wha-han, wha-han,' It was Ivan snoring; but he snored like five o'clock in the morning. He will awake soon, perhaps by five-fifteen."

"Look," interrupted little Ann. "There are horses and some men." The road turned, and we were beside them. One was a young orderly; he was uninteresting. The other had dismounted and was tightening his girth, the skirt of the saddle held up by his head and shoulder, as horsemen hold them the world over. It was a wiry, quiet-looking horse, blotched and streaked with the sweat of a hard journey. The man wore the ubiquitous fez. I can really remember very little about him except that he was of an awkward, powerful build, and when we approached, he raised his face, and it was heavy and awkward, like his body.

"It is Kurd Mirza Pasha," breathed Ivan. Now, Ann and I had seen pashas before, but always before they had worn gilded and padded uniforms or the noble frock-coat. This man was dirty and tired. Since then I have looked up what I can about him. It seems that he was a self-made man, with an un-Oriental interest in railroads. At that time he was hoping to

put one through the Belgrade Forest. His tendencies were European, and his death is given in the encyclopedia as due to this reason. I wish I could remember him in more detail. I only know that his eyes were light, with that odd look of the occasionally blue-eyed man in a race generally dark. Ivan stopped beside him and saluted.

"You are Kurd Mirza Pasha," he said; "do you know me?" He made no pretenses, this quiet pasha; he answered:

"I have been warned against a certain Montenegrin gate-keeper. Are you he?"

"Yes."

"I shall know you again." The voice made the words a threat. The pasha's lean horse pawed in the dust. The master swung into the saddle; a word, and the two horses plunged into life. The dust from their galloping hoofs settled upon our clothes. Then we drew close to our protector and shivered, for to the right was the dirty stucco wall, and beyond the wall was the horrible garden, "cursed and accursed." Only one doorway broke its southern expanse—a door never to be opened. We could see that when last the wall had been painted the workmen had left it shut, for the crumbling paint filled the chinks between it and the jambs.

Two or three weeks later there was a grand party at the Eatons, to which we were invited to partake, behind scenes with the children and "Miss Goosey." Our nurse walked over with us in the afternoon, and informed us that Uncle Lionel had told the head groom to call for us later with Ali and Baba. We could hardly wait to go home. At nine we stood at the servants' entrance, waiting for the glossy, black Russians. They did not come. Instead came Ivan, drifting toward us through the dark as noiseless as a hunting animal.

"God bless you! God bless you!" he gave quiet greeting. "I am sorry, but the little ladies must walk; everything has gone wrong to-day. Baba"—the handsomest of the pair—"fell upon Galatea Bridge. Your uncle paid a bashi-bazouk silver to shoot him." Our mourning was not loud; it does not take even children long to catch something of the Eastern spirit of resignation.

"Everything wrong to-day. Yidiz, the little daughter of the coffee vender at Roumeli Hissar, caught fire from her father's brazier. Will she live or die? Who may say? Grain will be scarce this winter, for to the north crops die of drought. The three packs of dogs in our village fought all last night. To-day there is not one left with a whole skin. Listen! They are at it again." We stopped. It was a still evening; the clouded moon was almost lightless, and the sodden glow from Ivan's paper lantern only illumined the gravel beneath our party slippers. We could hear the wolfish yappings and snarling, and responded with a dumb, aching fear.

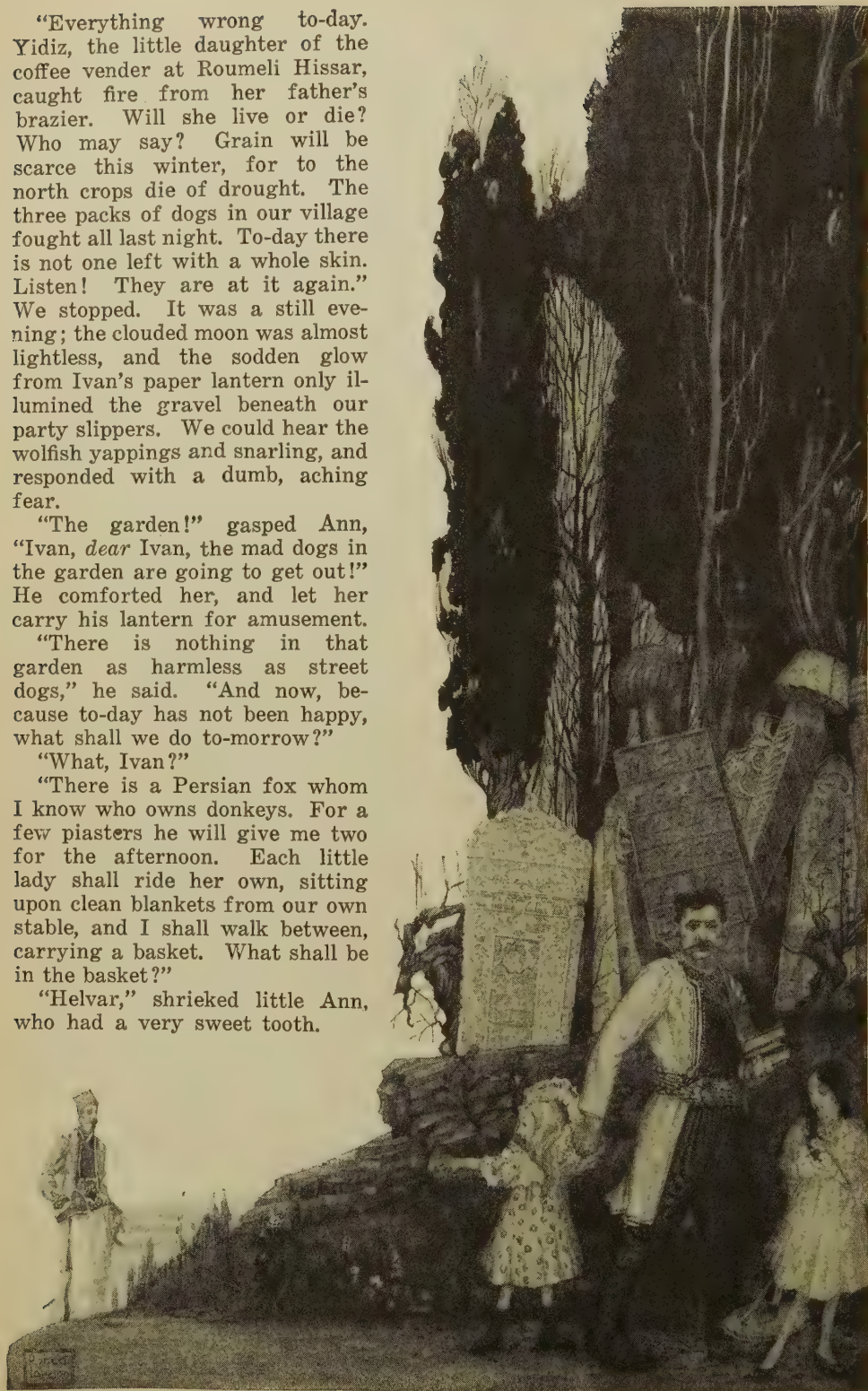
"The garden!" gasped Ann, "Ivan, *dear* Ivan, the mad dogs in the garden are going to get out!" He comforted her, and let her carry his lantern for amusement.

"There is nothing in that garden as harmless as street dogs," he said. "And now, because to-day has not been happy, what shall we do to-morrow?"

"What, Ivan?"

"There is a Persian fox whom I know who owns donkeys. For a few piasters he will give me two for the afternoon. Each little lady shall ride her own, sitting upon clean blankets from our own stable, and I shall walk between, carrying a basket. What shall be in the basket?"

"Helvar," shrieked little Ann, who had a very sweet tooth.



"Turned and waved our hands to him"

"Yes," he assented; "helvar."

"And figs and dried apricots," I urged.

"Yes," he agreed. "And I shall tell the cook to make us each a bun as long as my pipe. We shall travel for miles, and then sit under a tree and eat, and then come home just at sunset. Where shall we go? Along the Bosphorus to Therapia and Buykdere, toward the Black Sea; inland through the Valley of Roses; or north toward Montenegro?" he sighed.

"Let's go to Asia on the ferry first," begged Ann.

"There is always much to see in Asia," grunted Ivan, "for there is Smyrna and Damascus and Bagdad, too, and at Teheran we will leave the donkeys in a deep pasture, hire a caravan of camels, and *still* go on. You children have never seen a Chinaman?"

"Yes, yes, indeed," cried Ann, jumping up and down in the dark. "And they will live in laundries," she half chanted, "and you must not tell them that they eat rats, or they will eat you. And if you give them pink paper, they will give you collars." I do not think that Ivan followed this rush of English, but he knew that we were happy, and he made contented clicks in his throat.

Suddenly, to our left the great wall shouldered through the gloom, and the little sparks of joy that Ivan had kindled in himself and in us went out and left a vaster darkness. The handle of the lantern rattled in Ann's frightened hand. We followed down the wall in silence, for the dogs had called a truce. Then the trees began to rustle, and Ivan threw back his head.

"Feel the wind! smell it! The rain and cold shall come." It was the wind from the Black Sea, cold and clean. It sifted through the hot, sodden air, brooding in the plane-trees by the way. Then silence, ghastly silence. We stole furtive glances at the wall. It seemed to have expanded enormously in the night. The dogs had begun again, and their sinister discords vibrated against it. They were nearer to us now; some must have strayed as far as the cemetery. Ivan recoiled in a sudden halt. His hand was raised, his eyes turned toward the wall.

"Did you hear?" he demanded. Our untrained ears had heard nothing; but we had, more exactly, *felt* a cry of distress. It was not repeated, and we plowed on through a dark which the little lantern only intensified.

There came a whirl and a rush. A flapping, leaping thing had bumped into us, and, bat-like, knocked out the light. The blind door of the garden had opened, and given forth this banshee. Of the short conversation that followed we understood only phrases and ejaculations, but we understood the terror and emotion that heaved in the two bodies, and we knew that this white-faced, half-seen thing was the "she" whom Ivan had sworn to kill. He had taken the bloody knife from her hand, and face to face they stood at last. Did the idea of killing her enter his mind? I do not think so; instead, his thought must have been, "She has murdered the pasha, and unless I save her, she will die for it." He must have known the temper of the Turks well enough to realize that they would seek no further for the assassin than the man who held the instrument. When he asked her why she had killed the pasha, he spoke so slowly Ann and I could comprehend every word; and her answer, her admission that it was because of jealousy in the harem, not, as Ivan might have wished, for hatred for her seducer—all that we understood also.

"Remember," he said, "I do this thing for you not because I do not know how false you are, but because—because—" His voice broke in the middle of his brave speech, and he turned from us toward the garden. The woman was gone. Dazed and forgotten, we watched him feel along the wall until, like a shadow, he melted through it. We stood rooted to the ground, too frightened to speak, move, or think. Now the darkness crowded and threatened us. Our throats grew together and froze. Twice Ann tried to call Ivan's name, but her futile attempts to articulate were more terrible to me than any scream could have been. Frightful as the alternative appeared to be, we had no choice. We followed Ivan through the doorway into the accursed garden. He was our one thought above the ter-

ror which was everywhere. Everywhere; but where was terror in this hushed garden? We stood upon the threshold of fairyland, and drank in through every sense the assurance of peace. Silence, a breathing, living silence, that seemed to float upon the fragrance of many flowers, heliotrope, clematis, roses, I do not know what. And through the silence water plashed and murmured to our right and to our left and far away before us. It was a dim place, a vast green gloom. My wondering fingers touched a vase, so huge a vase that ten of my size could have hidden within. Under my hand its flank seemed to swell and pulse. At the dim end of the garden was the palace, and through it lights flitted, as if many fireflies were in desperate search. Perhaps it was the cry that Ivan heard that they sought, or they sought the missing woman. We pushed past blossoming white bushes that stared in the darkness. The path led us to an opening among the trees in the center of which was a dark pool of still water, and—

"See," I whispered, for there beside the pool crouched Ivan. We did not hurry, because we were no longer afraid. Approaching quietly, we stared over his shoulder and saw what he saw—only a black heap as shapeless as a blown-down scarecrow. One limp arm dragged in the pool. We knew who it was, the owner of the garden, the tired man whom we had once passed as he fixed his horse's girth, the one whom Abdul thought no giaour could kill. Yet here he lay, face down in the moonlight, still, dumb.

"Asleep," murmured little Ann, careful not to wake him.

"Dead," I answered from two years' sadder knowledge of the world. She droned the word twice after me:

"Dead, dead."

To us, seeing all in the dark, there was nothing ghastly in a sight that would have shaken older imaginations. It was no more than things imagined. The pasha did not suffer or struggle; he was only dead. The sight of a fly, caught in a spider's web, would have aroused our pity quicker than did the black form of the murdered man.

Baba's death moved us more nearly. He had fallen and broken his leg; we could imagine his sufferings. Here was only death itself, and our imagination broke down before the fact. The inner eye was mercifully closed that night; we saw only with the physical. Strange that death in the most tragic form I have ever seen still seems to me the gentlest and the kindest.

Ivan raised his face.

"You must go away," he said gently. "If I can, I will send some one to take you home. God bless you, my children!" From the palace lights and noise were spreading through the garden. "Hurry, and may God bless you, and me, too!" He pointed to the way that we had come, and, still without speaking, we retraced our steps. Enough of the magic of the garden still remained with us to keep us calm even when we stood upon the road again. But at the cemetery we stopped. The great cypresses, some living and some dead, towered above us like evil genii rising from the graves. The dogs had begun to howl. So there in the dark gutter we sat down to wait for the guide Ivan had promised us. We waited and waited, cuddled together in a little ball, crying in a silent, unchildlike manner, our faces washed with each other's tears.

A tall figure was passing us on the road.

"Huh, you little giaours," he snapped. "Well, it is I, Abdul." There seemed to be no gloom too dense for his fierce, narrow eyes to penetrate. He was fresh from the scene of the murder, and all the savage part of his nature had been called to the surface by the sight of spilled blood. Silently he swung the little Ann to his great shoulder, and seized me by my wrist. He was a naked sword of Moslem fury, ready, like the wounded beast, to tear whatever was nearest to his claws. I think he might have killed us without a quiver, but his freak of mood was otherwise. He took us home. By the time we had reached the lamp-lit gates he had ceased his frowning. Ann knew, for she kept her place on his shoulder with her arm around his head and her hand on his forehead. When she felt his forehead



"He pointed to the way that we had come"

to be smooth, she at last dared to question him.

"Abdul," she whispered.

"Yah?"

"Where is Ivan? Is n't he coming home to-night?"

"No; never. He has gone many, many miles, further than your Allah-forgotten United States."

"How did he go? Why?"

"Who am I to say? He passed on the hands of the wind—that wind which is always blowing. What does the wind care whose candle it darkens? To-night in the garden Kurd Mirza and Ivan; to-morrow I, fighting the Bulgar pigs; and the day after, you two." He laughed harshly, and put Ann down on the ground. Then he turned to me, quite as though I were an equal.

"Miss," he said, "look." From his holster he took his revolver.

"Observe, there is no smoke upon it. It was not my hand. Now go in," he ordered. "Dream of all things that are beautiful, but, *hut!* there is your Aunt Abbie and her own!" He drew himself up and saluted us, then vanished into the night before my aunt and uncle had reached us.

The news of the tragedy had just come to them. They were white with apprehension, and their frightened faces reduced us again to tears. They asked questions that we could not answer, and kissed us when we only wanted to sleep. At last we were alone together. The heavy step of the nurse creaked down the stairs, and the sound of her sniveling ceased. All night the moon had fought a losing battle against the clouds

that hampered her, but now at last, alone, radiant and victorious, she shed her light over the dark city. I suppose the light that fell into the pasha's garden was as brilliant as the light in our little chamber. Through the casement windows blew the cold wind, fresh from the Black Sea, and ruffled the muslin curtains.

"Ann," I said.

"Hum?" purred the little Ann.

"I'm not sleepy. Are you? Let's talk."

"All right; what shall we talk about?"

"Let's pretend, Ann."

This aroused the story-teller in her.

"Yes," she assented; "that's what I was doing—pretending. We'll pretend that it all happened differently—all, all, all. For when Ivan went into the garden, it really was full of all those things that we had planned. And Ivan killed them. There was a princess in the garden, and——"

"Ann, do you think it was the princess that came out of the door and——"

"No; I was just thinking that *she* was the stepmother. Ivan took the princess with him, a long, long ways. They took the ferry to Asia, went to Smyrna, Damascus, and Bagdad, too."

"Ann," I interrupted, "I don't believe we shall ever make that trip." There was a long pause, and I was afraid that my rudeness had offended her; but her voice assured me.


"No, never," she whispered gently. "Gone—gone. But I guess I am sleepy; you can pretend for yourself."



Humanizing Education

By GLENN FRANK

[*This paper is one of a series of articles Mr. Frank is contributing to THE CENTURY. This article represents an inquiry into the effectiveness of the American colleges in producing the liberally educated men we need for the leadership of our national life. His next article will appear in THE CENTURY for October—THE EDITORS.*]

 CERTAIN of my friends have twitted me not a little over the ambitious inclusion of such a diverse set of subjects in one series of papers, as though any one person could write helpfully on so many fields of interest and action in turn—politics, business, labor, agriculture, education, and what not. The venture does indeed smack of unwarranted assumption unless the editorial purpose that prompted the series is kept in mind. While turning abruptly into a new field in this paper, it is pertinent to restate the purpose and method of this series in a manner that will serve both to defend the series against the charge of a too ambitious scope and to emphasize certain facts and tendencies that require decisive and constructive handling if we are to bring out of this period of readjustment and revaluation more than a helter-skelter confusion of aim and action.

These papers do not purport to be the work of an expert or authority in the several fields considered. They are frankly the work of a reporter of opinion. They attempt to chart forces and tendencies that are perfectly obvious to all students of these fields, but which are all too frequently unrecognized or ignored by the many who content themselves with framing policies for the moment only. The papers are based upon an exhaustive survey of the vital literature of these several fields, and upon interviews with the men who are doing the most creative thinking in these fields. The series was conceived as having interest and importance at this time because of two facts.

In the first place, intelligent action in politics, business, education, and other fields is frequently indecisive and inadequately informed, not because fundamental thinking has not been done upon the issues involved, but because the creative thought in these fields has appeared here a little and there a little, but nowhere has been summarized and correlated in a manner that affords the average man of action an easy grasp of the essential conclusions arrived at by the best minds of his particular field.

In education and in industry the specialist has dominated the situation for a good term of years. The specialist may be justly proud of his work. But the determination of policy in a democracy requires more than the scattered results of unrelated specialisms. Leadership must rest upon synthesis, a seeing of facts, forces, and tendencies in their interrelation. Now, of all times, we need to draw together the scattered threads of research and creative thought in every department of American life and to attempt to weave them into some enduring fabric of effective policy. We do not wish to fall a victim, as Germany did, to the mechanical logic of specialists who fail to see the full human implications of their facts.

The editors of THE CENTURY thought, therefore, that it would be valuable to present a series of papers that would take the outstanding facts of politics, industry, education, and other fields, together with such proposed new policies as have been judged by the best minds of these fields to have the most valid claim upon our attention, and to set these facts and policies in something approaching, at least, their just rela-

tion. It is the purpose of each paper to present to the reader a fairly comprehensive and clear picture of the central problem of the field it surveys. Each paper is designed to meet the need of the reader who wishes to have before him an interpretive survey of the situation in a given field, without himself undertaking to shoulder his way through the literature of the field. Each paper is likewise designed to serve as an introduction to the fuller study of its field. The correspondence that has followed this series indicates that men are more than ever awake to the necessity for a fundamental study of their fields, for an attempt to visualize in their relation the whole set of factors in their field. The paper on "Industrial Politics," which appeared in *THE CENTURY* for May, brought many letters from business men who frankly confessed that they had never attempted to make a fundamental study of the labor problem, that they had been letting industrial relations drift from one strike to another, pacifying the situation as best they could by alternate plays of resistance and concession, but that the times clearly demand a more statesmanlike procedure; and such statements usually prefaced a request for a complete bibliography of the field of industrial relations. There is ground for far-reaching hope in such indications that men are turning away from the customary American habit of improvising at the moment of crisis or need, and toward the habit of synthetic study and long-view formulation of policies.

The second fact that suggested this series of papers is the importance of our tracing the influence of the prevailing social unrest and the freshly awakened democratic intent through the several fields of our national life. That, after all, is the only way by which we can formulate intelligent policies for the years ahead, for every policy that is to be effective must be fitted intelligently to the peculiar demands of our time, and the starting-point for an understanding of our time is a sane reckoning with the social unrest and the democratic advance. This democratic unrest is not a specific something that can be analyzed and studied as the ordinary

movement can be analyzed and studied, as the single-tax or prohibition may be studied, for instance. It is pervasive. It crosses over lines of class and passes through closed doors at will. All fields are open to its insinuating influence. Now it arises in the counting-room, now in the church, and now in the school. It is enforcing a revaluation of values in all directions. To trace its goings in the several fields of our national life is the underlying purpose of these papers. And such a tracing, for all its abstract and theoretical appearance, is of immediately practical value to every man who carries directive or controlling responsibilities in American life.

The trend of the times is away from dependence upon the strong man and in the direction of greater faith in the final sanity of mass action and opinion. It is not, however, the strong man's strength that democracy should curb; it is the strong man's irresponsibility that has caused the trouble in the past. The more democratic we become, the more we shall stand in need of strong leadership. The times ahead will be complex and baffling to all but the spacious-minded men who broadly understand and are at home in a world of conflicting demands and diverse aspirations. And nothing but a new and better liberal education can give us these spacious-minded men and women that the times demand.

IS THE COLLEGE PRODUCING LEADERS?

THERE is nothing to be gained by beating about the bush. Our educational system has not produced, save in brilliant exceptions, broadly educated men and women. As a result we have suffered at the hands of leadership ill equipped for its tasks. As far as clear insight into, and a broad grasp of, public affairs are concerned, we are a woe-fully superficial people. We simply do not breed enough big men to go around for the political, social, and industrial leadership of the country. Whenever by chance we elect to the Presidency a man of rare intellectual qualities and genuinely broad grasp of public affairs, we immediately begin despairing of an

adequate successor. The tragic shortage of Presidential timber and the all too common spectacle of little men in large places should stimulate us to a fundamental inquiry into the provisions we have made for producing leaders in this country.

Are we doing our best to produce leaders? Has the development of our educational system given us greater or less reason to hope that we shall produce generation after generation the great statesmen, the great lawyers, the great preachers, the great writers, the great journalists, and the great organizers that the nation must have, that the nation will need more than ever during the next generation, when the entire bases of our political, social, and industrial life will be reexamined? If our educational system is failing to produce an adequate supply of leaders, in what direction is there hope of improvement? To such an inquiry this paper addresses itself. And the inquiry leads directly to the door of the college of liberal arts.

The college of liberal arts has lagged behind every other part of our educational system in the matter of a progressive adaptation of its function and method to the changing needs of the modern world. We have gone far toward the elimination of irrational and obsolete material and methods from our elementary and secondary schools. In this quarter a new educational movement has been going on, but the college has been little touched by it. In the elementary and secondary schools we are beginning to substitute natural for artificial methods of teaching; we are basing educational procedure upon expression rather than upon repression; we are paying more attention to the awakening of interest than to the enforcement of discipline; we are substituting play for drudgery; we are making these schools less a retreat from the world and more a realization of the world; we are correlating learning with life; and we are doing all this as much, if not more, by improved method than by improved material. But these currents of liberation have not swept through the college. We have made unprecedented progress in the development of techni-

cal education; we have made provision for increasing the economic efficiency of the average citizen. We have wisely developed vocational education. Our professional schools have undergone progressive readjustment in the interest of greater efficiency, and they secure from their students a concentration and zest unknown to the colleges.

The college stands out starkly as an untouched island in this sea of educational progress and readjustment. There have been changes a-plenty in the curricula of the colleges, of course, but the college remains the most ineffective part of our educational system, the last standing-ground of medievalism in our educational life. And all this in the face of the fact that it lies with the college of liberal arts more than with any other single factor in our national life to give us those seers and prophets, those leaders of vision and organizers of power, without which we can no more play our part in the world of to-morrow than we can exist without sunlight or air. Unless educational statesmanship sees to it that the colleges of the future produce men of leadership, men who are at home in the modern world, men who see in politics more than the immediate measure before the house, men who have the mind and courage to take the long view, then we may as well give up the hope of consistent progress and resign ourselves to a future of drift, halted here and there by an occasional and unaccountable great leader who may arise to think and act for the nation for a brief creative moment. Now, we cannot build an effective and enduring democracy upon mere literacy statistics. Democracy, of all ways of living and working, demands spacious-minded citizens; certainly it demands spacious-minded leaders.

In one of a series of letters written to "The Times" of London H. G. Wells made an effective statement of the fundamental necessity of paying attention to the problem of liberal education in its relation to national leadership in the coming years of readjustment and revaluation. He said:

Quite apart from that technical education which is necessary for the economic effi-

ciency of the citizen, there has to be an education of the national mind in general ideas. . . . To think of changes in factory and legislature without thinking of changes in the school and press is like thinking of going walking with one's left leg only, leaving the right at home. . . . Without a general liberal education we can have no massive national intelligence, no sense of common purpose and adventure, no general willingness. Lacking this, the majority of homes in the community will be materialistic in the narrowest sense, unstimulative, and unproductive in the next generation of that sporadic ability upon which so much national progress has always depended and will always depend. But large sections of the public will necessarily have a not very deep or very critical education, based rather on popular books and magazines and newspapers than upon thorough and sustained studies and thought.

Where the quality of a nation's liberal education *tells* most is through those men and women whose specific function is in relation to the state as a whole or in relation to the dealings of man and man, or in relation to the public mind; that is to say the politicians and lawyers, the churches and preachers, the writers and journalists, the employers and organizers, the owners, every sort of determining and controlling person. . . . These together constitute in its intenser form the national intelligence and the national will.

It is just these determining and controlling persons that we are not producing in sufficient number. For all our multitude of colleges scattered throughout the United States, we are not producing a breed of liberally educated men from whom we may expect adequate leadership to spring—adequate either in quality or numbers. And that, after all, is the acid test of the American college. It would be salutary if all criticism of the college could be focused at this point until we fully realized its importance. The one test of the college is its human product. What matters the imposing structure and the whirling wheels of a great factory if it turns out an inadequate product? The justification of a shoe-factory is a good shoe; the justification of a hat-factory is a

good hat; the justification of a college of liberal arts in a democracy is the turning out of the sort of citizens and the sort of leaders the democracy needs. Dogmatic assertion may be pardoned at this point. The primary business of the American college of liberal arts is not to make scholars, but to make effective citizens and great leaders. The college is not a technical school; it is not a professional school; it is not a graduate school. The too prevalent confusion of the aim of the college with the aims of technical, professional, and graduate schools has struck a serious blow at that truly liberal education which underlies the creation of a real national mind, and which alone can produce adequate leadership for a democracy.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE COLLEGE?

WITHIN the last few years several significant statements have been made regarding the aim of the college as distinct from all other parts of our educational system. Before proceeding with the inquiry suggested earlier, I want to present an interesting one of these statements. In an address on "The Spirit of Learning," delivered before the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Woodrow Wilson said:

We have fallen of late into a deep discontent with the college, with the life and work of our undergraduates in our universities. It is an honorable discontent, bred in us by devotion, not by captiousness or hostility or by an unreasonable impatience to set the world right. . . . We are neither cynics nor pessimists, but honest lovers of a good thing, of whose slightest deterioration we are jealous. We would fain keep one of the finest instrumentalities of our national life from falling short of its best, and believe that by a little care and candor we can do so.

The American college has played a unique part in American life. *So long as its aims were definite and its processes authoritative* it formed men who brought to their tasks an incomparable morale, a capacity that seemed more than individual, a power touched with large ideals. The college *has been* the seat of ideals. The liberal training which it *sought* to impart took no thought

of any particular profession or business, but was meant to reflect in its few and simple disciplines the image of life and thought. Men *were* bred by it to no skill or craft or calling; the discipline to which they *were* subjected had a more general object. It was meant to prepare them for the whole of life rather than for some particular part of it. The ideals which *lay* at its heart were the general ideals of conduct, of right living, and right thinking, which made them aware of a world moralized by principle, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling, a world, not of interest, but of ideas.

I have italicized the past tenses as they occur throughout this paragraph in order to emphasize the contention, which I purpose to make later, that these things have been largely lost out of our colleges. This does not imply, as Mr. Wilson himself states elsewhere in his address, that the college is either dead or moribund, but it does imply a serious situation that demands attention in the interest of greater democratic effectiveness. He insists throughout the address that the college must not be confused with the technical or professional schools; that they have distinct aims; that the college is the place of orientation, the professional school the place of concentration. He goes on to say:

The college has lost its definiteness of aim, and has now for a long time affected to be too modest to assert its authority over its pupils in any matter of prescribed duty that it can no longer claim to be the nurturing mother it once was . . . we have now for a long generation devoted ourselves to promoting changes which have resulted in all but complete disorganization, and it is our plain and immediate duty to form our plans for reorganization. We must re-examine the college, reconceive it, reorganize it. It is the root of our intellectual life as a nation. It is our chief instrumentality . . . for giving widespread stimulation to the whole intellectual life of the country and supplying ourselves with men who shall both comprehend their age and duty and know how to serve them supremely well.

Later in the address Mr. Wilson compresses into a few sentences a singularly sane definition of the aim of the American college which seems to me to give the clue to the reorganization of our colleges that will make them better instrumentalities of our democracy. He says:

The chief and characteristic mistake which the teachers and governors of our colleges have made in these latter days has been that they have devoted themselves and their plans too exclusively to the business of instruction . . . and have not enough regarded the life of the mind. The mind does not live by instruction. It is no prolix gut to be stuffed. . . . Here is the key to the whole matter: the object of the college . . . is not scholarship, . . . but the intellectual and spiritual life. . . . By the intellectual and spiritual life I mean the life which enables the mind to comprehend and make proper use of the modern world and all its opportunities.

And long ago John Milton defined a liberal education in terms that are pertinent to this paper. He said, "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all of the offices, public and private, both of peace and war." Two centuries and a half have not invalidated that definition.

SCHOOLED AND UNSCHOOLED MINDS

No one will question democracy's need of men and women trained by a liberal education that answers to the standards of these definitions. The question of immediate concern to us is, Is the American college, as now organized and conducted, designed to fulfil these ideals? For myself, I am convinced that it is not. Since leaving college, good fortune has thrown me constantly into touch with all sorts and conditions of men, educated and uneducated by the standards of the schools. More or less extended lecture tours during the last ten years have given me the opportunity to see the minds of business men, workmen, farmers, professional men, college-

trained and self-made, in action in the give-and-take of discussion following a lecture. I am obliged to say that man for man I have not found the average college graduate fundamentally better informed, with any better grasp of the fundamental issues of our political, social, and industrial life, or with any sounder sense of social obligation than his fellows of equal native mind who have not enjoyed the privileges of college instruction and association. The college graduate bears a polish and displays a certain at-homeness in those things that enter into the polite conversation of cultivated folk that his unschooled fellows do not; but the fundamental distinction in outlook upon life, in social sense, and in thorough and agile grasp of the forces that make our time what it is, which is justly looked for, is not startlingly in evidence. For untrammelled minds and a keen interest in the fundamental issues of the day there are a thousand places in which a search will be more fruitful than in the average well-appointed university club. An address in Cooper Union in New York or in Ford Hall in Boston will evoke more questions and discussion that go to the heart of the business in hand than will a similar address before the average college audience or university club audience. Only the other day I attended the meeting of a body of farmers in a far Western State, farmers who had banded themselves together in a coöperative attempt to study their problems and exert a larger measure of control over their interests, and I was greatly impressed with the earnestness and with the grasp of their discussions in contrast with the discussions of men and measures that take place in a certain group of college graduates with whom I meet from time to time. I am constantly finding unlettered men of labor poring over books of solid worth, discussions of the fundamental issues that we must sooner or later face in this country when evasion and opportunism have exhausted their power, and I always think of the light literary diet of the majority of college men of my acquaintance.

Of course one courts the charge of cynicism and pessimism by making such

assertions; but it cannot be said too frequently that the average college graduate's range of intellectual interests, the depth of his concern in the underlying issues of our political, social, and industrial life, and his sense of social obligation do not approach what should result from a genuinely liberal education.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

SEVERAL years ago there appeared a series of papers that purported to be the confessions of a successful man who was under no delusion as to the essential quality of his attainments. The papers are not before me as I write, and I must trust to memory and a few penciled notes made at the time of their appearance, but it will be interesting to recall his confessions regarding his education. I think they paint a fairly faithful picture of the mind of the average college graduate.

He stated that he came from a family that prided itself on its culture and intellectuality and that had always been a family of professional folk. His grandfather was a clergyman; among his uncles were a lawyer, a physician, and a professor; his sisters married professional men. He received a fairly good primary and secondary education, and was graduated from his university with honors. He was, he stated, of a distinctly literary turn of mind, and during his four years at college imbibed some slight information concerning the English classics as well as modern history and metaphysics, so that he could talk quite glibly about Chaucer, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Thomas Love Peacock, and Ann Radcliffe, and speak with apparent familiarity about Kant and Schopenhauer.

But, in turning to self-analysis, he stated that he later saw that his smattering of culture was neither broad nor deep; that he acquired no definite knowledge of the underlying principles of general history, of economics, of languages, of mathematics, of physics, or of chemistry; that to biology and its allies he paid scarcely any attention at all, except to take a few snap courses; that he really secured only a surface ac-

quaintance with polite English literature, mostly very modern, the main part of his time having been spent in reading Stevenson and Kipling. He did well in English composition, he said, and pronounced his words neatly and in a refined manner. He concluded the description of his college days by saying that at the end of his course, twenty-three years of age, he was handed an imitation parchment degree and proclaimed by the president of the college as belonging to the brotherhood of educated men. On this he commented:

I did not. I was an imitation educated man; but though spurious, I was a sufficiently good counterfeit to pass current for what I was declared to be. Apart from a little Latin, considerable training in writing the English language, and a great deal of miscellaneous reading of an extremely light variety, I really had no culture at all. I could not speak an idiomatic sentence in French or German. I had only the vaguest ideas about applied science or mechanics and no thorough knowledge about anything; but I was supposed to be an educated man, and on this stock in trade I have done business ever since, with the added capital of a degree of LL.B. Now, since graduation, twenty-seven years ago, I have given no time to the systematic study of any subject except law. I have read no serious works dealing with either history, sociology, economics, art, or philosophy. I have rarely read over again any of the masterpieces of English literature with which I had at least a bowing acquaintance when at college. Even this last sentence I must qualify to the extent of admitting that now I see that this acquaintance was largely vicarious, and that I frequently read more criticism than literature.

I was taught about Shakspeare, but not Shakspeare. I was instructed in the history of literature, but not in literature itself. I knew the names of the works of numerous English authors and knew what Taine and others thought about them, but I knew comparatively little of what was between the covers of the books themselves. I was, I find, a student of letters by proxy. As time went on I gradually forgot that I had not in fact actually perused these volumes, and to-day I am accustomed to refer familiarly to works I have never read at all.

I frankly confess that my own ignorance is abysmal. In the last twenty-seven years what information I have acquired has been picked up principally from newspapers and magazines; yet my library table is littered with books on modern art and philosophy and with essays on literary and historical subjects. I do not read them. They are my intellectual window-dressings. I talk about them with others who, I suspect, have not read them either, and we confine ourselves to generalities, with careful qualifications of all expressed opinions, no matter how vague or elusive.

This quotation is made from slightly abbreviated notes and may be guilty of some verbal variation from the text, but it is entirely accurate as to content. As I remember the paper, the writer went on to catalogue his educational shortcomings in the various fields of interest, confessing fundamental ignorance, save for superficial smatterings of information, of art, history, biography, music, poetry, politics, science, and economics. He painted an amusing picture of the hollow pretense of culture with which the average man of his type covers his intellectual poverty. Men of his type speak casually, he said, of Henry of Navarre, Beatrice d' Este, or Charles the Fifth, without knowing within two hundred years when any of them lived or what was their rôle. His lack of knowledge goes deeper than mere names and dates; it goes, he said, to the significance of events themselves. For an illustration at random, he knew nothing about what happened on the Italian peninsula until Garibaldi, and really never knew just who Garibaldi was until he read Trevelyan's three books on the Risorgimento, the only serious books he had read in years, and he read them because he had taken a motor trip through Italy the summer before. He knew virtually nothing of Spain, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, or Belgium. He described his type going to the Metropolitan Opera House, hearing the best music at big prices, content to murmur vague ecstasies over Caruso, in ignorance of who wrote the opera or what it is all about, lacking enough virile intellectual curiosity even to spend an hour reading

about the opera in one of the many available hand-books.

Coming to the vital matters of public affairs, he confessed that, although holding a prominent place on the citizens' committee at election-time, he knew nothing definite about the city's departments or its fiscal administration. He could not direct a poor man to the place where he might obtain relief. He knew the city hall by sight, but had never been in it. He had never visited the Tombs or the criminal courts, never entered a police station, a fire-house, or prison of the city. He did not know whether police magistrates were appointed or elected, nor in what congressional district he resided. He did not know the name of his alderman, assemblyman, state senator, or representative in Congress. He did not know who was head of the street-cleaning, health, fire, park, or water departments of his city. He could name only five of the members of the Supreme Court, three of the secretaries in the President's cabinet, and only one of the congressmen from his State. He had never studied save in the most superficial manner the single tax, minimum wage, free trade, protection, income tax, inheritance tax, the referendum, the recall, and other vital questions.

Of the authorship of these anonymous confessions I know nothing. They may have been fiction instead of biography, for all I know. But their content would still be true were their form fiction. I have recalled these confessions at length because in my judgment they present an uncomfortably true analysis of the average American college graduate's mind, his range of interests, and his grasp of those fundamentals which underlie a citizen's worth in a democracy. It is from the college graduates of this country that we must look for our leaders in the complex and baffling years ahead, and it is a matter of the gravest concern to the country if we are raising up a generation of men, into whose hands leadership will pass, whose minds have been atrophied by superficial study, whose imagination is unlit, who have an apathetic indifference toward the supreme issues of our political, social, and industrial life, who lack capac-

ity and background for the analysis of broad questions and for creative thinking. If these confessions of "The Goldfish" papers tell a true story, if we are failing to produce a leader class adequate to meet the needs of the present time, as it seems to me there is sound evidence to prove, then it behooves us to reexamine, reconceive, and reorganize our colleges, as Mr. Wilson urged in the address quoted earlier in this paper.

MAKING SCHOLARS OR MAKING CITIZENS

AT the outset it must be remembered that the vastly increased attendance at our colleges enforced a change in emphasis and function. In the early days our colleges were attended by a small body of students most of whom were to enter the learned professions. Their aim was scholarship in the bookish sense. The curve of college attendance remained stationary or went upward slowly until the later eighties, then shot upward with marked rapidity. This inrush of students which has continued to the present has presented to the college an entirely new problem. The minority of men in our colleges now expect to enter the learned professions, not the majority, as before. The preponderance of college students do not wish to become scholars; they come for a more general something called a liberal education. Now, a scholar is not necessarily an educated man in the modern sense of the term educated; yet colleges have persisted in facing this new college population with the ideal of scholarship in the old sense. They are attempting to accomplish a new task with an ancient instrument. It is of primary importance to the future of American democracy that our colleges should not attempt to make scholars in the old sense of this majority of students.

If we are to raise up adequate leadership for the future, our colleges must contrive to give to students a genuinely liberal education that will make them intelligent citizens of the world; an education that will make the student at home in the modern world, able to work in harmony with the dominant forces of his age, not at cross-purposes to them; an education that will acquaint him

with the physical, social, economic, and political aspects, laws, and forces of his world; an education that will furnish to the student that adequate background and primary information needed for the interpretation of current life; an education that will help the student to plot out the larger world beyond the campus; an education that will give the student an interest in those events and issues in which people generally are concerned; an education that will enable the student to give intelligent and informed consideration to the significant political and economic problems of American life; an education that will provide the student with a sort of Baedeker's guide to civilization; in short, an education that will make for that spacious-minded type of citizen which alone can bring adequate leadership to a democracy.

If this is the sort of education we wish our colleges to provide, and if our colleges are producing the polished superficiality suggested before, it is time that we enter upon a fundamental study of the curriculum and teaching methods of our colleges in order to find, if we can, at what points a new conception and a new method are needed. This is not the place to enter into a technical discussion of this or that pedagogical method, nor the place to take up the cudgel for one side or the other in that "stupidest of all stupid oppositions," the opposition of the sciences to the classics. The future of liberal education does not lie with the refined niceties of pedagogical tricks or the relative emphasis upon the sciences and the classics. The problem cuts deeper than that, cuts to the heart of the underlying point of view that is to dominate the aim and action of the college.

I desire, therefore, to summarize a few of the criticisms that have been made by our more creative minds of the curriculum, the teaching methods, and the life of the American college; those criticisms that seem to me to go most directly to the heart of the matter.

AN AIMLESS CURRICULUM

FOR one thing, the present-day college curriculum is not dominated by a defi-

nite purpose. It represents a collection of courses upon many very important and interesting subjects, but it is sadly lacking in synthesis. The present-day college curriculum has not been devised by educational statesmanship; like Topsy, it has "just grown." The curriculum of the old college was narrow and inadequate, but it was organized under the guidance of a definite and unified educational conception. It stood for a definite thing, so that it was possible to know that a man who possessed the degree of Bachelor of Arts had submitted himself to a certain training and instruction. To-day the possession of that degree may signify any one of a large number of things. The elective system has largely supplanted the idea of a curriculum consciously planned to give the student a synthetic understanding of his world. It seems to be based to a marked degree upon the theory that "all knowledge is so good that all parts of knowledge are equally good," and that if a student will only spend four years studying a number of important subjects, he will somehow become a liberally educated man.

President Meiklejohn, speaking of this conception of education, says:

This point of view, running through all the varieties of the elective system, seems to me hopelessly at variance with any sound educational doctrine. It represents the scholar of the day at his worst both as a thinker and as a teacher. In so far as it dominates a group of college teachers, it seems to me to render them unfit to determine and to administer a college curriculum. It is an announcement that they have no guiding principles in their educational practice, no principles of selection in the arrangement of studies, no genuine grasp on the relation between knowledge and life. It is the concerted statement of a group of men each of whom is lost within the limits of his own special studies, and who as a group seem not to realize the organic relationships between them nor the common task which should bind them together.

Here we touch one of the fundamental inadequacies of the modern college. If good citizenship and great leadership in a democracy require an intelligent

understanding of the facts, forces, and tendencies of the modern world in their relation one to the other, clearly the curriculum of the college must not only offer courses that deal with the main bodies of facts required, but must present these bodies of facts in a manner that will bring out the relationships between the facts and give the student a well-rounded and synthetic understanding of his world. The elective principle affords a freedom of choice that the graduate of the university may turn to good account, and a certain measure of such freedom should be open to every student; but its wholesale application to the undergraduates of the colleges, even when mitigated by an uncorrelated minimum of required subjects, usually results in a crazy-quilt education, in the acquirement of a lot of superficial information about a number of things which the student neither sees in their relation nor relates intelligently to the life of his world. Seventy-five or more years ago the college curriculum was inwardly correlated by a definite ideal. It may have been, it was, an inadequate ideal, but it had the merit of unity and an interpretive purpose at least. Since then our colleges have sprawled into sudden enlargement; with a multiplicity of courses affording disconnected visions of truth in unrelated departments. As a result we have the uncorrelated curricula of to-day, in which the student may wander about selecting this study and that. The disorganized and multi-course curriculum and the elective system are not the result of educational design; they are the logical result of educational drift. They bear testimony to the fact that educational statesmanship, in the face of the inrush of new facts during the nineteenth century, proved not equal to the task of fitting the new facts into the total body of the world's knowledge in any synthetic or interpretive way. In a Western hay-field I once saw one man attempt for a while to stack all the hay that several men could pitch on to the stack from two wagons, one on each side of the stack. He kept it up for a while, but it soon proved too much for him; he threw down his pitchfork and said, as he slid to the ground, "Stack it yourselves."

That is very much the position in which our educators found themselves when the scientific spirit began hunting, blasting, boring, and exploring in all fields and throwing the results in a miscellaneous pile of new facts on the study-table of the world. New facts were coming faster than they could be digested. Confronted with the necessity of a new synthesis, educators threw up their hands, and by means of the elective system turned over to immature college students the correlation of studies which they felt incapable of making. As Professor Birge has said:

We who are members of faculties have frankly given up the task of prescribing courses of study as an impossible one. We say that only omniscience can wisely prescribe a college course. We abandon the task as beyond our collective wisdom, and we look for the omniscience necessary to comprehend the possibilities of a college catalogue to the youth or maiden of eighteen, whom the high schools send to us. . . . We have suffered, and are suffering, from that distraction of spirit which always accompanies great and rapidly acquired gains; gains too large to be quickly mastered or readily put to full and easy use.

That it may not be thought by some that this criticism of the present-day college curriculum and the elective system is the uninformed judgment of a layman who does not know the college problem from the inside, I may again quote President Meiklejohn, who has said:

The old classical curriculum was founded by men who had a theory of the world and of human life. They had taken all the available content of human knowledge and had wrought it together into a coherent whole. What they knew was, as judged by our standards, very little in amount. But upon that little content they had expended all the infinite pains of understanding and interpretation . . . so far as might be in their day and generation, human life as a whole and the world about us were known, were understood, were rationalized. . . . But with the invention of methods of scientific investigation and discovery there came

pouring into the mind of Europe great masses of intellectual material,—astronomy, physics, chemistry. This content for a time it could not understand, could not relate to what it already knew . . . the old explanations and interpretations would not fit the new facts.

Here was the intellectual task of the great leaders of the early modern thought of Europe: to reestablish the unity of knowledge, to discover the relationships between these apparently hostile bodies of judgments, to know the world again. . . . This was the work of Leibnitz and Spinoza, of Kant and Hegel, and those who labored with them. And in a very considerable measure the task had been accomplished, order had been restored. But again with the inrush of the newer discoveries, first in the field of biology and then later in the world of human relationships, the difficulties have returned, multiplied a thousand fold. Every day sees a new field of facts opened up, a new method of investigation invented, a new department of knowledge established. And in the rush of it all these new sciences come merely as additions, not to be understood but simply numbered, not to be interpreted but simply listed in the great collection of separate fields of knowledge . . . these separate sciences, these separate groups of judgment, are left standing side by side with no intelligible connections, no establishment of relationships, no interpretation in the sense in which we insist upon it with each of the fields taken by itself . . . the system of free election is natural for those to whom knowledge is simply a number of separate departments. It is equally true that just in so far as knowledge attains unity, just in so far as the relations of the various departments are perceived, freedom of election by the student must be limited.

I have tried, then, to suggest by quotation and exposition that the incoherence, the lack of correlation, in the present-day college curriculum renders it very difficult for the student to gain a unified, interpretive insight into his world. By the very manner in which the curriculum is organized, or, rather, lacks organization, the student comes out of college with an array of scattered information about his world rather than a vital understanding of it.

That insight, grasp, and broad outlook upon the relationships of the state, which we must have in our citizens and in our leaders in the next generation of readjustment, we are not fostering as we might in our colleges. It has been said that we ask students to spend four years under a series of unrelated specialists, just as we might ask a boy to go to an oculist, an aurist, a dentist, an orthopedist, and other specialists in turn and expect the combination of consultations to build up a strong constitution, making no provision against possible conflicts of diagnoses and remedies.

LEARNING BACKWARD INSTEAD OF FORWARD

A SECOND constructive criticism that is made of the modern college has to do with the methods of teaching rather than with the curriculum. In most cases the mechanics of a study is presented before its problem grips the interest of the student. If Greek is the subject, the student is put at the task of conjugation and declension and vocabulary at once; frequently the professor will spend no more than half the first recitation period in painting a background for, or giving an introduction to, the study of Greek language and literature. A little later the student is put at the task of prose composition, and worries his way through the building of short, simple, meaningless sentences that have as little lure of interest about them as the artificial problems of the baffling relationship of A to B in the old arithmetics. The idea seems to be that after months of this sort of grinding work the student will acquire an eager interest in the reading of Greek literature. But when the reading or translating stage in the course has been reached, the student is usually assigned twenty or thirty lines, which he mechanically translates with the aid of his dictionary and grammar, and enters the recitation-room with little clear conception of the content of the passage, only a technical mastery of the lines, sentence by sentence. He does not, as a rule, remember even the story from day to day; each thirty lines rep-

resent to him as distinct pieces of writing, as though they appeared in distinct volumes. How many students of Greek can say that anything of the majesty and sweep of the Iliad came to them in the class-room? Greek, to the average student, is a difficult stint to be done for required credits, and it is only the exceptional student who acquires a genuine and abiding interest in Greek literature and life from the class-room study of the Greek language. This is true not because Greek is an obsolete study; for it seems to me that the facts are all on the side of those who contend that the mastery of Greek is a rare mental discipline and that a thorough understanding of Greek thought and life throws invaluable light on the problems we face to-day in the modern state. It is true because by the present methods of teaching, which are used throughout our colleges save for heartening exceptions here and there, the average student simply does not get interested in Greek language or literature and does not master Greek. Uninterested, he simply does his bit from day to day, frequently falling into slipshod methods of preparation, and misses the discipline and outlook he might receive from the study.

If the professor of Greek would spend a week or two lecturing to his first-year class on Greek life and literature, giving them in simple phrase an appreciation of the greatness of Greek thought and attainment and some conception of what Greece has contributed to our world, and even set the students to reading good English translations of certain outstanding bits of Greek literature, it is possible that there might be awakened in the student's mind a keen interest in the whole world of Greek literature and Greek life. With that interest awakened in advance, the student might look upon the mastery of the Greek language as the key that would unlock for him the door into the full beauty and richness of this Greek world. At any rate it would invest his work of declension and conjugation with a human interest which it does not usually have and probably create a willingness to make fundamentally better preparation that would bring the

real discipline which the study of Greek is supposed to afford.

This criticism of teaching method is based upon the fact that the natural way by which we learn is backward not forward. We find ourselves interested in the whole of a subject and then undertake to find out something about its parts. Given that initial interest, learning is a quest we undertake upon our own initiative. The paradox of education is that you must grasp the whole before you acquire a genuine interest in the parts. It is this principle that is ignored in much college teaching.

The average student's grasp of history as the background for his understanding of the world in which he must play a man's part might be increased tenfold if history were taught backward instead of forward. I was discussing this matter only to-day with a brilliant young man who is a graduate of one of our first-rank colleges. He told me that he majored in history and held a record of good scholarship in that department while in college several years ago, but that at the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, he found himself distressingly ignorant of the knowledge he needed to enable him intelligently to read his newspaper. He said that only in the vaguest way did he know the relative positions of the countries of Europe, the economic structure and policies of England and Germany, the meaning and relations of the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance, the commercial, colonial, and political ambitions of the various countries, the national rivalries, and the other elementary facts that were referred to in the press reports and the magazine articles during those early months of the war. He said that the last Balkan War took place while he was in college, but that he did not then read the news of the war; it meant nothing definite to him. He said that until August, 1914, a world war seemed an utter impossibility to him; he thought H. G. Wells and others who talked about a coming European war were crazy dreamers with a passion for head-lines. He had not caught the sound of the crackling fires of hate and rivalry under the smooth surface of European civiliza-

tion. History, as it had been taught in his college, had thrown no light on the present for him. He said that he supposed most of the facts he needed to know in order to read the war news intelligently were presented to him at college and that he held them in mind until examination day, but that he never really "learned" them until the war began. The war dramatized the passions, hatreds, rivalries, and ambitions of Europe; the sheer dramatic power of the conflict held him fascinated for a few weeks; then he began to desire to know the *dramatis personæ*, the plot, and the stage-setting of the war. The result was that he began going back to fundamental books in an effort to find an interpretation of his newspaper, and in three months he learned, he said, more of the fact and philosophies of European civilization than he learned in four years at college. And what he learned in those months under the stimulus of a genuine and eager interest will remain as part of his intellectual equipment as nothing could remain when merely memorized under formal instruction. All of us have found the news in these eventful days driving us back to our books in an effort to know our world. War news has led men to reading in every department of knowledge—geography, economics, history, political science, chemistry, and so on.

Now, the college must somehow contrive to adapt this method of learning to its problem. It must teach things backward instead of forward; otherwise the mind of the student must reverse its very nature, and inevitably memorize rather than learn much of the material dealt with in the college course. This is not entirely a problem for the individual teacher, as I shall try to suggest later; it may be greatly facilitated by certain rearrangements in the curriculum.

These two criticisms of the modern college seem to me to indicate the starting-point, at least, for educational reconstruction, so far as the college of liberal arts is concerned. We can afford to focus attention upon these two problems rather exclusively for a time. Other educational reforms may justly be classified as secondary to the funda-

mental necessity for the reorganization of the curriculum in a manner that will better relate and interpret the knowledge of the world, and the necessity for taking account of the natural method of learning backward instead of forward, of preceding a study of the details of a subject with a general conception of and interest in the subject as a whole. I do not mean to suggest that we need to revert to the obsolete conception of autocratic authority and to rob the student of all freedom of choice and independence of personal judgment in the selection of studies. I do not mean to suggest that the elective system should be entirely set aside and all college processes rigidly standardized, so that the minds of students would be turned out like standardized cars, or the college turned into a sort of intellectual Shaker village, with a drab uniformity of outlook and opinion. But I do mean to suggest with emphasis that the time has come for a new synthesis of knowledge, for a thoroughgoing reconstruction of the college curriculum, so that the required studies in a college course will give the student a unified conception of his world. This is the outstanding challenge to the educators of our day. They must not shirk the task or fail in the undertaking. If they do, we are doomed to be for a long stretch of generations a headless folk without a guiding philosophy or an intelligent conception of the times in which we live, and there will be no intellectual soil from which great leadership with long vision can spring.

It is a matter of common complaint among educators that in our colleges we have an athletic college spirit without an equally virile intellectual college spirit. This situation cannot be met by damning the mind that the average freshman brings to college. I think that no small part of the trouble lies in the fact that knowledge has not been correlated into an intelligible game, as have the elements of foot-ball, for instance. Foot-ball is a unified process, with the charm of a moving game, and the lure of a definite goal. Does any one imagine that there would be the present athletic college spirit if instead of a foot-ball game there should be pre-

sented, at different hours or on different days, first an exhibition of punting, then an exhibition of running, then an exhibition of signal calling, and so on? Yet that is what we are doing in the present-day college curriculum. With our isolated departments and with our specialist professors, who love research more than they love teaching, we are presenting disconnected fragments of knowledge to students who need above everything else leadership in the difficult task of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole.

TOWARD A NEW CURRICULUM

I HAVE had in mind in this paper chiefly a statement of the problem that the college faces, but it may be worth while to make certain tentative suggestions regarding the way out. The first thing that seems essential is an arrangement of the curriculum that will awaken the student's interest in the fundamental bodies of knowledge that he will study in detail throughout his four years, an arrangement that will suggest the relationships between the several bodies of knowledge, so that the student will from the first gain the impression that his college course is to give him an intelligent outlook upon and understanding of his world. Let me try, then, to bring together scattered suggestions that have been made from many quarters regarding the guiding thread of unity that might be run through the four years of a college course.

THE FRESHMAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD

IN the freshman year it would be valuable to present a series of lecture and reading course that would give in simple language a comprehensive and dramatic picture of the outstanding problems that our society faces in the several fields of economics, sociology, politics, biology, ethics, and so on. It would not be expected that freshmen would understand all about these problems or that they would arrive at valuable and definite conclusions that they might after college use as a basis for policy or action. But such courses would act stimulatingly, as a sort of cold shower,

on the mind. The freshman year is the year of greatest curiosity. The child when taken to a great city for the first time experiences a freshness of interest and alertness of attention that he does not experience in the small home town, where he knows every by-path and lane. He goes along the streets of the great city *looking up* at the tall buildings, at the dazzling electric signs, and *looking around* at the rush of traffic and the thousand and one wonders of the new world which the great city represents to him. After several years of residence in the city he will take the many manifestations of its surging life as matters of course. But on his first visit he is alert, curious, and questioning; there is nothing about him to indicate the blasé man he may later become. Just so the freshman is plunged into a new world when he enters college. There is about him an air of palpitant expectancy; he, too, is *looking up* and *looking around*. Unconsciously, he feels that for several years in the high school he has been paying the price of preparation for entrance into a world of larger issues, more lively interests, more stimulating associations. He is agog with interest. His angle of vision is upward. And too frequently we immediately turn his angle of vision downward toward the elementary details of economics, sociology, biology, political science, and the like, before giving him even a walk about the new world into which he has come. We set him at work on the details in a field of knowledge before giving him a general conception of the field itself, with the result that he works away at this definition and that without seeing the meaning of the day's lesson in its relation to the whole field; and inevitably the work becomes more and more pointless, for by the time the professor gets around to the broader generalizations of the subject, the isolated details and definitions the student learned earlier in the course have become dim in his mind, and the whole subject never quite hangs together for him.

In my freshman year, in fact, throughout my college course, I was a very uneven student, making good records in some courses, skirting the bor-

der-land of failure in others. In trying to analyze this fact now that I have been out of college several years, I find that the courses in which I took the greatest pleasure and in which I made good records were courses the general problems of which I had come to know something about before entering college. In these courses I found the definitions and details of the class-room from day to day fitting into and explaining things I had read and heard before entering the course; learning these definitions and mastering these details was not a task, rather a pleasure; and the definitions and details of these courses I find remaining with me. I read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" before taking the elementary course in economics, and as a result the definitions of rent, wages, capital, marginal utility, diminishing returns, interest, and the like were not isolated things to be memorized; they were living things, to be used in better understanding what I had read. Before going to college I heard Albert Edward Wiggam's lecture on heredity, a finely interpretive sketching of the whole field of biology and medical sociology by a masterful lay student of the field. That one general lecture vitalized my study of biology, gave point and purpose to it. From my first day in the laboratory every time I looked through the microscope at this cell or that process I saw past the cell or process into the larger biological process and its social implications as sketched broadly by Mr. Wiggam.

It should be possible to Wiggamize every one of the fundamental fields of knowledge dealt with in a college course. Dramatize a field for the freshman, and, if he has a normal and healthy mind, he will spend his college years in genuine study of its details, not from a sense of moral duty or fear of failure, but from mental hunger.

Certain questions spring instantly to the mind of the educator. Can we find enough teachers who can effectively give such courses? Can the average college professor synthesize and dramatize his field in a manner that will awaken a sustained interest in the freshman's mind? Probably not at

first. We may have to evolve a new type of teacher. We may have to make use of special lecturers for these freshman orientation courses; lecturers who will serve a circuit of colleges in the transition period during which we are evolving the new curriculum, and the rank and file of teachers are adjusting their methods to its altered demands. But what will become of mental discipline in such courses? We are told that the lecture method is overworked already. Lecture courses are frequently regarded as snaps by the students. But, where they are, it is doubtless more the fault of the teacher than of the method, for the intelligent and careful following of a lecture course, the taking and the revision of notes, the reducing of collateral reading to syllabus form, may be made to contribute toward skill in analysis and toward mental orderliness as few processes through which a student's mind may be asked to pass can be made to contribute. But, most important of all, we could well afford to sacrifice some of the doubtful discipline of courses as usually conducted in order to gain the genuine interest in the subject which would in the majority of cases be awakened by the sort of general courses suggested. These courses should doubtless cover, in a general way, philosophy, the social sciences, the natural sciences, history, and literature.

THE SOPHOMORE AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

IN the sophomore year it would be valuable to do for the institutions that have arisen in the several fields of national life what was done for the problems of the several fields in the freshman year. That is to say, in the effort to meet and solve the problems sketched in the freshman courses in economics, sociology, politics, ethics, and the like, society has evolved certain institutions—institutions with which the student must deal in his work after college, and he must know and understand the origin and evolution of these institutions if he is to be effective either as a plain citizen or as a responsible and creative leader. He must have real insight into

the institution of property, of the family, of the state, of the courts, of the factory, of the school, of the church. Here the social sciences operate.

THE JUNIOR AND THE NATURAL SCIENCES

IN the junior year it would be valuable for the student to be given a good general picture of the physical stage setting of the drama of life and society which has been dealt with during the two preceding years. In other words, his interest is probably ripe for an insight into the natural sciences needed in the right understanding of his world. For the average student a general descriptive course, with a valuable minimum of laboratory work, is probably all that is either needed or will produce results justifying the time spent in the course by teacher and student. The student should receive in these courses in astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, biology, and allied sciences an account of the results of scientific study so far as they are significant for life and for knowledge as a whole.

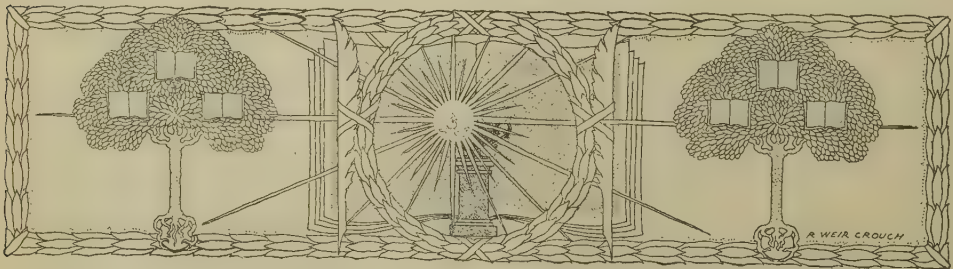
THE SENIOR FINDS HIS MAJOR INTEREST

IN the senior year every student should be set to work on the one problem or subject that had emerged as his major interest as a result of the preceding three years. In this field he should be asked to do concentrated and original work, probably to be expressed in a thesis at the end of the year.

A curriculum that had running through it the sort of connecting thread I have suggested would probably repre-

sent a stronger vocational advisory force than any college professor delegated to the work of vocational advice. From the moving picture of life held before the student, a picture that gave the world and its total life an understandable aspect, the interest for which the student had a natural affinity would magnetize the student in its direction; he would not be left at sea, as so many college graduates now find themselves.

Clearly, I have not suggested these four groupings of studies as a complete curriculum. It is not essential that they be so sharply separated and offered in the years suggested, although there is sound pedagogical reason for offering them in this order. The necessity for keying the college work into the work of the professional schools does not leave the college free to arrange its courses as though it were an isolated institution devoted solely to liberal education. I have made these sharp lines between the grouping of courses more for the sake of clearness than for anything else. But what needs emphasis is that the college must somehow contrive to adjust its curriculum to the task of awakening the student's interest in the larger problems of our national life at the outset of the college course, and of giving the student a correlated and unified conception of the world into which he is going. This is not merely a technical question of pedagogy. It underlies the future progress of the republic, for only through a liberal education that serves these ends effectively can we hope for the leadership this time of readjustment and revaluation demands.



Why the American Army Succeeded

By GEORGE P. AHERN

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THE military events of the last eighteen months fill the average American with pride. He knows that our young and hastily trained forces played an important part in defeating the great German Army three thousand miles from our shores. He would like to know and understand better than he does how they did it.

To many of the hundred and eighty-one thousand officers commissioned for the war a realization has come that a masterful and wonderful piece of work has been done. The closer their work draws them to the centers of military activities, the more their respect and admiration will be given to the leaders.

The great campaign which ended in Europe in 1918 was begun in the United States twenty years ago, when a few officers, after their experiences in Cuba, the Philippines, and China, began to plan for a modern army with thorough training and equipment. Their zeal and enthusiasm spread through our small regular force with such effect that when we were called to rally on the side of the Allies in defense of civilization we were better prepared than our friends and foes imagined us to be. The names of some of these wise and far-seeing men stand out in the memory of the old army—Wagner, Bliss, Wotherspoon, Carter, Morrison, Liggett, Boughton, and others. Some are dead, some retired, two are at the front. Their efforts and achievements in the way of military reform have been only imperfectly recognized and rewarded. Undaunted by the lack of interest manifested by our people and their representatives in Congress, in the face of bitter opposition by bureaucrats in Washing-

ton, they kept their shoulders to the wheel of military progress for more than a generation. Little by little they brought it around to the point of comparative efficiency. The service schools were improved, a staff school was formed, a general staff corps created, a war college established, and the army generally made over. But for this preliminary work our efforts for efficiency in the World War would have been on a par with our showing in 1898. Our little army of that day was a brave, well-disciplined force, fully capable of handling our frontier problems, but not prepared to undertake the organization, equipment, training, and transportation of several millions of men. It took us from 1904 to 1917 to train fewer than five hundred officers for the more difficult phases of this job. The results have been wonderful. Mistakes have been made at the front, and the service of the staff has at times left much to be desired. Such mistakes and failures will make food for discussion in the coming training for a real general staff.

In the mind of the writer this war, as far as the fighting soldier is concerned, is divided into certain well-defined phases, each of which is a story in itself.

1. The long struggle for a modern army, for better military education, for a general staff.

2. The application of the Plattsburg idea, whereby public opinion throughout the country was so impressed that draft legislation was made possible.

- a. The great lesson of these camps was that the military profession could not be learned in a few months or in a year or two. Fortunately for the country, they were filled with men in

their thirties and forties, including many professional men who had much to do with molding public opinion. It did not take them long to see the seriousness of the military situation. They had an opportunity to serve under regular officers who knew their profession. When they returned home they dispelled all popular illusions about the ability of millions of our citizens to spring to arms over night. These camps revealed to the regular officers in charge the training possibilities of our American manhood. A very strenuous program was responded to with such intelligence, enthusiasm, and loyalty that it was found possible later on to reduce the periods of training formerly believed necessary. The regular officers became eloquent when questioned about this raw material. The father of this idea, a regular officer of high standing, inspired all connected with that movement. His vision, patriotism, and great ability contributed largely to the wonderful success achieved, and made possible the prompt mobilization of the nation's resources.

3. Draft legislation, carefully prepared, meeting popular approval as well as the military needs of the nation; the draft machine; its sane, efficient, and successful management.

a. It was fortunate that it had in its service an officer of unusual ability and wide experience who had for years made a study of draft legislation and the working of the draft machine. When war was upon us, he was selected to frame a law and corresponding rules and regulations for a draft. The midnight oil burned on his table, able subordinates gathered around him, and after a few weeks the country was astonished at the result. The army in particular was surprised to see how quickly the legislation was enacted, how smoothly the draft machine worked, and how the country at large accepted it. A master hand was at the helm. Here were welded together in this democratic army the millionaire and the mechanic, the illiterate foreigner and the professor, developing by daily contact a mutual respect for one another. To the small group of statesmen in Congress who fought successfully for this legisla-

tion the nation owes a debt of gratitude, for without this legislation our effort in the World War would have approximated what the German General Staff had estimated it to be.

4. The careful selection of the military leaders.

a. It was no simple matter to select several hundred general officers, a large number of regimental commanders, chiefs, and assistant chiefs of staff for sixty or more divisions, etc. It was done as well as was humanly possible, efficiency being the guide. Mistakes were made, but were rectified as soon as practicable. Favoritism, social, or political influence, had little to do with the selection of the leaders of our fighting forces. In fact, a good officer was in serious danger of missing selection by too ardent efforts on the part of his friends.

5. The work of the regular army, inspiring the new levies with its splendid zeal and its best traditions.

a. To the regular army of 127,588 officers and men was assigned the task of organizing and training more than three and one half million men. "Shot to pieces" was the usual reply of a regimental commander in the summer of 1917 when he was asked about his regiment. Officers, non-coms, and selected privates were taken from each regiment to form the nuclei and leaven of new ones. The work of making new organizations out of fractions of old ones and raw fragments of the general population was remarkably well done. And let me state here that the enlisted men selected to assist in this training upheld the best traditions of the regular army. It was a huge task, involving many varied and unforeseen difficulties. There are times when tears come close to the surface when the old officer speaks of the enlisted men who have campaigned with him. No ties are stronger than those formed in the field when men are ever ready for the great sacrifice. The entire rank and file of our regular force instilled into the great citizen army that fervor, faith, and devotion to duty that had inspired the small force during its splendid service in all climes, from the jungles of the Philippines to the glaciers of Alaska.

6. The zealous, wise, thorough, and fearless work of commanders of troops and officers of the inspector general's corps in the elimination of the unfit.

a. Friendship ceased when efficiency for front-line work was in question. Old friends, classmates, able men, men with social and political influence, had to walk the plank if they failed to reach the high standard set by those officers. Many able and distinguished officers had done well with commands not larger than a regiment, but proved themselves unequal to their tasks as commanders of from ten thousand to thirty thousand men. They had to go. The leaders were heartened in their work by the knowledge that the secretary of war would stand by them. For the first time in our history our forces were uniformly well led. Never has the political general had such scant consideration as in this war.

7. The unwavering support given to the military establishment by the administration.

a. Never in our history has a secretary of war given such consideration to the counsel of his military advisers as Secretary Baker has done in this war. At times, when administrative legislation was sorely needed by the War Department, senators, representatives, governors, and other people of influence applied for the promotion, retention in office, or assignment to duty of officers undeserving of preferment or unsuited for the position in view. Their appeals were firmly refused. This was specially the case where the fighting forces were concerned.

b. The following statement in a recent letter of the secretary of war to the writer explains the attitude which he has consistently maintained. It may give some of his critics food for thought:

This war, when we entered it, had already assumed proportions of such gravity and seriousness, and the losses among our Allies in its early stages, by reason of failure to insist upon purely military considerations, had been so great, that only one course was possible to an official responsible for the lives of our soldiers as well as to some degree, for the success of

the cause. Perhaps it was this which made it easy for me from the beginning to resist all suggestions, however well intended, which were not obviously sound from the military point of view in the judgment of my military advisers. The result of the course has been that our Army abroad is surely the most wonderful army in the world in its fine, wholesome healthiness, its elevation of spirit, its freedom from jealousy, its happy spirit, and its efficiency as a fighting machine. For most of these qualities credit is due to the little group of men who comprised the old Army when we started, and who very zealously indoctrinated the new levies with their own splendid traditions and zeal.

8. The support given by the authorities at home to the American Expeditionary Forces.

a. There has been in certain quarters an undercurrent of criticism and gossip concerning this matter, but when we consider that the two headquarters were more than three thousand miles apart, and that at times each headquarters had information as to existing conditions which the other had not, it is no wonder that there occasionally appeared to be slight delays in acting on recommendations. There was no discord, no failure at home to support the commanders abroad. The team work between the War Department and the expeditionary forces, including the navy and the Allies, was all that could be reasonably demanded. The results speak for themselves.

9. The patriotic public spirit and enterprise of our leaders of industry.

10. The awakened patriotism of our people, sweeping like a great wave over the country, keeping pace with the splendid spirit of our uniformed defenders.

Little do our people realize how long a preparation is needed to organize and train a thoroughly competent general staff. This war has developed competent leaders and good general-staff officers. The general staff is the coördinating and order-forming force of any army.

A higher order of training is needed for leadership now than in former wars. The hero with flashing sword

and magnetic presence no longer directs operations. The resources of the nation are mobilized, and should be directed, by master minds. This direction requires long and elaborate preparation. Frederick the Great began the military organization of Germany more than 150 years ago. In 1806, when Scharnhorst entered on the formation of a Prussian General Staff, he had excellent general-staff material at hand. No time was lost by Prussia in the organization and direction of what history presents as a wonderfully effective war machine.

The formation, training, and fighting of armies constitute only a part of modern war. Problems of production, maintenance, transportation, questions of military policy, political as well as military strategy, the securing of information, the adjustment of the military and civilian needs of the nation, maintenance of high morale in the nation as well as in the army,—these and many other phases of war are handled by the general-staff officers.

Toward the close of his life the elder Moltke predicted that in the next war the enemies of Germany would be her equals in numbers, organization, training, and courage, but that Germany would still have the advantage of superior high command and direction through her general staff. "This force," he said, "France may envy us. She does not possess it." The *Generalstab* of Germany is a generalship staff, or strategic staff, or troop-leading staff.

The general staff idea was adopted in America in 1903 and in England in 1904. In these cases it was necessary to organize a central general staff in a country where there were no general-staff officers. Both countries embarked on the enterprise under the same difficulties, but with the difference that the British authorities appreciated the difficulty and pointed out that the new institution could not be expected to function fully until the necessary professional type was developed, and that this would probably be a matter of years, and therefore the first duty of the new institution must be to train general-staff officers and to establish specific tests of eligibility. There is no evidence

that this embarrassment was appreciated in the organization of the American General Staff Corps.

No officer can become a member of the German General Staff until he has affirmatively demonstrated his capacity to lead a large force of all arms, such as a German Army Corps. A first lieutenant meets this requirement theoretically in a *Kriegsakademie* before he is admitted to a probationary tour on the general staff, in which he acts as tactical or strategic assistant to a corps commander.

It is a duty of the general staff to discover young officers who possess the rare gift of generalship, to develop that gift in their early manhood, to employ it in general-staff duty while its possessor is a junior in rank, and thus to assure its presence and complete development when the officer attains a high command.

The system of higher command in Great Britain and to a certain extent in France is an extemporization after the outbreak of war. It gives to a number of general officers a virtually new function that requires the vigor and elasticity of youth. This explains the demand of Great Britain and of the commander of the American forces for young general officers. In Germany, however, the aged chief of the general staff was dealing with precisely the same problems that engaged him when he entered the competition for the general staff. He was dealing with the same special class of duties that he began to perform as a young captain on the general staff. This was the real secret of German military efficiency.

The war games became in Germany a tactical measuring-rod to determine whether an alleged troop-leader or staff-officer was a real troop-leader or staff officer. The German Army may be called a tested or calibrated army. In the kaiser's army every general-staff officer and every commander of troops from the corps commander down to the captain of infantry was a calibrated officer. It had been the impression among military men that this testing could be accomplished only in war. After sixty-six and seventy it began to dawn upon the world that Prussia's vic-

tories were primarily due to the fact that Moltke had perfected a system of giving actual practice in the profession of arms in time of peace.

The admission to the general-staff corps was open to all young officers of the German Army by fair and open competition. The German War College (*Kriegsakademie*) was devoted exclusively to the preliminary training of general-staff aspirants and in scope and aim resembles the staff college at Leavenworth rather than the army war college.

The names of twelve hundred officers from all parts of Germany were submitted in 1909 to enter the class of 1910. About five hundred were allowed to take the examination. Of these five hundred, one hundred and thirty-three entered the war college for the three-year course. Perhaps from one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifteen finished. Of these about fifty were attached to the general staff for one, two, or three years, and of these fifty about twenty or twenty-five were finally appointed. This procedure provides several years of general-staff training for more than five times the number of officers appointed. A constant stream of officers thus returns annually to the army acquainted with general-staff aims and methods. This process has gone on for so many years that every regiment, every staff department, contains a number of such officers. This means much for uniformity and efficiency throughout the army. It means close coöperation of the different arms of the service and coöperation in procedure, a thorough knowledge of transportation and of production and maintenance of supplies. It also provides an insight into matters of policy, with some side lights on statecraft. It develops a high respect for the leaders. In the German Army leadership was secured only through merit thoroughly demonstrated in the field and in the office. An army corps was the unit used in manœuvres and in the *Kriegsakademie*, so that the officer was made familiar with the handling of all arms. In our service we are only now beginning to think in terms of divisions and army corps. Very few of our general-

staff officers had ever seen an army corps. At the beginning of the Great War there were more than six hundred officers in the German General Staff as well as several hundred officers attached to it. All of these officers have had to meet the forementioned requirement of demonstrated capacity to lead a large force of all arms, such as a German Army Corps.

A day's experience at the office of a chief of staff would make even an experienced army officer wonder at the number, scope, complexity, and importance of the problems presented for solution. The resulting projects require the greatest care in their preparation.

As already stated, a small group of officers in our service began immediately after the Spanish-American War to agitate the question of the better training of officers, the formation of an army war college and a general staff. Our service schools took on new life. The standards of admission and training were raised, and officers were more carefully selected. Honor and distinguished grades were established, and only officers with such grades were made eligible for the staff college and, with certain exceptions, for the army war college. This developed the keenest competition at the service schools, where officers worked night and day to secure eligibility for entrance to the staff college. A new type of fighting man was developed, a scientific fighter, one who could work out the intricacies of the organization, equipment, and transportation of a huge army, as well as formulate the many orders to move it to its destination, and then fight it as it should be fought. Some of the army women found life at these institutions of learning wholly different from the quiet domestic life at a frontier post. The men had no time and no desire for dinners, dances, etc. All were keen for the few coveted top places which meant a year at the staff college and later a year at the army war college, all of which meant opportunity for distinguished service in war. Many officers who had no opportunity to attend the service schools studied the course at home, and in one instance a

superior officer arranged for two of his juniors who were staff college graduates to start a class in the garrison. The superior, as a pupil under his juniors, learned his lessons well, for later he became an instructor at the war college, and was one of the most valued men on the general staff when war came.

Practical war problems constituted an important part of the course at the staff college and assisted the authorities in testing the quality of leadership as shown by the student officers. Leadership in modern war cannot be attained by intuition or by life in camp. On the Mexican border simple field problems arising for solution proved too much for officers who had mastered only the lessons of armory drill and sham battles in summer camps. It was on the Mexican border that a large number of the National Guard learned for the first time that the modern war game was difficult and complicated, and but for some very elementary instruction that this very scientific game was almost unknown to its members.

Some 360 officers were given honor and distinguished grades at the service schools. The first class was graduated from the staff college at Fort Leavenworth in 1905. Since that time many of the graduates have taken the army war college course. A few others were admitted to the war college for special courses. These officers, with the instructors, directors, etc., of the schools, numbered fewer than 500, a small proportion of 5800 officers in the regular army before we entered the war. At present there are approximately 181,000 officers in the service. The parts played by the original small force of specially trained staff-officers will amaze even their brother officers when fully presented to them. They came near understanding the game as it is played by European general staffs. There was a knowledge not to be picked up in a month or a year or two by a clever civilian. Here is where the German General Staff

made a fatal error. It eliminated America from its consideration. It knew to a certainty what number of men we could call to the colors; it knew our resources and what we were capable of producing; it estimated that it would take so long to develop a staff that could function satisfactorily that the war would be won by them before our troops could be used. Their information, ordinarily accurate and full, missed this important fact. It is also quite likely that our allies were as much in the dark on this point as the enemy. The remarkable development of our staff school in France was one of the great achievements of the war.

For many years the writer has watched the development of our regular army and the careers of his brother officers. We in the army know the clever men just as they become known in other professions. Many of these men, honored in our service schools and the army war college, including the able officials of these institutions, have kept up their studies, have observed the work of foreign armies, have traveled extensively.

Our newly acquired possessions necessitated travel by our troops through many strange seas, landing at posts where the best of foreign troops were stationed. Observant officers noted things that we lacked. Useful knowledge was picked up and valuable experience acquired by our small contingent marching and fighting alongside of the best of foreign troops on the road to Peking, and in the period of inaction following the march our officers profited by daily contact with their foreign colleagues.

It has been interesting to note in the list of our general officers and officers of the general staff the ever increasing percentage of the specially trained men. Out of the eleven major-generals promoted in October last, nine were of this list. Nearly all won their promotions in battle.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Camera Studies
by Hamillon Revelle





Hampton Church, near London



Kingston Market, near London



Washington Arch, New York City



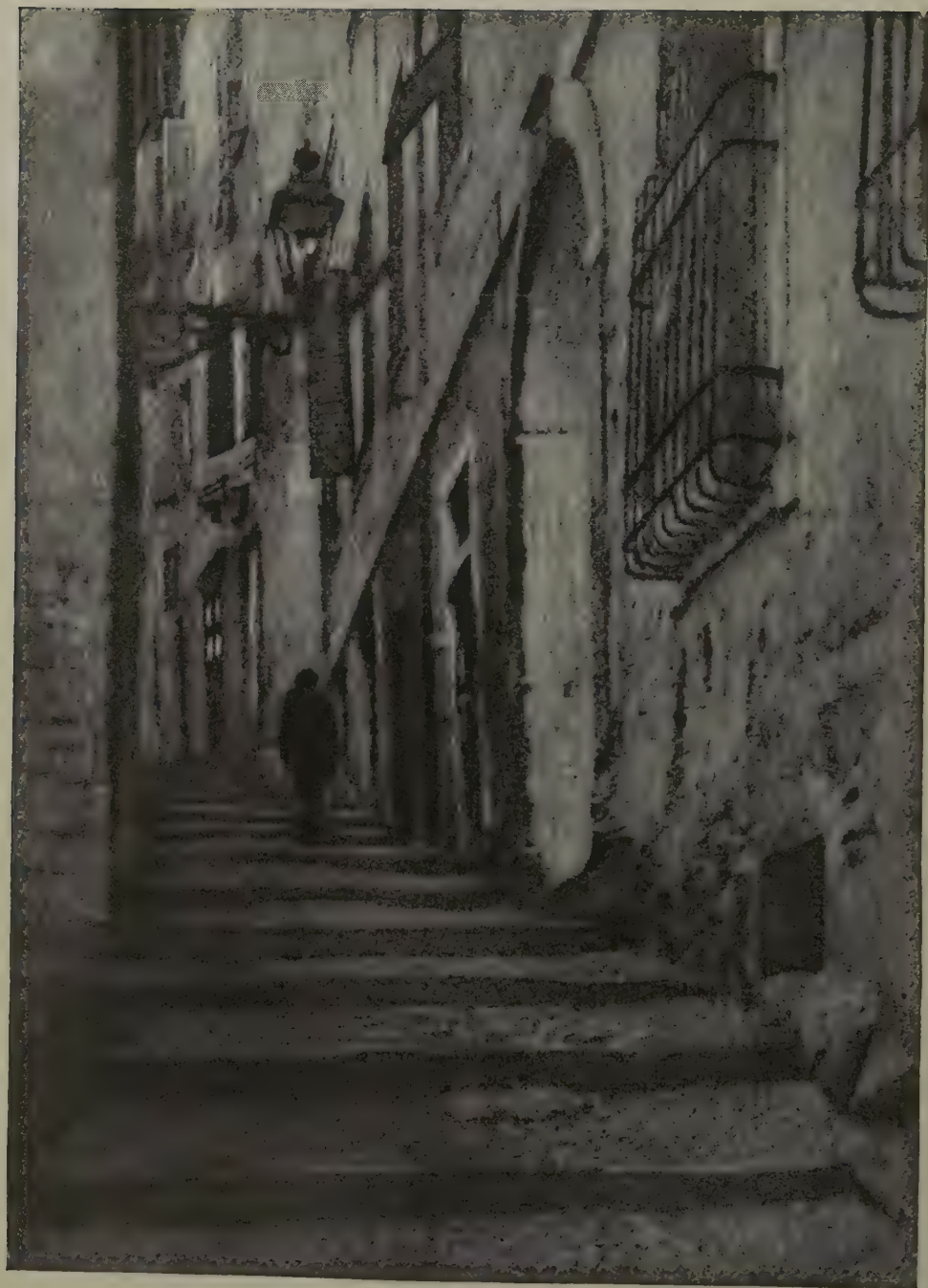
Fifth Avenue on a wet day



The Woolworth Building, New York City



Questembert, Brittany



An old street in Ventimiglia, Italy

A Servant of Reality


By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price

Synopsis of Chapters I-XI—Before the war Anthony Arden was a surgeon. He returns to England from a German prison-camp, badly shaken. Through the death of his older brother he is now heir of Pannell, and is expected to marry a nice, sensible girl. While visiting his married sister Daphne, he meets Kitty Costrelle. She is not sensible, and few women think she is nice; but Anthony falls in love, much to Daphne's anxiety. Kitty's fiancé, with whom she had grown up, had been reported missing, and she had gone to France to drive an ambulance. After two years she broke down and returned to England, where she began to amuse herself recklessly, caring not at all what became of her since Dick was dead. Kitty flirts with Anthony, and one day kisses him to see "if a hair will turn him." It did. As they drive home Anthony thinks of the good care he will always take of Kitty.

CHAPTER XII

HE tower room was unlike anything else in the shabby old farm-house. It was hundreds of years old, but Kitty had employed herself in overrunning it with modernity.

A staircase separated it from the rest of the house; the four narrow, deep-set windows looked out over the unkempt garden. Twilight was falling, and the scent of brier-roses invaded the still air, and filled the room with fragrance. It was the first time Anthony had been in the tower. Kitty took him to the foot of the little staircase and told him to go up and wait there while she dressed for dinner.

"It may amuse you," she said, "poking about among my things."

The rain had stopped falling. A gray mist surrounded the tower, out of which the dark shapes of the trees leaned like thick shadows. Roses climbed up above the window-sills, and swallows darted to and fro beneath them. Their nests were all about the tower.

Anthony leaned out of the window and heard the stirring of wings and the subdued movement of the leaves that

parted to receive them. He thought that Kitty was like a swallow, swift and fugitive, a restless, reckless daughter of the air; and his heart moved in him with delight to think that he might make a nest to hold her, a place of security and peace for her to rest in between her circling flights.

The inside of the tower room was curiously unlike its setting; it was full of odd colors and extravagant luxury.

It contained beautiful things, but it did not express beauty; it expressed excitement and love of physical comfort. There was a long, very soft divan covered with cushions; the colors of the cushions clashed against one another, orange and green and gold, with here and there a bizarre note of black.

Between two of the windows hung a vivid piece of Sicilian embroidery with a design of grapes and pomegranates. By the door there was a Chinese screen of very dim gold, on which a flight of storks crossed a scarlet sunset, fading into gray.

The room was too small for the treasures it held; old French porcelain, lacquer boxes, and Italian bronzes jostled one another. Nothing seemed to connect with anything else or with any idea behind itself.

A low book-case ran along the wall beneath the Sicilian altar-cloth. Anthony read the titles of the books carefully in the fading light. They were chiefly French novels of an unmistakable type. Kitty had been a great deal in France with her father; perhaps the books belonged to him. They were more like the books a man would have chosen, a man who had no moral sense and particularly liked to have the lack of it stimulated.

Anthony did not know much about French novels, but a glance or two at them was enough to show him that they belonged to that light, evasive expression of evil that is hard to define, very expensive, and extremely disintegrating.

Anthony left the book-case and began to walk up and down. He had a curious, restless feeling, which he had not had for many weeks. It was as if he could not get out when he knew he could. It was a feeling that made him try doors and get as near as he could to windows, and it always ended in his walking to and fro as if his life depended on performing a series of vain movements.

It is a trick that prisoners learn in long confinements, and perhaps of all their habits it is the hardest to shake off.

Anthony walked up and down the little crowded room till Kitty came. By the time he heard her step he had almost forgotten where he was.

The room was nearly dark, and as Kitty opened the door she turned on the light and stood under it.

She was dressed in yellow gauze. One of the cleverest French dressmakers had designed the costume for her. It did not look as if it were a dress, but as if Kitty were a flower, an extraordinary, graceful, human flower from which the foliage had receded.

Her neck and shoulders rose bare out of the golden chiffon; the folds of it were fastened together with an amber ornament at her waist; the clinging, narrow skirt was slit up at the sides to show her slender feet and ankles; a green scarf escaped and hung behind her. A long chain of amber and green jade hung round her neck, catching and holding all the light in the room.

Kitty paused for a moment, and then moved quickly, like the passage of a sunbeam, into Anthony's arms.

Anthony no longer felt imprisoned. It seemed to him as if he had conquered space, and held all he wanted of it forever.

But as quickly as he embraced her, Kitty gently released herself. Her eyes ran swiftly over him, alive with laughter.

"We must have dinner first," she said. "How do you like my room and my dress and me? You'll have to tell me after dinner. Poor old Anthony!" Her voice had a curious quality of control in it, as if Anthony had ceased to be himself and had become merely an instrument of her will. He was dimly aware of the fact, but he did not resent it. He only wanted to express Kitty's will.

Anthony could not talk much at dinner. He ate and drank without seeing or tasting what was set before him. He was only aware of Kitty opposite him, Kitty laughing, Kitty recounting little tales of her life abroad, incidents in hotels, on railway stations. Wherever Kitty had been, incidents had naturally followed.

Kitty always talked easily without the consciousness of any effect but her own amusement. She had little vivid turns of speech that stuck in Anthony's mind, but her talking went by favor. At times she was stonily silent, and withdrew herself from any approach to expression.

To-night Anthony could not respond to her; he could not take his eyes away from her face or follow a word of what she said.

He knew her voice was music, and by the sound of it he knew that she was pleased. He was shut off from any other form of consciousness.

Peckham waited upon them silently, but her every gesture was a reproach. She put the plates down with severity, she poured out their wine as if she wished to mingle it with gall, she carried things in and out of the room with unveiled hostility; every movement of her starched apron was a remonstrance.

She wept in the pantry and she prayed in the hall; she even glanced

imploringly straight at the impassive loveliness of Kitty.

But Peckham's efforts and her pains counted for nothing. Anthony did not know that she was there, and Kitty, perceiving all she felt, took her own way.

After dinner they went back to the tower room. Anthony drew Kitty to him with a long sigh of relief.

"I thought you were never coming," he said; "I thought I should never see you really like this again."

"Poor old Tony!" Kitty murmured softly. "You do care for me awfully, don't you?"

"Hopelessly," said Anthony, smiling at her, "hopelessly. I can never show you. Kitty, you won't keep me waiting, will you? I've waited all my life for you, and I don't feel as if I could stand much more of it."

Kitty's eyes opened to receive him without barriers. She gave him a long, full look.

"No, of course not," she said gently. "I should n't be such a beast. You've had a terrible time; I'd like to make you awfully happy, Tony."

"When?" he whispered. "Kitty darling, when will you marry me?"

Kitty jerked herself suddenly out of his arms.

"Marry you?" she said angrily. "I'm never going to marry you. What are you talking about, Tony?"

He stared at her for a moment in blank surprise.

"You silly old boy!" she said more gently, "you don't seem to be very clever at taking things in. Sit down and be sensible; don't stand looking at me like that. I have n't done you any harm."

Anthony sat down obediently. His eyes were still perplexed, but he put his mind on all that he remembered Kitty had told him about Dick. That was presumably the obstacle. Well, he would get over Dick. He was not going to have Kitty held back from life by a ghost.

Kitty slipped on to a footstool in front of the small wood fire. She looked thoughtfully at the amber beads at the point of her small satin slippers. They were where they should be; at

first Peckham had put them too far forward.

She hoped Anthony was n't going to be foolish. He had a heavy line of jaw, and it was set exactly as it had been in the motor when he said he was going to drive; but Kitty had had no objection to his driving, so that it had not mattered. It was quite useless his talking about marriage. She did object to marriage.

"Kitty," Anthony said slowly, "I think I understand what you feel. It's about Dick, is n't it?"

Kitty looked startled, but in a moment she had recovered herself.

"I told you," she said a little uncertainly, "that I was never going to marry any one else but Dick."

"I know," said Anthony; "but that was before I cared for you. I think that must have made a difference, Kitty; for, after all, you've let me care."

Kitty said nothing.

"You felt as if Dick were a part of your actual life, did n't you?" Anthony persisted.

Kitty answered without raising her eyes.

"Not part of it," she said; "all of it. And not only my life: he was part of me; he is still. That's one reason why I can't. But it is n't any use talking about it, Anthony. Why don't you stop talking?"

"We must talk about it first," said Anthony. "We've got to get the whole thing straight. You are quite sure he is dead?"

Kitty flushed, but she answered without faltering.

"Yes; I waited to be sure. John Adams, from our old lodge, was his servant. They were posted missing at the same time; so there was always the chance.

"One day John turned up. He'd been maimed, so they sent him back. Dick died in one of their hospitals with a wound through his head. He kept calling my name till he died. He never said anything else. When John told me, I felt as if some one were laughing at me. We'd never been married. We might have been quite easily. That would have been something to hold on to; but there was n't anything."

"No," said Anthony; "sometimes there does n't seem anything to hold on to."

Kitty looked up at him. His eyes were fixed on her with an intense watchful tenderness; he did not look lost, as he had looked at dinner. All his faculties were alive for her; and because he was using them for her, he was in possession of himself. For a moment it occurred to Kitty that she might not be able to shake this possession.

"It is no use your turning into a doctor or anything," she said shortly. "I can't be doctored. I'm what you call a hopeless case."

"There is n't, strictly speaking, any such case," said Anthony, smiling, "and you've got to listen to me a few minutes."

"You're twenty-three, you're a woman, and you're not only Kitty. You're not only Dick's; you belong to life. Dick did n't only belong to you. If he had, he would n't have gone straight out to die; he would have waited till he had to go. But he did n't. He went at once; he belonged to the service of life. You ought to give yourself honestly to the work of the world. You ought to be a wife and you ought to have a home and children. If you were one of the women who did n't take hold of men, it would be different. You'd be a worker then,—some women are,—or you'd be a mother, perhaps, just a natural mother with or without children, doing what she can for helpless lives. But you're not a mother woman or a worker, and you must not go on being nothing but a wasteful, mischievous will-o'-the-wisp. If you are, you'll be the part of Dick that contradicted him and refuses to serve life."

"He got a good deal out of serving life, did n't he?" said Kitty, bitterly. "And you think I'm going to be fooled, too? I'm just what you call me—pure mischievous waste. I won't be a wife; I don't want any poor, beastly, miserable little children born to get their hearts broken like the rest of us. I'll be what I am! You can't say I did n't warn you. I may be a will-o'-the-wisp, but I play fair, Anthony. That's more than whoever made me did with me."

"Do you—do you play quite fair, Kitty?" Anthony asked gently. "Is it fair to make a man feel for you as I do, so that he can't see or think or feel anything but a blind need of you—the need of having you in his eyes, in his home, so that he can serve and worship you all the days of his life? Is it quite fair to turn round and say, 'Yes, I warned you'? I don't think you did warn me of that, Kitty. You can play a light game with a light man, but you did n't think I was a light man, did you?"

Kitty was silent for a moment; she turned her eyes away from him.

"No," she said at last; "I did n't. I liked you. I did n't mean to like you. I did n't mean to care really at all; I never have before. If I had n't, you would n't perhaps. You'd just have despised me and had a good time; that was all I ought to have let you do. And I did think you would—"

"Would what?" asked Anthony, perplexed.

"Would despise me," said Kitty under her breath.

"Well, I don't," said Anthony. "I think you're reckless and have n't been taken care of properly; but I propose to change all that. The only thing that matters is that you care. If you care, that makes it all right. You might n't care enough to marry me yet; then I'll have to be patient till you do. But I'll make you care for me, Kitty; you've only got to trust me a little."

"Oh, don't, Tony! Don't!" said Kitty, shivering. "This is getting horrible. Why won't you understand? It is n't only Dick. I'm not *fit* to marry! I'm not fit to marry any man!"

She moved swiftly away from him to the other side of the room.

Anthony sat perfectly still where she had left him. He did not take in what she had said. The words got into his mind, but they refused to correspond with anything that was there. They stood separately like blocks of wood; there was no cohesion in them and no form.

She was not fit to marry any man. Kitty had made this plain statement, but it did not seem plain to Anthony.

She was Kitty, and he loved her, and she loved him. This confused the other statement.

Anthony did what he had so often practised when he felt his self-control leaving him in prison: he retired into absolute silence.

His mind moved against his will. He had got to think of Kitty; that was why he kept still. When his will was rested enough, it would attack his mind; till then he saw only pictures—pictures of Kitty in the red tam-o'-shanter, laughing at the rain which blew against her face; Kitty in one of her moments of slow, childlike gravity; Kitty standing without help or guidance against an unjust, enigmatic world.

It was a long time before the pictures changed, and his mind struck upon the facility of Kitty—the deadly facility with which she handled men.

She was not defenseless then; it was Anthony who had been defenseless in her hands. He had been so careful to protect her and spare her even from his ardent thoughts, and he had never had a base or cruel thought of her. He had only wanted to wait till she was sure of herself, so that he should not startle her by the strength of his love. Well, she was sure of herself and she was sure of him.

But was this Kitty, the Kitty he had meant to win? What had she to do with this facile, scheming, easily triumphant Kitty? This Kitty was not helpless; there was no need to shield her from anything. She had not tried to save herself. She had gone not blindly or weakly or from the sharp constraint of passion, but with deliberate steps, with perfect mastery, into the world of women who are not fit to marry.

Anthony had no longings for any such world. He had accepted long ago an ordered universe. He hated concealments and he despised light loves. He was not prepared to readjust his relationship with Kitty. His mind pointed out to him relentlessly what Kitty had always meant.

He understood the tower room, with its expensive luxuries, the violent colors, the enervating comfort. They troubled the senses; everything Kitty did troubled the senses. She had not

wanted to go deeper than this. She would not have gone deeper if the senses were the measure of the soul; but something larger had broken through and shaken them both.

Anthony put the thought of this larger thing aside. It concerned him, perhaps; but he could not see that it concerned Kitty.

He was not going to stand any more from Kitty; he was going to get out.

He became suddenly pitiless with pain. The door of the round tower was in front of him. He need not look back. He could escape and get clean away. He could leave without compunction this creature who had set a snare for him, to trip him up out of the freedom of his new life, this creature, Kitty!

All this while she had not made a sound. He did not know how long he had been silent. Perhaps she had slipped out of the room without his noticing, but he did not think so; he felt she was in the room.

Perhaps she sat in some beautiful, seductive attitude, waiting to catch and hold his unwary eyes; but his eyes were not unwary now.

He turned his head and looked at Kitty.

She was crouched up in a small chair by her desk.

She had not even moved her dress to sit down. She looked like a school-boy who has told a lie and does not know how to confess it. She did not look at all seductive.

When Anthony turned to her she met his eyes with her miserable eyes without flinching; but her misery was not for herself. She spoke quickly.

"Poor old Tony! Had n't you better go? I'm frightfully sorry to have let you down like this. I did n't dream you thought—such an impossible thing of me. You see, every one knows. I have n't hidden anything; even Peckham, I think, knows. But I did hide a little from Peckham; it would have made her feel so—so awfully upset. So I just hoped she would n't guess. I really did n't think I need tell Peckham. D' you know, Tony, if I were you, I'd go. I would honestly. And don't bother to think about me, because, you see, what you thought me—was n't there at

all; it was just a girl who did n't exist. But lots of frightfully nice girls do. I wish it had n't happened." She paused and drew a long, difficult breath. "I wish it had n't happened," she repeated dully.

Anthony stirred uneasily in his chair. She looked so different from the brilliant Kitty who had turned on the light and stood before him like a golden flame. She looked tired and without any charm. She did not even hold up her hand. She was perfectly right, of course; he had loved some one who did n't exist, a reckless, but innocent, girl whom he could have made a home for and protected from all the evil of the world.

He could get over a woman who did n't exist. He could not protect this Kitty; she was herself part of the world's evil. Still, this Kitty had said she cared for him and she looked upset. He told himself sharply that it served her right to care, and of course she was upset, because he had escaped her; he was n't one of her many captives.

Anthony took human justice into his heart and felt it very cold.

He had known what pain was, and the complete knowledge of pain unfits the heart for executing justice.

He got up and went over to where Kitty sat hunched up on the Sheraton chair.

"I would n't be such a beast as to leave you," he said, kneeling down beside her. "I'm sorry I made that mistake. Let me stay on somehow, Kitty."

Kitty began to speak; then she moved nervously away from him to the window.

"Oh, you 'd much better go!" she said between her teeth.

Anthony followed her.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, fixing her with his eyes.

"How can I want you to go?" she said impatiently. "It's all too stupid. I've been such a fool. I wish I had n't, Tony, and now it's too late. If you've been a fool too often, you can't stop. I've got into the way of it; I can't get out. But what's the use—of your getting into the way of it, too?"

"Perhaps I sha'n't," said Anthony. "Perhaps together we can manage

something. We might even manage to get out."

He was aware that he was suggesting something he did not know the strength of; but Kitty knew the strength of it. She looked at him with weary, doubtful eyes.

There was not a sound anywhere in the house. The rain dripped slowly from the eaves; the air hung in a thick mist about the old gray tower; the night shut them in upon themselves.

"Well," said Kitty at last, "I suppose I'll try and be your friend; I do rather want one. I'll talk to you to-morrow. You'd better go now. It's not exactly what I'd planned as an end to our evening; still, it ought to please Peckham. Good-by, Tony. Be careful of the stairs as you go down."

He looked at her for a moment. She stood smiling at him with a queer, crooked little smile. It made him wonder why, after all, he was leaving her. He had n't any sense that he was doing right; he had only a queer instinct that he wanted to think things over and not to let her down. She had been let down so often. She had let herself down so often.

He turned and left her without looking back.

Kitty waited till she heard the door of the tower close at the foot of the stairs. Then she lay down on the divan and closed her eyes. Her face was white and drawn as if with very sharp physical pain. She kept quite still and made no sound; but after an hour had passed she got up and began walking to and fro, as Anthony had done while he was waiting for her; but no one came to bring any light to Kitty.

Once she went to the open window and looked out into the night.

"I can't bear it," she whispered between her teeth; and then, "I shall have to bear it."

Toward morning she went slowly to her own room and undressed. The pain had gone now. She turned her face toward the dawn and slept.

CHAPTER XIII

ANTHONY found himself wondering the next morning if he had n't put his foot

in it. The breakfast-table is a place where the emotions of last night are apt to bring this metaphor home to one's mind. Heroism looks less heroic before ham and eggs, and the desire to save the world flickers in front of bread and marmalade.

The breakfast-table at Merry Gardens was a particularly normal and easy-going institution. There were things left hot on the sideboard, and you could be as late as you liked. Very often there was no other company provided for you but sunbeams and the morning newspaper.

Anthony's adventure of the night before did not precisely sink in its significance, but he imperceptibly changed his attitude toward it. Had n't he, after all, been rather a fool? He was a practical man, and he had allowed himself to get into a situation which was, to say the least of it, unpractical. Kitty had refused his offer, and he had refused hers. What, then, was their alternative?

Anthony knew too much about his feelings to suppose that the momentary shock given to them would do more than hold them back for a time. He was the same, and so was Kitty. She was a different person from the Kitty he had believed her to be, but she had the same powers of attraction. If they drifted, they would drift in one direction—the direction he intended to avoid. It was only if they parted that they could escape both the horns of their dilemma. The reasonable thing, then, was to part, as Kitty herself had pointed out to him.

Some strange, obscure, but very obstinate feeling in Anthony the night before had refused to indorse his reason. He could not leave her looking like a beaten child.

Daphne came in and poured out his tea. She explained that Jim had been up hours trying to persuade a calf that its best interests lay in the direction of the butcher. Jim was better than the cow-man at these moments of persuasion, because he always knew which way an unwilling animal is liable to turn. The cow-man went the other way with force, but Jim went the same way with strategy, and calves, like the rest of humanity, yield readily only to those

who appear to be agreeing with them.

"That brings us back to the old question," said Anthony, tapping a new-laid egg, "of which we are wisest to follow, reason or instinct?"

"It does n't bring Jim back to it," Daphne replied, with a dimple; "because he has n't any reason. He just feels things are so, and they are so. I never knew a person who had fewer processes and more arrivals."

"Then you think instincts are wiser than reasons, even when they contradict common sense?" asked Anthony, curiously.

"Oh, common sense!" said Daphne, with contempt. "Who minds contradicting common sense? I'm sure I don't; it's so crude. It sounds all right, and then you poke it, and over it goes like a house of cards. Besides, when you come down to it, it's generally a way of saving one's own corns. When people say, 'But do let us take a common-sense view of things,' don't they always mean, 'Don't, for heaven's sake! let me in for anything?'"

Anthony laughed.

"My profession is founded on common sense," he explained. "Half of good doctoring is looking at facts straight and acting on them sensibly. People who get ill can't do this, and doctors drag them back into it and hold them there till nature reinforces them. I can't dismiss common sense so lightly. Besides, you let in other people as well as yourself if you act against reason. What becomes of bad instincts?"

"Oh, I don't call them instincts," said Daphne. "Those are desires; they come out of the top of your mind, you know, and pretend to be instincts, because they're strong, and you want to do them. When I say an instinct, I mean the whole of you, back of your mind, that set feeling like a good chocolate shape. You feel, 'I've got to do it,' not, 'I want to do it.' Something bigger than you is getting at you or coming out through you, I don't know which."

"I don't believe in things bigger than myself interfering with my will," said Anthony. "I have not experienced it." Then he stopped suddenly. After all, he *had* experienced it, had been himself

subject in dreadful hours to strange reinforcements. He had known and done things that he could not account for; they had not come from himself. Perhaps they came from his unconscious self; but he disliked this phrase, which he thought fanciful.

"That 's a duck's egg," observed Daphne, swiftly. "They taste a little stronger, but they 're just as nice. If it 's *there*, the something I mean, it does n't matter whether you believe in it or not. I mean *it* won't mind. It 's too large to mind; it just acts."

"You seem to know a great deal about *it*," said Anthony, accepting the duck's egg. "Newly married people make extraordinary discoveries. First they discover themselves. This, I believe, takes the honeymoon, and is not interesting to observers; then they discover the universe; after that they settle down and proceed to take both to pieces at their leisure. You seem to be in the middle phase, the most illuminating to the uninitiated. May I ask if you know how your glorified instinct is liable to act, and what it feels like?"

"If it 's your instinct," said Daphne, with unshaken confidence, "*you 'll* know that. I don't know anything about your instinct, you see; I only know my own. It 's just telling me I have n't ordered the dinner, and the butcher may come any minute, so I must be quick about it. You 'll be in for dinner tonight, won't you?"

Anthony hesitated.

"I don't know," he said. "Better not count on me."

Daphne, too, paused for a moment. Then she said tentatively:

"Mother comes next week, Tony."

Anthony met her eyes steadily.

"Yes, Daphne," he answered.

"It 'll be rather awkward," Daphne began a little uncomfortably, "about Kitty, won't it? Mother 's sure to guess there 's somebody, and wonder why we don't have her here. Do you really *want* me to have Kitty here, Tony?"

Anthony got up, and opened the door for her.

"No," he said quietly, "I don't."

Daphne drew a quick breath as if something had hurt her. She knew that

yesterday Anthony had wanted Kitty to come to the house.

Their eyes held each other for a long moment, but neither of them said anything. The Ardens were a frank, but uncommunicative, family. They expressed what they thought, but they kept their private affairs to themselves. When they most wanted to show sympathy they got out of one another's way.

Daphne left him alone. She went to deal with the cook, and Anthony resettled to his breakfast.

He had decided what to do. His conversation with Daphne had not altered him,—conversations with women never did,—it had merely helped to crystallize his intention. He would go and tell Kitty their scheme would n't work.

It would n't be particularly easy to tell her after having persuaded her the night before to try it, but it would be less easy still for Kitty if they tried it and it failed. If they had got to part, they could at least part decently and as friends.

This was where Anthony made his first mistake: lovers do not part as friends. If they meet in order to part, they very seldom succeed in parting at all, and when they do succeed, it is with bitterness and without the sanity of reasonable forms.

When Anthony arrived at the farm he found Mr. Costrelle in possession. He had motored over from a friend's house in the course of the morning.

"I always arrive an hour before dinner and leave an hour after breakfast," Mr. Costrelle informed Anthony. "I consider it one of the chief rules of civilization. Nobody wants to see you trailing about his house all day with a train in your eye. I am sure you agree with me. I arrived here at this unearthly hour only because Kitty has persuaded me to look on this as a home; otherwise I would have motored to and from duck pond to duck pond till seven o'clock in the evening, poisoning myself with bad sherry and cold beef rolled in sawdust, which is what English inns provide you with in the place of food. The country is a beastly place for putting in time. 'The kindly fruits of the earth' are very much overrated. I

never enjoy them, and there are no rational amusements. I don't know how you can stand it."

Kitty laughed.

"Tony has n't found any difficulty so far," she remarked; "but of course he does n't happen to be my father. You've just come in time," she added to Anthony. "Papa has brought me an invitation from an aunt to stay two or three weeks with her in London—an invitation that's been about five years en route, and I'm going to show him what rags I have to wear. You can help him decide if they'll do."

"You'd better go to Paris," observed Mr. Costrelle, "and buy new ones. It won't take any time and will save a lot of worry."

"I can't afford it," said Kitty, briefly.

Mr. Costrelle looked from Kitty to Anthony and from Anthony to Kitty. He drew out a long and extraordinarily good cigar. It was as fragrant as very good tea.

"Well," he said in his slow, cool voice, in which suggestion always told with the directness of a carefully chosen chemical, "I should have thought you could have afforded it—somehow or other."

If Mr. Costrelle had said, "Is n't this man here to foot your bills?" he could not have made his meaning clearer.

Kitty flushed suddenly to the roots of her hair; the tears showed for an instant in her eyes. It was the only time in her life that she appeared obviously disconcerted. She spoke quickly.

"Oh, one can always raise money, of course," she agreed, with a little shaken laugh. "I'm not totally at the end of my resources, Papa. Still, I think what I have will do. You two sit up here in the tower as a council of war, and I'll try them before you one by one. It'll be a manikin show without music."

Mr. Costrelle nodded and prepared to make himself comfortable.

He had spent between fifty and sixty years in the pursuit of comfort, and he could always effect the process better for himself than the most careful attendant could accomplish for him.

He shut the tower windows because he disliked drafts, then he chose the easiest position on the divan with con-

sideration, placed himself with his back to the light,—he disliked glare,—drew a footstool in front of him, and proceeded to enjoy his cigar.

He did not ask Anthony if he smoked; he did not care if Anthony smoked or not. He considered his cigars far too good for young men.

Anthony watched him with an antagonism that was queerly blended with amusement. It was impossible not to be amused by a person whose absorption in himself was so unruffled. Mr. Costrelle was tall, lean, and pale. He had a long, well-finished face, with remarkably blue eyes; they shone out of the hollows of his white cheeks like forget-me-nots by the side of a pool.

His hair was gray, thick, and very well brushed. He went to the best tailor in London and had an excellent set of the shoulders. He carried the marks of his perpetual dissipation lightly. They were plain to Anthony's trained and scrutinizing eyes, but they would have escaped the ordinary observer.

Mr. Costrelle had done several generous actions in his life; he had not yet become incapable of doing them, but he had never continuously put himself out for any one. He did not care what people thought of him, and he said whatever came into his head. When he wanted to do a thing he did it, whatever consequences might follow. He considered it extremely bourgeois to be checked by consequences; and though he had a very shrewd idea of the feelings of others, as people who live for sensation usually have, he never for a moment stopped to consider them. He asked no quarter and he gave none. He did not believe in any one else's motives. If they were different from his own, he thought them morbid or sentimental.

Mr. Costrelle believed that some people were foolish about getting what they wanted and other people were intelligent, but he did not think there was any other difference worth mentioning. He said to Kitty:

"I shall take trouble to show you the ropes, but I sha'n't take any further trouble about you. A person who knows the ropes and does n't follow them properly is a fool, and a fool's a person that every one else had better avoid."

Mr. Costrelle observed Anthony without looking at him. Anthony was a good-looking man of his own class who had had a rough time of it and had succeeded in holding himself together. Mr. Costrelle had already decided that it was high time Kitty settled down and married. He came down on purpose to tell her so, and he decided that Anthony would do as well as any one else.

Anthony did not look a particularly easy man to fool, but his having had a bad time would probably make him easier, and Mr. Costrelle did justice to his daughter; he considered that Kitty, if she kept her head, could fool any man.

This decision did not make Mr. Costrelle politer to Anthony; it merely made him observant.

"You interested in women's clothes?" he remarked after a pause.

"No," said Anthony. "I suppose I have a general idea of whether they suit them or not."

"It's a great waste of time having general ideas about clothes," said Mr. Costrelle, dispassionately. "It's a thing you ought to study carefully in order to help the women. Women have very little sense about what they wear; they put themselves into the hands of dress-makers, ignorant and interested people, most of 'em, and get ruined. Of course my girl's different. I taught Kitty myself. She consults the one or two real designers there are in Paris, but she has her own ideas. She is the only perfectly dressed woman I know. You never see her in a motor looking as if she were going to a Sunday-School treat, or off to church as if she were leading a ballet. She considers the occasion, what hat 'll carry in a high wind, what in general suits her at different times of the day, and she gets the right shade and the right materials and puts 'em on properly.

"Cut is the main point. A woman should know her own figure as a captain knows his ship. If she goes wrong about line, give her up as a bad job; take her to the nearest department shop and let her run amuck among ready-made clothes. Nothing 'll save her. The French have n't anything like our natural amount of beauty, but you hardly ever see a plain woman in France.

Women have too much sense to be plain over there. They know how to avoid it; besides, their men help them. Look at a German *Frau*! By Jove! she is the indictment of the whole race. It's a satisfaction to me to think that the Germans have the women they deserve.

"Ah, here 's Kitty, black and white, with a touch of scarlet. Those stripes are too broad for your height, Kitty; they make you look like a young zebra. You want to have the stripes halved. Get it copied with a smaller stripe, and, I should say, a quarter of an inch shorter. You can stand it, and the scarlet 'll tell more; otherwise it 'll do very nicely."

The dresses followed one another in a bewildering flood; they seemed to Anthony interminable and extravagant, and yet he found himself enchanted by them. In each he was confronted by a new Kitty. It was like seeing a succession of Lady Hamilton's portraits: you could not fix your mind on which was loveliest.

Kitty was not so beautiful as the immortal Emma, but she had more spirit. She had the quality which makes a man sit up. No man in Kitty's presence ever forgot to make the best of himself; it seemed worth while.

Mr. Costrelle smoked on steadily, with watchful eyes. Nothing escaped his criticism. He criticized the smallest detail, and he and Kitty discussed the points of difference inexhaustively. They listened indulgently to Anthony when he spoke, but they plainly regarded him as one of the uninitiated.

Their relationship surprised Anthony, who had been brought up in a family where the feeling of kinship was strong, it was at once so cordial and so casual. Kitty and her father might have been congenial strangers meeting for the first time in a railway-carriage. They obviously got on well together, but there seemed no particular reason why they should ever meet again.

Kitty reappeared for the last time in the yellow chiffon dress she had worn the night before. It was intolerable to Anthony that she should wear it now. Kitty took it as a matter of course; she even sat in the small Sheraton chair, with her head thrown back, and glanced

across the room with unmoved eyes at her father.

"Do you think I 'm all right in this particular primrose shade?" she asked anxiously. "I meant it to have less color in it, but they always coarsen their shades over here."

"It 'll be better at night," agreed her father. "If you want to tone it down a bit, have the scarf a shade darker than the jade ornament."

"Are you sitting straight?" asked Anthony, suddenly.

Kitty stared at him.

"What a funny question!" she said a little irritably. "Yes, I suppose I am."

"That left shoulder does n't look the same as the right," said Anthony; "that 's all."

Mr. Costrelle looked amazed.

"She never had a curvature," he said. "I hope you have n't done anything so stupid, my dear girl, as to develop one at your age."

"Of course I have n't," said Kitty, impatiently. "Tony 's a doctor; he 's fussy. All doctors are fussy. They like to make discoveries; and as the only discovery they can make is something wrong with you, they 're very pessimistic company. What a pity you can't discover I 'm all right, Tony! It would be much nicer for papa, and have the added merit for the scientific mind of being accurate."

Anthony did not answer her; he was looking intently at her shoulder. There was something wrong about it. Kitty got up with a little impatient swing of her skirts and left the room.

"I did n't know you were a doctor," observed Mr. Costrelle, thoughtfully. "I had an idea your people owned Pannell, that jolly old place in Sussex, under the downs."

"They do," said Anthony, shortly.

"You 're the oldest son living, are n't you?" pursued Mr. Costrelle, ignoring Anthony's annoyance.

"Yes," said Anthony.

"It 's a strange fact," said Mr. Costrelle, contemplatively. "Personally I think medical science frightfully overrated. Things that don't get right of themselves stay wrong; that 's my experience. Besides, what you want of a doctor is not to stop your doing things, which is, I take it, what you prescribe

half the time, but to show you how you can go on doing them with impunity. But you don't. Nobody gives impunity,—there 's no such thing,—and when you come to think of it, it 's the only thing you want. Who cares to be well if they can't do as they like, and who cares to do what they like if they can't be well?"

Anthony ignored this conundrum. He was still thinking hard.

"I ought to have noticed that before," he said under his breath, "unless, of course, she had her clothes bunched up there. That would account for it."

"Her *clothes* bunched up!" said Mr. Costrelle with scorn. "My dear young man, is that the kind of dress which has clothes bunched up under it, and is Kitty, poor innocent child,—innocent I mean of being idiotic,—the kind of person not to put on her clothes properly?"

Kitty came back, and the subject dropped.

"I don't see how you ever succeeded in getting Aunt Moreland to invite me to the house again," said Kitty, "considering my fearful reputation. Do you, Tony? You must have been awfully clever, Papa."

"No," said Mr. Costrelle, complacently. "I was not, in this instance, clever; I was merely good. Very few women who have passed their first youth are obdurate to a repentant sinner of the opposite sex. Your aunt was no exception. I sacrificed myself for you. I simply said: 'My dear Augusta, can you wonder that the child has tales told about her when you consider my career? I regret it deeply, but it has been I hesitate to tell you how shocking. I dare say if I had done as you advised earlier, and had a thoroughly good companion for her, people might have held their tongues; but you know what country tongues are, unsophisticated and anxious to believe the worst. And I admit I disliked the idea of a respectable middle-aged lady in my house—I mean in Kitty's house. They never have been in mine as far as I can remember. Either I should have shocked them and they would have gone; or else I would n't have shocked them, and then they would n't have been of much use if they had stayed. You see my point?"

"Your aunt said she did, and that it

was deplorable; she added: 'As all my girls are married, I don't mind taking Kitty for a fortnight. But mind, no fast married men are to come to the house.'

"Your aunt is so intelligent and, for a deeply religious woman, so on the spot.

"I took the liberty of answering for you, Kitty; but I said I supposed it did n't matter how fast the unmarried men were. And your aunt most tactfully remarked that it did n't do to be too old-fashioned."

"I dare say I shall have some fun," said Kitty, thoughtfully. "I hope you said I must have a latch-key."

Mr. Costrelle shook his head.

"I did my best," he explained. "I said you were always very considerate about the servants not having late hours, and that if you happened to be out with me, —to a theater or a lecture, you know,—it might be as well for her to lend you an extra key. She said lectures were never late. It was the best I could do. I dare say you 'll manage it better."

"Dear old thing!" said Kitty, appreciatively, "how well you get on with Aunt Augusta! It seems almost a pity you don't see more of her."

"It 's not at all a pity," said Mr. Costrelle, firmly. "She takes away my appetite for lunch, to which she always invites me. Women with drab complexions should never wear fawn color; but they always do."

"I 'll be one of the unmarried ones," said Anthony, suddenly. "I suppose I can call even if I am not fast?"

"Will you?" said Kitty, carelessly.

She took it as a matter of course, and yet an hour ago it had not been a matter of course.

Anthony looked away from Kitty. He was aware that he had never cared so little for her as he did at the moment of his decision.

She and her father struck him as intolerably light. He could not understand their rapacity for pleasure. Neither of them had any fixed goal beyond their fugitive desires.

All their wits, all their ingenuities, were bent to attain temporary gratifications. Neither of them had any roots or appeared to have any compunction.

Last night Kitty had seemed to be

really sorry; she had spoken with what sounded like conviction. Where was the conviction now? She had wanted Anthony as a stand-by, if as nothing else. To-day she was apparently indifferent whether he was there or not.

It would be easy to leave her now, and yet Anthony knew that what held him to her was the very fact of her incorrigible lightness. It had flashed into his mind that she was threatened—threatened as a butterfly is threatened by the brutal onslaught of a sudden storm. He could feel the pitiless cold of it against her colored wings. There was no shelter for her in Mr. Costrelle, and Kitty had herself broken down all other shelters.

Anthony could have left Kitty if he had been certain of the sunshine for her. There might, after all, be nothing wrong; but Anthony was not certain of the sunshine.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER lunch they went on the river. Mr. Costrelle excused himself. He explained that only the very young or the exasperatingly dutiful ever did things between the hours of two and four o'clock in the afternoon. This was a time that should be dedicated to a reticent idleness. As he was neither young nor dutiful, he intended to conceal himself until tea-time.

Kitty reappeared in a dress that was the color of a Malmaison carnation. She had a felt hat of the same shade, with a narrow black-velvet ribbon round it, and she carried a rose-colored parasol.

"The ways of women," observed Mr. Costrelle, regarding Kitty thoughtfully through a single eyeglass, "are strange. They are not past finding out, as we are told those of Providence are, but they have at times the same deceptive side-wise movement, like a crab's. Explain to us, my dear child, why you refrained from showing us that very excellent garment this morning. The pink topaz set in brilliants, which you wear round your neck, is new to me and a good note."

"Oh, this dress?" said Kitty, serenely. "I forgot I had it."

A flicker of amusement passed over



"Kitty leaned back against the apple-green cushions of the punt, supremely comfortable and at peace"

Mr. Costrelle's heavy eyelids. He knew now what he wanted to find out. Kitty liked this new young man; she liked him enough to reserve surprises for him, and then lie about them. He let his eyeglass fall and retired into the house.

It was one of those early summer days which England occasionally drops upon her appreciative, but unexpectant, inhabitants. May was at its loveliest, the trees were all in blossom, the blackbird gave his deepest under-water note, the thrush flung out his reiterated challenge of sheer joy, and the young world was full of the surprises of its multitudinous green shades. On the river the reeds and rushes lived a life of their own; loosestife and forget-me-nots grew out from the green banks; yellow water lilies and lifted buds of coral set their small thick-set flowers afloat upon the stream. Dragon-flies darted to and fro, shooting blue and green flames between the fastnesses of the dark bulrushes, small shocks of speed and color.

Kitty leaned back against the apple-green cushions of the punt, supremely comfortable and at peace.

She was always capable of complete surrender to a sunny hour; her conscience never interfered with either her own or other people's comfort. She had the disposition of ephemeral things to love the light and play in it, however short it was.

Kitty crossed her slim ankles, and, opening a jeweled case, drew out a cigarette and lit it. She narrowed her eyes and fixed them upon Anthony with satisfaction.

Anthony's head was bare, and his shirt open at the throat; his figure showed to better advantage in motion than at rest. Motion relieved and freed him from his own watchfulness. He punted with long, sure strokes and a steady eye.

Kitty had no need to think of her hat or fear the magnetism of low-growing bushes. The motion of the boat was imperceptible and noiseless; it seemed a part of the slow-moving stream. Kitty yielded herself completely to the serene compulsion of the sunny hour. She smiled a little, but she had no thoughts; her mind melted into sensation.

But Anthony could not let himself go.

He, too, wanted to enjoy himself; but he had an ulterior motive, and no one with an ulterior motive has ever yet succeeded in sharing the joy of others.

He leaned forward suddenly, with his eyes intent upon Kitty's face.

"What is the matter with that shoulder of yours?" he asked quickly.

Kitty turned her lazy eyes back to the stream. They rested on the quick spurt of a dragonfly between the hawthorn-bushes.

"Oh," she said carelessly, "did n't I tell you? You were right after all. I'd caught up some ribbons I wear on a bodice underneath; they made an awful lump. Don't tell papa. He'd think it so careless of me not to have taken it off."

"It was the only low-necked dress you tried on," observed Anthony, with the same intentness.

"Was it?" replied Kitty, indifferently. "I don't think I have any other decent ones. I must get some when I go up to town. I hardly ever go out in the evenings here."

Kitty's carelessness would have deceived the very elect, but she did not quite succeed in deceiving Anthony. Added to the keenness of his professional training was the instinctive watchfulness of love. Anthony noticed that when Kitty had answered him she unconsciously straightened herself a little, nor did she return to the same complete relaxation again. She in her turn watched him.

"Oh, that's all right, then," he answered in a tone of obvious relief, which was more successful in blinding Kitty than she had been in deceiving him. "I am going to stay here till you turn me out this afternoon," he added. "To-morrow I sha'n't be able to see you. My mother's coming to Merry Gardens."

"What's she like?" asked Kitty, curiously.

Few men are capable of giving a comprehensive description of their mothers offhand, and Anthony was no exception.

"Oh, well," he said a little awkwardly, "I suppose she's like other people's mothers."

Kitty brushed aside this evasion

"You must tell me about her," she

asserted. "I never met her, you know. She came to see Daphne after Daphne first came here, but I was away. I should like to see your mother, Tony."

This was merely the expression of a pious hope on Kitty's part. She was not really desirous of meeting the mothers of her men friends, with whom her one point of contact would have led to direct antagonism, and she would have let the matter slide if Anthony had shown a little tact.

Tact with women is the knowledge of when to leave a subject alone, and Anthony had not grasped this saving truth.

"Oh, no," he remarked hurriedly; "you would n't care about her in the least. She's not your sort; she would n't entertain you."

Kitty's narrowed eyes grew slowly larger.

"You mean," she said in a voice of deceptive gentleness, "that she would n't like me and would disapprove of me?"

This was, of course, what Anthony had meant, but the way was still open to him to save the situation by a direct denial. The path of transgressors is hard, but it is softness itself compared with the path of a man who tells an adverse truth to a woman who loves him.

Kitty could stand criticism, but she could not stand Anthony's criticism.

"In a sense I do mean that," agreed Anthony. "I mean both. It would n't be at all suitable."

"I assure you," said Kitty, with dangerous sweetness, "I have sometimes had a *'succès fou'* with old ladies."

Anthony winced. He did not like hearing his mother called an old lady, nor did he like to think of Kitty setting herself to win a delusive popularity from his mother.

"It would n't do at all," he said decisively. "I told Daphne so this morning."

Kitty sat up perfectly straight. She threw her cigarette into the water; her eyes literally blazed at Anthony.

"You did what?" she asked incredulously. "You told Daphne that I was unsuitable to meet your mother?"

"Practically," Anthony admitted.

"Then Daphne knows," said Kitty in a cold, level voice, "that *you* know what I am."

Anthony drew the punt into the nearest bank, shipped his pole, and sat down opposite Kitty. He saw now that he was in for trouble and he prepared to face it.

"She only knows I did n't think it suitable," he replied doggedly. "I can't help it, Kitty; I don't."

"Suitable!" exclaimed Kitty, her voice lashing at the word. "No, I suppose I'm *not* suitable. That's what you all are in your nice, safe, tidy, unspeakably selfish world! Your mother's *safe*, Daphne's *safe*, you're *safe*—and, if you like, you can play with me outside it, and take any thing I care to give you, and *you're* all right! My father could meet your mother,—you know his life, don't you?—but that does n't matter. He's quite suitable. Only girls who have had bad times and been broken by them are n't suitable. They're dangerous; they must be kept down. They'd do elderly respectable married women harm! We'd shock them, I suppose, by showing them what happens when things don't go right in this awfully easy, decent, bread-and-butter world!

"You refused to let Daphne invite me. Yesterday you fought my battles and were keen to get me asked; but yesterday, of course, you thought I was innocent; a little rapid, but innocent. To-day I'm not. I'm just a graceless little pariah you can take out in a punt! You offered me your friendship last night, and I was fool enough to think you meant something rather fine by it. You did n't; you meant just this—that I was good enough to amuse you, but I must n't touch your precious family with a forty-foot pole.

"Take me back, Tony. I wish I'd left you to Miss Mellicot. But you're worse than her, for she'd have had the sense to leave me alone."

"You're hopelessly unfair," said Anthony, steadying himself against his rising anger. "You want both to eat your cake and have it. You went off the track of your own free will; then why don't you stay off it? I did n't make the damned rules that keep people on it;

but I know they 're there, and if you break them,—and you have a perfect right to break them if you want to,—you ought to be prepared to pay for it and not hold me accountable. If people take the trouble to keep a few plain rules in order to make a good, clean place for bringing up their children, why should they let in those who have n't controlled themselves to spoil it?"

"You 've said enough," said Kitty, white to the lips. "Take me home."

"No, I have n't said enough," said Anthony, firmly, "and I want you to listen to me, because I want to stand by you through anything except unfairness. But it 's no use expecting me to agree to a lot of sentimental cant about the kindness and unkindness of a perfectly obvious fact. It is n't a question of my mother only. Of course it would n't hurt her to meet you, and of course if you wanted to charm her, you 'd charm her; then she 'd ask you to Pannell."

"That," interrupted Kitty, viciously, "*would* bring the world to an end, would n't it? How I should contaminate Pannell! You 'd have to have the whole place disinfected afterward!"

"That 's not the point," replied Anthony, pitilessly. "The point is that you 'd be there on false pretenses, because my people would n't let you come, of course, if they knew what I know about you. Do you like going about on false pretenses? But of course you do. I 'm a fool to suppose you have any honor; you 're going to London now on false pretenses."

"Ah," interrupted Kitty, with a cruel little laugh, "I see. You object to my going to London. That 's your real trouble, is n't it? I might meet a man there who would n't be as selfish as a dog in the manger and as moral as a curate. I might meet a *real* man."

Anthony's impulse was to spring out of the punt on to the bank and leave Kitty.

She sat there looking at him with a little derisive smile on her lips. There was no light in her small, white face; it was fixed and implacable and as set against him as an iron door.

Anthony felt every passion he thought he had conquered rise up in

him, and they were all ugly, greedy, cruel passions without intermixture or relief. The green trees met over their heads; the high, pale clouds sailed by on idle wings; the whole lovely summer world about them was as unreal as a painted screen. Only their anger was real; their unsparing desire to hurt each other was real; their foolish, ineffectual combat, which took for both of them the light out of the day.

Kitty held herself as still as a trapped bird. Her heart beat painfully in her throat, but she met Anthony's angry eyes with her level, light gaze, and kept her smiling lips unshaken.

"D' you mean that, Kitty?" Anthony asked slowly. "D' you mean I don't seem like a real man to you because I want to make love to you and have n't? By God! I 'll make love to you now if you do."

"If you dare to touch me," said Kitty, quietly, "I 'll upset the boat. Of course I shall never speak to you again in any case."

"Oh, all right," said Anthony, "only in the future when you feel inclined to cry down the justice of good people you might remember with what kind of fairness you 've treated me. I 'm off. You can punt back by yourself, can't you?"

"No, I can't," said Kitty.

There was something in the way in which she said these three little words that shook Anthony.

He could not have said what it was that shook him, but there was a controlled helplessness in Kitty's voice which prevented him from leaving her.

"I 'll take you back, then," he said stiffly.

It occurred to him afterward that he might have punted back and let Kitty walk home, but it did not occur to him then, and it never crossed his mind that it had occurred to Kitty already, but that she knew she could not walk.

He took up the pole suddenly and rose to his feet.

Kitty watched him for a few moments in silence, then she said in a small contrite voice:

"Tony, I was angry; I did n't mean that—not the horrid thing I said about your not being a man. It 's just because you are I mind so awfully. Of course it 's silly. One really likes one 's own

world best and one should n't poach. I expect you did mean all *you* said, did n't you?"

Anthony considered. He could not honestly say that he had not meant what he said, but he wished very much he had not said it. There are probably few regrets keener than those we feel when we have been righteous overmuch.

"I dare say," he admitted, "that what made me so nasty *was* partly your going to London. We were having—at least I thought we were—rather a good time here, and all of a sudden you seemed to forget all about it and only to think of clothes and nothing else, like a gnat in the air, turning people's heads and all that London rubbish, and I felt I'd been a fool to care so much when you evidently could n't have cared at all."

"I see," said Kitty.

She leaned back against the cushions with the lightness of a fallen leaf. She turned her head away so that the brim of her hat shaded her from Anthony's persistent eyes.

"I do want to go to London, Tony," she said slowly, "only I liked this, too. You make a mistake if you thought I did n't care. I do care for all this. What you said about false pretenses, you know, I've always thought of differently. I never really believed I owed it to the world not to score off it when I could. I felt I had been downed. If Aunt Augusta had cared a button for me, I'd have told her the truth and taken the consequences; but she is getting something by having me up or she would n't ask me. I don't know how to explain quite. I've cared for awfully few people and I've never tried to explain unless I've cared, and I have n't felt as if I owed anybody anything; but though I honestly chose my own line, and ought to face it, I would have kept my—my self-control, as you call it, and made the effort, if I'd been even a little happy or had had any one who cared a pin whether I kept straight or not. Of course there was Peckham, but she was n't with me then. I was awfully lonely, and then I knew how. Lots of other girls are quite as lonely, but a good many of them keep out of my little bothers because, you see, they don't

know how. Not all, of course; there are real good ones, too, only it's not as different as you think. Awfully few people are *really* different; things that push them about are different."

Anthony acknowledged this possibility. He did n't want to hurt Kitty now; he wanted to spare her, but he was uncertain of the best way of sparing her. Facts had not spared her, and Anthony still believed in the wisdom of facts.

"Still," he explained, "if people have met hard times by keeping straight, it does n't seem quite fair for those who have chosen what is, I suppose, after all, the easier way, to come down on the straight ones for not wanting to share their privileges with them. There is something, is n't there, in paying for your fun?"

Kitty smiled her little twisted smile.

"Oh, yes, Tony," she said; "I know, and it's more sensible to be good, and you get an awful lot of things thrown in—coals and blankets, you know. The fun does n't keep you half as warm as the coals and blankets, but I expect it's quite fair really."

"Sometimes it's the other way round," objected Anthony. "I don't think being good or bad is advantageous in itself; it depends on what you're out for. If you're out for an easy time, I think the chances are that you get what you want more easily by being lawless. Only if you have to pay for it afterward, as I'm bound to admit in a carefully policed world the lawless usually do, you must n't squeal, must you? That's my idea."

"No, I won't squeal," said Kitty in a low voice. "I think I see what you mean, Tony. We'll go home now."

"Must we?" pleaded Anthony. "I've been such a brute and I've given you such a loathsome time, and I think I wanted to be particularly nice. I don't know how it happened."

"I do," said Kitty laughing; "I know exactly how it happened. It was all my fault. I wanted to be wicked, but now I want to go in. I'm not really feeling quite good yet. I've climbed down, and that's made me awfully anxious for my tea. I've never climbed down for any one in my life before, Tony; so when

I 'm particularly tiresome you 'll remember that, won't you?—and in return I 'll try to forgive you for being in the right."

"I don't know that I was in the right," said Anthony, uncertainly making for the landing-stage.

"That 'll make it all the easier to forgive you," said Kitty, lightly. "You 'll put the cushions away, won't you, while I go up to the house?"

She slipped out of the punt and up the narrow wooden steps before Anthony could help her, but she did not go straight back to the house.

It was some time before she rejoined Anthony and her father on the lawn.

"If I were you," said Mr. Costrelle as she approached the tea-table, "I should send for some more of that face cream from Paris. You 've sat out too long in the sun."

CHAPTER XV

KITTY was unaccustomed to the processes of thought; she considered reason to be of the same general quality as coal-mining, a useful industry safely left in the hands of experts. She did not foresee trouble. She came against the corners of adverse facts as those who walk unwarily in the dark bruise themselves against unexpected obstacles.

When she went to bed the night after her quarrel with Anthony she found herself exposed to one of these unexpected spiritual bruises. She could not sleep. It was a soundless, mild June night. The garden lay gray and still under her window. There was no darkness; only a long suspension of light. Nothing was alive but Kitty. She drew on a scarlet dressing-gown and leaned out of the window.

It must be rather funny, she thought, being dead. If it was only stillness, like the gray shadow of the lawn, one would n't mind very much, and there would be no pain and no bother. You would n't have to decide anything.

She was not in severe pain to-night. Those singular paroxysms which seized her chest and her right arm, and made her feel like a creature caught in a trap, were mercifully holding off.

It was clever of Anthony to guess that there was something the matter with her; perhaps it was that odd little lump under her arm which had made one shoulder look higher than the other. She had examined her neck very carefully before she went to bed, and noticed nothing herself.

Kitty had never taken the least precaution about her health. She knew nothing about illness except that it was very bad for people's looks. She did not think a lump under her arm could be an illness. If the pain got too bad, she would not stand it; but she would n't be bothered with doctors and operations. All the wild things she loved and knew lived freely, and when their time came, went into bushes and died. Of course it would n't be as simple as that for her, but one could make it fairly simple.

A bat flickered by, heavily dropping like a sagging leaf. Kitty moved a little and watched the darker shadow of the shrubbery swallowing its tiny form.

She liked the thin, vague darkness melting away into the sky; there seemed nothing that could hurt you in it. After all, she 'd had a good time, and a long life was merely the fading down of good times.

Perhaps it had been a mistake to take up Anthony. Kitty never thought about right and wrong if she could help it. She did n't see what it had got to do with her and Anthony. Why could n't it be left to people who went to church and liked it? When Anthony had told her about his work as if it was a sacred obligation, she supposed it was because he had not had any opportunity of going to musical comedies for a long time, and had nothing else to talk about. She thought he was mad when he explained to her that if in the future it came to a choice between having to give up his profession or Pannell, he would give up Pannell. She hoped that he would get over it as soon as his overstrung nerves had become more normal.

But Anthony had got steadily more normal, and he had not got over it. He really wanted to do his work more than he wanted a good time. It was, oddly enough, his idea of a good time. He kept coming back to it when he ought

to have been amusing Kitty. He actually appeared to think he was amusing her. It was part of Anthony's idea of fun. The rest of his fun was loving her—loving her in a way that disturbed everything else.

Anthony was more anxious to protect her than to please her, and he was apparently more anxious still that she should do right. He never had accepted the convenience of her recklessness. If he had, he might have been with her now in this emphatic night stillness, and then she would have told him everything. He did not know what he might have had, nor, if he continued indefinitely the part he had chosen, what would happen to him.

But Kitty knew. She knew that she would drag him under, and involve his life so that the work he loved would be hindered, and his life caught away from the people and customs which belonged to him. He would become a part of the circle of her lawlessness.

It seemed to Kitty, as she sat huddled up on the window-sill, that the gray light over the fields had changed a little. The shadows were darker in it, and there was a sense of movement in the air, as if the earth was coming back to life. A long way off she heard the call of a bird.

There was only one way to save Anthony; she could disenchant him, she could do what he would think despicable. He had fine, stern principles, which Kitty had n't. Her only principle had been to amuse herself; so that it would be much easier for her to give up hers than for Anthony to give up his. Kitty did not say, "I must not do wrong even to save Anthony." She knew she must do wrong if it *could* save him. She was thinking only of him.

The worst of it was that she would have to be really horrible. She could n't put Anthony off with anything less than the complete disfigurement of herself. He had accepted too much already not to be willing to accept more, unless it was of such a nature as to shake his whole faith in Kitty's character. She must do something which would violate his taste and make him feel that she was contemptible.

He had forgiven badness partly be-

cause he had n't seen it, and partly because there were excuses which he could put between her and her acts. He would not forgive her if she could make him despise her.

Kitty hunted in her relentless, clear little mind for an essential ugliness. There were things she had done which she had n't minded at the time, but which she now realized would hurt her to tell Anthony; she had not let herself think about these incidents before.

It must be something she had really done which he could n't get over, something that would lash his memory and scar it with a cruel image, and she must attach this image to herself, so that afterward, when he went away, he would not crave for her, but be able to say, "Well, thank God, I saw through her in time!"

Kitty put her head down on the scarlet dressing-gown and shook a little with dry, reluctant sobs. She did n't want Anthony to see through her; she did not want to see through herself. Why was it that after she had forgotten all about love, and stamped out the pure and perfect promise of her early years, love should return and haunt her with promises as strong as ever, and its attainment be impossible? Could those fugitive, unconnected acts, into which she had flung herself from excitement and a desire to use her unexplored, untempered powers, close against her forever any fuller life?

Kitty lifted her head and looked out once more into the mysterious life of the night. Her mind fixed suddenly on a sufficient incident. There was something she could tell Anthony which would be certain to send him away. She had n't immediately thought of it because it had seemed trivial at the time, but it was n't trivial if she looked at it in connection with Anthony, and she could make it worse than it was.

She shrank from proclaiming it because it unfortunately involved somebody else, though he was n't very deeply involved. Kitty could manage to make him appear almost innocent in comparison with herself, and, fortunately, it never mattered that a man should be wholly innocent.

Kitty gave a wicked chuckle as she

saw in a sudden flash how it would annoy the person involved. It would be the only amusing point in the whole affair, and she was perhaps entitled to that much amusement; for if he was annoyed, she would be ruined in Anthony's eyes.

Still, it really would n't do just to mess Anthony's life up for nothing. It would be awfully dull and horrible sending him away, but it would be more horrible to smash him up when he'd been awfully good to her. She was n't going to like doing it, of course; she had n't liked quarreling with him on the river. She had n't been prepared for that particular quarrel, or she could have finished the whole thing then. Anthony had taken her by surprise, and she had been so hurt that her wits had broken down. She had stopped quarreling when she ought to have gone on.

As the light broadened out over the fields and ran like silver down the little river, the pain in Kitty's arm came on her like a toothache. It was an extraordinary pain, dull at first and then as fierce as a blow, and it seemed to hold Kitty so that she was like something shaken in an iron vise. She could not move, and her breathing came uncomfortably, as if it were being forced through a narrow space.

The attack lasted longer than she had ever known it to last. The sun came out and drank up all the shadows, and the little shapes of mist that leaned over the water slipped into the willows; but the land was no longer real to Kitty. It looked like some foreign country. She was being held back by a dreadful iron grip, so that she could take no part in it.

The pain dulled down at last, and, broken and white-lipped, she struggled to bed. She said to herself that she must do something about the pain soon if it did n't get any better.

Then she fixed her mind on what she had better do to disenchant Anthony. It was easier to Kitty to put off the thought of death than to put off the thought of Anthony.

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. ARDEN was enjoying herself very much. She was sitting under a large

pink may-tree on the lawn, watching her children.

Daphne was in a lounge-chair half asleep; Anthony, with Max at his feet, was reading aloud emphatic modern poetry, which his mother could not understand; Jim was mending a fishing-rod; and nobody seemed to be in anybody else's way.

Mrs. Arden looked reflectively at Anthony. He was getting over his imprisonment wonderfully well. His eyes no longer had that bright, flickering look of an animal endangered, and he had ceased to keep himself in hand, as if what he was carrying would break if he forgot to hold it carefully.

Her tranquil eyes turned from this satisfaction in him to rest upon Daphne.

It was the hour of Daphne's life when she was of most importance to the universe. Her husband's every thought and hope centered in her, and nature had laid upon Daphne her greatest task and her supreme reward.

Mrs. Arden knew what Daphne felt like. She remembered her own sensations before the birth of Tom, her incredible, deep content in the face of all physical inconvenience, and Mr. Arden's frightened tenderness.

He had waited upon her hand and foot, as Jim waited upon Daphne now; his thoughts had hung on her wishes. Mr. Arden's thought hung on his own wishes now, and he no longer waited upon his wife. She waited upon him instead, without, however, making him at all suspicious by it. Mr. Arden liked to be thought a young man and to be treated with the deference due to an old one.

But Mrs. Arden did not look at the relinquished gifts of life with any self-pity. She realized that, as you grow older, you have less and suffer more; but on the other hand you know how to suffer better, and you can enjoy with a delightful escape from responsibility the experiences of others.

Mrs. Arden approved the arrangement of Providence by which you had the prizes while you had the battles, and ceased to have the battles at the moment when the prizes became unobtainable.

It was a soft and peaceful afternoon.

Anthony went on reading out loud, with obvious enjoyment. The startling paradoxes of modern poets rang harmlessly through the slumbering, flower-scented air. It was as if nothing very dreadful had ever happened.

Mrs. Arden sighed softly, because she never for an instant forgot Tom. When she repeated in the creed that she believed in the resurrection of the dead, she saw Tom in white flannels, with his hat pulled forward over his eyes, precisely as she saw Anthony now, except that Tom's shoulders were broader, and he was usually doing something useful with his hands.

The garden gate clicked, and an extraordinary vision appeared upon the lawn. It was Kitty, accompanied by Mr. Costrelle. Kitty wore the pink Malmaison dress, with pale-pink stockings and remarkably smart, black suède shoes. She balanced a rose-pink parasol to perfection.

Mr. Costrelle trailed indolently beside her, long, lean, white-faced, without expression except for his pale eyes, which had a sharpened, appraising look, as if he were on the lookout for a new possession, but had no intention of being taken in by it. They approached the group under the pink may-tree with friendliness, but they belonged to a hostile tribe.

Kitty moved swiftly across the lawn, kissed Daphne, who was half asleep and taken unawares, perfunctorily; noticed Jim and Anthony with a little lift of an eyebrow more perfunctory still, and turned her undivided attention upon Mrs. Arden.

"I 'm Kitty Costrelle," she announced, "and I know you 're Daphne's mother. I 've wanted to meet you for ages." She sank into a chair by Mrs. Arden's side and turned her shoulder upon the rest of the group.

Mrs. Arden had a flurried sense that both her son-in-law and Anthony wanted, for some unknown reason, to intervene, but they did n't know how; and Daphne, who did know how, found herself fully occupied by the fixed attention of Mr. Costrelle.

Mrs. Arden was not accustomed to the forward notice of very smart-looking girls without shyness, who ignore

the polite and cautious responses of the provincial well bred.

Jim and Anthony still made baffled efforts to enter into their conversation, but Kitty relentlessly forced them out. Her vivid eyes, her expressive gestures, were only for Mrs. Arden.

Mrs. Arden was confused by these advances, but beneath her confusion she was oddly aware of a feeling of compassion. She was shy and inconspicuous and old, and quite incapable of facile friendliness; but she felt as if this brilliant, effective girl was somehow at a disadvantage.

Kitty was n't as sure of herself as she pretended to be; she was n't as sure of any one or anything as Mrs. Arden had all her life taken for granted that people naturally were. Mrs. Arden had an ineffaceable background, and Kitty had no background at all.

Kitty, with all her air of easy conquests and perfect assurance, fluttered there before them all, like a bird in a high wind, perched upon a swinging bough.

She talked very sensibly to Mrs. Arden about the country and the growth of flowers; she referred sympathetically to Daphne, and asked Mrs. Arden if she did n't find her son wonderfully better. She seemed to have very accurate information about the Ardens, and Pannell slipped in and out of her sentences as if it had been a part of her own career; but Mrs. Arden in return could not remember that Daphne had told her anything at all about Kitty Costrelle.

It was reassuring, however, to discover, since Anthony must have seen a good deal of her, that Kitty was n't an actress. Mrs. Arden knew Anthony's temperament extremely well, and she was aware that you could not have put an actress out of his head by the insertion of a tiger.

Kitty was still talking to her with the same flattering intimacy when Anthony returned from an abortive set of tennis with Jim.

"If you are interested in roses," Mrs. Arden said to Kitty as Anthony joined them, "you must see my little rose garden at Pannell. Must n't she, dear?"

Anthony's and Kitty's eyes met like flint.

"I don't think we've got very much to show her," said Anthony, quietly.

"I'll come with all the pleasure in the world," said Kitty, rising to her feet. She looked past Anthony; the brightness of her eyes deepened suddenly. She had done what she could with Mrs. Arden more or less successfully, but all the power she had was in her eyes as she looked past Anthony toward Jim Wynne.

"Jim," she said softly.

Daphne looked up from her fencing with Mr. Costrelle. Her eyes darkened suddenly; her words stumbled and broke off as if a wind had dispersed them. Kitty's slow smile deepened.

"Jim," she repeated, "I want one of those nectarines of yours, the jolly warm ones you grow in your houses. D'you remember you used to call them the apples of the Hesperides?"

"Did I?" mumbled Jim. "The deuce of a silly name for them!"

"I thought it a very pretty name," said Kitty. "Of course I did n't know what it meant, but it sounded such an awfully nice place to get apples from."

She slipped her hand familiarly on Jim's arm, and without a word he turned and followed her.

Daphne gathered up her sentence again, but the peace of the summer afternoon was gone. Only Mrs. Arden did not know what had happened. It seemed to her much safer to see Kitty walk off with Jim than if she had carried away Anthony.

"That's a very attractive girl, dear," she said to her son, "but what a curious thing none of you has ever happened to mention her to me before! I think, if I were you, I should go into the house and get a shawl for Daphne. She shivered just now as if she had caught cold."

CHAPTER XVII

JIMMY was a good host, and he waited patiently while Kitty examined the nectarines. There was not much to choose between the solid pink and yellow globes hanging on the south wall of the greenhouse. The sun had burned its own color into them; the air was warm and full of the heavy scent of flowers and ferns producing artificially their precocious, unseasonable life.

Kitty took a long time choosing her nectarine. She was not quite sure what line to take with Jimmy. He had the peculiar shut-down look of a man whose nerves are being subjected to strain, and who has made up his mind to keep all possible approaches to them closed. He was not thinking of his greenhouse, and he wanted to get back to his wife.

Kitty chose her fruit at last, and strolled in silence out into the kitchen garden. There was a seat opposite a bed of pansies, on which she sat down. The bright, upturned faces of the pansies stared at the sun; bees pushed their slow way above them to a cloud of feathery larkspur. In the elms beyond the paddock the rooks were cawing their wrangling pathway home to bed.

Kitty took out a cigarette and looked up thoughtfully at Jimmy.

"It's rather nice for men," she observed, "being able to be rude comfortably. We can't, you know; we have to put ourselves out and make conversation and hold on to the appearance of things. I don't know why; but we do. If you were in my garden now, I should have to look pleasant and find you a match. This dress has no pockets."

Jimmy handed her his box.

"I don't know," he said, looking over her head. "I think I'm quite polite enough; I brought you here."

"Of course I'm awfully grateful for that," agreed Kitty, "though I'm not at all sure whether you could help it. Your mother-in-law would have been so surprised if you'd said: 'Hanged if I give you a nectarine! Go home, and be damned to you!' By the by, are you afraid I'm going to make love to you, Jimmy? You look rather like one of those old Johnnies who thought they ought to resist visions and started to put the visions off by making themselves look as disagreeable as possible. I never thought it was a good plan, really; it must have put the visions on their mettle."

"I don't care whether you try or not," said Jimmy, untruthfully. "It does n't make the least odds to me what you think you're doing."

Kitty laughed a little under her breath.

"You'd sound safer if you were n't



"They started back for an instant, and in that instant she had slipped between them, the broken sun-shade in her hands"

so sure," she murmured. "However, if it's any comfort to you, I'm *not* going to make love to you. It would take such a long time and be such an effort, and might not be worth it even if I succeeded. I'm going to make you furious instead. You are cross already, so it won't be so much trouble. What do you say to my marrying Tony? I've got a fancy for Pannell."

Jimmy tried to look as if he did n't believe her; but his eyes ceased to measure the new asparagus-bed, and came back hurriedly to Kitty's upturned face.

She looked as blandly innocent as the pansies at her feet.

"Yes," she said consideringly, "that would make me a kind of roundabout sister-in-law to you, would n't it? How would you like that?"

"I should n't like it at all," said Jimmy, coldly; "but I'm not sure even *that* would be sufficient inducement to you to do it. Why do you want Pannell, which you would n't get in any case for many years? You are n't usually so mercenary."

"Nobody's mercenary when they have enough money," said Kitty, "but all really careful people lay up a pear for their thirst. Pannell's a nice fat pear, and at present I'm intolerably short, and by and by I shall probably be thirsty."

"I'd rather give you two or three hundred," said Jimmy after a pause.

"Thanks," said Kitty, puffing at her cigarette and watching his face with obvious enjoyment. "But I don't want a tip. I'd like something solid in the funds, and I would n't even mind a husband. This kind of thing, you know"—she waved her cigarette in the direction of the low-browed house and the distant lawn—"rather brings up the subject of family life in an attractive light. All husbands are n't cross, and it is n't always Sunday."

"You can't marry Anthony," said Jimmy, doggedly. "If he knew what I know about you, he would n't do it, you see."

"But he does n't, you see," mocked Kitty, with a malicious little laugh.

"If you were to insist on marrying him," said Jimmy, quietly, "I should have to tell him."

Kitty blinked and screwed her wicked eyelashes together.

"You're a brave man, Jimmy," she said, "but I should n't advise it. If you dot Tony's i's for him, I shall dot Daphne's, and it is n't the moment I'd choose for Daphne's."

Jimmy had been expecting this thrust. He took it outwardly coolly, but inwardly he had only one conscious feeling—a desire to kill Kitty at once and with his hands. He kept quite still; the murmuring, low voices of the bees and the far-off, distracted cawings of the rooks were the only sounds in the world.

Kitty read murder in his eyes and enjoyed the sensation. If there was a moment in Kitty's life that she really prized above all others it was the instant when, sailing close up to the wind, she ran a perceptible chance of being capsized by it.

She had this moment now; it passed as suddenly as she faced it. Jim drew a long breath, and put his hands into his pockets.

"You could do that, of course," he said carefully, "if you were cad enough."

"Any one who tells is a cad," said Kitty, calmly, "and we should both of us have beautiful motives. At least yours would be beautiful, and mine would be reasonable; it is always reasonable to pay back a hit if one can. Still, I grant it would be better not to begin. You see, they both know a certain amount already, and it would n't be particularly reassuring to know more."

"Rather than let Tony marry you, I'd tell them both—everything," said Jimmy, sternly.

Kitty laughed out suddenly.

"Here is Tony," she said, rising to her feet. "I only wanted you to wait here with me till he came after us. I don't intend to marry him. As you would n't flirt, I had to think of something to amuse you to fill up the time."

"Hullo, Tony. Jimmy and I have been having such an awfully funny talk—what they call in the newspapers 'a grave moral issue.' You'll be glad to hear Jimmy chose the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth, in spite of the most fearful penalties at-

tached to it. Only, as I was pulling his leg all the time, there won't be any penalties. You can get off scot-free with your virtue, Jimmy!"

Jimmy said something under his breath and turned to escape, but Kitty checked him.

"No, you don't," she said. "I'm going to make you feel perfectly comfortable first by way of reward. Tony, he's afraid you'll marry me, but you won't, will you, when you know he's been one of my lovers? I told you once I tried to turn his head, but I did n't tell you I had turned it."

Jimmy's self-control left him. He swore savagely at Kitty, and at the name he called her by Anthony sprang forward and struck him.

Jimmy struck back, and for a minute or two Kitty watched them with interested approval. She had seen men fight for her before and she had never interfered. Then she saw that Anthony was getting the worst of it. Jimmy was stronger and heavier, and he was, if anything, the angrier; the weight of the anger he felt for Kitty got behind his mounting rage with Anthony. He might have forgiven Anthony's blow if it had been the only one.

Kitty deliberately shut down the rose-pink parasol and drove it between the combatants. They started back for an instant, and in that instant she had slipped between them, the broken sunshade in her hands.

"Go to Daphne, Jim," she said over her shoulder. "She may come along here at any moment and see you. You don't want to upset her; leave Tony to me."

Jimmy obeyed without looking at her.

"You'd better sit down," Kitty said to Anthony. Her eyes softened for a moment as they rested on him. "You should n't fight when you're so out of condition," she added.

Anthony shook his head vehemently. "Is what you said true?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Kitty, "it was true. That's what annoys Jim so. Men are so silly! What's the use of being an-

noyed over ancient history? Besides, he's perfectly safe now; Daphne'll look after him. Why don't you sit down?"

"I'm afraid I'm silly, too," said Anthony, stiffly. "If what you said is true, I can't stand it either, Kitty."

Kitty nodded; she had not meant Anthony to stand it.

"All right," she said; "I told you before that it was better you should go away. Thank you for trying to knock Jimmy down."

Anthony hesitated a moment.

"Why did you tell me?" he asked her at last. "You need n't have told me; I would never have guessed it."

"I don't know," said Kitty; "I suppose I got bored and wanted to stir things up. Everybody looks so comfortable here, all primed with tea and the ten commandments. I just wanted to show that they are n't as solid as they look. Besides, Jim is really rather trying just now; he thinks being happy is a virtue which he's hit on for himself. I can't stand people who are righteous about their luck."

"I have n't got that virtue," said Anthony in a low, unsteady voice, "and it's me you've really hit, Kitty. Jimmy won't care."

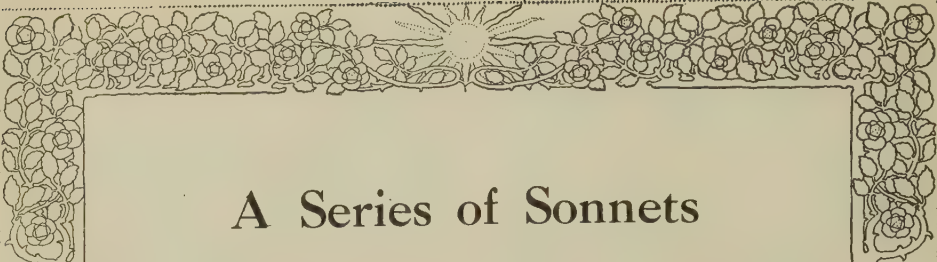
She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, you're just as bad," she said without looking at him; "you belong to the same lot, you're one of the solid people. Nothing can really get hold of you and break you up." Her voice caught for a moment. "I wish you'd go away. I hate the lot of you."

Anthony took a step toward her. For a moment he thought of her and not of the pain she was causing him. It seemed to him as if Kitty was, absurdly enough, the victim and not the destroyer; but there was no yielding in Kitty to respond to his instinct. Her chin was up, and her eyes, as hard as pebbles, met his unflinchingly.

"Don't you see," she said fiercely, "that I'm simply bored by you?"

And Anthony, struck to the heart, believed that she was simply bored, and left her.





A Series of Sonnets

THE following sonnets are a selection taken from the manuscript book of a distinguished American poet. Written in 1861-1863 to a lady now dead for many years, the verses are printed for the first time. The manuscript was recently discovered, and it is evident from letters that accompanied it that the author never expected that it would come to light. The original characters and most of the near relatives are deceased, and it is with the permission of a descendant and heir of one of the principals concerned that these beautiful sonnets are published.—THE EDITOR.

To say, "I love thee," is but uttering
A worn-out phrase. The opal-breasted dove
Coos the same story to his feathery love;
The hills, the meadows, and the forests ring
With various changes on the self-same string,
In vain man's fancy labors to improve
That common utterance: for the heart will rove
From the more complex to the simpler thing.
A homely creature is the human heart,
And better pleased with such poor crumbs as fall
From straitened Nature than with the gilded pall
That bears the feast of ostentatious Art.
So let me circle backward to my start:
I can but say, "I love thee," after all.

When all the labors of the day are past,
And on the world-exposed and fretted edge
Of my sad soul, like doves upon the ledge
Of yonder roof, my cares, with wings closed fast,
Doze into night; and from the future cast
Of my dark life I ask no cheering pledge,
No growing plume, Hope's broken wing to fledge,
Content if that calm hour will only last.
'T were meet that, in this respite of the heart,
Some heavenward look, some thankful thought, were
given
To the great hand that, out of discord even,
Shapes my brief rest; but stubborn in the part
We ingrates play, the thoughts, that upward start,
Stoop to thy feet, and miss the way to heaven.






As Cleopatra's pearl, dissolved in wine,
Made her rich draft the boast of olden days,—
The shame and wonder of our meaner ways,
Who grudge the chalice to the very shrine,—
So when thy love in this poor heart of mine
Dissolves its wealth, within my nature plays
A richer spirit, and my drooping bays
Sprout, like the prophet's rod, and somewhat shine.
Like the Egyptian's draft, I trust to hold
My storied place amongst the men to be.
Not all alone! securely joined to thee
In some dim fragment of a legend old,
Not for mere me the history shall be told,
But, precious Pearl, for what was merged in me.

If I should perish ere I pen this line,
And take my place with the forgotten dead,
I know my love would bow her starry head,
And through her fingers strain the bitter brine.
But would her grief become a torch to shine
Before her eyes and light the way I led?
Would my dark grave a welcome radiance shed,
And thither only all her hopes incline?
Should I, poised high on heaven's far outer wall,
Watching through lonely ages patiently
For my love's coming, her pale features see
Hunting for mine, with asking eyes, midst all
The thronging souls? And would she rush and fall
Here, on my heart, with, "Love, I seek for thee!"

Beneath the stars, beneath the waning moon,
Over the brooks that sparkle to the main,
Through the plumed columns of the teeming grain,
Across the scented fields of rosy June;
On summer days, at morn, at eve, at noon;
And when the tangled streams of wintry rain
Slanted themselves athwart the roaring plain,
My patient heart has sung the self-same tune,
Like a poor bird, with but a single note,
Whose frequent songs, though same and tiresome, prove
His constant nature cannot change his throat
To suit our pleasure. So, a homely dove,
Whether I nestle close or upward float,
I can but cry to thee, "I love! I love!"



When this warm hand is cold in death, and all
The wide world over you may seek in vain
For any touch to wake the self-same strain
As the stiff fingers still beneath my pall.
Better and worse may answer to your call,
But never upon earth shall sound again
Just the same cries of passion, joy, and pain
As these which now upon your senses fall.
Ah! then I wonder if your eyes will look
Hither and thither, seeking something fled,
In whose blank place no future gain can tread—
Some page erased from a familiar book,
Some change of features in a secret nook,
Something departed, something with the dead.

I wonder if these sonnets which I sing
To thee alone, our secret love's poor cheer,
By any chance will reach the common ear,
And feel the puncture of the critic's sting?
I vow, if I supposed the whispering,
Tender and low, with which I draw so near
To thy soft smiles, might in some coming year
Be cried about like any public thing,
Made the gross jest of street and market-place,
Profaned and wronged by every bitter clown
Whose wit is pretext for a fool's grimace.
If thus I feared, I 'd set my angry face
Against the chance, hurl lyre and laurel down,
And of our love leave no betraying trace.

If I have served my God with faithful soul,
Using the talent, which He gave in trust,
So that His truth shone clear from earthly rust,
And some faint whisper of the songs that roll
From heaven's fixed center to its topmost poll,
Found a rude echo in my vocal dust—
If this has been, I know that God is just,
To crown the brow that bore His human dole;
And in some state, removed from what we see,
With all life's bars and hindrances undone,
Our meeting souls like meeting streams shall run;
And my reward for duties past shall be
A heaven pervaded by a sense of thee,
This mortal passion made an endless one.



Keeping Peace with Canada

By EMERSON D. FITE

THE month of April, associated with the beginning of four wars in the nation's history, was in the year 1917 notable not only for the entrance of the United States into the present Great War, but also for the completion of one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States under their disarmament agreement, which covers the international boundary-line of the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain. The practical disarmament by these two great nations on their divisional waters, formally accomplished in 1817, went through a serious crisis during the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and again during the Civil War in the United States, when the United States in anger and despair abrogated the agreement, only to repent and rescind its hasty action before it was too late. Differences of interpretation have arisen in regard to it, but it has survived, and is now entering upon the second century of its career, recognized by all authorities as a successful method of keeping peace along this international frontier.

The Treaty of Paris at the close of the Revolutionary War ran the northern boundary-line of the United States through the middle of Lake Ontario, Niagara River, Lake Erie, Detroit River, St. Clair River, Lake Huron, St. Mary's River, and thence northward of the Isle Royal and Phelippeaux to the western end of Lake Superior; but, de-

spite the treaty, Great Britain for various reasons refused to evacuate the territory north of the Ohio River, and until 1796 the Great Lakes and their southern as well as their northern shores remained under the complete control of the British. The Jay treaty of 1794, which made good the right of the American flag to fly on the lakes, did not secure complete equality to the Americans and the British there, because, while to the former it was not granted that their vessels "be admitted into the seaports, harbors, bays, or creeks of his Majesty's American dominions," it was permitted to the British, on the other hand, "to navigate all the lakes, rivers, and waters" of the United States up to "the highest ports of entry." This unequal arrangement placed the lake trade in the hands of the British, and helped them to gain ascendancy over the Indians of the surrounding country down to 1812.

After having been British for thirteen years, 1783-96, and then British and American for sixteen years, 1796-1812, the inland seas became the leading theater of the War of 1812, in which the Americans sought to oust the British from these waters and themselves to assume control. There followed American victories under Perry on Lake Erie, under McDonough on Lake Champlain, and other fighting on Lake Ontario, but without securing to the Americans the supremacy which they desired.

The failure to make the lakes Amer-

ican by force of arms was succeeded by an attempt to make them British through diplomacy during the ensuing peace negotiations at Ghent. The British proposed that, while the two nations should enjoy equal commercial privileges upon the lakes, the military and naval control of the lakes should be British alone. Sole possession by a single power, and that power herself, was Great Britain's plan in 1814 for securing the peace of the lakes. But diplomacy was no more successful in its turn than war in handing the inland waters over to a single nation, for the American peace commissioners rejected the proposition of their rivals as lacking in a reasonable spirit of reciprocity, and the treaty, as finally agreed upon, stipulated the former joint control.

Dissatisfied, the British almost immediately showed signs that they were again preparing to push their demand for supremacy by the argument of war. John Quincy Adams wrote from London to Secretary of State James Monroe in Washington, "In all the late debates in Parliament upon what they call their military and naval peace establishments, the prospect of a new war with the United States has been distinctly held up by the ministers and held up by the opposition as a solid reason for enormous and unparalleled expenditures and preparation in Canada and Nova Scotia."

Equally disquieting to the friends of peace in the United States were the reports from time to time of seizures and searches of American commercial vessels on the lakes by British men-of-war and of the increasing British armaments on the Canadian border.

In the crisis President Madison and Secretary Monroe took up the subject of the military and naval control of the lakes where the peace commissioners at Ghent had left it, and offered the British a scheme of practical disarmament, which, to the everlasting credit of the statesmen concerned, was accepted, and put into operation in 1817. Although the action of the President and his secretary was later ratified by the Senate of the United States, no treaty was made, but an "arrangement" brought about by an "exchange of notes."

In accordance with the terms of the agreement each nation might maintain on Lake Ontario and on Lake Champlain respectively one vessel not exceeding one hundred-tons burden and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon, and on the "Upper Lakes" two such vessels. "All other armed vessels on these lakes," it was declared, "shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed." If either country should desire to annul the stipulation, it must give a six-months' notice to that effect to the other.

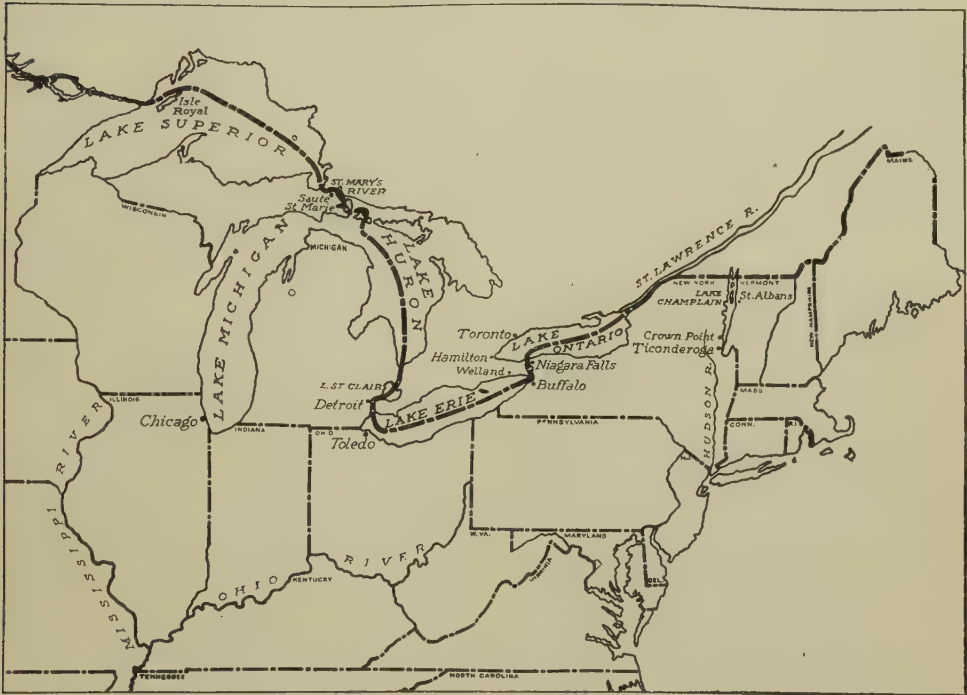
Both the British and the Americans had laid up, dismantled, or sunk certain of their lake vessels before the agreement, and after it the process went on rapidly till by the year 1825, of the entire British fleet of nine vessels on Lake Ontario, four on Lake Erie, two on Lake Huron, and twelve on Lake Champlain, and of the American fleet of twenty-seven vessels on Lake Ontario, six on Lake Erie, and eleven on Lake Champlain, not one vessel remained. In 1825 neither nation was availing itself of the number of public ships on the lakes allowed under the agreement. Thus disappeared the victorious ships of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie and those of Commodore McDonough on Lake Champlain.

Of the various problems that have arisen under the disarmament agreement in the last one hundred years the most serious have been those connected with the maintenance of neutrality on the lakes by the one country in time of domestic turmoil in the other; namely, during the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and during the Civil War in the United States.

The Canadian rebels of 1837, through a breach of neutrality by the United States, received aid in men and supplies from the southern shores of the lakes, to meet which evil the Canadian authorities armed themselves on the lakes beyond the agreed limits. The increase in armament was a temporary matter, it was carefully explained to the authorities in Washington, and would be discontinued when the crisis was over. In response to strong public sentiment in the United States, which would not

trust the motives and the promises of the constituted authorities across the line, but affected to believe that the warlike preparations in Canada were directed against the United States, President Van Buren temporarily increased the armament of the United States on the lakes; but he, and after him Presidents Harrison and Tyler,

leged unneutral acts of her Majesty's Government, such as the British recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy, the Mason and Slidell affair, the building and equipping of the *Alabama* and other Confederate ships in British ports, the inadequacy of the British neutrality law, and the British assistance to the French in Mexico.



succeeded in withstanding the popular cry for abrogation of the agreement of 1817, and by 1843, under the pacific ministry of Sir Robert Peel, with Lord Aberdeen as foreign secretary, the British had so faithfully performed their promise that their forces on the lakes had reached the required standard.

From 1861 to 1865 the hue and cry in belligerent United States against the neutral British in Canada far surpassed in intensity that in belligerent Canada against neutral United States in 1837, just as the proportions of the Civil War in the United States exceeded many times over those of the Canadian struggle. Moreover, the disputes between the two nations during the war of the sixties were not confined to the lakes, as in the thirties, but concerned other al-

How far to go in striking back at Great Britain for what the Americans deemed breaches of neutrality was a difficult question, for here the United States had to go slowly. The will to retaliate, however, was present. One method, much discussed at the time, was to abrogate the reciprocity agreement with Canada, dated 1854, under which there was free trade with Canada in certain articles, and other friendly arrangements. High protectionist and transportation interests in the United States were very hostile to reciprocity. Still, the first retaliatory vote in Congress fell on another matter, when the House of Representatives, June 18, 1864, passed without opposition a joint resolution that notice be given to Great Britain of the intention of the United

States to terminate the agreement of 1817.

Although the Senate did not act on this joint resolution at this session of Congress, Great Britain was disturbed at what was threatened. Lord Lyons, her minister in Washington, under instructions from London, wrote to Secretary Seward:

This arrangement [disarmament on the lakes] has worked satisfactorily for nearly half a century. It has preserved both nations from a vast amount of inconvenience and expense, and (which is of infinitely more importance) it has warded off occasions of disagreement and quarrel. Her Majesty would view the abrogation of it with great regret, and no little alarm.

Though Secretary Seward replied at once that the United States had not yet reached the decision to abrogate, the progress of events in that direction was swift. In September of this year citizens of the Confederate States took possession of a steamer between Detroit and Toledo, on Lake Erie, to free Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, in the western end of Lake Erie; in October of the same year a band of Confederates from Canada raided St. Albans, Vermont, robbing the banks and creating general alarm, while Confederate commissioners in Canada directing these movements were unmolested by the Canadian authorities. During these events Secretary Seward notified Great Britain that the United States, for purposes of self-defense, would temporarily increase its force on the lakes beyond the agreed figure. On October 24, in a long despatch reviewing the Confederate plots in Canada and the Confederate raids on the lakes, he gave Great Britain notice that in six months the United States would regard the disarmament agreement at an end. In view of the failure of British authorities to stop these acts under their own neutrality laws, the United States was forced, said the secretary, to abrogate the agreement on the lakes, and herself put down the pirates, whom Canada did not or would not apprehend. This was a presidential notice alone, as the congressional notice had not yet passed the Senate.

Less than two months later the Canadian authorities freed the St. Albans raiders without punishment, and in a rage the Congress of the United States soon passed an act abrogating the reciprocity treaty with Canada. At the same time the Senate took up the House resolution of the previous summer to abrogate the disarmament agreement by congressional notice, and after some debate, in which certain senators denied the right of the President alone, through the secretary of state, to abrogate the agreement without the sanction of Congress, that body substituted a new resolution in place of that of the House, not explicitly presenting a formal demand for abrogation, but ratifying the President's notice through the secretary of state. The House accepted the Senate resolution, which became a law February 9, 1865.

Lord Palmerston, the British prime minister, acted with moderation in the matter. Replying to Secretary Seward's presidential notice, he declared that he hoped "that when peace is restored, the former agreement, which was founded upon just and wise considerations, may be renewed, as one that must be advantageous to both parties." He also expressed the belief that the United States was justified in its complaints and had the right to protect its citizens and commerce.

As the excitement occasioned by the raids from Canada died down, the administration in Washington shifted its policy, and on March 8, 1865, Secretary Seward, despite the congressional sanction of his presidential notice, rescinded that notice. He was "quite willing that the convention should remain practically in force." As governor of the State of New York after the Canadian rebellion of 1837, Seward had been in favor of doing away with the agreement; but now, at the end of a victorious war, when the war spirit of his country was at its height, when the will of an almost unanimous Congress seemed to indicate that the country favored abrogation both as an act of retaliation and as an act of justifiable national defense, sobered by the responsibility of power, he refused to take the step. Thus ended the only serious disturbance of the dis-

armament agreement, and from that day to this the State Department has ruled that the agreement of 1817 is in force.

From time to time interesting minor questions of interpretation of the agreement have arisen. Ought the agreement concerning the size of vessels and their armament, made during the régime of sailing vessels, to be adhered to after the advent of steam vessels, which it would be impracticable to build of only a hundred-tons burden? In constructing the war-ship *Michigan*, which was launched on Lake Erie in 1844, the United States far exceeded the agreed size, but for a time regarded the protest of Great Britain and kept the vessel in port. Then within a few months the *Michigan* went forth, and continued on the waters of the lakes for more than fifty years. In 1898 Congress appropriated \$260,000 for a gunboat to take her place, but the navy department under successive administrations has refused to build the vessel for which the money was appropriated. The *Michigan* is gone, and no other war-vessel of the United States has taken her place.

Cutters to enforce the revenue laws, which may readily be turned into small vessels of war, are now kept on the lakes by both nations, as not covered by the agreement, although at times in the last one hundred years Great Britain has objected to them as forbidden by the terms of 1817. In the stormy year of 1864 Secretary Seward refused to withdraw them from the lakes, but in 1865 he gave them up, and from that time, for a number of years, the country had no revenue vessels on the lakes. Within the last twenty-five years, however, each nation has had small cutters there, and no objection has arisen in regard to them.

During the crisis of 1861-65, while it was admitted that the arrangement of 1817 had been equal and just as a temporary measure, it was contended that it had "become greatly unequal through the construction by Great Britain of sundry ship canals." Through the then recently constructed Welland Canal around Niagara Falls and through canals along the St. Lawrence River, the Canadians had completely changed the

conditions of 1817 by creating for themselves practical water routes between the lakes and the Atlantic that had not existed when the disarmament agreement was entered into. The situation was set forth in a great ship canal convention in Chicago in 1863, attended by five thousand delegates, which passed resolutions demanding, among other things, ship canals from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan and from the Hudson River to Lake Erie adequate for the passing of gunboats into the lakes on the east and on the west. Only thus could the "unequal" results of the Canadian canals be met. Nothing has been done, however, toward securing the desired waterways of requisite size. On several occasions, indeed, the United States has requested Great Britain to allow gunboats of the United States to pass through Canadian waters from the lakes to the Atlantic, which permission has always been granted.

In accordance with strict construction of the terms of the agreement to disarm, an authoritative declaration was also sought during the Civil War that Lake Michigan and Lake Erie were not included in the agreement of 1817, on the ground that they were not "upper lakes," but the secretary of state never subscribed to the doctrine.

Another unsuccessful demand of the Civil-War period was for the establishment of one or more government navy-yards on the lakes wherein ships might be built for naval warfare. A quarter of a century rolled by, in which an enormous commercial fleet was created on the lakes by powerful and ever-growing private ship-building interests. Then gradually conditions in the ship-building industry on the lakes began to change. Ships, owned by great corporations, increased in size; though commerce was growing, fewer ships in number were required, and work in the shipyards languished. The insidious suggestion arose that the United States utilize the private shipyards in the lake region for the building of its vessels of war for ocean service, thus making work for the needy private ship-building interests of the interior. As the obligations of 1817 seemed to stand in the way, resolutions of Congress in 1890

and 1892 inquired if the disarmament agreement was in force. Members from the lake regions were of the hope that it would be ruled that the agreement was not in force, and they based their hopes on the ground that an abrogation by the President, ratified by Congress, could not later be rescinded by the executive branch alone. In the one case, the secretary of the treasury, and in the other, the secretary of state, ruled that the agreement was in force. Similar resolutions followed in 1898 and in 1900, with similar answers by the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy.

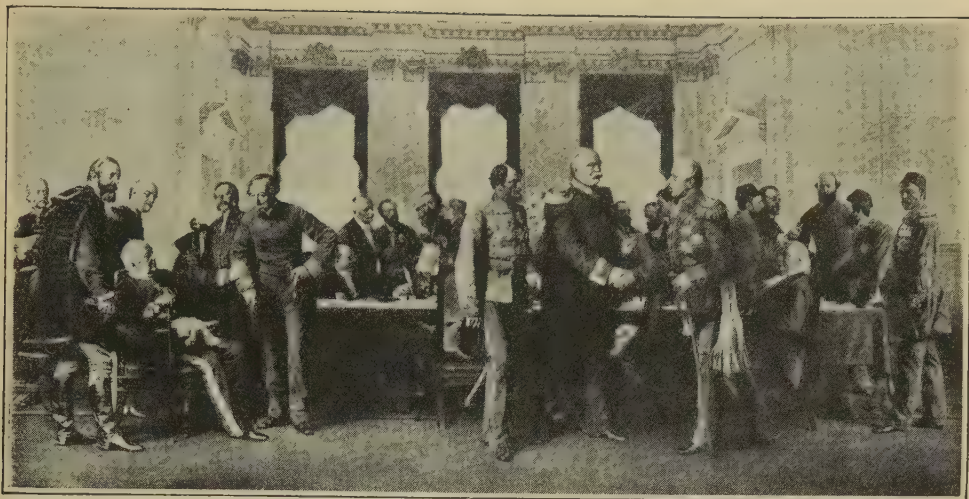
The uniform ruling was that under the agreement war-ships could not be built on the lakes in private shipyards for service on the ocean, not even if the Canadian canals could be used for the voyage to the sea. Neither was it allowable for parts of war-ships to be built on the lakes and assembled elsewhere. The language of the agreement was that "no other vessel of war shall be built or armed." This was a prohibition of two distinct operations, first building, second arming. Had the words been "built and armed," then building on the lakes and arming elsewhere would have been possible. The ruling was a generous one in favor of peace. It might have been held that a hull was not a war-vessel until it received its armament, but to avoid all appearance of breaking with the agreement, the more generous interpretation has been accepted.

While loyally recognizing the binding nature of the agreement with Great Britain, John W. Foster, secretary of state in 1892, and John Hay, secretary of state in 1900, urged an amendment of the obligation in favor of the ship-building interests of the lakes. Secretary Hay instructed the American members of the Joint High Commission, which was appointed in 1898 to compose various points of difference between Canada and the United States, that they should endeavor to secure from the British formal permission to include in

the agreement the right of the United States to build war-ships on the lakes that were not to be used there. The commission, however, adjourned without accomplishing anything.

With the question of navy-yards on the lakes may be classed the possibility of erecting there arsenals, armories, and forts, and of introducing United States training-ships on their waters. All of these propositions have been urged at various times, but have been successfully resisted. Except for training-ships for state naval militia,—and to these no objection is made by the British authorities,—there is no need for these accompaniments of war on the lakes. They are out of date, out of mind in that quarter, thanks to the generous adherence of the two nations to the terms of 1817. Does one wonder why there are to-day no great forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain, sites which were deemed to be of extreme strategic importance during the Colonial and Revolutionary wars? The disarmament agreement, which covers Lake Champlain as well as the Great Lakes, is the explanation.

No international agreement could be more zealously guarded. The United States and Great Britain seem to vie with each other in including under its prohibition every possible thing that could look in the direction of war. Who can conceive of a demand for forts for the protection of the lake cities or of competition between Canada and the United States as to which power can build the greater number of dread-noughts for lake service, or the greater number of submarines and submarine-chasers in these inland waters? Under-sea craft and mines in the lakes are unthinkable. No marine force whatsoever is necessary for their protection; and the same sense of security hovers over the long international boundary-line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, not one foot of which knows the tread of either Canadian soldiers or the soldiers of the United States.



Signing the Treaty of Berlin
From the painting by Anton von Werner

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

Photographs by Brown Brothers

XIX. THE TEARING-UP OF THE TREATY OF BERLIN—THE BALKAN WARS

THE Treaty of Berlin had long been unsatisfactory to all its signers; yet it stood for decades, save only in respect to Eastern Rumelia, because of the grievous fear that any attempt to alter it might precipitate a disastrous general war. However, the effect of this dread gradually wore off. This was partly because Germany and her understudy, Austria, were coming to count a great war not always a bane, but sometimes a blessing; because England and Russia were no longer so much at feud as formerly over the Balkan questions; because the little Balkan nations were becoming aware of their own strength and were willing to take a chance at defying the Western powers; and finally and chiefly because the situation created by the Berlin settlement was in many respects so outra-

geous that men grew willing to run great risks to cure great evils.

The crippling, and later the downfall, of Abdul-Hamid certainly were not welcomed by Germany, although there is evidence that the Hohenzollern régime was ceasing to find him a useful instrument and was getting ready to change its Ottoman friendships. But the upheaval by the Bosphorus was very welcome to Austria and Bulgaria. It meant that Turkey would be so torn by civil strife that she could not risk a war if things happened contrary to her liking. The letter of the Berlin treaty weighed as nothing against their darling projects to Kaiser Francis Joseph and Prince Ferdinand. Their only considerations were those of expediency.

On July 24, 1908, Abdul-Hamid, with a bitter grimace, had accepted the revived Turkish Constitution. On October 5, Ferdinand of Bulgaria proclaimed his complete independence and took the lofty title of "tsar." On Octo-

ber 7, Francis Joseph's government announced that Bosnia was annexed outright to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

These last two acts produced instant wrath in four capitals, Constantinople, Belgrade, St. Petersburg, and London. Of course there was far more anger against Austria than against Bulgaria. The latter had been independent already in everything but name. But with Bosnia things were very different. The annexation of the country was an actual, and not merely a formal, violation of the Berlin treaty, and an aggrandizement of Austria to the obvious detriment of her neighbors. The British Foreign Office fumed, but British public opinion was totally unwilling to risk a great war over an issue in which the immediate harm done to English interests was very slight. London therefore confined herself to protests and, seeing these were disregarded, presently put the best face on the matter possible.

To Serbia, the home of the independent South Slavs, seizure was a bitter blow. She had hoped to obtain Bosnia.

Now all this hope was blighted, and Austria was also building a road for herself half-way across the Balkan Peninsula, clearly aiming for the great haven of Saloniki, the seizure of which would render Serbia, even more than Bulgaria and Greece, her helpless vassal. In desperation and anger at the prospect Serbia was ready to rush to arms if only she had a little encouragement from her "great brother" Slavs at St. Petersburg.

To Russia the seizure of Bosnia was hardly less unwelcome. Russia had just been defeated by Japan in the far East. She had signed the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905. All her grandiose projects for forming a mighty empire on the Pacific had been thwarted. For that very reason, therefore, she had been thrown back on her old hopes of a warm-water port on the Mediterranean, and, if possible, of Constantinople itself. The pressure of Austria southward was a direct menace to those hopes; and besides, the Russian ruling classes, now that Bulgaria had disappointed them, had a strong sympathy

for the Serbs as fellow Slavs, struggling against Austrian pressure and entitled to the warmest kind of support from Muscovy.

So the Hapsburgs and their Hohenzollern backers bore off the bloodless victory. Serbia and Russia once eliminated, it was easy to compound with the Turks. In April, 1909, for about \$11,000,000 and the recession of the small district euphoniously known as the "Sanjak of Novi-Bazar," the Ottomans agreed to waive their old claims to Bosnia. But it was a victory that caused very bitter feelings. It left many English statesmen irritated and regretful that their countrymen had not let them speak in sterner accents. It left Russia deeply humiliated. The czar's prestige in the Balkans had suffered a deadly blow. Another such humiliation would almost have taken Russia off the list of great powers, and to avoid a second humiliation there were plenty of people at St. Petersburg and Moscow quite ready to say, "Better a bloody and even a disastrous war." As for the feelings of Belgrade, they were indescribable. If Bosnia seemed for the moment lost, all the more reason for looking on Austria as the implacable foe of the South Slavs, and for subordinating everything else to winning some other outlet upon blue water before she could hem Serbia in completely.

Thus the annexation of Bosnia in 1908 was a direct sowing of dragon's teeth, but for the nonce in Vienna and in Berlin the excellencies and generalissimos were very happy. The two kaisers had rattled the Teutonic swords, and England and Russia had alike declined to fight. German support of Austria at this time was very shrewd. Besides putting Austria under a debt of gratitude, it taught the Young Turks that they were helpless without German support. England, with whom they had at first coquetted, was shown as unwilling to strike a blow to prevent Austria from putting through her program.

This Bosnian menace to the world's peace faded, however. Abdul-Hamid was driven from his throne, his army of forty thousand spies was sent about

its business, and the Young Turks showed great zeal in all kinds of modernizing reforms. Liberal journals in France, England, and America contained articles by well-meaning people extolling the new régime that was giving a new lease of life to the miscalled Sick Man of Europe. After a little, however, the Young Turks began to show their hand. Their sultan, Mohammed V, was indeed a puppet. The Government was in the hands of the all-powerful "Committee of Union and Progress" which drafted the bills for the obsequious parliament and made and unmade ministers. Nevertheless, while the new régime was less medieval than the old rule by eunuchs, parasites, and dancers, it was not more humane or more tolerant. The Young Turks recognized the serious difficulty of governing the Ottoman Empire, because of the great diversity of races and religious and legal systems, but they were totally incapable of hitting upon any scheme for enlightened tolerance whereby Turk, Kurd, Arab, Jew, Greek, Armenian, and Syrian could even exist happily together on the principles of live and let live. They deliberately undertook to force all the non-Turkish races to become, in language, habits, laws, and almost everything else, "Ottomans." The Christians were contemptuously told they might for the present keep their religion; in all other matters they must prepare to become Turks. Arab officers and sheiks, devout Mohammedans, of course, were also informed that they could get no government favor unless they themselves showed zeal for this "Turkification." The empire, in short,

was to be strengthened and consolidated by a wholesale suppression of a thousand prejudices and customs in order to create a purely artificial uniformity.

In many of their strait-jacket schemes no doubt Enver Bey and his associates had the model of Prussia before them; but they had only the Prussian ramrod discipline without the

Prussian scientific intelligence and efficiency. The results were, naturally, first disorders, then revolts, then two very disastrous wars. In Asia Minor there were very serious massacres of Armenians, probably to teach that afflicted people the advantages of prompt submission. In Macedonia, the cockpit of the races, Greeks, Serbs, and Bulgarians were persecuted impartially, probably to make them all live in happy harmony as "Turks."



Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey

The Young Turk policy was riding straight to some kind of fall, unless the new leaders demonstrated that whatever else they had failed to accomplish, they had at least put fighting strength and scientifically trained energy into the Ottoman Army. This, quickly enough, it was discovered that they had failed to do. The bubble of Turkish military prowess was pricked first by Italy, then by Albania, and finally by the new Balkan League.

The news of the annexation of Bosnia had not been very pleasant reading at Rome. It meant that Austria was tightening her grip upon those Adriatic lands that ambitious Italians had not wished to go to Serbia because, to speak plainly, some day they might go to Italy. But the seizure of Bosnia

showed also that Kaiser Wilhelm was quite willing to permit his Turkish friends sometimes to be stripped of outlying dominions. He could not well object if Italy now walked in the footsteps of Austria. The Triple Alliance was becoming weak, but the Berlin leaders were not anxious deliberately to wreck it. Now, therefore, with a suddenness that left little chance for palavers or protests, Italy struck a blow to seize Tripoli.

Tripoli was the last relic of the old Turkish possessions in northern Africa, for Egypt, of course, was really held by England. In 1901 France had agreed to let Italy have a free hand in Tripoli, and at Algceiras in 1906 these Italian claims had been generally confirmed. However, it was understood that King Victor Emmanuel's government was content with "peaceful penetration," and as long as the Young Turks' régime let Italian economic interests alone, nothing seemed likely to happen. But now the new "Turkifying" process was applied to Tripoli also, to the great detriment of many Italian claims and interests. At Rome again there was grave distrust as to whether their beloved allies at Berlin might not develop some day the same interest in Tripoli that they had shown in Morocco. In any case, on September 27, 1911, the Italian ambassador at Constantinople suddenly presented a demand on the sultan that within forty-eight hours he consent to an Italian occupation of Tripoli, "under the sovereignty of the sultan and subject to the payment of an annual tribute."

One need not praise the moderation of this document. The Italian statesmen doubtless had studied the life of Bismarck, and the more recent example of how Austria had suddenly demolished the Berlin treaty without squeamishness or apology. Italy wanted Tripoli. She could legitimately allege various infringements on the rights of her subjects. She was pretty sure she could get the country without precipitating a general war. Therefore she went straight ahead. The Young Turks tried to make a mollifying reply. It was bluntly rejected, and on September 29, 1911, Italy declared war on the sultan.

Italy promised not to do anything to upset the Balkan situation. This reassured Germany and Austria. With her superior navy Italy could make it virtually impossible for the Turks to reinforce their garrisons in this isolated province. In one sense, therefore, the case of the Young Turks was hopeless; but with courage, if not with wisdom, they determined to make a hard struggle to save their last African dominions. Army officers in civilian disguise smuggled themselves across Egypt to Tripoli, and there were some attempts at blockade-running to get munitions to the hard-pressed garrisons.

The Turko-Italian War has few dramatic chapters. On September 30, Italian battle-ships bombarded the town of Tripoli, and in a few days silenced the decrepit forts and landed a force to hold the city. On the eighth of October the coast town of Derna surrendered. On the nineteenth, Benghazi fell. After that it was simply a case of ferrying across a large Italian army to hold these towns and gradually to conquer the interior. The Turks fell back into the hinterland, and rallied the Moorish tribes by telling them that their religion was at stake, and sometimes they pressed the Italians hard with raids, sudden attacks, and guerrilla warfare. The invaders slowly wore down this resistance and began to subdue the oases. But although Turkey could do nothing really to save the province, she stubbornly refused to make peace by ceding the same. Things became very awkward for King Victor Emmanuel's government. It was forbidden by Austria to make any attack upon the Ottoman possessions in the Adriatic, the war was very expensive, and the Young Turks, knowing that little could happen to them beyond the loss of Tripoli,—lost, anyway,—were in no mood to make peace.

Finally, in the face of European displeasure, the Italians began to strike their foe nearer home. Italian war-ships bombarded Beirut in Syria and exchanged shots with the Dardanelles forts, and at last the Roman Government seized Rhodes and sundry other small islands in the Ægean. This at



Panorama of Beirut

length produced the desired effect. The neutral powers grew anxious, and began urging peace at Constantinople. There were signs of revolt also in Albania, and a clear rumor of an impending Balkan war. In June, 1912, Turkish and Italian diplomats began parleying in Switzerland. The Orientals held out stubbornly all summer, but in the autumn the Balkan situation was such that the Turks yielded. They agreed to withdraw their forces from Tripoli. Nothing was said about Italian annexation, but it was plain enough the Italians would stay if the Ottomans went. The islands around Rhodes were to be held until the Italians were satisfied the Turks had executed their part of the bargain. This treaty of Lausanne, then, signed October 15, 1912, registered a successful act of the sword. One more member had been amputated from the body politic that the Young Turks were trying to revivify.

The Italian war had come upon the Young Turks like a cloud from a clear sky. They had had little warning of their danger. No so with their troubles in Albania. That country was so close to Saloniki, their old head-

quarters, that they should have understood clearly that in trying to Ottomanize the Albanian uplands they were playing with fire. Yet this thing was precisely what they attempted. They endeavored to introduce into that untamed hill-country the full régime of taxation, army conscription, and a unified legal system which they were inflicting simultaneously on Arabs, Kurds, and Armenians. The answer was a violent revolt in the spring of 1912, which the Constantinople Government was unable to quell. Worse still, in June, 1912, the Turkish garrison at Monastir made common cause with the insurgents and demanded the overthrow of the Young Turk ministry. All over Macedonia and Albania there were skirmishes, outrages, and sudden death, which Mohammed V's administrators seemed powerless to terminate.

The "Macedonian problem" had been the greatest single question left over from the inadequate and unsatisfactory Berlin settlement. Into this unlucky territory, wedged between Greece, Albania, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Thrace, with the great city of Saloniki giving an admirable frontage upon the sea, had

been thrust sections of virtually *all* the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. "Macedonia," wrote an Italian, "has for two thousand years been the dumping-ground of different peoples and forms, indeed, a perfect ethnographic museum."

It had been an axiom of the diplomats, Oriental and Western, that the Christian Balkan States hated one another far too cordially ever to unite for any common purpose. But recent events were working a miracle. The Balkan nations were coming to realize their grievous physical limitations: that their boundaries were not to be expanded by brave hopes, fiery oratory, and patriotic pamphlets; and that to win even *part* of the coveted lands of the Turks was a major military undertaking. A number of things also conjoined in 1912 to make Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece simultaneously willing to drop their feuds and fight in a common cause. The success of Austria in annexing Bosnia had put fear in Bulgaria and Greece as well as in Serbia that she was next about to seize Macedonia and ruin all three. The success of the Albanians in resisting the Turks was showing that the Turkish Army was not everything it was claimed to be. The Italian attack on Tripoli was demonstrating that the great powers were very unwilling to take drastic action to prevent small-scale local wars lest they precipitate a world war. It is a very reasonable inference that Russian diplomacy, although nominally urging peace, was entirely willing to have something happen that would kill abruptly the well-known Austrian schemes for Macedonia.

Nevertheless the formation of a firm Balkan confederacy for a joint attack upon the Turks seemed so improbable that up to the very last German and Austrian diplomats, friendly to Ottoman interests, refused to become excited. But in September the four allies made a formal appeal to the great powers to join with them in requiring Turkey to institute very drastic reforms in Macedonia. Now at last the ambassadors at Constantinople began to write out long telegrams to wire to their chancelleries, and the newspapers in the

great capitals to issue special editions. The impossible seemed about to be accomplished. The four Balkan States had forgotten their enmities and were girding for a common war.

The exhortations of "peace, peace" from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg fell on wholly deafened ears. The promises that the powers would presently get reforms for Macedonia, if only her free neighbors would sit quiet, touched a familiar, but unresponsive, chord. The Turks on their part acted with an arrogance which made hard the lot of the peace-makers. They began mobilizing a large army "for manœuvres" near Adrianople, convenient for a stroke against Bulgaria, and when the Balkan States answered with a counter mobilization, they seized all the Greek merchantships at Constantinople. The grand vizir and his colleagues gave little hope of any real changes in Macedonia. Manifestly the whole region was headed straight toward conflict, but the Western chancelleries with pompous pride made one last formal effort to order away the war god. On the morning of October 8, 1912, the Austrian and Russian ministers, acting for the other four great powers, handed in at each of the Balkan courts a solemn warning that, while the powers would take in hand most seriously the better ordering of Macedonia, if, despite their wishes, "war did break out, they [the powers] would not admit at the end of a conflict any modification of the territorial *status quo* in European Turkey."

One hour after the delivery of this note the Montenegrin chargé was asking for his passports at Constantinople, as if the Balkan kingdoms had wished to indicate their contempt for the sultan by having his smallest enemy be the first to declare war. There were still a few more demands and refusals passed between the other Balkan kingdoms and Constantinople, but nothing now could avert a conflict. The great powers looked on helplessly. The Montenegrin chargé, on his way home to Cetinje, said bluntly at Bukharest: "Montenegro wants territorial increase and will not give back whatever conquests she makes. We do not fear to cross the

will of the great powers, for they do not worry us."

The consensus of military opinion, especially in Teutonic lands, was that the Turkish Army vastly excelled the ill-organized confederate forces that could be led against it. The Ottoman Army had been organized by the great Prussian General von der Goltz and a corps of fellow-experts. Its artillery was from the Krupp works at Essen. The excellent fighting quality of the Turkish rank and file was justly extolled. On the other hand, the Serbs and Greeks were treated as lacking alike organization and valor. The Bulgars were a little better, but they were heavily outnumbered, and their artillery was French. The Young Turkish régime had been of course unable to fight the Italians because it lacked a good navy, but now it would assert its full might. The Vienna and Berlin war offices looked

forward to the results with some complacency. The only fear was that the Turks might prove so completely victorious there would be some trouble to restrain them before they committed atrocities which would revolt queasy stomachs in France, Russia, and England.

On the eighteenth of October, 1912, all sides had completed mobilization, and fighting began. The Montenegrins attacked and besieged Scutari, the strong fortress close to their frontier. The Serbs struck southward toward Uskub, in Macedonia, intending to get ultimately in touch with the Greeks, who were fighting their way northward from Thessaly to Saloniki. The Bulgars, who had the most serious task, flung themselves straight into Thrace, headed

for Adrianople and Constantinople. The war thus had four distinct theaters. The Bulgars had about 300,000 men in action, the Serbs and Greeks about 150,000 each, the Montenegrins about 50,000. The Turks theoretically should have assembled far more than 500,000. As a matter of fact, they probably never sent 400,000 men into action. Almost immediately the discrepancy be-

tween their boastful confidence and the hard facts of the case was patent to the world. As M. Gueshoff, the Bulgarian premier, wrote with exultation: "A miracle took place. . . . Within a brief space of one month the Balkan alliance demolished the Ottoman Empire, four tiny countries with the population of some 10,000,000 souls defeating a great power whose inhabitants numbered 25,000,000."

For a few weeks the Christian races of the Balkans forgot their miserable jealousies with

their neighbors. In the spirit of true crusaders they turned unitedly upon the infidel enemy that had oppressed them all so long. Christian fanaticism struck Moslem fanaticism as in the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the Christian prevailed.

In less time than it took Moltke to prick the bubble of the French Second Empire in 1870, the Balkan allies displayed the absurdity of the Turkish boasts. War virtually began October 18, 1912. On the nineteenth the Bulgars were hemming in Adrianople. On the twentieth there was outpost fighting with the main Turkish army. On the twenty-third the Bulgars under General Dimitrieff struck the Turkish hosts near Kirk Kilissé in Thrace. Position after position the raging Chris-



General von der Goltz

tians stormed with the bayonet. As night came on, the Turks fled the field in panic-stricken rout. The victory was so complete that the Bulgars did not realize their success soon enough to make proper pursuit.

Their next move was to leave an army to invest Adrianople and with their remaining hosts to head straight for Constantinople. On October 28 began the battle of Lulé Burgas, with about 175,000 men on each side. There have been very few struggles like it prior to 1914. The Turks fought better this time. For two days they flung back nearly every attack, fighting like the sons of the terrible Ottomans who had once menaced all Europe. But the French-made artillery of the Bulgars at last got in its deadly work. The Turkish soldiers were starving and had lost their strength to make counter-charges. At last, on the thirty-first, their right wing gave way, and by the next morning the whole great army of the sultan was fleeing in a rabble from the field of disaster, artillerymen forsaking cannon to ride off on the horses, infantrymen dropping rifles that they might run the faster. The fight ceased not until the Turks were behind the Tchatalja forts, just beyond which lay Constantinople. It was a mighty victory.

Had the Bulgars possessed a reserve of cavalry to hurry the pursuit, they might have entered Constantinople on the heels of the fugitives. As it was, they were themselves almost spent by their exertions. When at last, on the seventeenth of November, they came up to the Tchatalja lines, which extended from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea across the peninsula where the capital lies, they found that the Turks had rallied, mounted heavy cannon, and used sundry old iron-clads as floating batteries to cover each flank of their fortifications. The Bulgars attacked on the seventeenth and the eighteenth, and sustained repulses and losses. Then they suddenly discontinued their attacks. There is still uncertainty why General Savoff, their commander, did not press the case home. Was he discouraged at the first repulses, was he short of ammunition, was he fearful of the cholera in the city, did he dread lest

the great powers would never permit Bulgaria to enjoy the fruits of the conquest? Or was his Government more anxious now about its allies, the Greeks and Serbs, than about its foe, the Turks? Certain it is only that Savoff did not renew his main attack, and that on December 3 an armistice was signed, preliminary to peace negotiations. Lulé Burgas had been only the center of the Turkish tragedy. Victory had come also to the Greeks and to the Serbs.

The Turkish armies in Macedonia and Albania had been weaker than those in Thrace, but on paper they were formidable forces. They were, however, no better commanded or organized than their companions near the capital. When the Serbs struck southward to take Uskub, in Macedonia, there was a fierce battle at Kumanova, but it ended in the ignominious defeat of Zekki Pasha, who had tried to bar the invaders' way. The Turks fled toward Monastir. The Serbs were hot after them. Monastir surrendered on November 18, and 40,000 Turks became Serbian prisoners. It was another Lulé Burgas.

The Greeks had remembered with shame their defeats in 1897. Since then they had been disciplined by skilful French officers, and now the Turks could hardly recognize their once inefficient foes. At Yanitza, November 3, they won a locally decisive battle over Tahsin Pasha and opened the way to Saloniki, their heart's desire. The courage oozed out of the Ottoman officers holding the city. The had still 30,000 men and plenty of munitions, but they knew things were going miserably in Thrace; the Serbs were coming down, and there was no relief in sight. On November 9 they surrendered abjectly to the Greek Crown Prince Constantine, and so ended their grip on a city which they had possessed before they took Constantinople.

Meantime the Greek fleet was busy in the Ægean Islands. With their inefficient warships cowering behind the Dardanelles forts, the Turks could do nothing to relieve Lesbos, which yielded in November, or Chios, which held out until January. Samos expelled the Turks by a local uprising. The lesser islands were easily taken. The Turkish flag

soon floated nowhere by the Ægean save from the forts on the Asiatic mainland.

The impossible of the Teutonic military men had happened: Turkey had been utterly beaten. Nowhere in Europe did Mohammed V keep his hold save on Constantinople itself, the Dardanelles forts, and the three isolated and besieged fortresses of Adrianople, Janina, and Scutari, the last two in far

Albania. To ask for an armistice and to send delegates to a peace conference in London was something the haughty Ottomans dared not court destruction to avoid. It was clear enough now that the great powers had not the slightest intention of forcing the Balkan allies to disgorge their conquests. England and France were watching the situation with complacency. The Russian bear was hardly concealing his grin. Even the Teutonic powers and Italy were not prepared to interfere for the Turk, pro-

vided a proper arrangement was made about Albania. Therefore in December the peace conferences began in London, the Turks offering haggling small concessions, their foes demanding that they should virtually retire from Europe save for a narrow strip in Thrace between Constantinople and the Dardanelles. The sultan's situation was desperate, the treasury empty, the army virtually starving, and at length the more reasonable Ottoman ministers decided to accept the offered terms, grievous as they were. But the Young Turk leaders, especially Enver Bey, were enraged at the idea of throwing up the fight without one more effort to save a better remnant of the once great Mohammedan dominion in Europe. Their methods

were on the standard Levantine model. Nizam Pasha, the leading peace minister, was shot dead. The weak Mohammed V was then induced to make up a new cabinet of fire-eaters. The peace conferences ceased, and the war was begun again.

Enver Bey, however, found it impossible to put life into a corpse by brave speeches. The fighting spirit of the



Enver Bey, leader of the Young Turks

Turkish Army was dead. The Bulgars were still camped at the very outskirts of Constantinople and could not be dislodged. The three isolated fortresses, Janina, Adrianople, and Scutari, were one by one starved out. On April 22, 1913, the last-named fortress, the longest to resist, surrendered to the Montenegrins, who had devoted virtually their entire energies through the war to the investment of the stronghold. Already, chastened by new adversity, the Turkish envoys had resumed their

conferences with the Balkan delegates. On May 1, 1913, the Treaty of London was signed. The sultan ceded Crete to Greece, leaving the other Ægean islands "to the decision of the great powers" (that is, virtually all of them to Greece), and he also ceded to his foes all his dominions in Europe beyond the "Enos-Midia" line west of Constantinople.

The Turk had been almost expelled from Europe. The four Balkan allies had won a simply astonishing victory. If they were able to make moderate use of the same, if they avoided dissensions among themselves, and if the Western powers played them fair, their triumph meant nothing but good for the world. The Sick Man of Europe had been near-

ly relegated to Asia, where alone he belonged. The Macedonian problem seemed settled. Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece had all received extensions of boundary that they sorely needed. The Balkan War had appeared to justify itself by promising blessings to mankind.

This happiness was not to be. Long before the final treaty of London there had been all too many tokens that the Balkan allies were sorely divided among themselves. These dissensions had been partly suppressed as long as the war with Turkey lasted; but the instant this pressure was removed, a situation was disclosed which was very ugly, promising not peace, but a second war. And this second war was being encouraged by the attitude of a great Christian power, Austria.

In one sense the allies had been the victims of the very magnitude of their victory. They had hoped to win a few square miles apiece and to force a Christian governor on Macedonia after a hard war, and, lo! they had almost exterminated Turkey in Europe! But they did not find themselves at liberty after their victory to distribute their spoils according to the division compacts which they had made before beginning the joint campaign. Now, one of the prime objects of the war had been to get some kind of fair outlet for Serbia, preferably upon salt water. Soon after their first successes the Serbs had struck into Albania, forced their way over the mountains, and for a few proud, hopeful days their flag had floated at Durazzo, beside the blue Adriatic. But Austria instantly showed her hand, and Austria was naturally supported by Germany, and by Italy also, which had its own ambitions in Adriatic countries. Serbia must not extend her sway over Albania, otherwise a clear belt of South Slav country would be drawn from the Danube to the Adriatic, to the vast detriment of all Austria's darling schemes for expansion. As a corollary to this policy, Montenegro was to be forced to relinquish Scutari, an Albanian fortress, on which she had set her heart and done everything to win. Since the Turks were now gone, an independent prin-

ality of Albania was to be set up under the protection of the powers, who were to provide it with a respectable sovereign and to aid him to get started as the head of a quasi-civilized state. This arrangement was of course outwardly satisfactory to the Albanians, who detested their Serbian neighbors, but the real author and finisher of this newly created state was obviously Austria, whose politicians were in acute anxiety at the threatened growth in power of the once despised South Slavs.

It was evident enough that the whole Triple Alliance was opposed to any serious control of Albania by the Serbs or Montenegrins. England and France were not anxious to fight over the question. Russia, once more isolated, gave way before the Teutons. In great bitterness of spirit the forsaken Serbs evacuated Albania, and the Montenegrins marched out of their gallantly won Scutari. Naturally both of these ambitious little countries looked for recompense elsewhere.

The situation, therefore, was as follows. Bulgaria had seized most of Thrace, and by its location neither Greece nor Serbia could have that territory. But the Bulgars were also intensely interested in getting a great part of Macedonia. Here were the "unredeemed" lands of their people, and it was primarily for them that King Ferdinand's armies had rushed to war. By the compacts made before the struggle began, Bulgaria was certainly to be given a great extension in Macedonia. Serbia and Greece could not deny this letter of the bond. But they could argue with much moral emphasis that conditions had utterly changed. *They* had expected (Greece, indeed, less than Serbia) to get their reward in Albania. From Albania they had been excluded by the fiat of the great powers. Was it just that with Serbia denied nearly all her expected gains, and Greece also a part of them, Bulgaria should continue to exact her pound of flesh in Macedonia? The net result of that would have been to give Bulgaria most of *both* Thrace and Macedonia, and her allies very little new land anywhere.

Had the Balkan kingdoms been let alone to adjust the problem, they might

have worked it out peaceably, albeit their case was difficult. The Bulgars were swelled with pride at their victories over the main Turkish armies. They treated their allies with insulting condescension. Their officers were swaggeringly confident that in a new war they could teach Serbs and Greeks simultaneously which race was the true master of the Balkans. They had already quarreled with the Greeks over the possession of Saloniki, insisting on thrusting in a garrison there to share control of the city, although the Greeks had won the place unaided. As early as April, 1913, the allies were grievously at loggerheads. As soon as the Treaty of London was signed, they let their feuds be seen more clearly. On May 28 Serbia demanded that Bulgaria should revise the treaty of partition in view of the creation of an autonomous Albania. On June 8 the case had gone so far that the Russian Czar issued a solemn appeal to the kings of Bulgaria and Serbia, begging them not to "dim the glory they had earned in common by a fratricidal war," offering himself as a friendly and impartial arbiter, and warning them "that the State which begins war will be held responsible before the cause of Slavdom," and that he reserved "all liberty as to the attitude which Russia will adopt in regard to the results of such a criminal struggle."

The favorable prophets of war were now manifestly in Vienna and in Berlin. To break up the Balkan League had seemed indispensable to Teutonic diplomacy. Were the four allies to compose this feud and to distribute their conquests amicably, the next step would be to organize something like a permanent Balkan federation — "Balkania," as certain newspapers were already hopefully calling it. Such a federation would have been a formidable military power. It would promptly have taken advantage of the next display of weakness in Turkey to push new annexations. Being Orthodox and partly Slavic, it would have been peculiarly friendly to Russia. It would have lain like a stone wall across the road to the East which was always part of the Pan-Germanic schemes. In short, to Austria and Ger-

many alike this Balkan confederation spelled nothing but calamity.

In these circumstances the politicians of the school of Bismarck felt themselves well justified in desperate expedients. "Bulgaria's exasperation was Germany's opportunity. To fan the fires of Bulgarian jealousy against her allies was not difficult, but Germany spared no effort in the performance of this sinister task." The Greeks and Serbs were quite aware of the intrigues, and drew together in the face of a common danger. On June 2 they concluded an alliance against any Bulgarian attack. All through that month, despite the czar's fervent appeal, the situation continued dark and lowering. Serbia accepted the Russian offer of arbitration. Bulgaria did not refuse it flatly, but made so many conditions and delays that it was little more than declination. Meanwhile Vienna and Berlin were watching the situation with ill-concealed glee. Gueshoff, the Bulgar prime minister, a sincere lover of peace, found himself being overborne by the violent pro-war militarist party, which, backed by German influence, had gained the ear of King Ferdinand and was heading straight toward bloodshed. In disgust Gueshoff resigned, and in his place came Daneff, a violent advocate of action. In these dark circumstances it is rather remarkable that war did not begin sooner. The great powers again looked on helplessly. At Austro-German instigation they had agreed on a policy of disinterestedness and non-intervention, no matter which side won. This seemed very satisfactory to the Teutons, because their experts had this time selected Bulgaria as the certain winner.

On the evening of June 29, 1913, however, war had not broken out. At a certain boundary-point Bulgarian and Serbian outposts were cooking their suppers and fraternizing amicably; but that same night, without the slightest warning, the Bulgar leader, Savoff, ordered a general attack along the whole Greek and Serbian lines. It was a cold-blooded piece of devilry, devised by King Ferdinand's general staff, and ordered, so M. Gueshoff afterward confessed, without the knowledge of his

late colleagues in the civil cabinet. Savoff and his lieutenants were confident that by one crude, faithless blow they could break the power of both of their enemies at once. Never were men more egregiously self-deceived. The brief "Second Balkan War" which followed was terrible for its ferocity. All the old race hatreds of the afflicted peninsula were traded out. Each side charged the other with gross cruelties, and with massacres of the civil population of Macedonia, and both sides were probably right. In any case, however, the struggle was mercifully brief. On the twenty-ninth of June it began; on the thirtieth of July came the concluding armistice. Bulgaria had been utterly and dramatically defeated.

The Serbs and Greeks had alike been infuriated by the suggestion that they had not done their full share against the Turks. Their exasperation with their obstreperous allies was unspeakable. Each little nation flung itself into the new struggle with explosive energy. The Serbs fought to avenge Slivnitsa, the Greeks to show that they did not owe Saloniki to any borrowed valor. From July 2 to July 6 Greeks and Bulgars wrestled in a hideously bloody battle near the Vardar. Then the Bulgars broke and retreated hastily. The Greeks pursued; and when the final armistice came, they had forced their way over the mountains and were penetrating Bulgaria. The Serbs in turn showed themselves anything but comic-opera fighters. Rallying from the first treacherous attack, they fought back steadily, and by the eighth of July they had their enemy hopelessly on the defensive.

So Bulgaria stood in a parlous way had the war been prolonged, but, fortunately for humanity's sake, it was not. Like an apparition from the north there suddenly intervened Rumania.

That country had remained steadily neutral during the first war, although urging on Bulgaria a rectification of her very unsatisfactory frontier in the Dobrudja as compensation for the great increase in power which King Ferdinand's people were getting at the expense of Turkey. With ill grace Bulgaria had agreed in April to make a

very small and, to Rumania, inadequate concession. King Carol's government cannily bided its time. The northern Balkan kingdom waited with masterly inactivity until Bulgaria was hopelessly committed to a war on her old allies, then on July 3 Rumania mobilized. On July 10 she declared war, and sent her army pouring over the Danube. It was again a cold, non-moral proceeding, but the Balkan rulers had learned that nice scrupulosity seemingly paid no dividends in the greater capitals of Europe; and when would a like opportunity come again? Besides, it is more than a shrewd guess that if earlier there had come a broad hint from Berlin to Sofia, now there came one to Bukharest from St. Petersburg. Rumania's intervention of course sealed the fate of Bulgaria.

The war was little more than a holiday march for the Rumanians. Their foes were already so completely at grips with the Serbs and Greeks that the Rumanians could advance straight on Sofia. The military odds against King Ferdinand were so overwhelming that he and his generals soon gave up an utterly hopeless struggle. On July 30 came the armistice, which was to be followed by a peace conference at Bukharest, where the Bulgarian delegates were obliged to take the law humbly from their conquerors.

However, the cup of Bulgarian sorrows was not yet full. Adrianople had been one of the fairest prizes just wrested from the Turk. But now, almost before the new Christian administration had settled to its task and while the Bulgars were struggling with their Christian foes, a rehabilitated Ottoman army marched down from Constantinople and without resistance reoccupied the city. There were no means for King Ferdinand to get it back. He could not risk single-handed a new war with Turkey. Adrianople and the regions around went back to their old possessor.

At Bukharest the peace delegates deliberated until August 10, 1913, when a treaty was signed which once more, for a little while, was to indicate the final map of the Balkans. The Bulgars had been hopelessly beaten. The Serbs and

Greeks accused them of bad faith and extreme cruelty and were in no tender mood. The Teutonic nations, chagrined over the outcome of this war they had provoked, could do nothing to aid their unlucky protégés, thanks to the non-intervention agreement they had urged on the other great powers. Only the moderating influence of Rumania saved Bulgaria from a worse fate than befell her. As it was, she had to cede to Rumania a large strip of the Dobru-dja, with the fortress city of Silistria, and she was almost expelled from Macedonia, losing besides her extreme claims many regions that would have been surely assigned her by the arbitration of the czar. All the rest of the original conquests from Turkey, minus of course Albania, were divided between Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, save only some districts of Thrace which were contemptuously left to King Ferdinand. And so the diplomats went home, the Bulgarian delegates dejectedly, the others joyously, and for a little while the blessing of peace seemed to rest on the blood-soaked Balkan Peninsula.

In these two wars about 348,000 men were killed or wounded, and about \$1,200,000,000 in treasure expended by all the combatants together, figures small indeed compared with the awful sacrifices of Armageddon, but compared with previous wars no trifling price to pay even for very great changes upon the maps. Turkey in Europe had almost disappeared. It had shrunk from 65,300 square miles, with 6,130,000 people, to 10,880 square miles, with about 1,900,000 inhabitants. Rumania had gained at the expense of Bulgaria 2687 square miles, with 286,000 inhabitants, Montenegro had gained 2125 square miles and 230,000 inhabitants. Bulgaria had been allowed to make a net gain of 9660 square miles, but with only 125,500 inhabitants. Serbia had nearly doubled her territory by annexing 15,000 square miles, with about 1,500,000 inhabitants. Greece, thanks to getting Crete, with

many islands, Saloniki, etc., had been the greatest gainer of all. She had won nearly 18,000 square miles and about 1,700,000 inhabitants. Thus it was that the Balkan powers made their answer to the solemn warning of the powers on October 8, 1912, that they would "not admit, at the end of the conflict, any modification in the *status quo* in European Turkey." European Turkey had been whittled to a vanishing-point, and not one of the six great powers had stirred. Such were the resources of twentieth-century diplomacy.

The peace of Bukharest had settled that the Turk should be relegated to the barest corner of Europe. Any intelligent man, however, knew that it did not settle anything else. It was decidedly unfair to Bulgaria, which had been treated after the sins of her rulers and of the German influences behind them, and not according to her inherent rights as a progressive nation. It did not give the Serbs an outlet on the ocean, although it brought to them pride and confidence and willingness to form violent schemes for Bosnia. It left Germany and Austria angry and resentful because their protégés, first the Turks and then the Bulgars, had been utterly beaten; they had been unable to rescue them, and all men knew how grievously Teutonic military experts had miscalculated. It also left these same statesmen at Berlin and Vienna terror-stricken lest Russia make some new attempt to placate Bulgaria and revive the almost successful scheme of a permanent Balkan League, closing the German road to the East. In short, the Treaty of Bukharest spelled not lasting peace, but new collisions, and not indistinctly were the battles of the first and still more of the miserable second Balkan wars the bloody prologues to the greater tragedy of 1914. Twelve months after the signing of the Treaty of Bukharest, the five greatest powers of Europe were struggling in the agony of a mighty conflict.





The Madman

By HARRY KEMP

I had a vision in the night.
That vast mysterious something,
That which hangs imminent in orchestras,
That thing which every human heart expects,
I dreamed had happened to me.
Sometimes I felt it hanging over me
Like the shadow
Of enormous catastrophe,
And then again it was the liberation
From everything,
The unpremeditated event
That hovers, infinite, over every man.
And yet they lead me off,
One upon either side,
Saying that I am mad!
No, it is not death
Nor love
Nor fame, success nor wealth.
These are but paltry things,
The sparrow's wing before the archangel's flight.

Day after day I felt that it would happen
Of which all mankind feel the imminence,
As Christians dream a great red judgment day,
And dip their lives into its dreadful color.

And now it must have happened
To me at last;
The rosy nakedness of immortality,
Or something kin to that,
Has fallen over me:
I am all ecstasy,
And cannot give it words.

R. WEIR CROUCH



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

"AUTUMN OAKS"

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Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

I. THE MAKING OF A CANADIAN

WILFRID LAURIER was born at St. Lin, a little village on the Laurentian plain north of Montreal, on November 20, 1841.

Exactly two hundred years earlier his first Canadian ancestor had fared forth from Normandy, a member of the little band of pioneers who had undertaken to plant an outpost of France and the Faith on the Iroquois-harried Island of Montreal. For eight generations his forefathers took their part in the unending task of subduing the Laurentian wilderness. Striking deep roots in Canadian soil, shaping and shaped by the new ways and new interests of the colony, they worked, like thousands of their compatriots, for the most part in obscurity and silence. Then at last the sound and sturdy stock found expression. We cannot understand Wilfrid Laurier, his character, temperament, point of view, his problems, limitations, achievements, unless we bear in mind those two centuries of life and work in the Canada which had become his kinsmen's only home.

France had entered late into the race for overseas possessions. The wars of religion, entanglements in Europe, court intrigues, had occupied the whole interest of her rulers. When at last, in the seventeenth century, with a measure of unity attained at home, France had brief leisure to dream of New-World empire, there seemed little place left in

the sun. Spaniard and Portuguese, English and Dutch, were staking out the lands of sun and gold. French adventurers found a footing in India and Florida and Brazil, but for the most part they followed the track of Breton fishermen to the fogs and furs of the St. Lawrence. In 1608, a year after the London Company had founded, in the marshes of Jamestown, the first enduring English settlement in the South, Champlain founded, on the rock of Quebec, the first enduring French settlement in the North. For all Champlain's courage and persistence, it grew but slowly. The weary and perilous voyage in crude and comfortless craft barred all but the most courageous or the most despairing. There was no gold to lure. The fur-trade was monopolized by the trading companies, to which in turn kingly favor inclined. It was a task of years to clear an opening in the dense forests, and the little settlement planted in a vast, fertile continent was long dependent for food and stores on the yearly ships from France. The Iroquois lurked at the gate. Winter and scurvy and brandy played havoc with men who would not learn the country's ways. If New France was to become more than a fur-trader's post, some other power was needed to drive or draw men forth.

That power was religion. In the English settlements to the south it was religion more than any other factor that impelled men to leave the land of their birth and seek homes overseas. Men who could not find in England freedom

to worship as their conscience dictated or power to make others worship as they themselves pleased—Puritans, Quakers, Roman Catholics, and, in Long Parliament days, Episcopalians—formed the backbone of the settlements on the Atlantic coast, and gave the young colonies their fateful bias toward self-government.

In New France it was not the discontent of a religious minority that sent men and women overseas. This solution of France's colonizing problem had been definitely rejected. France, like England, had its dissenters; there were in Europe no more resolute or enterprising men, no better stuff for the building of a new state, than the Huguenots. But they were not allowed to find an outlet in America under the flag of France. For years advisers of the court, lay and cleric, urged that New France should be saved from the evil of a divided faith which had brought old France to the verge of ruin, and that the simplest way to avoid conflict was to bar the Huguenot. Insistent pressure and the flaring out again of Huguenot revolt brought Richelieu to yield, and in the charter granted the Hundred Associates Trading Company in 1627, all Huguenots and foreigners were forbidden to enter the colony. The discontented minority who might have emigrated to New France, and who eventually were exiled from France to build up her rivals, were not allowed to grapple with the task. The contented majority for whom the colony was reserved had little wish to go.

Yet in another way than in the English colonies religion was destined to provide the impelling force. There were among the Catholics of France men and women of burning zeal who felt a call to bring the Indians to Christ. While English settlers with their families were flocking to New England and Virginia, seeking to better themselves both here and hereafter, in New France martyr priests and devoted nuns were facing endless perils and privations in the hope of winning savage souls. There are no more glorious pages in the annals of missions than those which record the womanly tenderness and practical efficiency of Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys and Mère Marie de l'Incarna-

tion, or the devotion of Franciscan and Jesuit fathers, Le Caron and Dailon, Lalemant and Brébeuf, Le Jeune and Massé and Jogues, following the shifting, shiftless Montagnais through filth and famine, laboring patient years in the great Huron villages of what is now western Ontario, or daring the Iroquois in their innermost strongholds, only too often crowning a life of service by martyrdom under the scalping-knife or at the stake.

The reports, or *Relations*, in which each year the Jesuits recorded their efforts, fired the imagination of pious men and women throughout France. Not least they stirred one extraordinary group of men and women, in whom mystic piety, hard-headed grasp of practical affairs, and unquestioning courage were strangely mingled, to a resolve to plant the cross far toward the heart of the new land. Jérôme le Royer de la Dauversière, tax-gatherer of Anjou; Jean-Jacques Olier, Paris abbé and later founder of the Order of St. Sulpice; Pierre Chevrier; Baron de Fancamp; Mme. de Bullion, as pious as she was rich; Mlle. Jeanne Mance, honored of all Canadian nurses who have followed in her footsteps; and Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, Christian gentleman, whose simple faith had withstood contact with soldiers and with heretics, were only the more notable of the associates who thus came together to found the "Society of Our Lady of Montreal." Their aim was to found a mission outpost on the Island of Montreal, which lay at the junction of the two great Indian waterways, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and was famed through all North America as a rendezvous. Here priests were to minister to the spiritual needs of such savages as could be made to halt and heed, nursing sisters were to care for the sick and the aged, and teaching sisters to instruct the young. Funds were raised, a grant of the island was secured, soldier colonists were selected, and three small vessels equipped. In the summer of 1641 the expedition reached Quebec. Here was little backing for their rash venture. Governor and Jesuit sought to dissuade them from inevitable and useless sacrifice. It was unwise to scatter



Carolus Laurier, father of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

forces when the whole white population of Canada was fewer than three hundred; the Island of Montreal was right in the track of the Iroquois hordes who every year swept up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa in their relentless hunting of men. But Maisonneuve insisted that to Montreal he would go "if every tree on the island were to be changed to an Iroquois," and in the following spring the undaunted little band took possession.

Among the soldier colonists who followed Maisonneuve there was found Wilfrid Laurier's first known Canadian ancestor. Augustin Hébert was a native of the Norman town of Caen, the birthplace of William the Conqueror. Four years after his coming he married a girl of twenty, Adrienne Du Vivier, daughter of Antoine Du Vivier and Catherine Journé, who seem to have been earlier settlers at Quebec.

The vision of Indians flocking peaceably from all the St. Lawrence valley to hear the gospel message faded before the stern reality of Iroquois attack. The Five Nations had vowed to destroy the whole French colony and particularly the outpost at Montreal. They were then at the height of their power. An unusual capacity for political organization, a shrewd mastery of diplomacy, a grasp of military strategy, a persistence as rare among Indians as their ruthlessness was common, and, not least, ample stores of firearms sold by recklessly profiteering Dutch traders from New Netherlands made the Iroquois the most formidable of all Indian peoples, unquestioned lords from Maine to the Mississippi and from Hudson Bay to Tennessee. Hurons, Neutrals, Eries, Andastes, in turn were exterminated. Only their French foes withstood them. For twenty-seven years (1640-1667) the war

continued, with only two short breathing-spells. Now great bands of warriors attacked in force; now single braves lurked for days in ambush to catch a Frenchman unawares. The builders of this New Jerusalem, as of the Jerusalem of old, worked in the fields with their weapons by their side. "Not a month of this summer passed," a chronicler recorded, "but the book of the dead was marked in letters of red by the hand of the Iroquois." Maisonneuve and his comrades fought hard, worked hard, prayed hard, and against all chance the little colony survived. Rarely had they strength to take the offensive. One breathing-spell came when in 1660 Adam Dollard and his immortal sixteen young comrades, all but two in their twenties, after making their wills, their peace with their Maker, and their last farewells, struck up the Ottawa to meet the oncoming Iroquois, and at the rapids of the Long Sault, Canada's more glorious Thermopylæ, fought for eight days and nights against seven hundred frantic foes, until arms, water, strength, but never courage, failed, and one by one the little band had fallen by musket or tomahawk or at the stake.

Exploits such as Dollard's checked the Iroquois, but only a great accession of force to the colonists could subdue them. Fortunately, help was at hand. The rulers of France had at last both the will and the power to aid. Soldiers and settlers streamed in for a decade, and the Marquis de Tracy, at the head of large French and Canadian forces, laid waste the Iroquois country and brought peace for a score of years.

One of the soldiers in Tracy's crack force, the regiment of Carignan-Salières, raised by the Prince de Carignan in Savoy, tried and hardened in campaigns against the Turk, and brought to Canada under Sieur de Salières, was François Cottineau, *dit* Champlaurier, the first of the Laurier name in Canada. François Cottineau was born in 1641 at St.-Cloud, near Rochefoucauld, in what was then the Province of Angoumois and is now the Department of Charente, son, as the records say, of Jean Cottineau, vine-grower, and Jeanne Dupuy. In that day, when family names were still in the making, doubtless some an-

cestral field of *lauriers*, or oleanders, had given a sept of the Cottineaus the additional surname which in time was to become their only one.

The coming of Talon and Tracy assured the permanence of the colony. The little settlement on the Island of Montreal shared in the brief outburst of vigor and support. Montreal, like all New France, had ceased to be merely a fur-traders' counter and a missionaries' base of operations; it had become for all time a land of settlers and of homes.

For a few brief years the state took unwonted care to stimulate the growth of New France. Officers and men of the Carignan-Salières regiment were induced to settle, Roman-wise, on the imperiled borders, though it is to be feared that more of them turned *coureurs de bois*, roaming far in the Western wilderness, than remained to till the soil of the Richelieu seigniories. Ship after ship of settlers came, and thrifty efforts were made to save the men of France for cannon-fodder in Europe by encouraging early marriage in the colony itself. Hundreds of girls were brought from the old land, and married out of hand to soldier and settler. The quick to wed were rewarded, and the tardy were punished. The state provided dowries of money or supplies, while in anticipation of Honoré Mercier, Louis XIV offered a pension of three hundred livres to all Canadians who had ten children living, and four hundred for families of twelve, girls who had entered any religious order not being counted. Fathers were fined if their sons were not married at twenty or their daughters at sixteen, and marriageable bachelors were forbidden to set out hunting unless they undertook to marry within a fortnight of the arrival of the next matrimonial ship from France. Not even a Colbert could insure that such drastic and paternal interference would be permanent, but pressure of church and state and frontier conditions long made marriage at an early age a feature of New France.

This rapid marrying and the steady pushing back the frontier which went with it are brought out clearly in the annals of the Hébert and the Cottineau-Laurier families. Thanks to the care



House in St. Lin, Quebec, in which Carolus Laurier lived for a time

with which the parish registers were kept by the church authorities and the tireless industry with which historians from Abbé Tanguay to M. Massicotte have delved into the records, and thanks also to the fact that immigration from France ceased early, making it possible to trace all the present families to the early stocks, we can follow the branching of these, as of countless other families of New France, without a break through the generations.

To Augustin Hébert and Adrienne Du Vivier four children came, two sons, from whom the Hébert families of the Montreal district trace descent, and two daughters. The elder daughter, Jeanne, was married in Montreal, in 1660, to Jacques Millot, son of Gabriel Millot and Julienne Phelippot. The bride was in her fourteenth year, but the husband, doubtless a new-comer, in his twenty-eighth. They did not quite earn the king's pension, for though they had ten children, not more than seven were living at one time. It was the eldest of these ten children, Madeleine Millot, who in 1677, in her fifteenth year, was married to the soldier of Carignan-Salières, François Cottineau, *dit* Champ-laurier, then approaching thirty-six.

Marriages in those days might be made early, but they were not contracted lightly. The marriage contract of François Cottineau and Madeleine Millot, which is still preserved, reveals with what a multitude of witnesses—

kinsmen, neighbors, old regimental officers—the solemn undertaking was made, and with what thrifty and cautious care the future family finances were detailed and guarded.

When the eldest of the four children of François Cottineau-Laurier, fittingly named Jean-Baptiste, was married at twenty-six to Catherine Lamoureux, a girl of sixteen, youngest but one of a family of eleven, it was not at Montreal, but at St. François, in Ile Jesus, to the northeastward, that the marriage was performed. That even Colbert could not mold the people to his will is made clear by the fact that the two daughters of François Cottineau-Laurier did not marry until one was twenty-nine and the other was twenty-four. About 1726, to judge from the records of the baptisms of their children—Jean-Baptiste, Marie-Catherine, Marie, Agathe, Jacques, Rose, Thérèse, Joseph, Pierre, Marie-Anne, and Véronique—Jean-Baptiste, the eldest trekked still farther northward, to Lachenaie, on the main shore opposite St. François. Lachenaie proved a more abiding home. Here it was, in 1742, that Jacques, his second son, at twenty-six, married Agathe Rochon, of twenty-one, and here for three generations the family took root.

In every parish from Tadoussac to Montreal the same story of early and fruitful marriage and of steady widening of the bounds of settlement is to be told. All along the St. Lawrence and the

Richelieu the habitants were clearing their deep, narrow holdings, winning an acre or two a year from the dense forest. Farming methods were crude, but the soil was rich, and the habitant hard-working. Save in a rare famine year, he had in his fields abundance of wheat and oats, corn and rye and indispensable peas, and of fish and game and wild fruits in the river and forest at his door. Home-brewed ale and, later, home-grown and home-cured *tabac canadien* helped to pass the long winter nights. Every household was self-sufficient and self-contained.

The habitant had found comfort. He had not yet found full freedom, though the independent strain in his blood and the democracy of the frontier insured him much greater liberty than is usually recognized, and there was always the safety-valve of escape to the lawless life of the *coureur de bois*. In the wider affairs of the colony he had little voice. King and governor and intendant made his laws, with some slight aid from a nominated council; yet his taxes were light, and if he did not make the laws, neither did they greatly circumscribe his daily life. The seignior counted for more in his eyes than the king, but had only a shadow of the authority wielded by feudal lords in France: he proudly insisted that he was habitant, not *cen-sitaire*. The church came closest. The missionary aims of the founders of the colony, the unwearied devotion of the church's servants, the outstanding ability of some of its servants, notably Bishop Laval, America's first prohibitionist, and the barring of heretics, gave the church sweeping and, for a time, unquestioned and ungrudged authority. After Colbert came to office, and throughout the French régime, the state increasingly asserted its power, controlling the church in matters of tithes, the founding of new orders or communities, appeals from ecclesiastical courts, and many issues of policy; but the church remained the dominant social influence in the colony.

Already New France had taken on a life and color of its own. Governors and merchants and soldiers might come and go, but the ways of the colony were little changed. The striking and signifi-

cant feature of these later years is the cessation of contact with France through immigration. The outburst of colonizing energy under Colbert proved brief. Louis XIV and Louis XV were seeking glory on European battle-fields, and could spare no men for the wilderness. Daring projects of American empire were staked out, but the men needed to hold and develop the vast arc from Montreal to New Orleans did not come. In the seventy years up to 1680 the colony had received at most three thousand immigrants from France; in the eighty years that followed an incredibly small number came—a number which the most distinguished authority, M. Benjamin Sulte, puts as low as one thousand, all told. Through all this period France had more than twice the population of the British Isles, but did not send one settler to the New World for the twenty that Great Britain and Ireland urged or forced to go. In forty years half the Presbyterian population of Ulster sought refuge in the American colonies from British industrial and religious oppression; German, Dutch, Swiss settlers poured in during the eighteenth century by tens of thousands. The numbers of Ulstermen and of Germans coming to the English colonies in a single year exceeded the number of French settlers who crossed the Atlantic in the century and a half from the beginning to the end of the French régime. Of the four or five hundred thousand Huguenots exiled from France, more came to the English colonies than Catholic France could spare for her own New World plantations, and the names of Bowdoin, Faneuil, Revere, Bayard, Jay, Maury, Marion, and many another bear witness of their quality. For all the rapid multiplying of the original stock in New France, it continued to be outnumbered by the English colonies twenty to one.

The French régime came to an end a century and a half after Champlain had raised the flag of France on the rock of Quebec. The new rulers were faced at once by the most serious difficulty that had yet beset any colonizing power. Here were eighty thousand Frenchmen and Catholics, firmly rooted in the soil, with ways of life and thought fixed by

generations of tradition. What was to be the attitude of their English and Protestant rulers? On the answer to that question hung the future of Canada, and the answer, or, rather, the answers, that were given, shaped the problems and the tasks that in after days faced Wilfrid Laurier and his contemporaries and that in changing forms will face the Canadians of to-morrow.

The solution first adopted was what might have been expected in a time when the right of self-determination had not even become a paper phrase. It was simply to turn New France into another New England, to swamp the old inhabitants to immigration from the colonies to the south, and to make over their laws, land tenure, and religion on English models. No little progress had been made in this attempt when the shadow of the American Revolution and the sympathy of soldiers and governors for the old autocratic régime brought a fateful change in policy. British statesmen determined to build up on the St.

Lawrence a bulwark against democracy and a base of operations against the Southern colonies in case of war by confirming the habitant in his laws, the seignior in his dues, the priest in his authority. To keep the colony British, the Government now sought to prevent it becoming English. The Quebec Act, the "sacred charter" of French-speaking Canada, embodied this new policy. A measure of success followed. Then the unexpected result of the American Revolution in exiling to the St. Lawrence and the St. John tens of thousands of English-speaking settlers made it impossible to keep Canada wholly French, and the hatred for democracy and for all things French which developed during the wars with Napoleon made En-

glishmen unwilling to let French-speaking Canada rule itself.

While these affairs of state were in the balance, generation after generation of Lauriers were hewing their way through the Northern woods. It was about 1726 that Jean-Baptiste Laurier and Catherine Lamoureux had crossed from the islands to the mainland at Lachenaie, and in 1742, in the same parish, that Jacques, their second son, married Agathe Rochon. Charles Laurier, fourth of Jacques's five children,

was a boy of eleven when the battles of the Plains of Abraham and of Ste. Foye were fought. In the year of the Quebec Act he married Marie - Marguerite Parant, or Parent. Of their four children, only two, Charles and Toussaint, grew to manhood.

With Charles Laurier, the younger of these two sons, the great native capacity of the stock began to reveal itself, and the environment slowly to take the shape required to fit his grandson, Wilfrid Laurier, for the important part he was destined to play in his country's life.



Wilfrid Laurier at twenty-four

II. ST. LIN AND MONTREAL

CHARLES LAURIER, the grandfather of Wilfrid Laurier, was a man of unusual mental capacity and force of character. His interests and ambitions extended beyond the narrow range of habitant life. Not content with the scanty education available in the parish school, he mastered mathematics and land-surveying. He surveyed a great part of the old seignior of Lachenaie, originally granted to Sieur de Repentigny in 1647, and later divided, the western half, two leagues along the river and six leagues deep, falling in 1794 into the hands of Peter Pangman, "Bastonnais," or New-

Englander, famed for his exploits as fighter and fur-trader in the far Northwest.

Charles Laurier had an ingenious and practical turn that is evidenced by the fact that he was the first man in Upper or Lower Canada to obtain a patent for an invention. In 1822 he invented what he termed a *loch terrestre*, or land log. The Quebec "Gazette" of June 24, 1822, noted that an ingenious machine, to be attached to the wheel of a carriage for measuring the distance traversed, had been exhibited that month in Quebec, and that it was the invention of Mr. Charles de Laurier, *dit* Cottineau, who intended to seek a patent from the legislature the following session. A letter in the "Gazette" a few days later from Charles Laurier himself dealt at length with the device. He explained that the land log recorded automatically the number of revolutions of the carriage-wheel or mill-wheel to which it was attached, the dials indicating in leagues and decimal fractions of a league the distance traversed. In a carriage to which this instrument had been attached one could almost make a survey of a province while driving, provided one had a good compass.

In 1805 Charles Laurier married Marie-Thérèse Cusson. To his son Charles, or Carolus, who was born in 1815, he gave a forest farm at St. Lin, on the River Achigan, some fifteen miles northeast of Lachenaie. Here the son followed in his father's footsteps, surveying and farming by turns, and here in 1840, when Carolus had been married some six years, Charles and his wife came to spend the rest of their days in a joint household.

The strong common sense of the elder Laurier, his frankness, and his sturdy emphasis on independence are brought out clearly in the *étrennes*, or New Year's blessing, sent to Carolus in 1836:

New Year's blessing for Carolus Laurier.
January 1st, 1836.

My dear Son:

For New Year's blessing I am going to give you some advice, and I hope that you will not scorn it, as you are now the head of a household, a substantial villager, and consequently a member of society.

Further, in order to be a good member of society, you must be independent. Besides independence, many rules of conduct are understood, but that is the root of them all. Independence does not always mean riches! It means prudence, foresight in business, so that you are not taken unawares and forced to yield or compromise with any one. You must judge your own business, watch over everything that goes on in your house, etc.; in a word, over all that may help or hinder your interests.

You must subdue the flesh. That is to say, work reasonably, prudently, and faithfully. A man of bodily activity may earn, without any exaggeration, 25 to 50 dollars a year more than an indolent man would. That may make an increase in his fortune of 13 to 26 thousand francs at the end of 30 years.

Finally, my son, you are your own master; do as you will; I give you no commands. But if you wish to achieve independence, pray God to direct your thoughts and your work. It is spiritual and bodily activity which leads to independence: the indolent man is always in need. This precept may be of service to your wife and to everyone.

CHARLES LAURIER,
Your affectionate father.

The same Polonian prudence is evident in another New Year's letter, written this time to his daughter-in-law, in anticipation of the two households being joined:

New Year's blessing of Marcelle Martineau,
wife of Carolus Laurier.

January First, 1840.

Dear Madam:

As we intend to be joined together next year, and for the rest of our days, unless we are greatly disappointed, God grant that we may live on good terms with one another. It is to Him that we must pray for this. Be resolute and patient. If we take care, both of us, not to be embittered against one another, we shall be able to live together happily, for it will be less costly to keep house for two families joined together than if they were separated, both as regards household tasks and expense. If we have the good fortune to agree, we shall be happier together than separated. That is why we must fortify ourselves beforehand with

prudence and patience and resignation. When we fear some misfortune, it is very seldom that it comes to us. Be wise and prudent.

CHARLES LAURIER.

Carolus Laurier had not the rugged individuality or the practical interests of his father, but he had his own full share of capacity. His keen wit, his genial comradeship, his generous sympathy, his strong, handsome figure, made him a welcome guest through all the French and Scotch settlements of the north country. He was more interested in political affairs than his father had been, and a strong supporter of the Liberal, or "Patriot," demand for self-government. It was an index of his progressiveness that he was the first in the country-side to discard the flail for a modern threshing-machine.

It was to his mother that Wilfrid Laurier always felt he owed most. Marie-Marcelle Martineau was born in L'Assomption in 1815. Her first Canadian ancestor was Mathurin Martineau, who emigrated to Canada from the same part of France as Jean Cottineau, about 1687; from this Martineau stock came the poet Louis Frechette, who counted himself a Scotch cousin of Wilfrid Laurier. On her mother's side—Scholastique, or Colette, Desmarais-Marcelle Martineau had the blood of Acadian exiles in her veins. In 1834, when each was nineteen, Carolus Laurier and Marcelle Martineau were married at L'Assomption. Marcelle Laurier was a woman of fine mind and calm strength, with an interest in literature and an appreciation of beauty in nature unusual in her place and time. She was passionately fond of pictures, though there was little opportunity to gratify her longing, and had a very good natural talent for drawing. In the home she made in St. Lin there was an

intellectual interest and a grace and distinction of life which were to leave a lasting impression on the son who came to her in her twenty-seventh year.

In 1841 Carolus Laurier proudly recorded the following entry in his papers:

To-day, the twenty-second day of the month of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, was baptized in the church of St. Lin, by Messire G. Chabot, curé for the said parish, Henri-Charles-Wilfrid, born the twentieth day of the present month, of the lawful marriage of Carolus Laurier, gentleman land-surveyor, and Marie-Marcelle Martineau. His godfather is Sieur Louis-Charles Beaumont, Esq., gentleman of Lachenaie; his godmother is Marie-Zoë Laurier, wife of Sieur L. C. Beaumont.



Wilfrid Laurier at twenty-eight

On January 23, 1844, he records the birth and baptism that day of Marie-Honorine-Malvina Laurier.

Marcelle Martineau was not fated to be with her children long. She died in March, 1848, in her thirty-fifth year. But in the seven years of her son's life with her she had so knit herself into his being that the proud and tender memory of her never faded from his deeply impressionable mind. A second blow came with the death, when barely eleven, of the sister who had grown very dear to him.

Carolus Laurier soon took a second wife, Adeline Ethier. Of this marriage there were five children: Ubalde, who became a physician, and died at Arthabaska in 1898; Charlemagne, for many years a merchant at St. Lin, and member for the county of L'Assomption in the Federal House from 1900 until his death in 1907; Henri, prothonotary at Arthabaska, who died in 1906; and Carolus and Doctorée (Mme. Lamarche), both of whom survived Wilfrid.

Adeline Laurier proved a very kindly and capable mother to all her flock. Her hold on the elder boy's warm affections, and incidentally her husband's light-hearted outlook on life, are brought out in a letter which Carolus wrote to a niece of his wife many years after:

St. Lin, 19 March, 1886.

I am almost certain to get well in spite of my seventy-one years, and I embarked on the seventy-second the day before yesterday, while the Irish were holding their procession in the streets of Montreal, and as that day is the day of their patron saint and their national festival, and as I came into the world 71 years ago, I think that is the reason why, when I was a widower, 5 or 6 old Irish damsels from New Glasgow came to mass at St. Lin every Sunday, and my seat was always full of them. But the moment I married your aunt, pop! their devotion was at an end, and I found myself rid of these old girls, and my seat and the rest of the church likewise.

. . . That did not prevent me from keeping my health and being very happy with your aunt, and my children, too, for I am certain that Wilfrid loves his step-mother just as if she was his own mother. I always remember that at the age of eleven, when he came home from school, he would go and sit on his stepmother's lap to eat his bread and jam or bread and sugar, with his arm around her neck, and that he would put his "piece" on his knees and wipe his mouth with his handkerchief and kiss her over and over, and then would pick up his "piece," eat a few mouthfuls, and begin to kiss her again. . . .

CAROLUS L.

St. Lin in the early fifties was a prosperous frontier village. Twenty miles to the north the blue Laurentians set a barrier to further expansion. The village itself was the center of a broad, fertile, slightly rolling plain, still covered for the most part with the maples and elms, the pine and spruce, of the primitive forest. Its great stone church towered high above the houses that lined the two straggling streets. The River Achigan, on which it lay, turned the wheels of the grist-mills on its banks, floated down the logs from the upper reaches, and, not least, provided fishing

and swimming-holes for boys' delight. It was a quiet, pleasant home, well devised to give its children happiness in youth, strength in manhood, and serene memories in old age. Young Laurier shared in the usual children's games, though an old companion recalls that many a time when the boys would call: "Wilfrid, come! We are ready for the race," the answer from the boy, bent over a book, would be, "Just a minute," and again, "A minute more." He particularly delighted in wandering through the woods, sometimes with gun on his shoulder for rabbit or partridge, but more often with no other purpose than to search out bird and plant and tree. His sharp eyes and retentive memory gave him a knowledge of wood life which fifty years later a competent authority considered altogether unusual.

The boy's early schooling was given partly by his mother and partly in the parish school of St. Lin. Under the French régime a fair measure of elementary schooling had been provided, mainly by the religious orders; but with diversion of endowments to other ends and disputes between church and state as to control, progress after 1763 had been slow. It was not until 1841 that an adequate system came into force. In the school in St. Lin, which is still standing, though no longer used as a school, the children of the late forties learned their catechism and the three R's. For the majority no further training was possible. For the few who were destined for the church, the bar, or medicine the classical college followed. In young Laurier's case a novel departure was taken.

Seven miles west of St. Lin, on the Achigan, lay the village of New Glasgow. It had been settled about 1820, chiefly by Scotch Presbyterians belonging to various British regiments. Carolus Laurier in his work as a surveyor had made many friends in New Glasgow, and had come to realize the value of knowledge not only of English speech, but of the way of life and thought of his English-speaking countrymen. He accordingly determined to send Wilfrid, at the age of eleven to the school in New Glasgow for two years. Arrangements were made to have him stay with



Photograph by Topley, Ottawa, Canada

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

the Kirks, an Irish Catholic family; but when the time came, illness in the Kirk household prevented, and it was neces-

sary to seek a lodging elsewhere. One of Carolus's most intimate friends was John Murray, clerk of the court and

owner of the leading village store. Mrs. Murray took in the boy, and for a few months he was one of the family. The Murrays, Presbyterians of the old stock, held family worship every night. Wilfrid was told that, if he desired, he would be excused from attending; but he expressed the wish to take part, and night after night learned never-forgotten lessons of how men and women of another faith sought God. When Mrs. Kirk recovered, he went to her for the remainder of his two years in New Glasgow; but he was still in and out of the Murrays' every day, and many a time helped behind the counter in the store. The place he found in the life of the Kirks may be gathered from a passing remark in a letter from his father forty years later: "Nancy Kirk writes that her father is now over a hundred and beginning to wander in his mind: he does not see us at all, but talks of Wilfrid and of Ireland."

The school in New Glasgow was open to all creeds and was attended by both boys and girls. It was taught by a succession of unconventional schoolmasters, for the most part old soldiers. The work of the first year in New Glasgow, 1852-53, came to an abrupt end with the sudden departure of the master in April. A man of much greater parts, Sandy Maclean, took his place the following year. He had read widely, and was never so happy as when he was quoting English poetry by the hour. With a stiff glass of Scotch within easy reach on his desk, and the tawse still more prominent, he drew on the alert and spurred on the laggards. His young pupil from St. Lin often recalled in after years with warm good will the name of the man who first opened to him a vision of the great treasures of English letters.

The two years spent in New Glasgow were of priceless worth in the turn they gave to young Laurier's interests. It was much that he learned the English tongue in home and school and playground. It was more that he came unconsciously to know and appreciate the way of looking at life of his English-speaking countrymen, and particularly to understand that many roads led to heaven. It was an admirable preparation for the work which in later years

was to be nearest his heart—the endeavor to make the two races in Canada understand each other and work harmoniously together for their common country. Carolus Laurier set an example which French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians alike could still follow with profit to their children and their country.

New Glasgow was only an interlude. Carolus Laurier had determined to give his son as good a training as his means would allow. That meant first a long course in a secondary school, followed by professional study for law, medicine, or the church, the three fields then open to an ambitious youth. Secondary education in Lower Canada was relatively much more advanced than primary; the need of adequate training for the leaders of the community had been recognized earlier than the need or possibility of adequate training for all. The *petit séminaire* at Quebec and the Sulpicians' college at Montreal had trained the men who led their people in the constitutional struggles following 1791. Secondary schools or colleges, modeled largely on the French colleges and lycées, had early been established in the more accessible centers, in 1804 at Nicolet, in 1812 at St. Hyacinthe, in 1824 at Ste. Thérèse, in 1827 at Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, and in 1832 at L'Assomption. All were maintained and controlled by the church.

In September, 1854, Wilfrid Laurier entered the college of L'Assomption, in the town of the same name, on L'Assomption River, twenty miles east of St. Lin. Here for seven years he followed the regular course, covering what in English-speaking Canada would be taken up in high school and the first years of college. The chief emphasis was laid on Latin; the good fathers succeeded not merely in grinding into their pupils a thorough knowledge of moods and tenses, but in giving them an appreciation of the masterpieces of Roman literature. Many a time in later years, when leaving for a brief holiday, Mr. Laurier would slip into his bag a volume of Horace or Catullus or an oration of Cicero, and, what is less usual, would read it. French literature was given the next place in their studies—the litera-

ture, needless to say, of the grand age, of Bossuet and Racine and Corneille, not the writings of the men of revolutionary and post-revolutionary days, the Voltaires and Hugos and Bérangers. Briefer courses in Greek, English, mathematics, philosophy, geography, and history completed the seven years' studies. It was a training of obvious limitations, but in the hands of good teachers such as the fathers at L'Assomption were, it gave men destined for the learned professions an excellent mental discipline, a mastery of speech and style, and a sympathetic understanding of the life and culture of men of other lands and times.

The school discipline at L'Assomption was strict. The boys rose at 5:30, and every hour had its task or was set aside for meal-time or play-time. The college had not then built a refectory, and the students, though rooming in the college buildings, scattered through the town for their meals.

Every Sunday, garbed in blue and black coat, collegians' cap, and blue sash, all attended the parish church; on week-days only the sash was worn. Once a week, on Wednesday afternoons, there came a welcome half-holiday excursion to the country, usually to a wood belonging to the college a few miles away. These excursions young Laurier enjoyed to the full, but he was not able to take much part in the more strenuous games of his comrades. The weakness which was to beset his early manhood was already developing, and violent exercise had been forbidden. His recreation took other forms. The literary part of the course, the glories of Roman and French and English literature, made a deep appeal to him. He took his full share in the warm and dogmatic

discussions in which groups of the keener youngsters settled the problems of life and politics raised by their reading or echoed from the world outside. Sometimes a nearer glimpse was given of the activities of that outer world. Assize courts were held twice a year, and when election-time came round, joint debates between the rival candidates at the church door after Sunday mass or from improvised street platforms on a week-day evening were unal-

loyed delight. More than once the student from St. Lin broke bounds to drink in the fiery eloquence of advocate or politician, well content to purchase a stimulating hour by the punishment that followed.

Wilfrid Laurier had come to L'Assomption with a strong leaning toward Liberalism. His father's freely spoken views, discussions of his elders overheard in St. Lin and New Glasgow, echoes of the eloquence of the great tribune Papineau, the reading of the



Dwelling in St. Lin where Wilfrid Laurier attended school

history of Canada which Garneau had written to belie Durham's charge that French-speaking Canada had no literature, had awakened political interest and given him the bent which his own temperament and his later reading confirmed. If the seed had not been vital and deeply planted, his Liberalism could scarcely have survived the Conservative atmosphere of L'Assomption. When the French-Canadian majority which had fought solidly for self-government divided, once self-government was attained, into Liberals and Conservatives, nearly all of the clergy, as will be noted later, took the Conservative turning. The college authorities and the great majority of his fellow-students looked with more than suspicion on his political heresies. When a debating society

which young Laurier had helped to organize ventured on still more dangerous ground, taking up the highly contentious theme over which historians have shed quarts of ink: "Resolved, that in the interests of Canada the French kings should have permitted the Huguenots to settle here," and when the student from St. Lin took the affirmative and pressed his points home, the scandalized *préfet d'études* intervened, and there was no more debating at L'Assomption. Yet these differences were not serious. The relations between teachers and pupils were very friendly. Young Laurier was soon recognized as the most promising student of his time, and it was with pride that the authorities and his fellows chose him to make the orations or read the addresses on state occasions.

Students of all political tendencies and of none were graduated from L'Assomption. It was the alma mater, though in the days before the rise of parties (1835-1842), of the giant Rouge tribune, Joseph Papin, "*le gros canon du parti démocratique*," who is still com-

memorated in the college halls with laudable impartiality as "*vir statura, voce et dialectica potens*," and of Léon Simeon Morin (1841-1848), his brilliant Conservative opponent, who shot like a fiery meteor across the political sky of Canada. Louis A. Jetté, founder of the *parti national* which sought to reconcile Liberalism and the church, and later an eminent judge, left L'Assomption the year before Wilfrid Laurier entered. Arthur Dansereau, for many years the leading Conservative journalist in Quebec, was a year his junior, while in his

last year there entered a young lad from Lanoraie whose path was to cross his many a time in the future, the stormy petrel of Quebec politics, J. Israel Tarte.

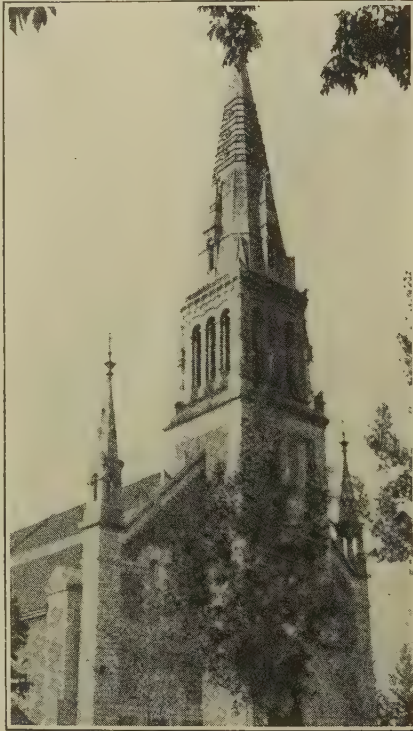
The seven years soon passed, and the momentous day of graduation came. Of the twenty-three members of his class only nine completed the seven years. The interests of the class were well divided. Of the later career of three, two of whom went to the Western States, no record is available. Of the other twenty,

three became barristers, and three notaries, these six providing the three who won legislative honors; four became priests; four doctors; three farmers; two entered business; and one died while at school.

Wilfrid Laurier's ambitions had long been turned toward law, and when he left L'Assomption at the age of nineteen it was with the purpose of beginning immediately to study for the bar. The leading law school of Canada was then the faculty of law at McGill University. It has a strong staff of judges and of barristers in active practice, and the offices of the city gave a ample opportunity

for training in the routine of law. The law faculty of Laval University, Montreal, it may be noted, was not established until 1878.

To Montreal, then, Wilfrid Laurier journeyed in the autumn of 1861, with high hopes, but with some foreboding as to what life in a large city would mean. He found a place in the office of Rodolphe Laflamme, one of the leaders of the Montreal bar and a very aggressive *Rouge*, or advanced Liberal. The salary paid, though small, was a welcome supplement to the funds his father supplied.



The church in St. Lin

The three-year course that led to the degree of bachelor of civil law covered not only the basic systems of our jurisprudence, the civil law of Rome, and the common law of England, but the developments which custom and legislators and code-makers had brought about in English-speaking and French-speaking Canada. Most lectures were given in English. Mr. Laurier, with his New Glasgow training and his later reading, had no great difficulty in following them.

He had more trouble at first in understanding the Latin phrases in the lectures on Roman law given by Justice Torrance, for at that time the absurd English pronunciation of Latin was almost the rule among English-speaking scholars. J. J. C. Abbott, dean of the faculty, and destined thirty years later to become in a party emergency prime minister of Canada, was a sound and authoritative teacher of commercial law. Laflamme taught customary law, and E. C. Carter, criminal law. Throughout Wilfrid Laurier ranked high in his work, though for the comfort of

those students who gather instances of men succeeding in examinations and failing in the sterner tests of life, it may be noted that the one man who ranked higher was never heard of again in the wide world. In his first, and again in his third, year young Laurier stood second in general proficiency, and at graduation was first in the thesis required of all candidates for the degree. He was accordingly chosen to give the valedictory. It is not customary to find in student valedictories mature and original contributions to the philosophy of life. The address given on this occa-

sion had its share of the rhetoric of youth, but it was a really notable utterance. The young valedictorian sketched a picture, somewhat idealized perhaps, of the lawyer's place in the nation's life, forecasting in more than one particular the principles which were to guide his own public career. The duty and the opportunity of the lawyer to maintain private right, to uphold constitutional liberty, and to work for the harmony of the two races in Canada were

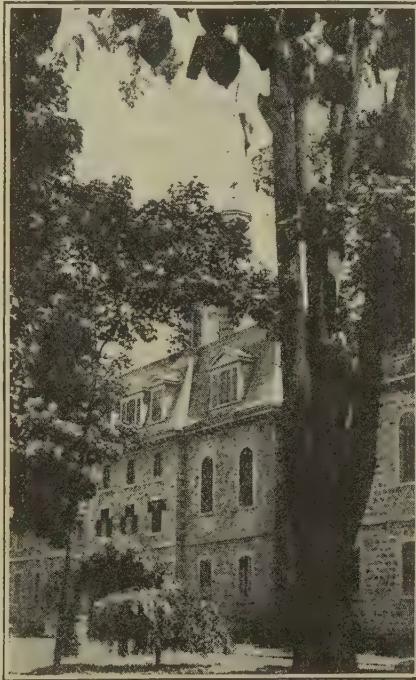
strongly emphasized in vigorous and glowing phrase.

Valedictories butter no parsnips. No time could be lost in seeking to make a living. Mr. Laurier was admitted to the bar of Quebec in 1864, and in October of that year began practice in Montreal as a member of the firm of Laurier, Archambault and Désaulniers. All three partners were keen and ambitious, but the city seemed well satisfied with the old established firms, and clients were few. Finding difficulty in tiding over the months of waiting, the partners dissolved in April, 1865. Mr. Laurier then formed

a partnership with Méderic Lanctot.

The question of his health was now giving Mr. Laurier serious concern. Throat and lung trouble had developed, accompanied by serious hemorrhages. Many of his friends felt that a quiet country town would give a better fighting chance than a crowded city.

Antoine Dorion, his most valued friend, and the Liberal leader in Canada East, advised him to open a law office in the growing village of L'Avenir, in the Eastern townships, and to combine with law the editing of the weekly newspaper, "Le Défricheur,"



Glimpse of main building of College of l'Assomption, which Wilfrid Laurier attended in 1853-1860

which Dorion's younger brother, Eric, had founded and managed until his death in 1866. Mr. Laurier felt that the advice was sound, and in November, 1866, he left Montreal for the little backwoods village. A brief residence convinced him that despite its optimistic name L'Avenir had no future, and accordingly he moved his newspaper and his law office to Victoriaville, thirty miles farther east. While Victoriaville, as the railway center of the district, became in time the chief business town, Mr. Laurier concluded that his law practice would flourish more securely in Arthabaskaville, three miles distant, and early in 1867 he settled in the picturesque little town that was to be his home for the next thirty years.

When Wilfrid Laurier first came to Montreal neighbors in St. Lin reminded him of a close friend of his mother, Mme. Gauthier, whose husband had been the village doctor in Marcelle Laurier's short married days. Dr. Gauthier was now practising in Montreal. The young student lived with them two of his five Montreal years.

Both Doctor and Mme. Gauthier were much interested in music and both were hospitably inclined. They kept open house for a wide circle of young people of like tastes. In this group Wilfrid Laurier took his place, but it was within the house that he found his absorbing interest. Mme. Lafontaine and her daughter Zoë were also living at the Gauthiers. Not many months had passed before the vivacious charm, the piquant blending of deep kindness and straight-spoken frankness, the wit and judgment, and the musical gifts of Mlle. Lafontaine had completely captured young Laurier's heart. Nor was it long until Mlle. Lafontaine had come to feel that this quiet young man of reserved, but assured, power, of strikingly handsome figure, of unfailing courtesy to all about him, who had already an air of distinction and a touch of the *grand seigneur* which made all eyes follow him, was the center of her world. But he was as yet only a student at law, and she was earning her living as a

teacher of music. Marriage seemed out of the question for long years. Then came the increasing grip of illness on his frail body, and the removal to Arthabaskaville.

Separation and time did not weaken affection, but neither did they remove the barriers. There were weeks of doubt when Mr. Laurier was convinced that his days were numbered and that he could not fairly ask any girl to share them. Then would come days of hope and determination, and in his letters he would insist that he could and would recover. In the meantime other suitors were pressing, and particularly a physician in good practice and good circumstances in Montreal. Prudence, friends, urged that it was Quixotic to refuse this suitor because of an interest in a struggling country lawyer with a most uncertain lease of life. The pressure won. The engagement of Mlle. Lafontaine and her Montreal suitor was announced. Then ten days before the marriage was to have taken place, Fate, in the cheery person of Dr. Gauthier, intervened. He telegraphed Mr. Laurier to come to Montreal at once on important business. He came. The young couple determined to heed their own hearts and their own half-believed hopes. In reality Mlle. Lafontaine did not believe that their married life would be longer than a year or two, but if she could make her husband's life happier and easier for that time, she was prepared to make the venture. Action followed quickly. A special dispensation was secured, and at eight o'clock that evening, May 13, 1868, Wilfrid Laurier and Zoë Lafontaine were married. As he had to appear in court in Arthabaskaville next morning, he left at ten the same evening, returning three days later to take Mme. Laurier back to their new home. They had challenged Fortune, and Fortune yielded to their faith. Soon the shadows lifted, and they entered on fifty years of rare happiness and close communion. That was for the future to disclose, but already in marrying Mlle. Lafontaine Wilfrid Laurier had achieved half his career.

(To be continued)



The Meeker Ritual: II

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

III. THE TIN DOG

IT was because of the insistence of Allen Kander that finally, through McGeorge, I asked Miss Jannie Meeker to tea in my rooms. I was forced, really, to invite the three, McGeorge and his wife, who had been Ena Meeker, and the young feminine medium whose reputation for veridical psychic phenomena—cryptomnesia, stigmatization, ideoplasty, levitation, telekinesis, the extravagant and morbid terms for morbid fantastic pretensions—was now widely acknowledged on the Continent.

Kander, as a fact, had first heard of Jannie in Switzerland. He was an instructor in psychology at the University of Geneva, back in the United States on a six-months' leave; and when, purely by accident, he learned that I had a superficial knowledge of the Meeker circle, nothing would satisfy him but a personal inspection of the chief "pervert" of the circle.

My fondness for him, dating from our common boyhood at St. Paul's School, had easily survived terms of years in which we neither saw the other nor wrote. We were in many ways alike. Both skeptical, we had found life, as a moral solemnity, the absurd perpetration of an ill-natured humor, and long ago had resigned its pretensions to the merely sensual optimistic. Kander had retired to the pleasant academic seclusion of the small radical university in Switzerland, while I, in the necessity of an absolute isolation for the slow savoring of perished Chinese wisdom, lived ten stories above the anonymous activity just west of Fifth Avenue.

Allen was standing at my window now, gazing across the city enveloped momentarily in the livid gloom of a mid-day September thunder-gust. There had been a curtain of yellow-black clouds, a fierce, hot wind rushing dustily through the walled streets, and scattered, enormous drops of rain drying instantaneously on heated stone and cement and asphalt. It was actually past noon; the waiter from the restaurant below had removed the traces of our lunch, and we were waiting for the arrival of the Meeker contingent at the conventional hour for afternoon tea.

Kander had always been extremely susceptible to impressions both bright, charming, and gloomy. He was tall and thin, with decided red hair, cut close to a shapely head, and the last refinement of features due to ultra-fine birth. The fact was, we had often agreed, that he was inbred. Kentucky, the typical old gentility, and the all-loving St. Germain had gone into his making, with, as results, the distinguished sanguine appearance and a mind adjusted to a bitter and delicate passion for truth, whether or not it was beauty.

Personally robust, the legacy of a good vulgar streak of clay, I often debated with myself the wisdom of Allen's introspective and present physically stagnant life. Again unlike me, he got no pleasure at all from the organized amusements easily furnished by the roofs and groves of the city. I told him that we had both made the initial mistake of not marrying.

"You 're raving," he replied, completely calm. "A woman eternally about!" He became seriously concerned. "If you are thinking of marriage, give me time to get out before the barbarity opens—the bogus orange blossoms and

the rest. Of course you are not. Forgive the implied insult to your intellect. Marriage!" He laughed, with his head thrown back. "Woman—a primitive savage with rings in her ears and lies in her throat; incontinence smothered in the hypocrisy of a bottle skirt. No one since the Old Testament fathers, since Ezekiel and his lot, has known how to manage women. Altogether and entirely a low business. That's why I am anxious to see this Meeker girl. Unless I'm fooled, I expect to find an epitome of the arrant female raised to the *n*th power of hysteria."

HERE once more we were in accord. Kander, in a neat phrase, had entirely expressed my rather vague antagonism to Jannie Meeker in particular and spiritistic mediums in general, vague, but strong. Without a justification ready for such a violent term, I thought of it all as obscene. I had an automatic revulsion from the whole sweep of supernatural pretensions. This lived in the form of a subconscious fear, an emotion that, although sufficiently controlled by reason, created its inevitable double of hatred. There I was on the personal plane. Abstractly I loathed the heartless trading on credulity and grief and ignorance; I detested the smearing of a lovely poetry with utter banal materialization; I abhorred the travesty of whatever assumption of human dignity was possible in the face of a universal nullity.

Indeed, from the first I had been opposed to having the Meeker connection in my apartment; but Kander was imperious in his contemptuous curiosity, and we entertained no thought in the world of going to them. We had discussed, and promptly dropped, any consideration of the cafés and hotel tea-rooms. We might as well not see Jannie at all as posed in the vain impression that she was the center of public observation.

McGeorge, I had recognized through our telephoned conversation, entirely missing the purpose of my invitation, had been extraordinarily delighted. He had accepted it as proof of my growing interest in spiritualism—he made no effort to differentiate that word from

spiritism—and a tribute to the powers of his sister-in-law. At the same time he had n't been certain that she would come. Condescend was in his tones. Her state of mind was of such overwhelming importance! If she was indisposed, the combined solicitude of the present sphere and the spheres beyond were showered on her.

He informed me in the metallic, disembodied echo of a voice that only last week Dr. Harvey—William Harvey, English anatomist and physician. Discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Born 1578; died 1657—had given her advice through Stepan, her control. I expressed an appropriate wonder, which I tried to keep uncolored by a sudden memory of the biographical section of Webster's Dictionary. In return, recalling a reported affair of Stepan's with Catharine of Russia, I inquired after the affections of that perpetuated Slav. McGeorge abruptly hung up the receiver, and I heard nothing more from him until, three days later, a formal acceptance of the offer for tea came up with my mail.

I gave Allen Kander a short description of McGeorge's fall from solid fact into grace, during which I was surprised to note the former's interest. At its end he cursed the incredible stupidity of the human mind.

"No one," he asserted, "denies that we know practically nothing of life. Only fools contend that really amazing phenomena are not accomplished every day. I have conducted surprising experiments, specially in exteriorizing sensation,—Boirac's among others,—pinching the atmosphere above a glass of water where the percipient has held her hand. By heaven! you can make them, blindfolded and ten feet off, whimper with pain. And the so-called sacred stigmata—there is hardly a psychic who can't bring out bruises and apparent wounds in the body at will.

"There are other things, too, worse; we won't go into them. The medieval doctors of the black arts were n't such charlatans as it has been fashionable to suppose; they had a lot of very pretty horrors. They did n't understand them, of course; but there they were—naked, sooty little devils, a couple of hands



"Then a ball of twine would fly out of his mouth"

high, running about the floor. I tell you, as well, burning witches was a better job than it seems now.

"But these mediums and their circles are valuable material for exact investigation. Their conscious trickery, to the trained mind, is as interesting and important as their automatic honesty. Let 'em keep on bouncing tables and ringing bells with their toes; in the end we'll hit on it.

"Thought transference is an actuality; but spirit letters and voices, rot! Induced hypnosis. That is the nonsensical side of profound unexplored truths. I admit an engagement with the latter. In Europe, there, we are ahead of you. Do you know Freud's book on dreams, 'Die Traumdeutung,' with its theory that they are the fulfilment of a suppressed wish? That, in the main, is solid, although through my childhood I had a dream again and again not easily connected with any sensible desire. It was at once foolish, and saturated with horror. It seemed to me that, suddenly awake, I sat up in bed, icy with fear, and watched the door deliberately open and two solemn men enter. They never said a word or made a violent motion, but I knew instinctively that they were terribly dangerous.

"They always went through the same gestures, with the same object: they placed on the floor, turned toward me, a tin dog perhaps a foot high. He was on his haunches, head up. Not a bad-looking puppy at all; something like those clever toys designed by Caran d'Ache for children, but fearful, nevertheless.

"Even now," he confessed, "after so long, it's hard as the devil to dwell on. Well, in a moment, when I knew perfectly what was coming without the power to stir, the dog would say 'woof.' Then a ball of twine would fly out of his mouth and wrap itself around my hands and legs and throat—

"What did you do with that absinthe substitute? I'll shake one up for you, too, this time. It's brighter out, and we must be gay in." The buzzer of the telephone sounded: Mr. and Mrs. McGeorge and Miss Meeker were below. While they were on the elevator I begged Allen Kander not to be too patently satirical.

My first impression, that Jannie Meeker was unrelieved commonplace, vanished within a few minutes of her arrival. This was not due to her appearance, remarkable, if at all, for a total lack of discrimination in dress; but in the curious manner by which her presence pervaded the room. In turning to address Mrs. McGeorge, I was still acutely aware, as if by sight, that the other was behind me. She was one of those pale girls in the early twenties, with expressionless brown eyes and a quantity of dull hair crimped in an elaboration of rigid ripples. Her hat was a large, heavy affair, with a complication of green poppies and of ribbon the violent shade called by women, I believe, cerise.

Her dress, at least, was white—founce on founce of scalloped, blind embroidery, with an extremely youthful collar effect somehow incongruous to her essential being. What that was I could n't pretend to say; but I was, as it has already appeared, strongly aware of her. She disturbed me. Jannie wore the pink silk stockings McGeorge had described, screamingly discordant with her hat ribbons, and white glacé kid slippers.

She was, any one could see, vain about her feet, good enough, and ankles; but her body as a whole was commendable, a figure that contrived to be noticeable even in the many founces. Recalling Kander's expectation, I realized that it had been uncannily right; the girl positively vibrated with sensory apprehensions. The hysteria, to a careful observation, was apparent, the extreme emotionalism of the religious type. I had seen her counterpart in missionaries bound to far, dangerous posts, pitched to the breaking-point with introspective ecstasy. Added to that she showed the marks of an unrestrained bad temper. It was easy to imagine Jannie Meeker flying into a blind rage, a stamping, destructive fury at slight provocation, unfavorable comment, or the restraint of any of her vivid kaleidoscopic desires.

At the same time there was about her the assurance, the repose, that comes from the knowledge of power. There was confidence in her being and voice. Jannie Meeker's purely feminine atti-

tudes, the employment of her person and adornment to charm, varied with perceptible moments of glassy indifference; it was as if, suddenly, the person of the outrageous ribbons and silly graces were invaded by another, almost cataleptic, entity. Dangerous! That description occurred to me independently.

Ena McGeorge at once resembled her sister and was palpably different. She was much more human. A decidedly pretty girl, with vermilioned, pouting lips and the shadows of excessive feelings under eyes brown like Jannie's. While I thought of the latter as threatening, the word for Ena was seductive—to the vulgar eye. Here was no missionary, but one of the hussies in the tight black lace of a roof show.

The truth was that superficially I liked McGeorge's wife, a thoughtless feminine lump of sugared paste. Yet it began to be clear to me that she, too, was a little spoiled. Jannie was morbid to the four winds. In Ena nothing so pronounced had taken place; I even got the notion that the celebrated medium occasionally oppressed her. With opportunity, I thought, she would make McGeorge an admirable mate, give birth to a tribe of small McGeorges, and spend her days in a loose wrapper and her evenings at the moving-pictures.

Together the Meeker sisters presented a study in heredity. In this connection I thought of their brother, who ate flies. It would be interesting, now that they had crowded into my consciousness, to see the mother. The father, I had gathered, was negative.

Virtually nothing of the McGeorge I had known in the past, the active, hard-witted reporter of an evening paper, remained. He had suffered a fatty degeneration, with the appearance of having been kept in a cellar, away from light, and stuffed with unhealthy food. He was, in reality, quite dirty, not with the admirable dust and sweat, the grime of city fires and fingers inked with type-writer ribbons, of old, vigorous days; but, if I may be granted the usage, with a sort of sedentary dirt.

It was n't so actual as it was inherent; not only a condition of surface, removable, but an infusion of his fibers.

His drooping black bow tie was larger than ever, falling over a flimsy, striped silk shirt and the front of his coat; his hair, perhaps mercifully, hid his collar in the back; while the white leather belt that confined his trousers was embedded in an unseemly crease. McGeorge's cheeks gave the feeling—a test, I believe, reserved for death—that a finger pressed into them would leave a corresponding depression.

They spread out stiffly on the variegated chairs of the living room, while Allen Kander, emerging from within and his cocktails, tracked back and across my porcelain yellow rug. The opening of hospitalities proved rather unfortunate; for, offering cigarettes to McGeorge's companions, they declined sniffily to smoke. McGeorge said:

"Jannie does n't approve of smoking for ladies, and she says that it blunts their sensibilities. Of course she has to preserve all her delicacy for her sacred duties."

With a memory of the first description McGeorge had given me of Jannie Meeker, I found a bottle of Benedictine, and placed it, with glasses, conveniently within reach.

"This," she told me, promptly pouring out a measure, "helps my poor exhausted mind. Such a sweet person came for my help yesterday—all the way from Seattle. Hundreds beg for assistance, but I can only accommodate a few. I am just little Jannie Meeker, alone with a great trust."

"Your powers," McGeorge assured her seriously, "are beyond human measure. None may say where the limits of your good—"

"Is n't this an elegant apartment?" his wife interrupted, with a shade of impatience. "The tapestry on those chairs is grand; and look how he has just a piece of silk hung in the door." She smiled at me with evident favor. Jannie Meeker added her approval.

"We have moved," she informed me, "into a larger dwelling on Central Park West. My position demanded that and an automobile. I can't ride in trolley-cars, because being close to so many people drains my psychic fluid. It's a Zenith laundaret."

McGeorge, it seemed, grew a little

uneasy during this recital of implied financial ease.

"God," he said sententiously, "is good."

Jannie Meeker, dabbing with a sleeve handkerchief at her lips after a sip of Benedictine, assumed an expression of entranced fervor.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a long-drawn expiring inflection, "if you could but know how good He was! And to think of the happiness prepared for the faithful, the streets of gold where there shall be no marriage nor giving in marriage, but soul joined to soul, never to sever—"

She was halted by Allen Kander, speaking from the far side of the room:

"Annabel Lee and the New Testament make a splendid compound." In the difficult silence that followed, Jannie fixed a still concentration on the light humor of Kander's lips and his general air of a shared acknowledgment.

"Of course," McGeorge cried eagerly, "most certainly; all the pearls of literature are hers. They float into her mind without the turning of a page."

"Translated?" Allen asked.

"Jannie Meeker"—now McGeorge was solemn — "has the gift of tongues. Yogis of India have conversed with her in their native language. Stepan, from the beyond, calls to her in Russian."

Jannie, hastily, with a wit that I admired tremendously, put in:

"But not always; I must be rested, in a sympathetic atmosphere." She continued the frowning study of Kander. Under it he grew increasingly restless; at times, handing tea, he met her gaze, but only momentarily. He invariably turned away, unsteadily, while her look might have been directed from eyes of brown agate. The cups were a part of a uniquely complete set of celestial luster, and after a little I was both amazed and annoyed to see Kander deliberately put his so far on the edge of a table that it fell shattering on the floor. But his disturbance was so deep that I set myself to blotting it from his mind. McGeorge regarded the ceiling, and his wife sharply tapped her foot; with the support of any imaginable reason I could have sworn that she cast an angry glance at Jannie Meeker.

"How unfortunate that you are not in a deciphering mood. There is a line in Duremart le Gallois that has puzzled me lately," continued Kander.

"Perhaps," said McGeorge—"perhaps Miss Meeker would explain it another time."

"Shut your mouth!" Jannie directed him.

This effectually closed the mouths of every one present but Kander's. He laughed delightedly.

"I wonder which of us understands the other best?" he speculated, stopping before the medium. "Probably you have an advantage; I need my laboratory. I'd like to try you on two-point contacts. We should n't bother with reflexes; I can guess those."

With no assigned reason I became uncomfortable and then invaded by actual dread: Jannie Meeker's silence was like that at the bottom of a well. No one knew what might emerge from such a dank, inscrutable depth. The girl rose abruptly and announced that she wished to leave. She gave me a hand, soft, but yet surprisingly developed, and to which clung the faint, sweetish odor of glycerin. Ena McGeorge's pressure was warmer, and her smile genuine; but McGeorge, in a fussy self-important manner, was plainly disappointed in their visit. He expressed an annoyance with Kander and me conveyed by a short ducal exit.

Every trace of the storm had vanished in a tranquil amber glow in which the forms of the city were marked by pale blue. But there was no corresponding brightness in Allen Kander. His restlessness had sunk into a somber abstraction.

"Well," I remarked, gazing at the drying stain on the rug where his cup had fallen, "after all, it was n't so amusing. Not when we remember the fun you promised yourself."

"Fun," he repeated blankly, with an odd expression—"fun!" Kander apparently forgot that I was present; he sat buried in troubled gloom. "Incredible," he murmured at last, "like a mere school-boy. That Meeker girl," he pronounced, returning to a decent sociability, "is a menace. She ought to be conveyed to the beyond and her precious

spirits. A menace," he insisted harshly. "But I was a fool. I should have thought in *langue d'oc*." My astonishment was evident, for he added: "She is able to get only actually formed thoughts, objective thoughts really conceived in words. She had those, however; did you see her break that cup?"

My remark, a profane reference to the effect of even denatured absinthe continually indulged in, he ignored entirely.

"If you were quick enough," Kander further said, "it might be possible to strangle her. I considered it—in English. I could n't have come within five feet of her."

"When you've stopped raving, we'll consider dinner."

That ceremony we discharged in the quiet excellence of the Algonquin café. I had seats, difficult to secure, for a burning Italian melodrama, but Kander begged to be excused, with the admission that he felt as if he had been pounded for hours by heavy waves. "That fun you spoke of," he ended with a wry smile. "I'm going directly back to bed. No taxi, thank you; I'll walk. It's pleasant to see all the lights and the normal, unsuspecting crowds. Tomorrow we must have a serious talk. No, really." He was leaving when he paused, speaking over his shoulder. "I suppose you lock your doors. Make sure of it. I ought to explain at once, but the morning will do. Sounds like *La Cena della Beffe* all about us, does n't it?"

Not only that, I thought, returning from the theater; Kander had shown startling symptoms of mental disarrangement. I remembered my own impression of Jannie Meeker, aware of the faint nausea spiritism never failed to rouse. His, it was evident, was the same, but magnified a thousand diameters. The fact about Kander, I realized, was that he was afraid. Of what? That was damned nonsense about locking my door. Yet, preparing for bed, I was filled with an anxious curiosity to hear the "serious talk" of the morning. Kander had a very coldly balanced, scientific mind. He, at any rate, was not victimized by hysteria.

Long ago I had discovered that the

art of a comfortable apartment lay in having only one single bed; when rare visitors, such as Allen Kander, came, they were accommodated in other rooms of the house. A very few breakfasted with me; and when, half an hour past the time arranged for Kander to appear, there was no trace of him, I irritably telephoned. He must have gone out, the operator informed me; but, at my insistence, had a servant sent to his room.

Another exasperating period lapsed. I was at the receiver again when there was a sharp knock at my door. Instead of Allen, a man entered whom I knew as the house detective, and, with him, Mr. Myers, the manager. It was their painful duty to inform me that Allen Kander was dead and to demand such details as I might be able to furnish. These were trivial, hastily rehearsed in a state of mingled shock and sick apprehension. For their part they could only assure me that apparently his death had been the result of a natural cause, perhaps a pulmonary embolus. Mr. Myers said that the agonized tension of his face had persisted, indicating that. But, despite the absence of any suspicion, they lingered unendurably, questioning me in a hundred connections about Kander's habits and associates. The detective in particular could n't get enough seemingly irrelevant information. Rased by conflicting emotions, I had lost patience when the manager moved decisively toward the door.

"I am extremely sorry to be so intrusive," he said finally, "and for your loss as well. I know how hard you are to suit in friends. But the truth is that privately our doctor is a little foggy about this. The death undoubtedly resulted as we say, and yet—well it's curious; there are the traces of fine abrasions, such as might have been made by tightly pulled string, on his ankles and lower arms, with a mass of them around his throat."

IV. REVELATIONS XXIII

THE shock of Allen Kander's sudden death, at once apparently normal and involved by the marks about his throat and ankles, changed rapidly from a personal feeling of sorrow into an ac-



" 'Did you see that ?' he cried, regaining his wavering balance. 'The she-devil pushed me' "

tive, painful interest in the events which surrounded it. The coincidence of his youthful dream of the tin dog and the abrasions discovered on his body was too remarkable to be ignored. There was, I was convinced, some connection between his end and the enmity he had aroused in Jannie Meeker. But what? Fragments of the afternoon scene when the McGeorges and the medium were in my room, and of Allen's comments, returned to me.

Now I understood his disturbance at the fact that he had thought of the Meeker circle in English; or, rather, I understood it admitting Kander's preposterous convictions. Yet he had been very collected, persuasive, in the statement of what, he had asserted, he knew. This might be reduced to three simple statements: there was no longer any intelligent doubt of certain peoples' ability to read and influence thought;

there were many human mental and physical properties unguessed; and that any belief in the continued identity of the dead was purely ignorance or dishonesty.

A momentary admission of this complete position furnished a clear explanation of the fatality to my friend: Jannie Meeker, with all her dangerous vanity assaulted, had penetrated his mind and brought on him, in the confusion of sleep-waking, an overwhelmingly horrible impression of his old dream. It had been so vividly realized that, in addition to inducing death by fright, an entire possibility, it had seared the marks of his imagination on his body. He had spoken of the exteriorization of sensation, the phenomenon of the stigmata.

A growing understanding of Kander's reference to the danger of Jannie Meeker gave my instinctive hatred of

spiritism both a new volume and a concrete objective. The girl was a cold, unrestrained homicide. What disturbing opportunities for crime she enjoyed! She was beyond any courts of justice: to attempt an exposure would only invite the examination of an alienist.

It was here, abruptly, that I made the experiment of thinking in French; but not, unhappily, in Provençal. If Jannie knew any French at all, she had me. That is, if she was interested. My problem was complicated by the fact that I had fallen by inheritance into a position of financial ease. But there was no evidence of her dropping from my speculations. The detestation of all she represented steadily increased, accompanied by a natural illogical desire to repay Allen Kander's murder. That word defined absolutely the position which, subconsciously, I had taken toward the Meeker circle. I first charged it was Allen's death; then I thought of Jannie Meeker in the light of a public menace; and finally, after an excessively nasty episode, came to regard the whole as a menace to my own, well, to say the least, sanity. At any rate, it was soon made evident that I was not neglected.

I was at my table, writing in the small blank-books with blue covers that hold my compositions, when I was overtaken by a complete vacuity of mind. I felt a little dizzy, as if my eyes refused focus; and then, to a mentally dulled astonishment, my fingers tightened on the pencil, and I was writing in an unfamiliar, hurried script. A page was covered, then a second, a third. There was a scrawled signature, and my arm lost its energy.

My initial feeling was an anger, a disgust, at an impotence incapable of the control of my intelligence and being. The familiar nausea returned, heightened by dread; I was unable to recall a more disgusting experience. It was a full minute before, glancing at the closely covered pages, I saw that the signature was Kander's.

It was indisputably his name; but the tightly formed, immatured letters had no resemblance to his minute beautiful script. The communication said:

The Lord grant that you are forgiven as I have been. A marvelous joy has been vouched to me, and I am among those who have drunk of immortality. I am sending you this message for your salvation and help because of my love. Everything here is love. There is no wickedness, but everywhere love for everybody. Oh my poor friend how could we have been so blind with the signs of mercy knocking at our hearts. How could we have denied our kin in the beyond all around us in pity. I wish I could tell you all but I cannot now. You will be learned at the time appointed for it.

The first thing I knew I was floating above my body. There it was on the bed and I a spirit. No one saw me, but I saw and knew all before I took a departure. It was night on earth but I left the lights of the city and raised up out of darkness. The people I thought dead my dear family were about me in happiness. My father took my hand and then my little sister kissed me.

Of course we are sad here at the ignorance and unhappiness on earth and we try again and again to send words of cheer. But in the blindness of men our messages are rejected. That is why I am communicating with you but it is terrible hard because you make the distance so great. Believe and be saved. I haven't seen but I know there is a dreadful place prepared for the wicked that deny the word. Oh my friend I want you here where there is no night only the sun shining and beautiful flowers and birds singing and angels. There are the joys you know and some you never guessed forever and ever. Everything will be made clear to you that you wondered about the Chinese and everything.

Now you must do your part and help to stop the misery and wretchedness of humans and testify to the truth. The wicked rage and the heathen imagine in vain. Another thing knowledge shall be given to you where money is hidden and where gold is sunk in the sea. If you have any enemy he neither shall escape your wrath. But those are as nothing to us who have passed over. We pity you and pray for your release into blessedness. Husband is with wife and father with son and friend with friend. Not in the body and yet in deathless beautiful forms.

I am getting exhausted and must end for the present. But I am always with you, guiding you and praying for you. Trust and you will be forgiven. Believe in the messenger. My strength is gone. Sheep—shepherd—wolves. More—

ALLEN KANDER

If this had been a communication from Kander, all that occurred to me was the melancholy reflection that so much love and joy had entirely obliterated his active brain. There was n't a visible trace of Allen Kander's pungent, courageous intellect or hatred of sentimental anthropomorphic mush. Analyzed, the only conclusion possible from the automatic writing was that it represented not a flight above, but the most incredible descent into a region of cheap conventional images and common thought—the images, the thoughts, for example, of Jannie Meeker. But such an implication offered me no reassurance. On the contrary, I was furnished with the devil of a serious problem. The letter bore every evidence of a considerable threat against a bribing I was unable to accept.

THE result immediately following the appearance of such an absurd jumble of vulgar phrases was a constant self-distrust, almost a horror, at the possibility that at any hour I might again be victimized in so humiliating a manner. I swept all the implements of writing into a drawer and, after turning the lock, threw the key from a window. This proceeding added to my discomfort. The effect was disastrous to my work and days, and I had a feeling of moral cowardice. For the time nothing else which might have been connected with the Meeker circle occurred. But, indeed, from Jannie's point of view there was no necessity: I tormented myself enough to satisfy even her malignant spirit.

A state of unrelieved depression settled over me in which more than once I tried to consider favorably the claim of spiritism. In this frame of mind I was unhappily aware of a blurring of logic, accompanied by a perceptible malady of emotions—a condition, I am forced to admit, that led to more than

one debauch. Any further details of this phase is unnecessary; and I am able to say, in my defense, that parallel with it there continued in me a rebellious independence of judgment, personal and abstract.

It persisted really against my wishes; through a great many sleepless nights, filled with determined gaiety or in the loneliness of my apartment, I would have gladly sold my superiority for ease. But, surviving such periods, anger outgrew the lethargy of insomnia and mere caution. I had grown intolerable to myself. Any violence was preferable to the stagnant pool into which I was sinking.

By violence I now meant the enmity, the danger, of Jannie Meeker. I admitted every fact of Allen Kander's conviction, and, once more laboriously in mental French, I went over the aspects of my threatening situation. The only possibility of subsequent safety, escape, lay in the death, or loss of power of Jannie—*en cas de la mort ou la perté du pouvoir de Jannie*.

At this realization I became momentarily vigorous and cheerful. The idea of killing the girl—Allen had proposed strangulation—was absolutely normal compared with the spider-like thoughts that had been crawling through my darkened mind. Beside this, it was plainly a duty. No one so unfortunate as to annoy Jannie Meeker was safe from her immeasurable power of retaliation. I remembered a story called "The Parasite," in which a professional psychic was obliged to withdraw from the stage by the force of a stronger will in the audience. But no such dramatic solving of the present difficulty might be hoped for.

Fortified by my new strength, I once more took up the composition of a book for "The Wisdom of the East" series; yet I had hardly written a hundred words when the cursed dizziness returned, and I felt my hand grasping the pencil with a convulsive force. The resulting phrases were only a quarter of the length of the first automatic message, but they were far more suggestive:

Sorrow fills me at your stubborn refusal

to believe and I am sending you a solemn warning that you can't go on thus. There will be weeping and wailing and grinding of teeth. The way has been pointed out. Accept and ye shall be saved. Otherwise none can tell of the terrors of the pit—

Here there was a break in the stiff, hurried tracing of my hand. I thought that the writing had ended; but immediately the formation of the words was faster than before. Such words! No transcription of them is possible, no indication of their character thinkable except by figure. If suddenly, in a tranquil street of orderly houses, the most unutterably filthy sewer had burst, the effect would have been the same as that of the broken sentences twisting into actuality on a page opposite the jade-like placidity, the elevated splendor, of Chwang-tze's philosophy.

I tore the appalling offense up at the first possible second; then wiping the sweat from my face, I stood for a long while at an open window in a cleansing radiance of day and air. My hand shook and ached; and once, overcome by the glimpse at such depravity, I made a short motion toward throwing myself from the window, ten stories above the pavement. The impulse flickered in my mind like the malodorous flare of a sulphur match, and then went out in the conviction that Jannie Meeker was assailing me with her enraged will.

Back in the middle of the floor I laughed loudly, and shook a fist at the interior, empty of any one but myself. "By God!" I exclaimed, "I had you there!" I was thrilled by the thought that in a contest with the blackest spirits I had not been conquered. My self-opinion, moral health, again increased enormously. Should I go to the Meekers directly, with the corrective magic of a Colt automatic pistol, or, quietly, wait for a further development. There was a slim chance that Jannie, in one of her fits of temper, would give me an opening, the semblance of justice for my cause.

I recalled in detail whatever I knew about each member of her circle. There was the aunt, described long ago by McGeorge as an individually harmless

and gentle creature. Then Albert presented himself to my speculations. He was too young, too uncertain in his depravity, to offer a point of attack. The Meeker parents were different; everything that I had heard of Mrs. Meeker indicated no uncertainty in her, while I had no impression at all of the father. Of the lot Ena McGeorge promised most. She was more human, detached from the circle, than the others. With opportunity—if, as I felt certain it would, the necessity rose—I'd make an effort to get hold of Ena. But for what exact end I was unable to decide.

McGeorge himself was in many ways the most extraordinary of them all; he presented an appalling example of the degeneration woven into the complex pattern of man. I had now a special distrust for him and a feeling of pity for his wife.

However, there was nothing active open to me; the scheme of righteous murder vanished before the difficulties of its operation, the subconscious pressure of public weight and condemnation. Perhaps, after Jannie's last outbreak, I would be finally neglected by the Meekers, allowed to drift back quietly into a tranquil submersion in the Middle Kingdom. But against this the fact of my father's financial acumen and success stood squarely opposed, and I was not greatly surprised when, shortly after, a visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Jno. Knass Meeker, a tall, thin man in ministerial garb, with a mouth like a closed trap.

His endeavor, it developed at once, was to be genial, a geniality expressed in the attitude that we were both inhabitants of the same sphere of wide worldly experience and understanding. I observed with admiration the indirect and yet firm manner by which he closed in on his purpose. That, stripped of its verbiage, was blackmail. It came out slowly, unctuous with semi-religious phrasing and insinuated threats.

"Ours," he declared, "is a great cause, and we do not err in hoping that those who have had some slight evidence of it will uphold us. Many who come to my daughter for assistance, the renewal of their faith, are unable to pay the stipend necessary for our modest nest."

I wondered whether his "slight evidence" were the death of Kander or the letters which the latter was supposed to have written me. John Meeker sat on the edge of a deep chair, holding the brim of an inverted, square-topped derby as if he expected me immediately to fill it with gold. His mouth opened just sufficiently to permit speech passage; his eyes, a colorless gray, never showed a trace of light or animation.

"How would you prefer it," I asked, "a lump sum or the interest from invested capital?"

"Now, that," he replied, "is extremely satisfactory. I was certain, when I saw you, that there would be no difficulty." He went on, obviously not gifted with second sight, under the impression that the money was already in his pocket. "You could n't make a better allotment of a modest part of your wealth—in the way of pleasure. And, after all is n't it for pleasure that most money is employed? Joys forbidden to the crass and uninitiated."

"Just what are they?"

"While I am not gifted, this afternoon I am permitted to be the vessel of the spirit world." His face grew stony in concentration. "Is there any one in particular you 'd like to reach in the beyond?" Thoughtlessly I half breathed, from old memory, the name Ellen Folwell. Immediately I was aware of a spring-like fragrance about me; the details of my room seemed to melt into a soft haze, and there was the thrill of the presence of some one I loved. Yes, my cheek was swept by loose, silken hair, there was the warmth, the weight, of a darling arm about my shoulder, a hand at once eager and shy grasped my fingers. Cool, delicate lips pressed against my ear, and I heard the whisper of an endearment no one but Ellen, dead so long, had known.

I felt all the sense of the loveliness of life of a boy in love; the identical sparkle, the waves of tenderness, the pure, mysterious warmth of emotion, even the sharp sadness which is the shadow of perfect happiness. The arm tightened, the lips shifted for a kiss; there was the pressure of a slight, ardent body. Every instinct admitted the presence of Ellen; such things are

unmistakable, because they are not founded on exterior impressions, but on deep recognitions, and no one had ever brought me a delight like Ellen's. Her cheek touched mine, her soft hair shifted and shifted in the recreation of our youth and unsatisfied desire.

The interior, the present, swimming back into my consciousness, blotted out the vision of a dead girl. Mr. Jno. Knass Meeker sat rigidly, holding his inverted derby, with pale eyes fixed.

"That," he said, "is only a shadow of what waits for you. All, all, is possible. It is worth, as you may see, a considerable sum." I asked how much in a voice still shaken by the memory of Ellen's embrace, and he mentioned ten thousand dollars, a check at once.

Without delay I went to the secretary that held my bank-books, numbering and dating a check. The past minute, the feeling of youth, alone was worth all I had, and to think of it in the future, endlessly in my room—all, all. There had never been a more gracious sweetness than Ellen. The father of Jannie Meeker folded the pink slip and carefully inserted it into a wallet. There was a sardonic glimmer in his slate-like gaze. He rose to go, but I stopped him with the announcement that I had some excellent West Indian rum.

"A little," he agreed, sinking back into his chair. "I am worn." The "little" was a very comprehensive shot, and it was followed by a second, with a squeezed lime and a lump of sugar. Still thrilling with the freshness of the lips that had touched mine, I paid no attention to Meeker until, by a sudden humorous change in his features, I saw that he was getting drunk. I did n't care, and pushed the bottle closer to him.

What did the actuality of my experience matter? No reality could have been as seductive as the vision of Ellen.

"As I said before," the other repeated, "I 'm worn. An' why should n't I be, dealing and living with spooks? They are a lot more exacting than you 'd think," he proceeded in a rapid, blurred voice, his body relaxed in the depths of the chair. "Jannie she 's hell. She is for a fac'. You see, I do the collecting, and the ungrateful child and her mother



"But too soon she vanished"

allow me almost nothing. You can't hold out on 'em, neither. They know; they can see things in your trousers-pocket—see things that were there and ain't. It 's as much as I can do to get a drink. This is smooth stuff, and they won't object, since it 's free, and I took the coin off you.

"But you had a first-rate demonstration. Jannie poured that through me like a mountain tor-tor-torrent. Some we get one way and some another, while the ones we don't are unlucky. That 's all there is to them, like the fellow you knew. An' let me give you some advice. The money ain't all; you want to slip in a lot of praise on the side. Jannie 's smart all right, but she 's never wise to flattery. Any one can get her there.

"I wish, though, she 'd choose another control than Stepan. Jannie 's gone on Stepan, and it makes trouble. There 's so many nice, easy controls—Indian maidens and Fedas. Well, I gotta go along. I can feel her pulling at me right now." He rose uncertainly and, in the act of recovering his hat, pitched forward on his hands. "Did you see that?" he cried, regaining his wavering balance. "The she-devil pushed me. She gave me a shove. Did, for a fac'. How 's that for gratitude, and me doing their dirty work! Don't drink up all that rum, for I 'll be around again. You gotta pay Jannie for your little affairs. She 's a female Shy-Shylock."

I caught him sharply by the shoulder.

"What do I do," I asked; "how do I bring her back?"

"Kind o' think about it," he instructed me; "but not too often. It 's dreadful hard on us. An' sometimes you 'll get a surprise, like that German-American lady did who wanted to converse with her soldier son. She saw a soldier, did n't she!" He sniggered, a sound that hung unpleasantly about me for hours.

SHE materialized delicately out of the lilac shadows deepening through the room. There was a touch of her hands, the scent of her hair. I tried to capture her, but she evaded me, and there was a silvery echo of laughter, of Ellen's laughter, who was dead. At her presence all the years that had passed since

my youth vanished: I had the heart, the aspirations, the hope, of twenty; and I was flooded with the emotion which, of all earthly experience, is the only one that makes life acceptable, that invests its dull fatality with warmth and charm.

Ellen was at my shoulder, behind me, at the curtains of the dimming window. She brushed past me, with the flutter of her filmy skirt. After a vain pursuit I sat bowed in quiescent happiness. Then she relented, and her hands caressed my cheeks. But too soon she vanished and would n't come back; and I sat long into the night, staring at the blank emptiness of the dark.

Mr. Jno. Knass Meeker returned, though; and when he left, carried away another formidable check.

"You don't look just right," he observed critically. "My advice to you is to take it easy. A lot of people, good customers of ours, kill themselves with seeing too much. I tell them to go slow, but they won't listen. They forget to eat proper, and foolishness like that; some don't watch where they 're going, and get run down on the street; others step off places absent-minded."

All that I wanted was his departure, the return of Ellen. His words, the advice, had no meaning for me; life, the life outside the twilight of my room and its whispering delight, was without significance. At times, shaving, I was startled by my haggard countenance and hair soiled by time. The gray had increased surprisingly in the last month. On another occasion Meeker developed a new strain.

"If I was like some of the men I see," he proceeded, "I 'd do this thing right. I would n't be satisfied with an occasional visit, as it were—"

I looked at him stupidly.

"Be joined forever," he explained, "spirit to spirit and body to body. Everlasting love."

"You mean—suicide?"

"There 's ridiculous ideas over that. Why should n't you, hey? I can't see as there 's any difference which sphere you choose, this or the next. They 're all one, ain't they? That 's a fac'." He was again at the rum. "You have no near and dear in this life to mourn

for you. There's nobody ought to have your money besides those you are indebted to, those who showed you the light. A little piece of paper saying that your lucre—I won't exactly call it filthy—goes to the Meekers."

If I could be sure, I told him, all that I had would be theirs immediately; I'd not linger in such a condition of limited joy with all, all, waiting for me. He was patently injured at any doubt of his purpose in speaking or of the integrity of the perpetuity he mentioned.

"It's absolutely painless," he added, "absolutely. I've got no patience with these messy and dragged-out deaths. A little shot with a needle. Opium. I could help you—with that paper we spoke of. Well, let me know. I'll be around the first of the month."

Tags and ends of Allen Kander's wisdom returned to me; I recalled my own conviction about the mechanics of Jannie Meeker's marvels—thought transference, the projection of mental images. My mind was too weary to carry any process of logic to an end; or, if I did, to act upon it. I wished for the appearance of Ellen, but without result.

Instead I heard Meeker's snigger. It died away, and left me enveloped in a thick, cold atmosphere, an air that might have been permeated with particles of dead matter. There were stirrings of the curtain, pallid flickers in the gloom; livid faces floated in the remote corners. A chair dragged across the floor.

"How's your bank-account?" Meeker asked in the full radiance of an April Sunday morning.

"Exhausted," I replied.

"I thought as much," he went on briskly. "That'll about close us up, with satisfaction to all concerned. You look bad, but I expect you'll pick up. If you don't, you've had a better time than most right now. You have lived, as the saying goes."

"Then there is the future," I reminded him.

"Of course, of course," he replied in a hasty indifference. "The beyond awaits you. At least, that's my guess. So far as I know it's right—full of ballet girls and drinks and general deviltry." I could see, without resent-

ment, that he regarded me with contempt. He emptied my last bottle of its last drink. "You will be moving out of here, but let us know if you get set up again. One of our good customers. And a word in your ear:

"No knocking! Understand. Jannie hears these things, and they hurt her pride. No unkind criticism or public comments if you don't want to be torn in pieces inside first. You can't honestly say you didn't get what you paid for. A person looking at you could tell that you had."

"It might be a good idea to take you with me," I proceeded speculatively. A swift alarm struck his face pale, and he retreated in a stumbling flight toward the door. "I'll call for help," he cried; "a hundred will hear me. You are crazy, that's what you are, and ought to be in an asylum." The slamming of the door abruptly shut him from sight.


Perhaps crazy. It didn't matter. How much, I wondered, could I get for my books, the beautiful books that I had spent years in gathering. But money was of no consequence: I'd give them to a library. Ellen! At last she had gone forever. Flowers die. I repeated that phrase, getting my things together, a great many times. Flowers die.

Standing on the street and looking up at the blank windows of the apartment I had left, I thought of how often I had stood above, looking down. Allen Kander had been at those windows, too, Allen with his sane, courageous mind. He had been killed, smothered by fright, and I had been stripped of everything. Flowers die. All that I wanted, all that was left, was to go far away into the green, slumberous heart of the country and sleep in the fragrant hay or on the grassy bank of a stream. Sleep—anything to lose the echo of Mr. John Knass Meeker's giggle.

It would have been easy to find a deeper silence at once,—men were run over or stepped off places,—but, curiously, I was prevented by the remembrance of that old love for a girl long dead. Suddenly and very mercifully, it seemed that its purity had not been disturbed; she was far beyond the charnel-house of the Meekers.

The Shelter of Life

By GEORGES DUHAMEL

WO immense worlds remain faithful to me when the others discourage or betray me. Two refuges open to my heart when it is weary, faltering, or harassed with temptation.

I should like very much to tell you about them, since you are my friend. I can tell you, since you have nothing to envy me, since you bear within yourself two such worlds, two kingdoms that will submit to you undividedly without contest.

Yesterday I was watching some prisoners working. They were pushing the trunk of a tree lashed to a cart. Sweat was rolling down their faces, for the heat was great, the slope steep, and the load heavy. An armed soldier was watching them. Large letters were painted on their clothes to proclaim their servitude. And I thought: they live, they do not look too unhappy, they do not seem crushed by their condition. And if this is so, it is not because they have the placidity of beasts. No. Look at their eyes, listen to their voices. It is precisely because they are men and they carry everywhere with them two refuges, whither the jailer cannot follow them, two precious possessions that no punitive discipline can snatch from them—their future and their memories.

The longer I watch from close by those men who for four years have led the inhuman life of the army, the better I understand the meaning of their incredible patience. Between the future and the remembered past they have the air of awaiting the passage of a storm. They are gulping down, you would say, hastily and with closed eyes this bitter and criminal present in order to reserve their hearts all the better for the things of the future and the past. One feels in their conversation only these two luminous existences.

They seek and unite them unceasingly above the bloody abyss. I have also observed that, in the concerts they give themselves to cheer their periods of rest, their souls always return with the same rapture to their former way of living, to their old songs, their familiar ways of being sad or joyous. The artistic attempts that are carried on to interest them, at the bottom of their hearts, in the formidable present, remain sterile and, as it were, dry.

They seem to reply silently: "What have all these things to do with us? Is n't it enough for us to live them? Is n't it enough for us to do them every day with our blood and tears? Give us back our dear kingdom. Give back to our souls that memory which is their most imperishable and marvelous possession."

BETWEEN the future and the remembered past man is left to struggle with what he possesses least—the present.

And yet this present is lavish of all sorts of materials that we can transform into riches. It is our liquid fortune, mobile and in circulation. It is the well-filled purse upon which we draw for our daily needs.

It reaches us out of the depths of time, like a great river, loaded with sailing-ships and steamers, deep, flowing, beautiful with all its reflections, and rolling gold in its sands.

But it has its rages, its whims, its cruelties. According to the season, it overflows and desolates the land or suddenly dries up and deserts the fields that it refreshed with its floods.

So be it. If the present refuses to yield its manna, we will draw upon our last resources. If the times overwhelm us with bitterness, we will flee to our refuges, where we have nothing to fear from intruders or masters or tormentors.

Common-sense folk, who have the secret of debasing life in the name of a reason that is more mischievous than actual stupidity, are in the habit of devoting an almost superstitious worship to the present reality. To tell the truth, they are greatly afraid that the taste for memory and hope will turn young men away from that immediate action which is necessary for the conquest and preservation of material wealth.

They honor with great pomp the origins in the past of those traditions that are favorable to them, and the way they invoke and prepare for the future loads the present with chains and shackles.

They dread, in reverie, an enemy of action. As if there were any great actions that have not their source in great dreams!

These people deceive themselves. They sacrifice an unequalled consolation to the needs of a fleeting fortune. But do not imagine that the failure of their fortune leaves these men utterly abandoned; the refuges open gladly even for those who have despised them.

AN intimate friend once said to me as he watched his little son playing: "You see, he's no longer the baby you knew last year. He's another child. I have been cheated of the one I had last year. I shall never have him again. I have lost a child."

O dear, big heart, how beautiful and how unjust those words are! How human! How they overflow with ingratitude and with adoration!

You know quite well that every object that appears on the horizon of our souls has for us two existences. One is sudden, sharp, almost always penetrated with an intense and, so to say, corrosive flavor: that is the existence of the present. Men agree in recognizing that its duration is hardly measurable. But the other existence is perennial, as ample as the measure of our life and our thoughts; in this sense it is almost infinite.

Thus each moment of the present survives in memory for years, and doubtless for centuries, since posterity can gather up and prolong the best of our acts and our works.

It is true, my friends, that each moment dispossesses us even of the object we never withdraw our arms from. The miser, infatuated with his material riches, may well suffer agony of mind over them; but we, we? Do we not know that each moment restores to us, transfigured, all the treasures it has snatched away from us? It robs us of the frailer blessings; it offers us imperishable blessings less mortal than ourselves.

You have conquered one whole happy day. Contemplate without regret the sleep that marks its end, for you will continue to live this day during all the rest of your life. And if this day was truly beautiful, do you not know that others after you will continue to live it down through the succession of the years?

Let your son grow, without too much anxiety, like a beautiful tree. The child he was once, the child he was but now, the child he is at present, you will not lose, O insatiable heart! They will escort you toward old age, like a beloved multitude that increases every day and cannot die.

Owing to the war, I have seen my own child only seven times, and each time I have hardly recognized him. Seven times I have believed him lost. I know now that I have seven lovely images in my soul, seven children to adorn and hearten my solitude.

THERE are beauties which the present fails to appreciate. That is natural, because it is greedy, disordered, care-ridden. Memory exists to see that justice is done. To it falls the divine rôle of restoring and at times pardoning. It is memory which finally vindicates and judges. It is in its light that things appear to us under the aspect of eternity.

None of our thoughts would be really happy that had not received the approbation of memory, that did not find itself sealed at last with memory's sovereign imprint. We do not know the true value of our moments until they have undergone the test of memory. Like the images the photographer plunges into a golden bath, our sentiments take on color; and only then, after that recoil and that transfigura-

tion, do we understand their real meaning and enjoy them in all their tranquil splendor.

Days of ours that had seemed to us dull and hopeless show themselves in memory luminous and decisive. Journeys undertaken without eagerness, without enthusiasm, and without any of the freshness of surprise, become from a distance fruitful in revelations and discoveries.

Every reality develops with time a thousand aspects of itself that are just as real, as charged with meaning and consequence, as the original aspect. We cannot foretell what memory will contrive for us. It is a treasure all the more precious and unexpected because it is independent of our rudimentary logic. For the logic of memory is more subtle than ours. It seems entirely free from our miserable calculations; it draws its inspirations from our true interests, which we ourselves are forever misapprehending. The slow task it pursues testifies to so rare a virtue and so munificent a wisdom that man, struck with his own unworthiness, might well seek there the signs of a divine intervention.

Sometimes it is a friend, whom we have misunderstood or misjudged, who takes on in memory his true aspect and his true stature and reveals the profound influence which, without our knowing it, he has exercised over our thoughts.

Sometimes it is a word which we heard at first with an inattentive or distrustful ear, and which we find again engraved in letters of gold over the portico of the secret temple where we love to collect our thoughts.

Like some skilful goldsmith, memory seizes the materials that our life accumulates haphazard. It submits them to the touchstone, fashions them, embellishes them, and imprints upon them that mysterious sheen which gives them their distinctive meaning and their value.

THE cult of memory should not turn us away from the present, out of which memory itself draws its nourishment.

We sometimes meet men of whom plain people say, with profound wisdom,

"Their mind is elsewhere." It is true; they are the timid and tormented souls who have early sought in memory a refuge which nothing, it seems, could ever make them renounce.

Let us beware of troubling this retreat. Some day, perhaps, we may long for one like it. But however deeply one may seem to have taken refuge in memory, one cannot escape the clutch, the invasion, of the present.

It is best, therefore, and with all the strength that is in us, to accept, honor, love this present as the principal source of our riches.

If the true cult of memory were a less exceptional moral usage, many men would hesitate to create bad memories for themselves; for our worst memories are not those of our sufferings, our ordeals, our privations, but of our shameful acts, our cowardices, and our betrayals.

Our weakness lasted only a moment; must we really, for thirty years, feel the hostile stare of that moment resting heavily upon us? Who knows? Hope, even so, in the clemency of memory, which is able to mitigate and pardon everything. It is indulgent and full of pity. In a world given over to spite and reprisals, it remains the only inviolable refuge of the outcast, as the cathedrals used to be in the days of the right of sanctuary.

For him who descends with true fervor into his own depths, memory always preserves some corner pure from all baseness. Do we not know, moreover, that in order to console us, memory consents to work in concert even with its enemy, forgetfulness?

WHO can dispute with us the world of memory? No one. And who would dare, without fear, to do so? It is because we are more ardently attached to this possession than to any other.

At times a clumsy or malevolent hand succeeds in smirching one of our dear memories. Then we experience an indignation and a despair as lasting and profound as if these sentiments recognized their cause in the loss or the fall of a loved being.

Happily this criminal work implies a rarely evil spirit, a sort of perverse

genius of which humanity is none too prodigal. And then our memory is a territory too vast, too mountainous, too impregnable as a whole for the rage of hostile destruction to be able to defile or mar large portions of it. The best of our memories thus remain in safety and for us alone. Besides, we keep careful watch around this fortune.

Our great memories are actual moral personages, so necessary to our happiness that we bear them under a sacred arch, sheltered from all injury, from all contact. It is into this solitude that we go ceaselessly to question them, invoke them, call them to witness.

A past in common does not always give memories in common, so true it is that the heart defends itself in its innermost retreat, as the physical self defends its flesh against the intrusions of the stranger.

It sometimes happens that men find pleasure in recalling in our presence the episodes of an existence that was passed, by themselves or by them and us, in companionship. It is then that we measure the road our soul has traveled on its solitary path: these things of which they speak to us, these deeds which, it seems, we have performed, these landscapes which they remember having crossed in our company, we no longer recognize; we do not even wish to recognize them. We smile in an embarrassed, awkward, unhappy way. Our whole attitude says: "Is it really true that we have drunk from the same cup? For all that, it was not the same wine we drank, and my intoxication is not yours."

We cannot give to one who is dear to us a greater proof of love than to admit him to the intimacy of our memories. We have need of all our tenderness to help us to introduce another soul into the subterranean basilica, to lead that soul as close as possible to the refuge where, despite all, there is only room for one.

Perfect communion in memory is an extraordinary favor and an admonition. If it is given to you to enjoy it, open your arms and receive one elect soul.

No doubt you have had the experience, when passing through a country where

you were traveling for the first time, of stopping short, as you rounded a mountain, before some unknown horizon and finding it strangely familiar.

No doubt you have had the experience of arriving at night in a dark square where you knew you had never been before, and briskly finding your way through it, just as if you were resuming some old habit.

At times the spectacle of a smiling valley arrests you at the top of some hill. You thought you knew nothing of this country, and yet strange and sure impressions guide you; they are like old memories. You advance, and, behold! you are looking at everything as if you recognized it. That road which winds between the pastures, as supple and sinuous as a beautiful river of yellow water, you are almost certain you have followed it long ago in some misty, far-off existence which, nevertheless, is not your own.

There are times, too, when you are dreaming, as you sit alone, and suddenly a memory passes over you—the memory of some act the man you are surely never performed. Yet it is not a fabrication, an invention. You know, you feel, that it is a personal memory. A memory of what world, of what life?

Do not reject this shadowy treasure, and do not tremble. Do not accept complacently the explanations of the superstitious or of the pseudo-scientists. The flesh of your flesh was not born yesterday. Something survives in it that is contemporaneous with all the generations. Many a revelation awaits us. Let us keep for them a soul that is accessible, experienced, and not too distrustful.

Do NOT imagine that to possess memory is to possess a dead world.

Among your friends there is surely one who has a house and a garden. From time to time he invites you to visit him. Every time you enter his house you observe some striking change. He has connected two parts of the building which till then had no means of communication; he has planted new trees. The old elms are flourishing; some rose-bushes have died. Urns have been set out on the

lawn. The life of men, of animals, of plants has drawn the inanimate world into its toils, modeled it, sculptured it, forced it to take part in the movement of the soul.

It is in like fashion that the domains of memory cultivate themselves and live. They are not ruins, inalterable, rigid, fixed forever in the ice of some past epoch. Life still penetrates and moves them; they do not cease to share in its enterprises, its labors, its festivals.

When a man has opened for you several times the same gate in the wall, when several times he has related the same adventure to you, with intervals of a few months or a few years, observe closely the spots to which he leads you and the persons to whom he presents you. Every time you will find new things; you will find that roads have been laid out, underbrush cut down, windows opened, and unexpected super-numeraries called in.

Is it true, then, that that was a dead tale, wrapped up in what we call the shroud of the past?

The world of "living memory" is so indissolubly bound up with our resolutions and our acts that in accumulating memories we feel we are preparing, erecting, our future itself.

THERE is another refuge. "What makes hope so intense a pleasure," writes M. Bergson, "is that the future, which we fashion to suit ourselves, appears to us at one and the same time under a multitude of forms, all equally smiling, equally possible. Even if the most desirable of them all is realized, we must have sacrificed the others, and we shall have lost much. The idea of the future, pregnant with infinite possibilities, is therefore more fertile than the future itself, and that is why we find more charm in hope than in possession, in reverie than in reality."

The idea of the future alone interests us; that alone is our treasure, that alone is endowed with existence. It is that indeed which we call the future. And if M. Bergson, at the end of these admirable lines, creates a distinction between the future and the idea of the future, he does not make us forget that he has

just, and as if by design, caused the confusion; for what "we fashion to suit ourselves" is the idea of the future, and nothing else. But, following the example of M. Bergson, let us call our idea of the future the future itself.

This idea is our cherished fortune. Certainly we take a passionate interest in seeking in what flows out of the present something that resembles the realization of our dreams. And yet their realization, like their failure, marks in every sense their end, their exhaustion. And that is insupportable to us. Whatever fate the present reserves for our imaginings, we labor every day, as fast as time devours them and destroys them by making them finite, to push them further back into the infinite, to prolong them, to reconstruct them, so that we may never have less of a future at our disposal.

This need of a future, which has no other connection than our hope with the rugged actuality of the present, is so deep-rooted, so generally human a thing, that one cannot contemplate it without a respect which is almost religious. In order that this future, so pregnant with dreams, should be as necessary as it is to the moral life of most men, it must represent a truly incomparable treasure. The embrace we throw around it is the close and powerful embrace we reserve for those possessions that lie nearest our hearts. And since we have already detached the word "possession" from the gross meaning that is usually attributed to it, let us say that the possession of a dream, when it assures our happiness, is a reality less debatable and less illusory than the possession of a coal-mine or a field of wheat.

But as there is no possession without conquest, without effort, we must merit our dreams and cultivate them lovingly.

If people who have taken the mold of reason reproach us with distracting for a moment the men of that practical reality which pretends to be preparing the future, we are ready to reply to them:

"Glance at those men to whom our words are addressed. You know they are not happy. You know that they are crushed with fatigue and privation. They have experienced every danger and

every sort of weariness. By what right will you hinder them from taking refuge in a world which is henceforth the least contestable of their domains? Do not on their account be afraid of reverie; it could never fill them with as much bitterness as does this modern reality of which you are the unpunished builders."

If you are not weary of glimpsing your future through the specifications, the account-books, the cage-bars, and the unbreathable fumes of industrialism, at least allow these to cherish a marvelous and, despite all its disappointments, an efficacious future. It is not a question of forgetting life,—that is too beautiful and too desirable,—but rather of amplifying and fertilizing it. Whatever may be the outcome of a generous dream, it always ennoble the man who has entertained it. Allow the unhappy to be rich in a possession that costs them only love and simple faith. Do not let your reason dispossess them of the only treasure that your greed has not been able to snatch from them. It is the cult of the future and of memory that sustains man in the uncertainty of the present hour. If he walks by instinct toward these refuges, do not turn him aside, and think, O priests of reason, of the warning of Pascal: "It is on the knowledge of the heart and of the instinct that reason has to lean, and establish there the whole of her discourse."

I HAVE seen thousands of men suffer and die. Every day I see new ones enter the somber arena and struggle. My part is to help them in this torment, to assure them aid and hope. I have a wide experience of these things now, and I know that men are never denied a future, even when life is on the point of betraying them.

Philosophers and poets, led astray by religion or by a mystical passion for death, have given the severe counsel that we should never conceal from the dying the approach of their annihilation. It is a theoretical view of charity, an artificial, mischievous doctrine that does not stand the test, that should not be put to the test. Its partizans suspect falsehood where there is only pity and modesty, for it is not the part of man to be so proud of his own judgment as

to take away from some one with the certitude of life that fabulous future which is more precious than life itself.

I remember, in 1915, a wounded man, who had just received the visit of a priest moved by praiseworthy intentions and a clumsy exaltation, saying to me suddenly, "I know now that I am going to die," and beginning to weep terribly. I went to see the priest and reproached him for his behavior.

"What," that eloquent man replied haughtily, "do you, who are incapable of preserving this unhappy man's earthly life, blame me for assuring him his future life?" Alas! alas! I still think of the sobs of that wounded man; they were those of one who has just lost his supreme wealth and to whom nothing else can make amends.

Soldiers who in the full vigor of their youth suffer a severe, a final mutilation, experience at first what is like a veritable amputation of their future, so true is it that every part of our physical self is intimately bound up with the labors of our dream. Then, with surprising rapidity, and long before the disorder of the tissues has been exorcised, one sees them filling in the moral breach, raising up the crumbled wall, propping it hastily, and reconstructing the sacred fortress outside which their soul remains vulnerable and disarmed.

In truth the man who is condemned to death is still rich in the future, even when his body sinks, ten times pierced by bullets, even when he has only one drop of blood left, one flickering spark of life.

O PRESENT hour, magnificent, foaming fountain, you know very well that we shall be faithful to you! With your thousand animated faces, your landscapes, your problems, your combats, and that heavy burden of jostling ideas you carry with you, you will always attract us, you will see us all together drinking of your waters.

But when you no longer contain for us anything but anger and hatred, greed and cruelty, then indeed we must each of us abandon you and turn to our refuges; we must each of us withdraw into the future, where all things still respond to our voice, to our voice alone.



Mr. Torbert Malingers

By HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

Illustrations by Albert Matzke

MR. TORBERT came to a standstill like an engine. The great whistling sigh he let loose was just that kind, and frightened chipmunks hid in the stone wall. He had trudged a mile of yellow road from the station with his sketching-traps; he had breakfasted seven hours before on a handful of musty crackers and an English cigarette. He was smoking one now, his next to last, in the hope of persuading his knees that luncheon-time was still afar. His knees knew better. They had called the halt, and, making common cause with other departments of Mr. Torbert, were hectoring him for food. As if they had not carried him lunchless through many a day afield!

He was a promising young painter yet to arrive. He had been one for thirty-five years; he would always be one. The years had been lean, although that appeared in the age of his raiment, not in its neatness or in the breadth of his shadow on the dust.

Despite tobacco, the flesh was getting a hearing. To Mr. Torbert's certain knowledge, not even a country saloon awaited the pilgrim along this road. But if dining-rooms had been thicker than the daisies, his negotiable assets were his return ticket to Woolwich and six cents in cash. He would have to sit down. He could sketch. Sketching would serve temporarily; he was promising young man enough for that.

He looked around him more for shade than for subject. The road meandered with a drying creek at the foot of the slope from a ridge. On the ridge side, within the stone wall, were bobolinks

tinkling over a timothy meadow; ahead were white bars, and a path that climbed among apple-trees toward a gabled cottage roof. From that quarter Mr. Torbert's nostrils detected nothing more nourishing than roses. Nevertheless, for the first time in a famine-crossed career he had to grunt down a low project involving a mythical lunch-box left by accident on the train.

The Gascon streak in his make-up was the trouble with Mr. Torbert. Besides, they might ask for money or misunderstand completely. Here and there his suit was frankly darned. There might be a dog.

He picked his way down over boulders and through a wild-grape tangle to the creek. In a sycamore's shade he found him a friendly log, unfurled his umbrella against the sun, opened his thumb-box, and put on reading spectacles. Through these, at thirty feet, nature was all blurred color without form. So Mr. Torbert preferred her.

He had never felt less like painting. For several minutes he chalked and pottered aimlessly. Then just at the edge of clear vision he made out a lichened stump, a wondrous, vivid stump, blue-shadowed, topped, where the sun found the moss, with a splash of ruddy gold.

Mr. Torbert thanked his star for that stump. He gazed, and the fire was touched to him; he squeezed his tubes; he yielded himself luxuriously to the hashish of inspiration. Old dreams and ambitions came back; he grinned at himself, but expanded. A smashing fine little stunt, by Gad! to be worked up some day in the studio (Mr. Torbert had no studio) on a canvas four by

three, which, sent to the spring academy, would overwhelm the jury. Beginners would bow down and worship it; it would open Fifth Avenue galleries; men of his time, successful men who had not quite forgotten him, would tell one another old Torb had come through at last.

He reached the stage for putting in the stump; he had been dying like any amateur to put it in too soon. Voluptuously, he charged a brush, and—slapped, with a loud, round expletive, at the deer-fly on one of his chins.

Whereat the stump shot up to six feet two.

"Really—" it challenged.

"Here, don't!" said the preoccupied Mr. Torbert? "Hold that one minute more, like a good fellow!"

"I beg pardon?" said the good fellow.

Mr. Torbert urged him not to mention it.

"Sit down! sit down! Be done with you directly."

"I think I 'll not be painted this morning, thank you."

"Nonsense! Not paintin' *you*, except as a sort o' feature of the landscape."

Again the young man begged pardon in arctic tones.

"Oh, I beg yours. Lord! these specs of mine—"

"You were here first?"

"Could n't ha' been, or I 'd have noticed you come."

"I came," said the young man, pointedly, "for privacy."

"Well, so did I," retorted Mr. Torbert, all good nature. "Both had it, did n't we, eh?"

"I fail to see that. You were painting me—"

"Not you, I say. Mistook you for a stump."

"For a—I beg pardon?"

"For a stump. A swell one you made; I 'll say that for you."

The young man was turning indignantly to depart, but reconsidered. He came over.

"May I look?" he asked in altered tones.

"Do," said Mr. Torbert. "Stunnin', eh? Will be, if you 'll give me three minutes. Just needs the stump—right

there, d' you see?—to pull the thing together. Might do a stump from chic, of course, but the real one 's what I want. Then one of these days I 'll work this up in something that 'll knock your eye out, dear fellow. Now, please—"

The young man appeared to deliberate.

"You 're from New England, I take it, sir?" he conjectured suddenly.

"Concord, Massachusetts," said Mr. Torbert, wondering what that circumstance had to do with it.

"My own home is in Cambridge. Have you lunched?"

"Not yet."

"Splendid! I—see here, sir, I paint myself, or try to—I 'll make a bargain. If I—ah—sit, you 'll come for luncheon with me?"

Luncheon! But again the Gascon prevailed above the flesh.

"Can't do it, dear boy." Mr. Torbert sighed. "Like to—Jove! I 'd like to! But—never advise a beginner. Nothing personal, you understand. You may be the coming Rembrandt. Probably are. Too young to *paint* now, though. All alike, youngsters. Clever in the art schools. When they get out, paint bad. Paint well later on if it 's in their skins. Got to sweat it out. Nothing in advice. What could I say to your work? Suppose I said it 's rotten. Would you believe me? Besides, I can't say it. Never could."

He stopped, out of breath.

"But I 'm not after advice," cried the young man. "What I need is a luncheon guest. You 'd save a very awkward situation."

"Thirteen at table?"

"Only myself and my"—he gulped—"my wife."

Wife? He? At his age? Lord!

"I see," said Mr. Torbert. "Recently married, eh?"

"Y-yes."

"Give you a pointer." Mr. Torbert laid turpentine fingers on his arm. "Must n't trouble her luggin' home people at meal-times unexpected."

"But it 's on her account. She 'll be mightily glad to have you."

Mr. Torbert weakened.

"Since you put it that way. What time?"

"Now, directly, as soon as you 've finished your sketch. You 're not going to finish?"

"Sketch can wait," said Mr. Torbert, firmly. He suffered youth to take his traps and lead him.

A NICE kid, he noted. Could n't ask to be much handsomer. A wilful, Byronic suggestion—stubborn young pup, was Mr. Torbert's note verbatim—was conveyed by the long cleft chin and the reddish pompadour, out of which wet brushes had tried, and failed, to slick the curl. But the merest infant! Married; gold spoon in his mouth (Mr. Torbert still had an eye for expensive tailoring); nest in the country; nothing on earth to do but love and paint.

"You 're Fortune's favorite child, dear boy," he observed in the path among the apple-trees.

"You think so?" the young man returned abstractedly. He was scowling. He lagged and stopped. Mr. Torbert fanned his streaming baldness with his hat. Overhead shrilled the first locust of the summer.

"No, I will *not*!" the young man exploded, and bundled Mr. Torbert's impedimenta into his arms.

"What won't you?" Mr. Torbert asked, with a dreadful apprehension.

"Nothing, sir. You go on up, if you please. Explain to—to my wife. Say I 've gone to the village—back in a moment. Just explain—"

Mr. Torbert, bewildered, was making the sound of an exhaust.

"It will be quite all right," his host assured him, and was off down the path with the stride of a crack miler, leaving Mr. Torbert still but-butting.

"Damn it!" he complained to the apple-trees, "don't even know their name!"

Gascony moved to adjourn; emptiness overruled. He settled his melted collar, and marched up to the white cottage among the roses, wondering what under heaven he could say. There *was* a dog, a fretful, dapper little Boston bull. From behind the screen door it wildly disapproved of Mr. Torbert. Through its riot came a young woman's voice, pitched high:

"But, Aunt Letitia, you *must* come,

right away; indeed you must . . . What 's that? I don't hear you. (Gyppie, do hush!) . . . But I *can't* tell you over a party line, and the connection is frightful. . . . No, no, that 's not Malcolm. That 's my dog . . . I don't know where Malcolm is. He went out. (Gyp! Must Missie spank?) . . . No, Aunt! But come, please! It 's serious, I tell you . . ."

"Cry in a minute," thought Mr. Torbert, minded to retreat. But the owner of the voice had no intention of crying.

"As soon as you can? Will you be long? . . . *Two* o'clock! You can't start until *then*?" The voice broke still higher in exasperation. "Ill? No, not ill . . . Wait! Hold on! . . . Oh, *torment*!" This last to herself, as her receiver clashed into its hook. "Gyppie, if you can't behave!"

And a girl almost as tall as the young husband, and quite as severely thoroughbred in every line as he, came to the door and confronted the embarrassed cause of the misbehavior.

Her rose-and-gold beauty would have been disconcerting enough in itself; just now her blue eyes were flashing danger-signals. Mr. Torbert took off his disreputable hat.

"I don't wish to buy *anything*, thank you!" she informed him.

"Don't wish to sell you anything, my dear. Your husband asked me for lunch. You 'll make my excuses, eh?"

And he was going.

"You say my husband asked you?"

He delivered her husband's message. He wanted to paint her, crimsoned with mortification as she was.

"Oh," she said, "I 'm so sorry! Won't you come in? I did n't know Mr. Godwin had friends up here."

"Happened to run across each other," he explained discreetly. "Sure it 's convenient to have me? In the circumstances—"

"Mr. Godwin explained the circumstances?"

"Did n't explain anything. Carried me off. Said he had to have a luncheon guest."

"He had to—oh, of course! Oh, but you *must* stay!" She all but clutched him. "Please!" she cried. "You won't let my dreadful mistake—"

"Leaves me no choice," gallantly murmured Mr. Torbert. "But you seem to be just departin'."

The living-room floor was crowded with hand-bags and trunks. Bowls of roses were everywhere else.

"Arriving," said Mrs. Godwin. Gad! she could n't be nineteen! "We can't leave until late this afternoon. Would you like to wash your hands?" She told him which door up-stairs.

Mr. Torbert performed grateful rites in much cool water. Then he grimaced at the reflection of his collar. Could n't be helped. Before going down, he had peeps in at other doors. More roses embowered a bedroom, white and blue. It was an immaculate bedroom. The rag rugs wanted softening from wear. A crimson Rambler crossed the sunny windows. Its shadows patterned the longest and most dazzling of cedar chests. Paint, paper, curtains, the twin counterpanes, all were as fresh as the roses. Everything had an un-lived, a virginal look.

Architect and decorator knew how to turn that stunt, Mr. Torbert, born in Concord, Massachusetts, thought approvingly. Lucky, lucky kids! But why the need of his presence at luncheon? Why this arriving and leaving? He had looked, and made sure of a wedding-ring.

He heard his host stride in, and packages avalanched on the table. Gyppie, bouncing and demonstrating, was curtly ordered down. In the region of the pantry something slammed.

Mr. Torbert descended, smelling good things; but the living-room table was littered with homely paper bags and tins. Young Godwin shook hands with him.

"Is everything all right?" he whispered.

"Don't just understand, dear boy. What should n't be all right?"

"Come—come outside and smoke."

"Not before lunch," whispered Mr. Torbert, entrenched in the biggest chair. "Talk in here—no?" The young man had frowned a warning. The girl was busy in the dining-room, and the rooms were open together. In a moment she called them, rather formally.

She had set forth a bountiful picnic

lunch of the daintiest and most tempting. She sat down, and Mr. Torbert sat down, struggling not to snatch a roll. But her husband did not sit down—not until he had removed his dishes and silver and napkin, spread a newspaper at his place, and brought an armful of the tins and bags. He attacked a tin with his penknife, disclosing very small and dead sardines. He unwrapped a wedge of pallid cheese.

His wife, whose head was acutely high, did not appear to see what he was doing. All through the meal she never looked his way. She made Mr. Torbert small offers of conversation, from which for some time Mr. Torbert was incapacitated. He was bursting with curiosity, while thanking his kind, if inscrutable, star for the deviled eggs and the asparagus salad. Out of a silver bottle came hot coffee to tinkle in glassfuls of ice and to marble with blobby, yellow cream. There were quantities of wild strawberries, cold and honey-sweet.

"You paint, too, my dear?" Mr. Torbert asked when he could.

"Mrs. Godwin's interests are musical composition and social-service work," her husband answered for her. He had just broken the blade of his knife in stabbing a second tin. Oil and crumbs messed his end of the table.

"Don't know much about either of 'em," said Mr. Torbert, cheerfully, bestowing a slice of boned chicken on Gyppie, whose pop eyes were imploring. "Nice little place you have here. Too bad you can't stay on."

"Mr. Godwin finds it otherwise," said his hostess.

Mr. Godwin, whose dignified irritation was nothing against his appetite, swallowed much cracker and cheese.

"The finding otherwise is mutual, I assure you," he declared. "Unhappily, there's no train before six. If only I had my car—"

"A car!" The girl bit her lip. "I suppose there's not an automobile for hire short of Woolwich," she said to Mr. Torbert, with constrained sweetness. "Would a taxi come out, do you think?"

Mr. Torbert did n't know.

"Tell me about your thingamy work," he said hastily. "What is it?"

"I should define it broadly," she said, "as the duty of trained minds to lead in that great movement of community socialization which is so vital to the entire world."

"Whew!" said Mr. Torbert. "What do you do?"

"The qualifications," she continued, "are purpose, selflessness, vision, fundamental sincerity, and honesty—"

"Note that, please," young Godwin cut in—"sincerity and honesty."

"Without which the community-worker has—has mistaken his mission," the girl finished with a vengeful rush.

"His or hers," said the boy.

"Of course the pronoun was impersonal!" she cried. Both were strictly addressing Mr. Torbert, who began to feel like a battle-ground, with a thunder-storm coming up.

"You see," the boy appealed to him.

"Don't see at all—do you, doggie?" Mr. Torbert rubbed Gyppie's velvet pate.

"Mr. Godwin perhaps will explain to you," said the girl, abruptly rising.

Mr. Godwin propelled Mr. Torbert to the apple-trees and a bench. He proffered cigarettes, lit one himself with the flourish of inexperience.

"Somebody ought to explain to you," he groaned.

"Oh, my dear fellow," Mr. Torbert protested vaguely.

"First of all, my name is *Malcolm* Godwin."

"Good name," said Mr. Torbert, seeing that something was expected. The boy stared at him.

"I am the Malcolm Godwin whose father was the late Dr. Stanley Godwin of Harvard University. But this conveys nothing to you?"

Mr. Torbert shook his head.

"Thank God!" breathed the boy. "Well, then, I am—I was, the first fruit of his new education. It was I who took the doctorate at fourteen, and at twelve figured in the newspapers as being fluent in nine languages. As a matter of fact, it was eight," he added bitterly.

"Don't seem to have stunted your growth," said Mr. Torbert.

"It did n't, but it made me very ill. My thesis, on 'Nonconformist Ethics

as Compared with the Code of Lycurgus,' was the production of a sick, sick mind. Before I recovered, my father died. My income is—well, large; absurdly large."

"No complaint there," commented Mr. Torbert.

"The specialists said I ought to have a hobby. They said I ought to play. Play, to me, had always meant drawing pictures; so I dropped other study and went to Paris. And now," he said in tragic tones, "I'm ruined."

"Your income—"

"Not in that sense. But in moments of weakness I—I think I would rather go on with art than do anything else in the world."

"Then why the—why—why should n't you? Lots of respectable painters."

"Of course respectability means nothing to me," said the prodigy and moralist, spitting out shreds of tobacco. "That is not the point. The point is that art's not vital. It's ceased to matter. It's not real. Even for recreation I feel guilty when I paint."

"Know men who ought to," chuckled Mr. Torbert.

"Last September, feeling the utter uselessness of my life, I entered the Lachinzensky School of Community Leadership, in New York. My father was interested in Lachinzensky. He thought him a pioneer. I admit he's a source of inspiration. I'm to begin field work in Chicago in the fall, but—while I'm enthusiastic, and believe in the movement, of course—"

"You'd rather paint?"

"Yes," the boy said and sighed; "yes, I fear I would."

"Well, for God's sake! paint, then!" Mr. Torbert spluttered. "Movement thing may be all very fine, but a youngster ought to do the work he likes."

"I differ," said Godwin, wearily. "That's what he should n't do, it seems to me. Character postulates discipline. Intellect, with opportunity, imposes a burden of service. Lachinzensky—it was he she was quoting just now—is sound on that, at least. Besides, I—I do sincerely desire to see class-consciousness disappear, and mankind progress toward community socialization."

"M-m. Too deep for me," said Mr. Torbert. "Where does your wife come in?"

"She was at the school. She was—she was different from the other young women there. They wore eccentric costumes, short hair. She did n't. Those things are indicative."

"What of?" asked Mr. Torbert, choicely. "Eccentric morals, eh?"

"Morals no longer interest me. I outgrew all that in the school. At the same time I recognize the folly of—of anti-social conduct for individuals."

Mr. Torbert's brains were doing acrobatics.

"For her, eh?" he hazarded.

"Exactly. In cases like hers—"

"Should n't think there's much risk. Seems the old-fashioned New England girl to me."

"That's just it—the old-fashioned, sheltered woman. She was wholly out of place down there. She's not yet twenty; she's no one to look after her except"—Malcolm Godwin's austerity slipped—"except about eleven beastly aunts; and besides, she has brilliant musical gifts, far better worth while than this East Side work she's slated to do in the fall."

"Then why don't she follow up music, and let—"

"Because she has a morbid sense of duty—what's called the New England conscience, I believe. It's really all those aunts."

Mr. Torbert kept his face in order. His belt-buckle tossed and heaved.

"Any—any he-movers attentive to her?" he managed to ask.

"Several were," muttered Malcolm Godwin. "Lachinzsky himself, for one. She's—she was—I have no doubt she was considered the most attractive of the women there."

"And you married her simply to rescue her musical gifts?"

"Precisely," said Godwin, delighted with such perfect comprehension.

"Did n't love her?"

"I—ah—what you mean by love is a pathological symptom."

"A which?"

"A disease."

Mr. Torbert digested it.

"World's got to be peopled," he said.

"Oh, *that*, yes," the boy conceded. "But sane, scientific selection, not delusion. It had occurred to me that possibly—after some few years of intellectual companionship, if we found ourselves—er—*en rapport*—"

"My God!" thought Mr. Torbert. Aloud, "Mind telling me how you proposed?"

"Not at all. We were dining out together. I spoke of the fresher field for community work in Chicago. I mentioned the advantages of intimate coöperation. What I really intended, you see, was to wean her away from community work, and give her the chance to go ahead in music. I naturally supposed that want of means—"

"And then you proposed?"

"It was she who first spoke the word marriage, as I remember. She said Chicago attracted her as an experimental field, and that marriage would be a convenient arrangement—"

"She called it that?" Mr. Torbert gasped.

"Why, yes. We found our views of it agreed. I don't know"—the boy turned beet-red—"that she'd thought of all the—the possible entailments. But she said, if we did n't get on well, it could always be annulled. I—I've looked the subject of annulment up since then. *That's* why I asked you for luncheon. Do you see?"

Mr. Torbert did n't, but he nodded.

"She told me one of her aunts had a vacant old farm-house up here in which we could live and study until fall. *That* is the 'vacant old farm-house!' Oblige me by looking at it!"

"May have been once," said Mr. Torbert, soothingly.

"When we arrive," Malcolm Godwin went on in tones of burning outrage, "I find *that*! And she—she coolly acknowledges she's sole heiress to—to wealth! That she's withheld the fact 'for a surprise'! And can you imagine her motive?"

"Not love?" Mr. Torbert was wondering how long he could hold in.

"Oh, no. She's above that, of course. But she'd planned to make me—*me*—independent and comfortable, so that I should be able to give all my time to art! She did n't know me from Adam,

had never even heard of my father and the rest of it! As for Chicago, she 'd never dreamed of going. I am glad to succeed in amusing you," he said severely.

"Not at all, dear fellow; not amused a bit." Mr. Torbert was wheezing and gulping. "It 's the heat. And so *she* was thingumbob-workin' from a sense o' duty, too?"

Malcolm Godwin did not relish this either.

"Need I observe that the cases are widely different?"

The girl came out of the cottage, Gyppie following. Gyppie, in high fettle, anticked over to the bench. He tugged at Malcolm's trousers-leg, got his muzzle slapped, and squealed.

"*Oh-h!*" gasped his mistress. "Poor, poor darling! Come!" Not many girls could run like that or look like that running, Mr. Torbert noted.

"Now what?" fumed the indignant prodigy and moralist.

"Off to meet an aunt, I think. Heard her telephone this morning—"

"An aunt!" The boy sprang up in consternation. "Pray make yourself at home, sir!" he shouted over his shoulder as he ran. He vaulted a fence and plunged off through the waist-deep meadow toward the ridge.

MR. TORBERT could wait no longer. The bench was too small, too frail, for his soul's need. He slipped down and rolled on the warm, sweet turf—an empurpled walrus, stranded, making futile flipper motions. Sounds as of strangulation proceeded from him. Forgotten were Woolwich and his difficulties there, unheeded the ants that explored him, the scandalized bees that zoomed about his ears.

After a time he wiped his eyes and spectacles, and rummaged for his watch. Near two o'clock. Better slip out. He went up to the cottage for his things, and the afternoon sun smote the back of his fat neck. He thought of the mile to the station, with no train till six, and swore. He could sketch, but on top of all that lunch—

Might as well wait a bit, he reflected, indoors, where it was cool. The aunt would be some one he knew if she lived

in the valley. And was n't he urged to make himself at home?

A broad, plush sofa seemed to take that view of it. No harm to sit down and wait. Like poppy fumes, the roses drugged the room.

His landlady was clamoring at his door. Then she or some one was prodding his back and shaking him by the shoulder, demanding to know who he was and what he did. He rolled over, blinking.

"My land! It 's Tod Torbert! What are you up to here?"

"Oh, howdy do, Letty," mumbled Mr. Torbert, sitting up. "Dropped off for a wink, I 'm afraid."

"I should say you had," said Mrs. Letitia Fairfield, with asperity. "Look at your great feet on that cretonne!" Mr. Torbert hastily removed them. "Now, then, where are they, which is sick, and where do you come in?"

"No one sick, dear lady, that I know of. Boy went one way, girl went t' other. She was expecting her aunt."

"I 'm her aunt. I must have missed her, coming the other road. Tod, don't you know you 're horribly *de trop*?"

"Must be, if you say so. They did n't think so. He lugged me in here, and she made me stay."

"Lugged you—made you—Those two children got married only yesterday afternoon!"

"Lord!" said Mr. Torbert, having a seizure among the cushions. "Lord! Lord!"

"Stop Lording, and tell me what 's the matter," Mrs. Fairfield snapped.

"S-some sort o' ruction, dear lady. S-scientific ruction. Sense o' duty. Never heard its equal in your life."

"I never will if you go on at this rate. Scientific, h-m? That 's Pheemy. Euphemia 's crazy, if she is my sister. Out with it, Tod, before one of 'em comes. Don't spare my blushes."

Mr. Torbert outed to the best of his ability.

"You win," said Mrs. Fairfield. "It beats me. Only, if she says she 's taking that six o'clock train, she is, and all Tophet won't stop her. (Favors Abby in that regard, but I hoped she had more sense.) And you say he 's as bad? What 's he like?"



"A quarter-mile beyond the white bars he found her niece perched on the stone wall."

Mr. Torbert began with his ancestry. "Oh, goodness! I know all *about* him. Looked him up months ago, when she wrote she had some kind of designs on him, and asked me to have this place over here put in shape. But I have n't seen him. Is it anything made remotely in the image of a man?"

Mr. Torbert gave the make of Malcolm Godwin a good character.

"He may look like *two* young gods, and not amount to a fiddlestick," fumed the lady. "I suppose I 've got to find out for myself, and none too much time, and Doc Brundage liable to be here any minute. I thought she told me one of 'em was sick. Tod, you better clear out. If you see her along the road, you keep her talking, while I tree this Adonis with knowledge on the brain."

Mr. Torbert made haste to obey. "Mr. Godwin! Mis-ter God-win!" he heard her yodeling at the wooded ridge. A quarter-mile beyond the white bars he found her niece perched on the stone wall.

"I 'm so sorry," she said nicely, as Gypjie challenged. "I do hope you understand how it all was. But of course you don't, if *he* talked to you."

Mr. Torbert hated to see 'em breaking things up like this. Was she sure there was no way— She was; emphatically sure.

"I thought him a great genius, stifling; and I find him an insufferable little sentimentalist!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Torbert, taken aback. "Did n't seem sentimental to me. More hopes of him if he had; a girl like you—"

"Oh, please!" she objected gently. And then, "*Did* he talk to you? I know he did. He would."

Mr. Torbert dodged it.

"My dear," he said, "I 'm a harmless, well-meanin' old duffer, old enough to be your dad. Just what was *your* idea in gettin' married?"

"Why-y, to save him from sordidness," she answered, after thought, "from having to do work beneath his best."

"Paint shanghai, you mean?"

"All that sort of thing. He 's anything but a community-worker, and he does draw rather cleverly. But of course you saw at once that he has no soul."

Mr. Torbert took her word for it.

"I thought of the wonderful summer he'd have up here, and after that a studio apartment near my work in town, with me to stand between him and distractions. Ah!" she cried, "if you could have seen those—those creatures in smocks and sandals posing at him!"

Mr. Torbert could have capered, but refrained.

"Did he succumb?" he asked.

She shook her head reluctantly.

"I admit that he did not. But so young a man, knowing nothing of life, it was only a question of time—"

"And now they can have him by the next train, eh?"

"His future has ceased to interest me," she said as loftily as she could while keeping an eye on an ardent bee. "To have dared to pretend—pretend and interfere! Did he tell you he concealed from me the fact that he's vulgarly rich?"

"But was n't he interferin' to let you go on in music?"

"Music! As if music were a work, were a career! Of course I'm devoted to it in its place; but for a woman of my opportunities—"

"I know," Mr. Torbert said solemnly. "Music don't matter and is n't real. But how about marriage, my dear? Was this marriage of yours to end with—with—fendin' off distractions?"

She looked down at him coolly and steadily, the bee having gone away.

"Now, I must n't detain you," she said. "Thank you for being so awfully kind and for understanding so perfectly. Should you meet an aunt of mine driving this way, would you ask her to hurry, please?"

Mr. Torbert trudged on. Half-way to the village, on a turn, he perceived that he was about to be caught in traffic—a runabout chuffing furiously ahead; a buggy, Mrs. Fairfield's, the horse under whip, boiling up the yellow dust behind.

He got into the ditch to let them pass. Instead, both stopped.

"Ah, Letty! Why, hullo, Torb!" was the salutation of Dr. Brundage, the motorist. "Letty, you've been there, have you? What's wrong? I could n't get away sooner. Tried to phone—"

"Nothing alarming in your line, Jim.

Wait a jiff, though. Tod, come here. Excuse us, will you, Jim? Now, Tod, what on earth can we do? They beat my time."

"Mine too, dear lady," confessed Mr. Torbert. "What do you want to do?"

"Head off this nonsense, of course; but I don't see how. I've washed my hands of 'em, left in a huff, and promised to send 'em the station barge in time to make their train. I telephoned for it. I'd countermand it quick as a wink if I had a good excuse. You're looking pretty purple."

"Habit o' mine in such weather. Liked him, did you, when you had him treed?"

Mrs. Fairfield nodded.

"A perfectly nice, clean youngster. Healthy, too. I went straight at him. I approved of the way he blushed. Nothing the matter with *him* but being his father's son. I'd like about five minutes with his father! Pity the old idiot had to die! Well, I suppose you've nothing to suggest?" Mr. Torbert had n't. "Thought not. Jim, have you? Look here—"

She laid the case before Dr. Jim, who roared.

"It is n't a joke," she said sharply. "They were married by an alderman in the New York City Hall. The papers must be full of it. Besides, it's time they turned into human beings."

"Propinquity—" gurgled the doctor.

"Oh, propinquity 'll work wonders between now and five-fifteen—one on the front steps, t' other on the back, both about as propinquitous as the King of Spain! If something would happen to keep 'em both here—"

She broke off to chew a spear of grass, her common-sense toe tap-tapping in the dust.

"Jim! I want your medical opinion!" she burst out suddenly. "Does n't Tod look to you like a very sick man?"

Dr. Jim scrutinized Mr. Torbert, then stared at her, abruptly roared again, and doubled over the wheel of his car.

"Of course he does!" he cried.

Poor Mr. Torbert was totally nonplussed. He never had felt better in his life.

HE was carried up the front steps and

up the stairs by the doctor and Malcolm. His color and his raucous breathing would have done credit to any stroke.

"But, Aunt, we can't stay here!" the girl was expostulating, below.

"Of course *you* can't, Constance," Mrs. Fairfield agreed. "You can take that train, or come home with me if you like. Mr. Godwin 'll have to stay, though. No getting a nurse out from town under two weeks' notice; not that they 're good for anything if we could. Me? Oh, dear, no! With five sick calves and—and an Irishman I had to fire trying to burn my barns? Mr. Godwin 'll do very nicely."

"You mean I 'm to leave Mr. Torbert here, dying perhaps, with no care but *his*?"

"What else can you do? The doctor says the one thing is to keep him warm and quiet. Mr. Godwin 's good for that much, I expect."

"But he 's not, and they 'll have to have meals."

"Oh, meals. I 'll manage somehow. I 'll send baskets. Besides, what could you do about it? You can't cook."

"Indeed?" said Constance, nettled. "Of course I shall stay, out of common humanity. *He* will have to go—"

She disappeared as he came down-stairs, and he unstrapped a suitcase.

"Lending Tod some things?" said Mrs. Fairfield. "That 's right. Your packing 's not scientific, young man; there 's one comfort. You 'd better hurry. I think I hear the barge."

"Just a minute. What is the arrangement, if you please?"

"Constance insists on staying. You 're to go."

"Then you stay also, of course?"

Mrs. Fairfield marshaled the Irishman and the calves.

"You actually contemplate leaving her here alone?"

"Why not? She 's got her dog."

"Dog!" He bent a disparaging eye upon little Gyp. "I feel a responsibility for—that old fellow."

"Not for her?"

"Yes," he said defiantly; "for her, too."

"She 'd thank you. Do you mean you want to stay?"

"I shall stand by, of course."

Constance, entering, heard him; and then mediation was called for—if Mrs. Fairfield had not been far too wise. They prevailed on themselves to address one another directly. Neither would yield.

"Will you force me," the girl demanded, "to order you out of my house?"

"There 's always the bench in the orchard," retorted the boy. "Interesting to know the house is yours. I rather thought as much."

"Mr. Godwin!" called Dr. Brundage from up-stairs. He afterward denied that he had been listening. Malcolm snatched up a suit of pajamas and hurried to the guest-room bedside.

"Now, rubbish, Connie!" said Mrs. Fairfield. "You do need some one with you. Suppose poor old Tod should get worse in the night. Where would you be, alone?"

"But what 's to become of our annulment?" Constance wailed. "We have agreed—"

Mrs. Fairfield discoursed briefly.

"Absurd!" cried Constance, redder than the roses. "When both of us went straight to our respective homes—"

"You 'd have to prove that to the— the judge. He 'd ask you plenty of questions. There 'd be reporters. I doubt if your Aunt Abigail would be pleased."

Constance found nothing to say.

"No, my dear. A common garden separation is the only thing. That you can always have. You 've only got to separate. Well, which is leaving?" she added, as Malcolm came down again. "Here 's the barge outside."

Dr. Brundage came down.

"Exactly what," Constance asked him, "is Mr. Torbert's condition?"

"Very grave. If he 's kept perfectly quiet and tranquil in mind, he may pull through. I 'll look in this evening. Glad to have met you, Miss—ah— Mrs. Godwin. Can I take you to the station? Here 's the barge for your trunks, I see."

The girl looked at the boy and the boy at the girl. Mrs. Fairfield watched them both. The genial doctor looked at his watch, at the floor, at the roses, at anything that seemed safe. He had

prescribed hot-water bottles at Mr. Torbert's extremities. The temperature in the guest-room was eighty-five or more. Behind Malcolm's back the patient had been exhibiting alarming facial symptoms.

"Thank you, no," said Constance, sweetly. "Aunt, will you tell the barge that we sha'n't require it, please?"

As the birds' dawn chorus opened in the orchard, Malcolm picked himself up from his shake-down beside Mr. Torbert's bed. He ached; could not remember having slept. The night had been full of insect noises. Somewhere on the ridge a farmer's hound had mourned it through. There had been other distractions.

These others were represented by a comfortable rotundity covered only with the sheet. On the floor around the bed were all the hot-water bottles in the valley. None—Malcolm counted guiltily—remained in the bed. He gathered them up; drew the blankets over Mr. Torbert, who grunted in his sleep; found slippers and a robe, and went down-stairs to light the fire.

"Good morning," he whispered in confusion. Constance, as fresh as the dew in linen frock and housework apron, was setting the table for breakfast. An insidious fragrance of coffee was abroad.

"How is he?" she asked impatiently. "What sort of night did he have?"

"He slept, or was unconscious, all night, I think. His—his breathing was regular."

"How long since those bottles were refilled?"

"I filled them three times," he pleaded. "He was restless at first, and they kept falling out."

"Give them to me—and do try to dress quietly. It's not your fault if he's alive."

He dressed with nervous expedition. She seemed to be having difficulties in Mr. Torbert's room.

"They do fall out," she admitted in an anxious whisper. "If he were n't so ill, I'd be tempted to say he pushed them out on purpose."

"If he were n't so ill," said Malcolm, "I'd be tempted to say he snores."

"That, of course, is the characteristic apoplectic breathing."

"How do you know? Have you had it?" He was rude.

"You will feel better for coffee," she said calmly. "Suppose we breakfast now, before he wakes."

He was meekly sitting down when he remembered. She anticipated his haughty start to his feet.

"You'll find your bags and tins in the pantry, on the second shelf. But since this is the fault of neither of us, since we are in for it, so to speak, why not be my guest?"

He wavered. The coffee-pot tempted.

"If you insist on ruining your digestion, it's your own affair and I've no wish to interfere. There's a third course open: you can always leave."

"I'm seeing this through," he said doggedly.

"In that case—sugar? Cream?"

"Wait. I make two conditions. First, I help in the housework. I bring water—"

"The house is piped."

"So it is. I chop the wood—"

"There are ten cords of stove-length outside."

"At least I wash the dishes."

"Have you ever washed any?"

"Only camping outfits," he admitted.

"Not this set, then; it's over a hundred years old. But there is a thick set I'm willing to use hereafter. Your other condition?"

"I prefer the status of a paying guest."

"Oh, you *are* impossible!" she cried.

"My aunts are quite right. A woman never knows a man before marriage. Very well. Your—your board"—she made a wry face over it—"will be one hundred dollars a day, payable to the village library association."

"Agreed," said young Mr. Godwin, grandly. "Two lumps and cream, if you please."

They were called from the table by sounds above, in Mr. Torbert's room. Mr. Torbert professed himself feeling somewhat better. He proposed to get up, to sit up at least. Constance disposed of this rashness and tucked him in. For breakfast (Brundage had been merciful) he had an egg—he asked for two—and coffee. Then a deadlock de-



"Will you force me," the girl demanded, "to order you out of my house?"

veloped over cigarettes. They were interdited until the doctor's morning call. Then Constance left Malcolm in charge.

The moment the door closed behind her, the water-bottles flopped on the floor like frogs.

"For God's sake, dear boy, take 'em away!" stage-whispered Mr. Torbert. "If I 'm goin' to die, I 'm not goin' to parboil first."

"The doctor—" Malcolm protested, picking them up. Mr. Torbert spoke disparagingly of the doctor. "Look here, your pajama-string don't suit my equator, do you know it?"

Malcolm offered to send for Mr. Torbert's own pajamas.

"No use. Landlady would n't let 'em go. She's attached to my things, even my sketches. Got a few thousand, and values 'em like a regular connoisseur. Rough on an old man on his death-bed, eh?"

Malcolm thought he ought not to try to talk.

"I ought to smoke," Mr. Torbert averred with conviction. "Risky, deprivin' a fellow my age, with a tobacco heart. No, dear boy! Thanks all the same, but don't put those damn things in here again! Lay 'em on the window-sill to cool. Why can't you smoke, too? Then she would n't know."

To divert him from the craving, Malcolm offered to read aloud, and brought a work on "Play Instinct in the Unadjusted Child." Mr. Torbert heard two paragraphs, and turned his face to the wall. The reading and his nap were interrupted by Mrs. Fairfield, who bade Malcolm run along and paint, and shut the door on him. She found the patient feeling ill used. He instanced the embargo on cigarettes.

"I thought of that. Be just like Jim's notions of humor to say you must n't smoke; so I brought these, and this jardinière for your ashes. You can hide 'em; but no burning holes in the bed-clothes, mind."

Mr. Torbert lit up, and filled his lungs contentedly.

"Can't make those two kids out at all," he said. "The girl, now. Dash it, I 've known young bluestockin's, but none put together like her. Gad, Letty!

Greek — Greek marble come to life!"

"If she 'd come to life, we would n't be talking here," sniffed Mrs. Fairfield. "I 've hopes, though, Tod, if you 're game. That boy 'd be human if he 'd had a chance."

"She 's had one, has n't she?"

"Not much! You ought to know my sisters. They brought her up. Poor dear Letitia, being a rough, rude farm-ess and the widow of a Rebel general with a lurid gift of speech, was n't permitted to meddle in the job. Abby took her in hand at five, and had her till she was fifteen. Ab 's a professional prude. Always has lived in dread of some brutal man. She 's sixty now, and dreads him worse than ever. Well, when Ab got through, Pheemy took charge. Pheemy 's different—very. Suffragist, or used to be until it got too tame. Socialist, for all I know. But feminism 's what she works at hardest. If you want quick action, tell Pheemy woman 's the weaker sex. I did once in a reckless moment. Never again. I 'm fond of peace and quiet. She 's had two husbands and three nervous breakdowns. Naturally she and Ab don't speak. That 's the answer to Constance, Tod. Need any more details?"

"But where does she get her music?" asked Mr. Torbert.

"Why, you don't suppose she was brought into the world by a syndicate of aunts? Connie and Ralph were both musical. Connie was the beauty of our family, and the best of us. *She* was alive, bless her! When she was dying, 't was me, not Ab or Pheemy, that she asked to be good to her baby. But the others raised a row, and the general was living then, and I gave in for the sake of a quiet life. Now I 'm taking a hand. It 's time. Mercy of Providence, you were here yesterday, Tod."

"Mercy o' Providence if I don't give us away," said Mr. Torbert. "Go ravin' crazy if I lie up here long."

"Only two weeks, and then I 'll let you off. Want anything to read?"

"May not work," Mr. Torbert insisted. "They 're not in love."

"Certain of that, are you?"

"*They* are. And, Gad! it don't look like it!"

"True. But, still, the moon 's full

week after next. Neither of 'em ever saw the moon, except in the way of astronomy. Constance does n't dance, I 'll wager. Trust Ab for that. Poor things!"

A TAP at the door was Constance to ask if she could be of service. The invalid begged for music; would n't she play something of her own. She offered him Schumann instead.

"Let Schumann rip!" said Mr. Torbert, and parts of "Carnaval" rose to them, clear, precise, and cold.

"Listen to her!" said her aunt, expressively.

"Don't seem to miss any notes," was Mr. Torbert's critique.

"No music in her. Only technic—now. If you could have heard her mother play! Well, I 'll jog along, I guess."

The music stopped short when Malcolm came in. Thumb-box in hand, he tiptoed to the guest-room.

"Let 's see, dear boy. No, hang it all! I 'd like to see it. M-m."

"What do you think of— Oh, no; beg pardon. I forgot you never advise."

"No more I do. We-ell, you can draw. Any one can draw, y' know. And you can see color. Been taught to see a lot o' violet, have n't you? And got some notion of a composition, and keepin' a thing simple and high in key. That 's right. Not at all bad, dear boy—as far 's it goes. As far 's it goes."

"I beg pardon? 'As far as it goes'—"

"Can't advise you," grumbled Mr. Torbert. "Keep on, keep on. Sweat it out."

Malcolm found Constance waiting outside the door.

"You 've been bothering him with your precious sketch," she charged.

"I don't know. You were playing."

"He asked me to."

"He asked to see my sketch."

"Will you come down to luncheon?" she said severely.

It was a good omelet. He told her so; she did not appear to hear. He caught himself finding it awkward not to watch her across the table. Her frock bared her arms to the elbows, bared her throat. The lines were distinctly fine. He concentrated his attention upon the

omelet. He accepted a second helping. Her hands were very slender, very deft.

"We 're absurd not to talk," she said. "Will you begin?"

He felt affronted, and like a fool. For the moment he could not have talked to save his life. Five minutes later he forced himself to look up and inquire about the doctor's visit.

They had compromised on his drying the dishes. He refused an apron politely, but one was tied on him before he realized what she was about. Dishes came to him faster than he could ply the towels, and every dish—he scrutinized them closely—was impeccable. It would have pleased him to find one that was n't, and to hand it back.

From the meadows outside came a yelp and a streak of squeals. She dropped the cup she was washing and flew. Malcolm on impulse followed.

The terrier raced for them blindly. Constance caught him up, and she herself uttered a sharp cry. Little Gyp was a comet with a tail of hornets, through whose paper nest he had blundered.

"Get indoors!" commanded Malcolm, and plunged among the avengers and toward their source, diverting reinforcements. His apron, pulled over his head, did not protect him. The yellow-jackets rapped savagely, scoring with ease through his silk shirt. When he pounded at the kitchen door for admittance, the shirt was off, and his face and shoulders were of a knobbed grotesqueness, plastered with creek-bed ooze.

Constance, cherishing Gyppie, did not appreciate him at once. Then the cottage rang with screams of laughter.

"You 'll wake up Torbert," he grunted. "I 'm glad you find it humorous. Were you stung?"

"F-forgive me! No, I was n't. But Gyppie, poor lamb—and you! Why did you run into it?"

The sight of him being dignified upset her again for an instant. He tried to express a crushing regret that he had been officious. Then he tried to wrap shirt and apron toga-wise about his shoulders, and make a stately exit from the kitchen. She snatched the garments and pointed to a chair.

"You ought to have known better than to put on mud," she scolded. "It's probably full of infection—and look at my floor! Alcohol's best. Oh, you *are* punished, are n't you? Tell me, were you trying to keep them off? For, if you were—"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry I laughed. I am, anyway. I could n't help it, Mr. Godwin. If you had seen yourself as you came in!"

Mr. Godwin was awesomely silent. But a misshapen Gypsie, whining for sympathy, jumped to his lap, and settled there unrebuked.

She finished washing away the mud and ministered to the stings. Her touch was cool and firm. On her side she was aware of the clean muscling of his shoulders. It clashed with a notion she seemed to have had of him, clothed, as loose-jointed, slack. His skin had the glossy clarity of her own. And she put away from her a resurgence of a childhood image, which seemed somehow bound up with her Aunt Abigail, of man, the male, as a gorilla covered with matted hair.

She stooped to dab alcohol carefully on his face. Her own face was near it. He felt her breath. Of a sudden he shrank from her touch and shuddered violently.

"Too bad! Did it get in your eye?"

"No—I—not that." He sprang up, spilling Gyp on the floor and pushing back the chair, which fell.

"What is it?" she demanded, startled.

For a heartbeat they faced each other in something like panic. The girl felt a fleeting wish to die, to lose her senses then and there. Then it was as if the walls around them had been changed to glass, and she disclosed in some shame to a multitude of Aunt Abigails. She was furious, and she knew that she was red. The boy stamped out of the kitchen and up-stairs, hating himself and her and the throbbing headache in which the throbs of his many stings had blended.

After dinner that night she declined his help with the dishes; she could manage better alone. He had no inclination to hold her to her bargain, and sat with Mr. Torbert through the evening. By breakfast next day they were back on a

footing of colorless formality, so much so that even Mr. Torbert marked it and spoke of it when Mrs. Fairfield came.

"I don't like the look of such things much," owned the lady. "Still, give 'em time, give 'em time. What's all the noise about? Some one splitting wood?"

Malcolm, his assistance with the dishes again scorned, was venting emotion on knotty cuts of oak.

"Now, who 'd ha' thought," Mrs. Fairfield marveled, watching through the shutters, "that that youth had gumption enough to swing an ax?"

In a moment there came a tap on the guest-room door.

"Aunt Letitia, *should* a man using an ax hold the wood in position with his foot?"

"Why not? How else should he hold it?"

"But if the ax were to slip—"

"It won't. I've been watching him myself. He knows what he's about. Anyway, what do *you* care how many toes he lops?"

"Nothing whatever," said Constance, crossly, and all but slammed the door. Mr. Torbert slapped his thigh. Mrs. Fairfield favored him with a remarkable pantomime of exultation. Constance's voice rose to them at a pitch of constrained sweetness.

"*Would* you mind not spoiling any more of those fireplace logs? The stove is well supplied."

"Sorry," said Malcolm, panting. "I thought you said I might."

"I did n't expect you to hack the whole pile to pieces. Besides, it can't be pleasant for Mr. Torbert, do you think?"

"He's going to shake her, I do believe!" Mrs. Fairfield whispered gleefully.

He was standing right over her, hot and wet, breathing hard. His shirt stuck to him, defining the big muscles of his chest. The cords stood out on his throat, and his eyes were menacing. As if he had pushed her, Constance gave ground quickly.

"Will you make my apologies to Mr. Torbert?" he said, between set teeth. "And will you convey my hope of his early recovery? The earlier he's well again, the better pleased I'll be."

He came in, and they heard him under the shower.

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Fairfield hummed, to the air of "The Spanish Cavalier." She went down, to find Constance arranging fresh roses.

"Aunt Letitia, I won't endure much more of this!"

"I overheard it. I wondered he did n't hit you with the ax," Mrs. Fairfield told her cheerfully. "Great heavens! why can't you behave yourself, child? It won't last forever, you know."

Constance flung out into the kitchen. When Malcolm came down he opened the kitchen door.

"If I was rude just now, I'm ashamed of it," he said. No answer. He closed the door.

"You were n't rude, young man," Mrs. Fairfield remarked. "And if you're ashamed, you're wasting a valuable feeling. Look here, I don't mind saying I think you're behaving very well. Where'd you learn to split wood? It does n't gee with my preconceptions."

He smiled. He had camped two summers in Maine. Had she succeeded in engaging a nurse? As soon as possible he would like to leave.

MRS. FAIRFIELD shook her head.

"Bear with her the best you can. You see what a child she is in some respects. You'll both come out of this muddle all right, and then, I hope, a good hard-headed man, quite a lot older than Constance—He ought to be older, to manage her, I think."

"No doubt," said Malcolm, stiffly. "Do you believe in marriage—the institution?"

"Don't know about the institution," said Mrs. Fairfield, producing a grimy tangle of crochet-work. "People ought to get married; most people, that is. I'm not sure you ought to, if you're asking my advice."

"I should be glad to have it. Why have you misgivings in my case?"

"Well, for one thing, the artistic nature's hard to live with." He expanded. "For another, to put it plainly, you've got a million things to learn about—well, girls. Whether you'll ever come off your high horse to learn 'em, I don't know. I should judge not. You cer-

tainly are n't the man I'd pick for my niece Constance Gray. It's a mercy *that's* headed off!"

He was not aware that he scowled, though Mrs. Fairfield was. He considered her personalities bad taste, especially her use of Constance's maiden name.

"I'll do all I can to hurry along the nurse," she assured him soothingly.

The exit he made upon this was a little abrupt. At luncheon he excused himself before the sweet, and went forth and tried to sketch. A change of wind, bringing rain-clouds, drove him shivering indoors. He sulked in the living-room over a book, while Constance at the piano performed maddening exercises for velocity, and up-stairs the interesting invalid, most culpably neglected, tiptoed around his room to stretch his legs, charting creaky floorboards for future avoidance, and smoked more than was good for him, and renewed his acquaintance (thanks to Mrs. Fairfield's smuggling) with light French literature.

That evening Malcolm's mood unaccountably veered. The weather had turned quite raw, and he had managed after smoky failures to get an open fire going. He sat at one side of the hearth, Constance at the other, with Gypjie on her knees, for half an hour. Then Constance, having ascertained that Mr. Torbert was awake, went to the piano, preluded softly, and sang. Malcolm had not known she sang. Her voice was a surprisingly rich mezzo. The words of the song were French. Gypjie, yawning and stretching, transferred his slumbers to Malcolm's knees, and Malcolm, listening, absent-mindedly stroked him.

"Was that yours?"

"The setting was. The poem, as of course you knew, is Leconte de Lisle's."

"Won't you sing something more?"

"Not now." She returned to her chair, recalled Gypjie, and seemed to lose herself in contemplation of the fire.

"I should like you to remember me as pleasantly as you can," he heard himself beginning. He had meditated nothing of the kind. "This will be over soon. Then, after the legal formalities, we'll not see each other again. Perhaps we'll hear of each other from time to time in

our fields of work. Meanwhile it 's distasteful—to you. I suppose, I admit, that our getting into it was largely my own fault."

"I am glad you realize that."

He hitched himself more upright in his chair.

"My idea, my intention, was good," he averred, "however mistaken I was. I never meant to deceive you about myself. I took it for granted you knew, that every one knew—"

"Was n't that egotistical?" she asked, with dreamy sweetness. "All very young men are egotists, I have heard."

Still he persevered.

"It may have been. I won't dispute it." He liked the firm, even tone in which he spoke. "What I have in mind is that a nurse may come out to-morrow, any time, and the doctor says that unless there 's a change, he probably can be moved in another week. When it 's over, I wish we—might say good-by as friends."

Constance poked at the fire with studious deliberation.

"I 'm willing to be friendly, Mr. Godwin, while we 're both under this roof, because it would be so senseless to be otherwise. Afterward I never wish to see you or to hear from you or of you again."

The wood snapped. A spark popped out on the rug, and he jumped for it and stamped.

"Rely upon me, Miss Gray, to respect your wish."

He sat down hard, crossing his legs, lighting a cigarette. He had no mind to leave the field to her. But if he expected her to leave it, he was disappointed. Instead, she quickly opened another subject, chatting—chattering almost—in the lightest, brightest manner, as one at a tea.

"Do you know, poor Mr. Torbert's affairs are in a dreadful state, aside from his being so ill? My aunt told me of it this morning. He was the director of the Woolwich Art Museum, and he would n't hang some painting by some politician's daughter, and then for the permanent collection he insisted on buying good things instead of the kind they thought would attract school children and teach moral lessons. And so they

discharged him without notice a week ago. He has n't a cent in the world, and he 'll never be able to paint again; and even if he were, his pictures don't sell—"

Malcolm did not seem to be listening. She noted that his long, brown fingers were throttling the arms of his chair.

"Luckily, I can help," she hurried on. "My grandfather built that museum and endowed it. The estate has some control of the endowment fund. And he 's such a dear; don't you find him so? How did you happen to know poor Mr. Torbert, Mr. Godwin?"

"*Damn* poor Mr. Torbert!" exploded Mr. Godwin, and rushed for the door and out into the wind and the driving rain.

There was light in Constance's windows when he returned. The living-room lamp had been lighted, the fire fed. On the table was the vacuum-bottle full of hot chocolate. Laid over a chair were his pajamas and robe and slippers, with Turkish towels. He carried his drenched clothing to the woodshed, hesitated at the chocolate, downed it viciously, scalding his throat, and repaired to his mattress on the guest-room floor, where he tossed for an hour and woke with the birds, convinced that he had never closed his eyes.

THE seventh day Mrs. Fairfield found the patient pessimistic.

"Regular court quadrille," he grumbled. "Gad! you should see 'em, behavin' like a couple o' grandees!"

"Not quarreling?"

"No. Ceremonious and icy. Enough to give you a chill when they 're both in here together. Yesterday, now, I thought I 'd help matters along—"

"You did? Tod Torbert, what have you been up to? No wonder it 's not going well if you—"

"Well, upon my word!" he interrupted plaintively. "Might hear a chap out first, dear lady. I only got 'em both up here while he made a study of her head to humor me. I was n't feelin' well."

"Don't you know it 's the worst thing you possibly could have done? If you 'd asked 'em to keep away from each other, there'd have been some sense— But

never mind. I might have known. Tell me about it. What happened?"

"Nothing at all." Mr. Torbert was deeply injured. "She sat over there and read. He sat over here and drew. When he 'd finished, she went straight out; did n't even want to see the sketch. There it is on the dressin'-table."

Mrs. Fairfield looked impatiently. "It's a likeness."

"Likeness! Done as if that stunnin' girl had been a plaster cast. I told him he ought to be thunderin' well ashamed. Why, why what 's the matter, Letty? What harm—"

"Nothing. No use crying over spilt milk." She relaxed, and rocked for a while in a brown study. "Never say die, Tod. Desperate case, desperate remedy. Can't you have a bad turn in the middle of the night?"

"A which?"

"Relapse, sinking spell. Wake up groaning: Call. He 's sleeping down-stairs now, is n't he?"

Mr. Torbert nodded.

"Now I 'm so much better. But what earthly use—"

"Never mind. Will you do it?"

"All I can do to wake up in the mornin', let alone the middle o' the night."

"That 's easy enough. See here—"

She whispered rapidly for three minutes, unraveling yards of the coarse cotton-thread she had crocheted.

The first midnight relapse was a huge success, albeit the patient's outgivings when he woke would have suggested apoplexy less than a pang of gout. He sat up in bed; then, as he heard them coming, remembered, did several things swiftly, lay back, and began to groan. Constance, lamp in hand, hovered over him—Constance in a flame-pink boudoir robe and two braids of coppery gold. Mr. Torbert, breathing stertorously, approved of the color and the braids. Down-stairs, Gypsie was raising a ruction unheeded.

Malcolm telephoned for Dr. Brundage, and here a hitch developed, Mrs. Fairfield having forgotten this contingency.

"I don't understand him," Malcolm reported. "The one physician in reach, and he won't come! Actually seemed annoyed at being called!"

"Did he tell you what to do?"

He had, and it was done ruthlessly, with the water-bottles and armful on armful of blankets and coverlets, Mr. Torbert trying not to squirm. At last they paused in their labors and contemplated him. His brow was running gratifying rivulets.

"You need n't wait up. I 'll stay with him," said Malcolm. I 'll call you if—"

"Of course I 'll wait up," said Constance, but not ill-naturedly. Her cheeks were reflecting the color of her robe. It occurred to her to turn the lamp down low.

For an hour they refilled the bottles and kept the coverings in place. The patient grunted from time to time. Blundering beetles, drawn by the light, were knocking against the window-screen. Moths fluttered against it. A honeysuckle on a trellis freighted the night air. Malcolm kept vigil in the rocking-chair; Constance preferred cushions on the floor at the foot of the bed. She rested her arms upon it, and her chin upon her arms, watching Mr. Torbert's writhings with anxiety. At last, despite blankets and bottles, they ceased, and he slept.

"Would you like coffee?" Constance whispered, looking over her shoulder with a heavy-lidded smile.

"No. I 'll make some for you, though."

"I don't need it. Perhaps we could turn out the lamp?"

He was not at all drowsy, had never been more awake. A novel exhilaration was upon him. His thoughts were a succession of great projects—pictures to be painted, far lands of tropical gorgeousness to be visited and sketched, new media to be studied—dry-point, monotype, pastel; masters old and new to be emulated; anything but community socialization. It seemed to him that the night would go on forever, and he was content. He felt a vast pity for men who were not free and young, born to see beauty and father beautiful things.

The dawn light came, and began to bring out forms in the room around him. There was a fresh, cool breeze, a sibilance of leaves. Wood thrushes opened the chorus. Malcolm did not know them, only that their voices were clarionets and liquid chimes, with a vibrant, thrilling undertone in the rests

between the phrases. Something about it was like Constance's singing. He saw she had fallen asleep, in the same uncomfortable-looking position in which she had settled for the vigil. The air came in quite cold. She must be cold.

He rose, and bent over her. She did not stir. Her arms, her throat and breast, from which the flamingo silk had slipped away, her bare ankles against the rag rug's homeliness, gleamed like marble in the silvery light. This would never do; she must n't be left like this. He thought to wake her, and touched her shoulder. She nestled herself more snugly against the welter of the blankets; Mr. Torbert by now had thrashed free. Malcolm experienced a sudden drenching weakness, and then, without consciously willing to do it, but without trepidation, gathered her up as if she had been a child. He had no sense of effort at all. Afterward he remembered having found her strangely light.

She came trustfully, eyes closed, lips parted, and as he straightened with the burden, her head drooped on his shoulder, and she sighed. He carried her in to her room and laid her down. She had robbed her own bed and the other on behalf of Mr. Torbert. Malcolm relieved that sufferer of a pair of fleecy blankets; then he considered his work. Still sound asleep. For the first time in a scientifically ordered life of one and twenty years he knew by instinct how it is that civilized persons can stoop to the barbarous, unsanitary practice of the kiss. It seemed to him that to kiss her many times would be natural and right, and not to do it the uncouth profanation; that he was there, and she was there, and summer was around them, all to this one.

He collected himself and fled in a kind of anguish from the room.

So it happened that Mrs. Fairfield, arriving with Dr. Brundage, found him away and Constance still asleep. Brundage, good soul, had been mollified, and played his part well with regret and grave concern.

"There 's coffee," said Constance to Malcolm when he came in at ten o'clock. It was terrible to face her, but she was waiting on the porch, and her manner was unsuspecting. "I 've kept the hom-

iny warm for you. I 'll get you anything else. I 'm afraid I 'm a dreadful shirk." She laughed. "I truly meant to stay by, and I must have sneaked out in my sleep."

He managed to say he had dozed in the chair himself. She sat with him while he breakfasted. He could not look her way. His shyness infected her, and Aunt Letitia, coming down-stairs, observed them with covert satisfaction.

"I 'm afraid you 're in for a longer siege than we thought. I 'd arranged for a nurse, but he does n't want her. Wants you both to stay."

"Willingly, for my part," said Constance. Malcolm nodded. He hoped the woman had not seen him blush.

BUT Aunt Letitia overplayed her hand. With the moon near its full three nights later, a second relapse was scheduled. This time Mr. Torbert never woke, not though Gyppie's barking rang the welkin, and doors slammed, and men's voices wrangled under his very window. Constance, roused in alarm, looked down upon a moonlit rough-and-tumble, a grapple that heaved and flopped and rolled, giving out quaint language, and finally came to rest among the roses, crushing a bed of delicate hybrid teas.

The dead in the village cemetery might have been disturbed, but not Mr. Torbert, slumbering sweetly twenty feet above. Constance called, and, getting no answer, went down, and when she saw the tableau at closer range, ran out armed with the fire-tongs.

But it was the fruit of the new education whom she found on top. The other man was doing nothing, not even breathing, by reason of hands that clamped his throat and bumped his cranium against the stone foundation.

"You 're killing him!" She tugged at Malcolm's shoulder. Malcolm relaxed his clutch, but kept his prey pinned down.

"He says your aunt sent him here to attend to the flowers—prowling around the place at half-past one! I happened to see him. Gyppie woke me up."

The prey coughed, and his bulging eyes blinked.

"Yes 'm," he plained. "Mis' Fairfield she said to drop in. You ain't got no call to use nobody like this."



" 'Were n't you even a *little* ill at first?' "

Malcolm growled. Constance intervened.

"Well, what shall we do? Call the sheriff or whoever it is?"

"Oh, no. Let him go. It is one of aunt's men—you 're Thomas Woodruff, are n't you? We'll tell her in the morning."

Thomas was let up, and felt himself over carefully.

"Go on tell her," he urged. "Durn ye! young feller, I 'd ought to broke your neck!"

"What 's that?" snapped Malcolm, and, collaring him, propelled him to the gate. As they were parting, Constance heard Thomas speak, and Malcolm say: "What? Repeat that—say that again!" They seemed to converse a minute.

"It 's nothing," said Malcolm in a curious tone as he joined her on the steps. "I—I did n't smell it, but he 'd been drinking, I suppose."

"Are you hurt?"

"No."

"I 'm afraid Mr. Torbert was frightened." She went to see.

Mrs. Fairfield, telephoned to before breakfast, promised to come right over. Malcolm seemed darkly abstracted. Once or twice he scowled, and clenched his fists. He scarcely looked at his breakfast, and left it to stalk off up the road in the direction from which Mrs. Fairfield would appear.

Constance took up Mr. Torbert's tray. He was not yet awake. She was closing the door when something she saw arrested her. Mr. Torbert opened his eyes to find her examining the foot of the bed.

"Morning," he said, smiling sleepily. He got no answering smile.

"Wake up! What about *this*?" And then, "O Mr. Torbert—how could you?"

It was the long unraveling of Mrs. Fairfield's crochet-thread. One end of it ran to the window-sill and dropped out through a crack beside the screen. The other was tied to Mr. Torbert's right great toe. Mr. Torbert rolled over and ostriched between the pillows.

"Were n't you even a *little* ill at first?"

"At first," lied Mr. Torbert, like a gentleman.

"He—Mr. Godwin—is not to know. That is the one thing I care about. You 'll stay on a day or two as if nothing had happened, and then—"

"All right," said Mr. Torbert in a small voice, and she left him.

MALCOLM rose like a highwayman out of an elderberry clump.

"Good morning," he accosted Mrs. Fairfield. "Did you send a fellow, Woodruff by name—I see from your expression that you did, and that the story he told me was the truth!"

Followed a painful three minutes.

"You 're not a bad sort, after all," said a crestfallen Aunt Letitia at the end of them. "You 've cost me a raise in wages, if that 's any satisfaction. Of course Tom was going to quit, and of course I had to keep him on, or tongues would be wagging all up and down the valley. Yes, yes, I promise. Constance sha'n't know. We may as well go in."

He let her go in alone. Constance was awaiting her.

"My dear, I can't tell you how sorry I am about that numskull coming here last night—"

Constance held out the damning coil of cotton. Mrs. Fairfield tried to speak.

"I don't care to discuss it, Aunt Letitia. I ask one thing: Mr. Godwin is never to know—"

Mrs. Fairfield nodded, and retreated in bad order up the stairs.

"O Letty, she 's on!"

"So 's he. It 's all my fault, not minding my own affairs. But neither of 'em knows the other one does, and neither wants the other to, and that much we can do for 'em. To-morrow you can be well enough to sit up. Day after, I 'll come with the rig. Have to go ahead and make their mud pie, I expect. If I had n't got out of the habit twenty years ago, I 'd cry."

Mr. Torbert reached over and clumsily patted her hand.

THE invalid went neglected. Malcolm looked in once, his manner a large Arthurian magnanimity that made Mr. Torbert, who ought to have been re-

morseful, yearn to kick him. But Constance's unaffected wonder and sorrow when she came with the tray left Mr. Torbert squirming all afternoon. He tried to say how ashamed he was; she begged him not to mind, and finished him by promising, out of a clear sky, to do what she could in the matter of the museum.

Toward sundown Malcolm sought her under the apple-trees.

"There 's something I ought to tell you," he began, and would, to the eternal glory of Nonconformist New England, have told her what he had stipulated she should never know, and have ruined the young summer then and there. It may have been the dryads of the trees, if apple-trees have them, that prompted her to interrupt in time.

"There is something I have to ask you." She felt herself starting to color, and was dismayed, and took her resolution in both hands, so that it was a whiter, not a pinker, face than usual, and a steady, austere gaze of inquiry she turned up to him. "Did you carry me in to my room that night?"

He was staggered.

"Yes," he got out finally.

"I thought I had dreamed it. I never believed that even you could—could—"

He had time to get his balance, and overbalanced.

"Why not ask me how did I dare? That is correct at such times, I believe."

She rose, came close, contemptuously looked him in the eyes. The flare and bravado sluiced out of him, and he gave ground to let her pass. She went up to the cottage with queenly deliberation, quickening her steps a very little on the porch. She was trembling horribly, and he must not see.

"All up, dash it!" reported Mr. Torbert, when Mrs. Fairfield appeared next day at noon. "Give my last tube of Flake White if it had n't happened, Letty. They 'll go away hatin' each other and this place and you and me. I was gettin' fond of 'em both—"

"What is it? Something new? Do they know they know?"

He thought not.

"But they 're both so upset. Both been in here this morning to give me pieces o' their minds. And when they

meet on the stairs they scratch like cats. Poor little girl's been cryin'—cries all the time—comes runnin' up to her room when he's not around—"

"Tod, you don't tell me!" The inexplicable Aunt Letitia, during this recital, had been lifted from gloom to radiance. "You don't mean it! When did it all begin?"

"Seems to please you," Mr. Torbert marveled.

"Please me! Three and a tiger and hooray!"

"But—but—Good Lord! they can't even catch sight of each other without flarin' up, and then she cries, while he goes to the woodpile to swear!"

"Really swear?"

"Real article. Words I did n't know."

"Beautiful! lovely! Thank goodness! Now, are all your clothes in here? Along toward dusk watch your chance and slip out—evaporate—vamoose. After six I'll be waiting for you up the road with the rig."

"Bu-bu-but why? What for?"

"Never mind what for. Do as I say."

Through the day he was left severely to himself. Everything on his tray at noon was either raw or scorched. His dinner was worse, and when it arrived, a steamer rug covered the fact that he was dressing. He tiptoed from room to room, carrying his shoes, to reconnoitre. Constance he located on the porch. Malcolm was nowhere, apparently. He dared not try for his sketching-things. As the sunlight grew rich and its slant neared level, he stole down the back stairs. The coast was clear.

The grass bristled with stickles to torture stocking feet. Despite surreptitious exercise, he was wobbly. A tiny brook came down from the ridge through the orchard to the creek; gain-

ing the cover of its alders, he sat down and put on his shoes. A catbird disapproved of him. There were good smells of wet earth and mint, and the alder twigs stenciled an enormous low full moon, peach colored, misshapen, just clear of the eastward hills.

He was pushing out of the thicket on the safe side when he saw Malcolm coming hatless across the fields. He squatted, squatted till he ached, for Malcolm's steps were slow, and the last wild strawberries seemed to serve him as excuse for loitering. The boy passed close, and loomed up tall and straight on the rustic bridge. Mr. Torbert heard Constance coming down the steps.

Painfully on hands and knees he crawled to where the bushes ended. Here he must wait till they went away, lest he be seen from the lawn. He listened, and could hear only the good-night calls of drowsy birds, the hum of midges, a whippoorwill beginning. His host and hostess might both have died. At last, made rash by the midges, he rose and peeked.

He did not see them at first; they were so near, not twenty feet away, on the bench beneath an old mother of apple-trees. It was there they must have come upon each other. Their silhouettes against the bright west were one; that ought to have been awkward, and was not. The boy held the girl to him clumsily, but with all his heart and soul; her arms, which never had learned, were at her sides, but the lines of her yielded and melted, and her head was on his breast, and they might have been thus in bronze together since the beginning of time.

"Gad!" breathed Mr. Torbert, overwhelmed. He hurried on boldly to where a wise woman awaited him.





Scene at Cattaro, Dalmatia, where the American Red Cross has a relief station

In Montenegro To-Day

By WILLIAM WARFIELD

AFINE day on Lake Scutari, broad stretches of green water, and sheer mountains, dark ridges, topped by snowy peaks—this was the stage-setting on which the curtain rose for our pageant. The mountains about us virtually form one unbroken massif, almost without orientation. The lake does not lie in a valley; it has merely covered the bases of the lower ridges. Indeed, valleys do not exist in Montenegro. There are gorges, and a few basins where alluvial soil has gathered in lake-bottoms.

There were no actors on our stage when the curtain rose, a fit beginning, for Montenegro owes her existence to her aloofness and inhospitality. Beneath a rounded hill we found a wharf, and beyond it, half in, half out of water, the half-dozen houses of Virpazar. Behind the hill an arm of the lake had filled a magnificent theater with swampy fields, which had encouraged man to terrace the semicircular slopes. The terraces were green, and low down were poplars and willows; but elsewhere all was bare, gray rock. Opposite the insignificant village, a sentinel peak,

glistening white, watched through a black V of ragged crags over the first scene in our pageant.

We lunched with the Italian officers in the railway station, for Virpazar is not only the sole railway terminus in the interior of Montenegro, but also an Allied garrison. British, French, Italian, and Serb officers met us on the wharf, mostly hungry for news of the outside world. They were here, half forgotten in a wilderness of rocks, because of the railway and the lake. The railway is small, like the country, narrow-gaged, zigzagging over the ridges of the hills down to the only Montenegrin port, Antivari.

Our car ashore, we crossed the arm of the lake on a mole that led straight toward a three-thousand-foot cliff. Up this the road zigzagged in steep grades. On each zigzag we looked straight down on a constantly dwindling town and square, watery fields. Soon we were looking down on the terraces, too, and far out across the lake. Finally all disappeared as we whirled around a corner into a desolate region of titanic boulders, sparsely intergrown with straggling brush.

This wilderness is Montenegro. The hollows, where handfuls of tall, handsome mountaineers eke out a living, are merely oases, to which the ancestors of the present population came as refugees five hundred years ago. It was after Kosovo, when the Serbian power was destroyed and the country gradually reduced by the Turks, that the more indomitable spirits fled to the mountains. They built their villages in the few places where the soil had gathered in sufficient quantities to be productive, and ambushed the Turks from among the boulders through which the attackers had to march. Occasionally a village would be taken, those that escaped massacre fleeing to the rocky fastnesses, whence they harassed their enemy until he was starved out.

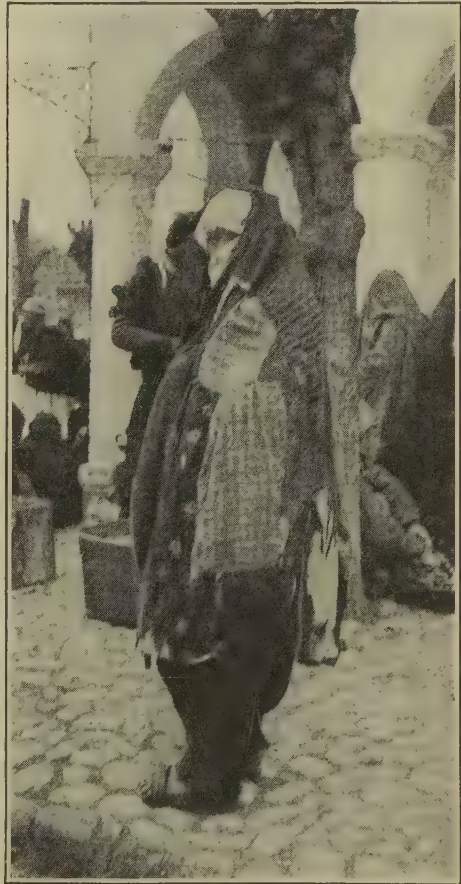
It is easy to see what sort of people this life would produce: strong, for only the fit survive; courageous, stubborn, self-reliant, jealous, distrustful of a stranger until he has proved a friend; but once a friend, always a friend. In common with all the Jugo-Slavs, they have a conception of brotherhood superior to ours, bred of long days and nights, with few comrades, in the face of a relentless enemy.

Our road continued by new zigzags down to a long, narrow arm of the lake and to Piyeka, a village with a single row of houses, the water on one side, the cliff on the other. Here the road branches, on one side to the old capital, Cettinge, on the other to the largest town, Podgoritzza, the seat of the present provisional government. Our way led to the latter, and, as always in Montenegro, the first stage was a climb. Steep grades along the cliff-side gave us a drop-curtain view of the upper end of Lake Scutari. From a thousand feet we looked down on sugarloaf hills, their bases caved by arms of the lake or entirely submerged. Snow peaks formed the wings, and the central distance, over the board of the lake, was closed by gray clouds. A tiny steamer scarcely moved on the blue water at our feet; on the bank we could distinguish a few houses, a bridge, and the winding, white road from Virpazar.

We crossed another wilderness of boulders, and came by less abrupt de-

scent to the richest part of Montenegro, a region so open and flat that it could not hold out against the Turks. It was once the upper end of Lake Scutari, then nearly twice as big as it is now. This part became filled with alluvial soil, so that when the general water-level was reduced by various causes, a fertile expanse of several thousand acres was left, dotted with sugarloaf hills that had been islands, and walled by forbidding cliffs except at the upper end. There a magnificent gorge cleaves the mountains; at its foot a little river emerges from caves in the limestone, and winds in lazy meanderings through the little plain.

At the foot of what was once an island lies Podgoritzza,—to translate it literally, Underhill,—the twelve-thousand-soul metropolis of Montenegro. We had to cross a high-arched Turkish



Type of Albanian seen in Tirana streets

bridge over the Moratsa River, which here tumbles picturesquely over a substratum of conglomerate, at the foot of steep banks. Beyond lies the town, a few very broad streets, lined by compact blocks of one-story buildings, with here and there a two-story skyscraper. This is the new town, built since Turkish times, with symmetrical arrangement around a broad market-place, its sole industry, a tobacco factory, now convenient as a barracks. To reach the old Turkish town, where now the population is chiefly Mohammedan, one must cross a tributary stream by a high bridge. The houses are tumble-down and dirty, the streets crooked and rutted. Here are the most unfortunate sufferers of seven years of war. The houses are miserable enough, but no power can paint the misery of those utterly destitute who lurk in the ruins of the Turkish castle at the angle of the rivers, and who can sometimes even be found in the caves under the river-bank.

Walking up and down the broad streets of the new town, one will find at any time groups of tall, soldierly men, in flat Montenegrin skull-caps and nondescript clothing, usually covered by an Austrian overcoat. Old soldiers in patched rags do police duty; newly mobilized youths, chiefly in captured Austrian uniform, march about under the tutelage of grizzled veterans. Occasionally one may see the Montenegrin costume, which before the war was the rule—short breeches, a red waistcoat embroidered in gold, and a long, loose cloak, belted with a scarf, so that the skirts resemble kilts. More rarely still a government official appears in Western conventional attire; if he is much of a swell, his coat is a Prince Albert. The real swells are the Serbian officers in their smart uniforms and broad gold epaulets. Strangely enough, the principal, almost the only, foreign element is composed of Americans, officers of the American Red Cross and nurses. Occasionally an officer from the Food Commission may be seen in the street, and army trucks and ambulances driven by chauffeurs drawn largely from the ambulance service in France.

One will see few women in the streets. In the market-place they pre-

side over tables covered with the meager produce of their poor gardens. They are short and sturdy, usually bent from carrying burdens on their backs. Their faces are dull and sad, rather round, with high cheek-bones. Their dark eyes show the strain of these years of war, but, more than that, they bear the traces of five centuries of suffering. The goods one sees in the market are brought by the women, partly on ponies or donkeys, but very largely on their own backs.

On one side of the town is a place



The fish-market at Virpazar

where fire-wood is sold, brought from a long distance away in the hills. One will notice a group of ponies and somber-clad women, each pony laden with wood, and beside each woman the load she herself has carried. Even if she has a pony or a donkey, she carries an additional burden.

These poor women wear numbers of homespun woolen skirts, which in time of peace were bright-colored, but now are drab with long wear. The embroidered vests that used to lend more color to these assemblages have virtually disappeared. Some wear the flat cap affected by the men; others throw a scarf over their heads. The hair is always plaited, and drawn austere back from the forehead.

No women in the world have suffered more from war than these. Their men have been away almost continuously for seven years, their country has been left in the most abject poverty, and they have suffered all the abominations of enemy occupation. When brothers and sons were killed at the front, and the old men took up their arms and fought in the first line, the women carried up ammunition, under fire, loaded the

machine-gun belts, and carried the wounded out of danger on their shoulders. And all the time other women were working in the fields, furnishing the only food supplies available for the tiny army. It never occurred to them that they were being heroic, doing man's work, or being at all unusual. Their mothers and grandmothers had done the same for generation after generation while their men fought the Turks in the passes and among the heights that alone stood between the poor little scattered villages and Moslem slavery. But these uncomplaining, unemotional women have aged before their time; their faces are dull, and their eyes bitter.

When we see the men or the women apart, we admire them greatly, the men as fighters, the women as self-sacrificing workers. But to see them together is another thing. Centuries of habit have resulted in an attitude of mind which virtually bars work for the man if there is a woman to do it. If there is a load to carry, the woman carries it, while her husband walks ahead with his rifle over his shoulder. If there is a pony to ride, the man often rides it, and not infrequently the wife leads it. The woman, as a matter of fact, would be the first to resent one's insisting that her man carry her load.

Before the war most of the clothing worn by the Montenegrins was made by the women at home either of linen or wool. Only the very small classes of tradesmen and officials used imported cloth, except, of course, the military. Now the home supply is cut off because there is not enough labor to produce food, and no one can spare time for spinning and weaving. The result is that the greatest suffering is for lack of clothing, and next to that the lack of food. In every town is a large number of utterly destitute, their homes burned, their young men gone, no tools to work with, no seeds to plant, or, if they are town-dwellers, no trade at which they can earn a daily pittance. Most of them are women and children or old men. The children are dressed in patches of old sacking, held together by odds and ends of string. They come to us barefooted in the icy spring rains for a ticket to the Red Cross soup kitchen.

They stand looking up with half-frightened, round, dark eyes, shivering, with teeth rattling like castanets; but they are usually ready enough to smile back at us when we smile, for despite torn heartstrings, we must smile in the face of such misery.

From the old town come Mohammedan women in baggy trousers instead of skirts, and veiled. Their children are shyer than the Christian children, especially the little girls, always pretty in



Children in the American Red Cross compound

quaint replicas of their mother's costumes. The difference in religion requires a distribution when bacon is used in the soup, a special porkless supply being provided for the followers of Islam.

At the soup kitchen one sees the people less individually than at home. It is the visiting nurse who really gets under the skin. There are two American nurses doing this sort of work in Podgoritz, one in the old town and one in the new, and they visit about fifty families every day. The house of a poor family is very simple; stone walls, a tile roof, a dirt floor, one or two rooms, rarely a loft. The fire is built in a corner, and the smoke finds its way out between the tiles, blackening everything with soot. A bedstead is a luxury, and at least half the family sleep on the floor. A low stool is set beside the fire for the visitor. In the town most of the houses of the poor are crowded.

There are strangely few sick, so hardy is this race. But malaria and tuberculosis are common. Dirt, which is harder on the children than on the adults, is everywhere. The nurses go from place to place preaching cleanli-



American Red Cross soup line at Podgoritzta

ness, teaching the mothers to care for the little ones. And they are getting results, for no people in the world cares more for its children than the Slav. They indulge and spoil them, it is true, but I had been deeply touched over and over again to see starved mothers with sturdy, round-cheeked children.

For the more serious illnesses the nurse calls one of the women doctors from the dispensary. She gives her mornings to the eighty or more patients who come daily for treatment, and makes calls with the nurse in the afternoon. Then there is a hospital, in the Austrian barracks, soon to be moved to a palace across the Moratsa, lately the residence of Prince Mirko, son of King Nicholas. Here a staff of American doctors and nurses is in charge. It must be a sort of heaven to the fifty patients, rescued from the depths of misery, to recover in a clean bed, with every kind of care. It is significant of the state of this country that the surgeon's principal work has to do with bullet-wounds.

Above Podgoritzta, still in the old bed of the lake, is the nearest approach to a valley that Montenegro affords. The road runs along the Moratsa to its confluence with the Zeta, overlooked by an old fortified house, once the home of a Turkish bey. One of the familiar arched

bridges spans the river, and leads to the ruins of Diocletia, birthplace of the emperor who is known to us by the name of his native village. Here in these fertile lands are constant reminders of the Turkish occupation, which ceased in 1878. The hills are covered with castles, and every few miles is a strong house that once sheltered a Moslem landholder, square and substantial, with at least one corner built into a round tower. The peasants who live in them to-day are as poor as their neighbors in the villages, having trouble in some cases to keep so much as a thatched roof over their heads.

In the midst of the whole valley is a former island on which is perched the castle of Sperz, once the central seat of Turkish power in the fertile land. In the remains of the old bastion that once formed the outermost defense I found a gendarme detachment, the chief of which accompanied me to the castle rock. Through a half-ruined village, with a roofless mosque or two, we went across a bridge to the foot of a precipice, which we skirted to its flank. Then, on foot up an abandoned road-way, we ascended five hundred feet to the ruined castle, of which succeeding wars have left but meager remains. At our feet lay the flat basin, twice as long

as it is wide, walled by broken cliffs. The Zeta makes its most complicated meanderings at the foot of the rock, inclosing on three sides the village through which we had come. The chief pointed out that this was a Turkish village, where the oppressors gathered under the protection of their soldiery. The bitter hatred in his voice was unmistakable as he pointed out the fallen roofs on most of the houses and the ruins of the mosque. There were castles on the hills, too, and strong houses of the beys scattered among the fields, aloof from the villages. Only in the mountains were the Montenegrins free and unfettered, always armed, now fighting in the plains, now in the hills.

The chief showed me an embrasure where had stood a cannon that was carried off one night by four men from the hills. They slipped down at night, scaled the height at its most precipitous and least-guarded side, threw the cannon out of the embrasure, and then carried it off on their shoulders, with the Turks firing on them, but not daring to pursue, for fear of ambush.

Beyond the little town of Danilograd, where the Red Cross maintained a dispensary, the limit of the old lake-bed is reached, and the road enters a precipitous gorge. As often happens in these limestone mountains, there is no stream in the gorge, for the head waters of the Zeta flow from caves at the foot of the hill, on a level with the alluvial land. Even after a very heavy rain there is very little water visible above ground, but the hills must be honey-combed with caverns containing large streams.

On up the gorge, and over another barren, rocky upland, lies Niksich, in the very heart of Montenegro, some thirty miles from Podgoritz. Its little basin of flat land, enriched with the erosion of the limestone hills, was once, no doubt, a lake-bottom, in which the alluvium was collected and distributed. It was a favorite town with old King Nicholas, who made it accessible by the road by which we came, ringed about as it is with mountains.

We crossed the bridge, the gift of a Russian czar, catching sight first of all of the cathedral, a splendid Byzantine

structure built by Nicholas, the finest in Montenegro. Near by is one of Nicholas's own residences.

The town is a cleanly mountain place of a dozen broad streets, centering around the inevitable mountain stream. What with the handsome cathedral on its little hill, the palace, resembling the country house of a Russian nobleman, and the road of neat, one-story, pink and blue houses, one would scarcely look for poverty. But this is rather a royalist center. The hills are full of revolutionists of the Nicholas party, and, besides, the town is extremely isolated.

From Podgoritz we retraced our steps to Riyeka, on the uppermost arm of Lake Scutari, and then followed the road up the bold face of a mountain, with splendid views back over the lake. Before we reached the path over which our road was leading we were in several inches of snow, for March was only half over. Even here, in this seemingly inhospitable region, is a scattered village with a few terraced fields, looking down toward Scutaria, whence the ancestors of the builders were driven to take refuge in the hills. The view here is broader than any other I have yet described. From snow-covered heights one looks to right and left over serried ranks of peaks, cold in their icy garb. Directly in front there is a bold sweep of snowless hills, warm by comparison despite the barren boulder-strewn slopes, and beyond lies a lake, violet in the far distance.

Once over the pass there is a drop of only a few hundred feet to Cettinge, which lies two thousand feet above the lake. It is in another flat-bottomed basin, irregularly walled by a steep slope, the center of Montenegrin resistance to the Turk for five centuries, occasionally taken, but never held for long. Here the deposed Nicholas had his palace, and was surrounded by the politicians of his little state. It is more pretentious as a town than Podgoritz, and wealthier as a community.

The palace is uninteresting, but the monastery, over against the mountain, is a fascinating place. It is the Vatican of Montenegro, the seat of the metropolitan, the orthodox archbishop who rules this little flock. A tiny chapel is

the burial-place of ancient kings; somewhere above stairs is a narrow cell where old Bishop Negusa wrote some of the finest poems in the Serbian language. There are treasures in the monastery, among others an old Bible, printed in Slavonic, and bearing the date 1493, only a few years after Gutenberg.

In December Cettinge was the scene of a revolution to put Nicholas back on the throne, thereby preventing Montenegro from becoming part of the Jugo-Slav state. It was a failure, because some of Uncle Sam's doughboys of the 332nd Infantry marched up from Cattaro, and neither side cared to tackle the Americans. The revolutionary force of two hundred and forty men and their women laid down their arms, and were put to work by Mr. Hoover's representatives unloading flour for their starving relatives, a far more practical occupation than agitating for the Haspodar.

Our final trip in Montenegro was over the Loochen to the port of Cattaro. It was the highest road we had yet been on, winding among loftier crags, around worse hair-pins than we had before encountered. Up in the heights we found ourselves between two ridges, and even here were villages. Traces of war were in evidence—roads zigzagging up the face of precipices for the purpose of ammunition transportation, and a number of the little field mortars used by the Austrians in wrestling these heights from the Montenegrins.

All this way we saw remains of the Austrian cable tramway by which munitions and rations were swung through the air from Cattaro to Cettinge. All

this was abandoned in good condition by the Austrians, but smashed by the Montenegrins, because it was built by the hated Shwabos. The instinct of this people to preserve its aloofness died hard. As the result of this useless destruction, the Hoover flour had to be laboriously carried over the Loochen in carts.

However, the men of the 332nd Infantry, with some outside help, put the line from Cattaro up to the top of the first pass in good order, so that it is now used by the Red Cross for the transport of its goods over the first and worst stage of the journey. Even now shots are occasionally directed at one of the numerous power stations. They make such good targets!

From the topmost power station the road winds down a three-thousand-foot precipice, crossing the old frontier on a sheer slope about half-way down. The bay of Cattaro seems entirely surrounded by mountains, over one of which Teodo Bay is visible. As a matter of fact, both bays are part of a winding fiord, the Bocche di Cattaro.

The most ticklish part of the descent is down a sort of Jacob's Ladder, a series of steep zigzags, the top just outside the old Montenegrin frontier. Gradually our machine rounded hair-pin after hair-pin, peaks rose all around us, and we rolled down to the quay of Cattaro, a quaint old Venetian colony, walled and crowded, with narrow streets and high, balconied houses, a striking contrast to the broad streets and one-storied buildings of the Slav towns.



Minaret and cypresses in the main square,
Tirana



The Golden Stars

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

Illustrations by George Giguère

*If in the big bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace fit for thee.*

—LAURENCE HOPE.

FROM his youth up, Prince Chak had been troublesome, resentful, and in a manner outspoken as to the alien government which governed himself and his countrymen and imposed its will upon them all, the will being in most cases opposed to the desires of the land. Later on, his youth somewhat, but not entirely, passed, Prince Chak became even more troublesome, but less apparently so. It was this lack of being apparently so which earned for him in time the distinction of being dangerous, a menace to established order. And with the passing of yet other years even the semblance of being troublesome had vanished, by which passing of suspicious appearances the Government grew still more alarmed over Prince Chak and his sinister influence—sinister, because entirely unseen—upon his restless countrymen. Prince Chak had apparently, in some secret, unknown way, been able to endow many of his countrymen with the power of thought, with the ability to put two and two together; to see the obvious, in other words. Ability to see the obvious is a rare and disconcerting gift, which the troublesome Chak had to perfection, as well as the power to impart this clairvoyance to others. Meanwhile, while the evidences of the working of this ferment were seen in others, manifesting itself in various disturbances and outbursts of displeasure against alien rule, Prince Chak, the cause of these disturbances, retired with

complete discretion so far into the background that only those who had been following his development over a number of years were in position to guess his connection with it all. In other words, he had so far eliminated himself that he was considered most menacing indeed. With a man of this sort high-handed measures were required, something drastic and sweeping. At large he was dangerous; martyrdom would have made him much more so. Therefore the alien Government, being completely wise and not having earned its ability to rule alien races without acquiring wisdom of all sorts, dealt him a smashing blow. It knighted him; made him something more than Prince Chak, native prince, cousin to a king of a conquered and petty kingdom—made him, in fact, a part of the ruling class of the dominant race.

Chak was human. For all his astuteness and fanatical patriotism, he was greatly and grossly human, and these tactics proved too much for him. Whereupon he succumbed. Persecution and a fair fight in the open he could have understood, but he did not understand subtlety; whereupon he fell. As Sir Paul Chak he was become a person of importance. He sat at green-baize-topped tables, the only one present with a dark skin, and was earnestly deferred to on matters touching this and that phase of native unrest, and his replies were considered with due attention, almost strained attention, so eagerly were they received. Under the flattery of this

sort of thing his self-importance grew. In his life he had achieved many sensations, but none so momentous as this. To sit on terms of equality with members of the ruling race, to be deferred to quite as one of themselves, was a test against which few natures could stand out. Perhaps he had become tired of his unstable, increasingly precarious position under the old rating. Perhaps he was really beginning to see the view of the dominant race, and was therefore willing to assist it. Whatever the cause, Prince Chak, knighted, turned into Sir Paul Chak, sitting at green-topped tables, was not dangerous at all.

Therein lies the genius of the ruling race, this ability to distinguish and differentiate, to apply different treatment to different men, and to gage accurately the man before applying the treatment. Chak, shot at dawn by a firing squad, would have been a political blunder. But the dominant race, or, rather, the ruling class thereof, had knighted others before, and knew its value. They had raised troublesome countrymen of their own out of the ranks with much success. It was a last resort with the unruly, applied frequently enough at home, but a resort so seldom used in outstanding colonial possessions, and never before in this one, that the novelty of it quite swept Chak off his feet. Had Chak's experience been of wider range, not limited to a few degrees north and south of the equator, could he have seen the ruling class do this to others of their own sort, he would have foreseen his danger. But he did not know; consequently he fell. It was a failing not peculiar to those with dark skins alone, as is known to us all.

At first Sir Paul Chak was perfectly comforted with his new prestige, with political equality at green tables. Later it slowly dawned on him that social equality was not included. When he finally realized that he had sold his birthright, he grew unhappy; but it was then too late. He wished for revenge, to retaliate, but no large way offered. The desire continued to grow, however; but it could be gratified now only by mere one-person revenge. But he would at least have this. By this time he knew the value of rank, even such rank as his.

It came about that he met one day a girl, fresh and white, rather dazzling and attractive. He met her at a government-house ball, which he attended in his official capacity, blazing with his foreign medals, which weighted him down as with falseness. He heard that she was engaged to a young civilian, some up-country planter, mostly impecunious; but he realized very shrewdly that she was the kind to succumb to temptation. He realized that white men had had large experience in such matters, that he was not their first experiment, and by this time he also knew that they would resent his recognition of this fact. So in due time he married the girl, who came to him willingly enough, being content, as he had been content, to desert her people. Thereupon, seeing that his life and usefulness were quite finished, and with years now pressing upon him, he retired from that part of the country into the interior, and took his bride with him. Here he surrounded her with such luxury as he could afford, and he could afford a great deal. She was now Lady Chak, a name that had a distinctly odd sound, but she emphasized Lady rather than Chak. So, after all, in a very small way, and by flaunting it in their faces, did Chak retaliate. He drove with her in his smart victoria up and down the palm-shaded roads at that time of the day when victorias much less elegant than his were also driving there. And he received salutations, perfunctory and far from cordial, from the occupants of these victorias, and got what comfort he could by thinking to himself, "See what you have made of me, and, therefore, see what I have made of her." And his wife, beautiful and vain, felt it all keenly in time.

But always Chak was very kind, and he liked her being so plucky, and driving beside him with her head so high, talking to him with animation about nothing at all, but as if she liked it. He puzzled about her. Perhaps, after all, she did like it. He knew little about caste distinctions among foreigners. She had married him, and the white men thought him impudent and her a fool. And the young civilian whom she had been engaged to doubtless thought both these things also.



"It came about that in Chak's palace . . . two visitors appeared with much frequency"

It came about that in Chak's palace—for nothing less than a palace contented him—two visitors appeared with much frequency. They were always made welcome, and sat about on the wide verandas, under the swaying punka-fans, sipping iced drinks and talking to Chak's wife, and now and then including Chak himself in the conversation. But by this time Chak was growing old and preferred to sit apart, sadly, thinking over the past. His old, keen eyes, however, were always alert and watchful. Day by day he grew feebler, and less and less frequently did he go out in his victoria; and on those days when he did not go out he insisted that his wife should go with one or the other of these two visitors. One was the young planter before referred to. By some curious chance, Chak, in giving up his official life and removing into the interior, had come into the neighborhood of this young man's plantation. The other visitor was Tarak, a petty prince, Chak's young cousin. Chak, under his white eyebrows, watched all three. He wondered also about Lady Chak, what she felt; but he could form no guess. He could not be sure. To both she was alike impartial, driving out first with one, then with the other, and at intervals growing longer and longer with Sir Paul himself. In imagination Chak could hear tongues wagging. He relished it greatly. Eventually, for she was very young, and he would soon be going, she would have to choose between the two. Chak would make her choice difficult either way, whatever she did. He had no particular desire to be revenged upon her, but it was all in his scheme of retaliation. Therefore he was calculating with a coldness, with a detachment, that was unpleasant. But he was a broken-hearted old man who had betrayed his trust. So he turned to his calculations, which were all that remained to him. His wife, he reflected, had been a good wife to him; he could not complain. He admired her for her pluck. After his death she could go up or down at will. Looking at them on the veranda from his seat on a long rattan chair, he speculated as to what she would do. Under his thick, white brows, shaded by a thin, rather trembling

hand, his eyes looked upon the scene with deep, searching gaze. She could go back to her people decently or she could remain with his. He did not know what she would do. Very well. Soon she would have the opportunity to choose.

LATE one afternoon Lady Chak was driving in the little victoria with her husband's cousin. He sat beside her rather stiffly, in a snowy linen tunic, with a blue sarong, made of silk, wound and rolled, twisted under the sash about his waist, below the jacket. The roads were dusty, and as they passed through the street of the pawnshops the horses slowed down to a walk, and Lady Chak leaned forward to gaze into the interior of the narrow little stalls, where gold and jewels swung up and down, delicately balanced. She liked all that; she liked much of the native life, and as she gazed at the swaying balances of the goldsmiths, nicely adjusted, upheld by slim, dark hands, she enjoyed this scene of bargaining in gold and pearls. Said the little prince, softly, into her ear:

"If in the big bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace fit for thee."

The verse was a little joke between them, and every time she went forth with Tarak, he whispered it into her ear, and they always laughed together at the conceit. It was nonsense of the bazaars, but pretty nonsense.

Then, after leaving the park, the carriage turned out along the dusty highroad that led past the square, gray edifice, the Tower of Silence, with the vultures hovering round in flocks, black, sinister, hungry. Here the dead were exposed on the top of the tower. To-day, very busy, they wheeled about, rising and sinking down with heavy flaps inside the battlement.

"Never shall I like that," she thought to herself. "The bazaars and the pawnshops and the color and perfumes, but never that—never."

"Not my sect," said Prince Tarak in answer to her thoughts, but she was not reassured. A shadow was flung across them by a bird. She shuddered.

"It is an omen," she whispered.

While they were driving together, very slowly, for there was little to do, and the same course must be gone over again every day, and consequently there was no haste in the accomplishment, old Sir Paul Chak sat under the punka-fans on his deep veranda dictating his will. The heat was very oppressive, and he lay back exhausted.

"Very nearly the end," he remarked quietly; "and how little time it takes to dispose of it all—the accumulation of a lifetime!" His thick eyebrows drew together. Back to the time of his youth his thoughts traveled, to those young days and the days of his middle years when he had been a power, when he had had the faculty of seeing the obvious and of making others see it as well. And then he had surrendered, not knowing that it was surrender. He was trying now to make amends. He had that desire, and the nebulous wish for retaliation, and again a third feeling—the feeling that she must choose her own path. Now he had put it all down plainly in black and white, but her choice would decide which way the balance dipped.

Briefly, in his will he left every thing, his huge fortune, to his wife, provided she did not marry, or, rather, that she did not marry one of her own race. "It sha'n't go to them!" he reflected savagely, and with "them" he included the young planter, his wife's countryman.

"If he's superior, he will take her without it," he ruminated; "and if she is, she will go to him empty-handed." Then his thoughts wandered. He wondered about this so-called superiority, which made the distinction between the two races. It did not run in all persons. He wondered if these two, his wife and this man, had it. Or, if not both, then which one? He would really like to know that.

He thought of the contempt of the dominant race for his people, of their unveiled, scornful disdain. How they looked down upon his wife, who had thrown in her lot with his people! It all puzzled him very much, for although he had been puzzling over it many years, it still seemed no clearer. Then his weary thoughts reverted to recollec-

tions of himself in his youth, when he had been a power, ready to lead his people into their own again; and then to the hateful title and honors conferred upon him by those who laughed and looked down upon him—honors which had turned his head and caused him to desert. No wonder they looked down upon him. And all he could do at the end of these long years was this petty retaliation.

Then old Sir Paul put both thin hands to his withered forehead, trying to still the memory of his humiliation. A little twist of a tune flitted across his consciousness:

If in the big bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace fit for thee.

"The golden stars!" whispered old Sir Paul, dying. "And I wanted so to give them to thee, my beloved—people!"

WITHIN a year after his death the widow of old Chak, as he was now called, never having amounted to much, after all, found herself a person of some consequence. People speculated as to what she would do, if she would go home. It seemed quite her natural course. What with the money she had received from her late husband, her beauty, and general distinction, one would have thought that home would have been her immediate objective. But, contrary to expectation, she continued to live in the palace Chak had provided for her, together with many servants and a general luxurious atmosphere. Speculation was rife, especially on the terrace of the Oriental Hotel, where, leaning their elbows on the stone balustrade that bordered the river, the foreigners, such few as there were, idly discussed when and whom she would marry. Life in the tropics a few degrees north of the equator provides little but gossip to occupy time, consequently the next marriage of Lady Chak, always spoken of with a sneer and a jeer, called for much discussion.

Williams often overheard these discussions. It was meant that he should. Whereupon he was outraged and indig-

nant, but had as yet no right to retort. Every day he determined to end it, but hesitated. There were reasons why he should hesitate. Much was at stake. He felt himself under the watchful eye of little Tarak, that unspeakable little brute, old Chak's cousin, who had assumed guardianship, so to speak, over his cousin's widow. But Tarak offered no opposition; that was evident. In a detached and impersonal way he stood aside and watched the development of events. He liked people in a trap, trapped by their limitations. It was all turning out as old Chak had planned, even better. He had calculated upon that vein of weakness, of sordidness, running through them. So little Tarak looked on amused, watching the delicate balance, nicely poised. Always he was very gentle with Lady Chak, gentle and thoughtful. He was rather sorry for her; but, then, there were many to be sorry for, when it came to that.

Finally one day Williams determined to end it. It was a disgusting position for him, with these jeering innuendoes about Tarak and himself. Naturally she could not feel toward natives as he did, as the rest of them did. He would take her away from it all, from that pretentious, tawdry palace and the rest of it. She owed him something, too, having thrown him over for Chak. Well, now they could cry quits.

She listened very quietly as he sketched out his plan. Let it all go, he urged. They would go away together; he had a plantation up-country. Or he would give up that, if she preferred, and they could travel. There were many places in the world to which they could go freely and unquestioned. He knew many of them. Together they would go.

It came to her slowly, his meaning. He was saying that he wished to respect Chak's wishes. She was oddly struck with the word "respect," and paused upon it, waiting for him to continue. Old Chak had always shown her much respect, much grave courtesy and kindness. Her thoughts gathered themselves to attention at his next sentence. He was bungling badly, hesitating, putting things clumsily, he was sure. Chak held odd views about marriage. The custom probably meant nothing to him,

or perhaps it meant much; who could tell, with a mind like that? In that, therefore, they would respect Chak's wishes, the terms exactly of his will.

She heard him through another phrase or two. He seemed so strong, so confident. After all, she knew little of life. Her life at home had been insignificant, obscure, and then came the sudden change to a position of importance, with subsequent disillusionment. But Williams was saying these things not within her limited range.

"But, in spite of all, what does that matter? It's *you* I want," she protested, laying her hand on his arm. "I don't need the money. I've never had it in my life before. I can do without it again—"

"You don't understand," he interrupted impatiently. "It is you I am thinking of, too—your comfort. You have been used to much these last few years. The deprivation—it would not be fair."

"But if I am willing to forego it," she urged, vaguely alarmed. "It means nothing, positively nothing. Oh, yes, I'm comfortable, as you say; but it's all empty."

"I cannot accept the sacrifice," he went on stiffly, trying to make her see. That was difficult with a small, unsophisticated mind, accustomed vaguely to convention, priggish shibboleths, learned long ago in some Philistine, obscure environment. It was difficult to make a closed mind think largely.

"But it is for me to decide, is it not?" she insisted. "If I'm willing,—and I am,—why should you hesitate?"

He reddened at the direct attack.

"I must think of you," he replied, "of your welfare—"

The word "welfare" struck her.

"Then you mean we must not marry?" she persisted.

"Our happiness does not depend on marriage—on the actual ceremony, a hollow formula. We can respect Chak's wishes as to that. We can be together wherever you like, in all the world. We can go where we please; only—don't you see?—he has made marriage, with ring and book, out of the question."

"But how can we travel, go about? you've your work."



" 'If in the big bazaars
They sold the golden stars' "

"Let it go," he answered abruptly. She was closing in on her circle again, for her thoughts traveled in small circles.

"Then you mean," she asked anxiously, "that you will give up your work? That we are to travel, to live all over the world—on Chak's money—without—without—"

She had closed the circle, as he had feared. He only nodded. Just as well she should understand at last. It came to her as a blow. He saw her wince under it. He became angry with her small, priggish mind, yet he controlled himself.

"For your sake," he went on patiently, trying to throw into his voice a certain tenderness. "Don't you see, dear, however much you may be willing, I can't ask you to sacrifice all this?" He waved his hand sweepingly about, indicating those things that constituted her little luxuries. Slowly then she understood, and in her anger there was no anger against Chak.

It was after that that things seemed to go badly with Lady Chak. She seemed to have lost confidence in herself in some manner, and Prince Tarak, watching shrewdly, noting Williams's absence, put two and two together. He drew his own conclusions and was satisfied. It was a little hard on her, just the same, he thought; whereupon he became even more gentle and considerate. But Tarak was occupied with his affairs. He had now many irons in the fire, political kettles boiling, needing constant stirring. He stirred them from time to time, but from a distance, a most discreet and cautious distance, so that none might recognize his hand at work. But in the intervals, gently and quietly as always, he watched over his cousin's widow, and saw her gradually failing. He watched anxiously, without impatience. All would come in due time.

From time to time as they drove together, caring nothing for the gossip that never reached their ears, they would pass through the street of the pawnshops. And when they beheld the little swinging balances, nicely ad-

justed, dipping up or down with pearls and gold, he would repeat the little trifle about the golden stars, at which she would smile gently back at him with understanding. But both of them were thinking of other things. And Tarak, keeping his kettles boiling now faster and more furiously, stirring them from a distance, watching their progress from a distance, grew accustomed to seeing his companion slowly fade. It was the climate and the loneliness, and being so far from home and not wishing to go home. When one has reached that stage it is very sad indeed. So he watched her fading day by day, tenderly thoughtful and considerate as ever, but with a certain preoccupation. When she had quite faded, had become quite extinguished, his pots would boil in earnest. There was a provision in the will as to that. After all, he and Chak were of one blood, one race. Chak had failed because of weakness, but Tarak would allow himself no weakness. But Chak had had his revenge, his little, one-person revenge. He had proved to one very insignificant little person of the dominant race that there are veins of weakness, of sordidness, even in the dominant race itself. It is only persons, of whatever race, that matter. The rest are mostly worthless.

So when they passed along the street of the goldsmiths, Tarak as usual whispered his little poem, now almost a joke. She would smile feebly in return, for she was very frail now, and soon there would be no more drives together. Consequently, knowing that she was growing too frail and feeble to listen to him, he would repeat his doggerel to himself, thinking of other things:

If in the big bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace fit for thee.

"Beloved—my beloved people!" Tarak would say softly to himself, "Soon, oh, very soon now, my beloved country, I shall be able to do for you abundantly. Soon I shall be able to bring you the golden stars."

The Rediscovery of Christianity

The Present Function of the Church

By GLENN FRANK

[*This is one of the articles of a series Mr. Frank is contributing to THE CENTURY. In these articles he is interpreting the liberal point of view respecting the decisive issues that confront the major institutions of our national life. The next article in this series will appear in THE CENTURY for November.—THE EDITOR.*]

BEFORE embarking upon any discussion of the part the church may or should play in these fluid days of revaluation, it is well for a man to ask and answer, for himself at least, the question, Just what is the church here to do? It is clearly unfair to attempt anything like constructive criticism of the methods of a factory until one knows at least the sort of article the factory exists to produce. But aside from the necessity of getting a background for analysis, a writer should, in justice to his readers, put this question and his answer in the foreground of his conjectures and conclusions; for the implications of religion are of such intimate concern to every man, whether alien or ally to the organized institutions of religion, that any discussion of the church, if it grips reality, must savor somewhat of a personal confession of faith. There is no need of pretending an impartiality one does not practise in a discussion like this. I should like to feel that I am simply interpreting with utter impartiality the liberal intelligence of my time in its assessment of the aim and action of the church, but I am aware that this paper will inevitably follow a personal bias, however much it may have been conceived in the assumed aloofness of the reporter. And it is well to state that bias at the outset, so that the reader may allow for it in appraising the conclusions.

At the risk of being charged with blindness to all that has been said and

written about the social mission of the church, and despite the major emphasis I purpose to lay upon the social mission of the church, I am inclined to say that the church exists for only one purpose—to make bad men good and to make good men better. The modern man, of course, has a saner and wider definition of goodness than the mystic religionist of the past who busied himself with his artificial sins and meaningless taboos; but the good is still the goal of the modern man's religion. If the modern man thinks less about personal religion and more about social sanity and justice, it is not because he is less concerned about fundamental goodness, but because he knows better how to arrive at goodness than the religious individualist who has too frequently mistaken morbidity, repression, and a selfish coddling of character for religion. Within the radius of this aim—making bad men good and good men better—St. Augustine and Walter Rauschenbusch can both find ample elbow-room, for it implies equal authorization for the missionary of personal religion and the prophet of social justice. It demands with an even-handed urgency a clean soul and a clean society. The counting-room is no less its field of operation than the cathedral.

WAR AND RELIGION

GREAT wars and other catastrophes frequently have been followed by revivals of religion in the mystical and personal sense. In fact it has become something

of an axiom that periods of national disaster precipitate a revival of religion, as in the primitive stages of religion famine, plague, or earthquake drove men into their temples to plead with their angry gods for a tempering of their plight. The modern man is likely to regard such a disaster-induced revival more in the nature of a panic than a genuine resurgence of religion, but such happenings are deep-set in human nature, and must be approached with a full measure of sympathetic insight. When tragedy has stalked across the soul of a people, it is not to be wondered at that tried souls and tired minds seek a refuge of comfort in the consolations of an other-worldly religion that lifts them for a time above the perplexing circumstances of their day; it is not strange that in a mood of relaxation they turn from challenging social duties to the spiritual sedative of personal satisfactions. But there is a new set of factors in the present post-war situation in the United States which may give a different turn to religious development in the years just ahead.

For one thing, the war has not left a pall of tragedy over our national life as it would have left had we lived, like France, on the very edge of the battlefield for four and a quarter years. There are deep wounds in thousands of American homes, but to millions of Americans sacrifice was a matter of sugar rations and increased taxes. We do not have, therefore, the background of disaster for the sort of mystical revival of religion that has frequently followed times of national disaster or war.

RELIGION AND THE RETURNED SOLDIER

NOR, in speaking of the new set of factors that may influence religious development in the United States in the next few years, do I refer to the religious outlook or ideas of the returning soldiers. Unless I am far afield in judgment, much hysterical nonsense about the religion of the returning soldier has been indulged in. The popular magazines and reviews, no less than the religious press, have carried article after article on what the soldier will

think about the church and about religion when he returns. William Russell Owen, a clergyman stationed since the armistice at Chaumont, the general headquarters of the American Army in France, has had an opportunity to watch the soldier mind as it relaxed from the abnormal tension of war, and with what seems to me the soundest of sound judgment he says that every soldier he saw during the war was either frightened or disappointed. Manifestly it is not possible to deduce from such abnormal moods the sort of religious attitude that these men will display in the normal atmosphere of business and professional life. It is by no means easy to estimate how much of the faith of the trenches was a genuine religious awakening and how much a mere scurrying to cover under the lash of fear. Mr. Owen quotes one soldier as saying to him, "I promised God to cut out everything if he would save me from the shells." Such statements do not necessarily imply any fundamental change in the religious outlook of the soldier. Neither religion nor the church stands to gain much from such attempts to use God as a gas-mask or a trench-helmet; such attempts are of a piece with that essentially selfish conception of religion that has hampered religious and social progress through the centuries, a heresy that H. G. Wells has pointedly satirized in his "God: the Invisible King." He says:

The missionary and teacher of any creed is all too apt to hawk God for what he will fetch; he is greedy for the poor triumph of acquiescence; and so it comes about that many people who have been led to believe themselves religious, are in reality still keeping back their own souls and trying to use God for their own purposes. God is nothing more for them as yet than a magnificent Fetish. They did not really want him, but they heard that he is potent stuff; their unripe souls think to make use of him.

Later Mr. Wells speaks of what God becomes to the man who, like the soldier previously quoted, turns toward God as a man might take out an accident policy. He says:

God . . . becomes a celestial log-roller. He remedies unfavorable accidents, cures petty ailments, contrives unexpected gifts of medicine, money, or the like, he averts bankruptcies, arranges profitable transactions, and does a thousand such services for his little clique of faithful people. The pious are represented as being constantly delighted by these little surprises, these bouquets and chocolate boxes from the divinity.

It is of no lasting benefit to the post-war life of the church that men in the indescribable hell of shell-fire lifted affrighted eyes toward the stars and cried for protection if the practice died with the immediate motive. It is not from these dramatic experiences of the trenches that the soldier's post-war religion will come. His religion will have come as a gradually formed deposit from the whole current of his life and thought and action during the war. He will undoubtedly believe in the deep-going essentials of Christianity more than ever not from fear or from doctrinal arguments, but because he has seen those essentials justify themselves in action. He may still evince little interest in the theological cobwebs spun across the paths that lead to the realities of life, but he will have learned that men and nations can be saved by the vicarious sacrifice of others, he will have learned that a socially purposeless life is a sinful life, he will have learned that heroism can be practised as men practise professions, he will have been schooled in unselfishness, and he will have learned humility from the unpopular braggart in the barracks. He will undoubtedly be more impatient of circumlocution and abstraction in the pulpit than he was before going to war. But this swing away from interest in the non-essentials of religion will not be an exclusive war product. The swing was in that direction long before the war.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE NEW OUTLOOK

FOR that reason, when I write of a new set of factors that promise to have determining influence upon the religious

development of the next few years in the United States, I do not refer to the religious ideas of the returning soldiers. The new set of factors I have in mind grows out of the fact that before the war the modern man was rethinking his religion in terms of modern knowledge and outlook. Four important streams of development, growing out of philosophical and historical criticism, the doctrine of evolution, and the democratic movement, converged in the nineteenth century, and at the point of their convergence the modern man began to reassess his religious conceptions in the light of their implications.

THE REACTIONARIES OF RELIGION

THAT process of reassessment or revaluation was no mere eddy in the world's thought; it was a major current. So that it is not at all certain that history will repeat itself and a wide-spread revival of the older conceptions of an other-worldly and highly individualistic religion take place. But of this much we are certain: the tradition-bound minds of multiplied thousands of clergymen who have never caught the light of the new day will seize upon the war-weary mood of the world as an opportunity to revive allegiance to a purely mystical and narrowly individualistic religion that was fast losing its power to challenge the interest of normal and healthy minds before the war.

Evidence of this is already at hand. Last evening I attended a church service in a small city in the Province of Saskatchewan; the service was one of many such services held throughout the British Empire on that day in commemoration of the conclusion of peace; the speaker was a priest of the Anglican church; the bulletin carried after his name the degrees of M.A. and Ph.D. He spoke briefly of how the conclusion of peace marked the vindication of certain broad and humane principles that lie at the heart of civilization, then he turned abruptly to the statement that the conclusion of peace was a time for dedication no less than for thanksgiving, and that the British Empire could prove worthy of its part in victory only by a deepening loyalty to Christian

principles. To this statement every intelligent man in the audience gave assent. The disheartening part of the service came when he discussed in detail what he meant by this deepening loyalty. From the beginning to the end of the sermon there was not a suggestion of the moral issues at stake in the tangled political, social, and industrial relations of the British Empire; not a suggestion that the church had any moral obligation to work for the Christianizing of the social order save the assumption that ran throughout the sermon that if only a large enough number of pious men could be put into positions of leadership, all labor troubles would disappear. One would almost have thought that he believed the One-Big-Union movement and the Bolshevik outbreak at Winnipeg to have been the direct result of the lax church attendance of certain Winnipeg employers. He reached the climax of the sermon when he referred to the crop failure in certain parts of Saskatchewan; he told the farmers in his audience that it was no wonder that God withheld good crops from them in view of the fact that they were so negligent in church attendance, that they spent their Sundays in their automobiles, that so few of them held family prayer in their homes each morning; and he assured them that if they would "turn again to God" and institute family prayer and honor the church, they might pray for good crops with the assurance that they would not be denied, that abundant harvests would be their reward. He did not explain how it could be arranged so that the rain, which was to come as a reward for personal piety, could be deflected from the wheat field of the church-ignoring Canadian whose farm lies between the farms of two church-going Canadians.

Now, I have not reported this sermon from a university-trained clergyman to raise the question whether the prayers of pious farmers can wring rain from a steel-blue Canadian sky, nor is it any part of my purpose to satirize the church. I have reported this sermon, and reported it accurately, with no more element of caricature than would appear in a stenographic report,

because it illustrates perfectly an obsolete and selfish conception of religion which is likely to receive insistent emphasis from one party in the church in the immediate post-war period. We may expect this party to launch an orgy of "revivalism" that will attempt to reach the American mind with the theology and tactics of Whitefield and Finney. Against them will be ranged the whole body of liberal and soundly educated clergymen. But the party of religious reaction and atavistic theology will be sufficiently large to constitute a serious challenge.

PRIVATE RELIGION AND A PUBLIC AGE

THIS resurgence, or at least reurgence, of purely personal religion will come at a time when the issues of social sanity and justice will be more acute than at any time in our national history. But there is no final reason why the apostle of personal religion and the prophet of social justice should work at cross purposes. In fact, unless the two merge their ministries, we shall suffer a distinct social and religious loss; for we shall fall far short of easily realizable progress unless we can contrive on the one hand to socialize our religious program and on the other to spiritualize our social program.

It is an axiom that progress follows a zigzag course. One generation lays an extreme emphasis upon one phase of social, religious, or economic truth. The next generation lays an equally extreme emphasis upon another phase of the truth. Genuine progress is realized when a third generation brings the two extremes together into a coördinated program of forward-looking action. Such a task confronts the church to-day in the effective coördination of the so called "spiritual" and "social" gospels.

THE HERESY OF RELIGIOUS INDIVIDUALISM

FOR generations religion was personal piety and preparation for another world. Men called the world bad and ran away from it, and long after the day of the monasteries the ascetic attitude dominated religious thinking. The body was a thing to be mortified and re-

pressed. The world a thing to be avoided, until, as some wag has put it, religious thought centered exclusively upon "the superheated hence and the saccharine subsequently" in an affected aloofness from the vexing issues of political, social, and industrial regeneration. This life was not regarded as a home involving the obligation to make it a just and beautiful place; it was looked upon as a hunting-lodge in the wilderness where leaking roof and foundation awry might be indifferently endured in the consciousness that one would soon move on to a more lasting home. The real life was the life after death. Religion was drained dry of social passion and ethical concern. It specialized in the governance of personal habits and thinned out into an emotional luxury.

This narrowly individualistic conception of religion persisted among us until a relatively recent time so far as the majority is concerned. Not that the average man would admit this to be his conception of religion when he saw it stated in so many words, but it has been the conception that has dominated his practical attitude toward the church and toward religion. He will come to his cushioned pew after a week of political corruption or industrial injustice and listen with nonchalant indifference to the reading of the revolutionary utterances of the carpenter of Nazareth. The men of his type who listened to these utterances when they were originally made were under no delusion about their immediate application to the twisted morals of the politics and industry of that time. They did not listen with nonchalant indifference; they were enraged, and straightway began scurrying about in search of pretexts upon which they might silence this fomentor of unrest, this disturber of things as they were. How these Pharisees would have rejoiced at the existence of an Espionage Act! But until recently the words of this carpenter had lost their immediacy. The intensely practical sociology of the New Testament was forgotten in the contemplation of a mystical salvation that the average man could manage to keep delightfully remote from the business

office. Devotion and dividends were in two distinct worlds. Religion had to do with the afterwhile; in so far as it had to do with the here and now, it had to do with the regulation of a man's personal habits, his temperance, his loyalty to the marriage vow, and other private virtues.

This exclusively mystical, personal, individualistic turn given to Christianity insulated from contact with political and economic life the social dynamite which primitive Christianity contained. In the past it turned social revolutionists into rapt anchorites; in our time it has produced men who fail to appreciate the organic connection between private morality and political morality, between personal piety and industrial justice; men of whom Mr. Roosevelt once said that their chief claim to public honor is that "they bathe regularly and do not steal."

The sinister interests of our social order have been able to take marked advantage of this exclusive emphasis upon the personal and spiritual aspects of Christianity. Not that the emphasis was wrong; the trouble lay in the fact that it was an exclusive emphasis. It is an axiom that the corruption of the best is the worst corruption. It has certainly been so here. If through long generations Christianity had not been denatured of the social gospel which it launched coincident with and as the ripe expression of its spiritual gospel, society could have been spared much of the tragedy, misery, and social cost involved in the injustice, the social and industrial unrest, and the revolutions of the past. But for many generations the church was doomed to fall short of its maximum possible influence upon political, social, and industrial morality because Christianity was interpreted in terms of individual morality alone by an asceticism that expressed itself at first in the physical isolation of the Christian and later in the theoretical isolation of Christianity from the rough-and-tumble realities and issues of the political, social and industrial areas of national life.

REDISCOVERING CHRISTIANITY

I HAVE tried to express and emphasize

the extreme stress that other generations have laid upon one phase of the purpose and function of the church—its concern with the private life of the individual man, its strictly spiritual gospel. In our generation we have seen the rise of a new party in the church that has laid an equally strong emphasis upon the social mission of the church—its responsibility of moral leadership in the age-old fight for social and industrial justice, its duty of undying opposition to the forces of oppression, its obligation to work for a world in which the weak may move amidst the strong, wrapped in the consciousness of a common chivalry of mankind, its mission to ethicize the common life not merely through the circuitous influence of "good" men, but likewise through the direct preaching of political, social, and industrial morality.

This social interpretation of Christianity has spoken with divers tongues. Francis G. Peabody and Walter Rauschenbusch, to name only two of its notable exponents, have written it into theology and the literature of the church, the latter's "Christianity and the Social Crisis" being a sort of Magna Charta to the social movement in the American church. Winston Churchill in his "The Inside of the Cup" wrote it into a novel. Charles Rann Kennedy suggested it from behind the footlights in his "The Servant in the House." Many of the ablest exponents of the social implications of Christianity and the social mission of the church spoke without surplice or gown, lay heralds of a message that came to many with the freshness of a new gospel, although it represented, in fact, not a revision, but a rediscovery of Christianity. As Jesus called his age back to the social preachments of the Hebrew prophets that had been lost sight of by the church in its formalism and theological refinements, so these newer voices of our time have been calling our generation back to the social implications of primitive Christianity that the church of our time had passed lightly over in its preoccupation with the purely personal and otherworldly aspects of Christianity.

I dislike to use the separate terms of a "spiritual" and a "social" gospel, as

though Christianity were departmentalized, as though a man could say at one moment, "I will now be a spiritual being and exercise my soul," and at another moment say, "I will now be a socially minded citizen and work for the common good." Such a conception belies the essential unity of life; it is a travesty upon the coherent purpose of Christianity. But the terms have passed into such common usage and describe with such aptness the two parties of religious thought battling for control of the church that one cannot choose other than to use them.

RECONCILING THE "SPIRITUAL" AND "SOCIAL" GOSPELS

It seems to me that the central problem that the church faces in this time of general reconstruction is the bringing about of a reconciliation between these two parties, a coördination of these two conceptions that will, as I have before phrased it, socialize our religious program and spiritualize our social program. Unless this reconciliation is effected and both of these ends attained, the influence of the church in our national life will steadily decline, and our social development will degenerate into a selfish and purely material struggle for class interests.

By this reconciliation I mean much more than a coalition between those ministers who have been laying all emphasis upon the individualistic side of Christianity and those ministers who have been laying virtually all emphasis upon the social implications of Christianity. That is of vital importance, of course. We are entering a period of restless aspirations that cry aloud for ethical leadership. We were quite clear about what we wanted in war; we are not so clear about what we want in peace. Clearness of aim and unity of leadership were the instruments with which we achieved victory. And the religious offensive against the confused aspirations of the next ten years will require unity of religious purpose and leadership no less than the military and political offensives against the Central powers required military and diplomatic unity of purpose and leadership.

With civilization standing at the crossroads, with the social mind turned as never before to the consideration of fundamental principles, it will be nothing short of a tragedy if the two wings of religious leadership, the spiritual and the social, spend their energies in a mutual cancelation of effort and influence.

Now, a church divided against itself cannot stand; at least it cannot challenge the allegiance of the modern man or bring a healing ministry to a disordered and confused time. Such schism should challenge the official leaders of the several denominations of the church in the United States to a definite program of effort looking toward a healing of the breach, so that the church may face this period of unsettled conditions and confused voices with a coherent message. The theological schools of the several denominations could render an invaluable service to the cause of social as well as religious progress by organizing a nation-wide program of extension institutes that would afford a meeting-ground where, under wise and informed leadership, the ministers from rural communities, villages, and small and large cities could consider this whole question of finding the sanest and most compelling statement of the church's message, a statement that will interpret Christianity in terms that will neither turn the church into the retreat of the mystic nor make of it merely the reform club of the radical, but the effective carrier of the full message of the carpenter of Nazareth, who spoke alike to the soul and to society.

Looking upon the church as an end in itself, which too frequently is done, this bringing together of these two parties in the church is absolutely vital to its effective continuation as one of the major institutions of our national life; but it is still more necessary that the purely spiritual and exclusively social conceptions of religion be reconciled in the minds of the unchurched masses if our social progress is to have a richly human meaning instead of becoming merely a new staging of the drama of tooth and claw.

The extremists of both parties will stand in the way of this fresh religious

synthesis. In the main, those inside the church who espouse the full social meaning of Christianity are ready for this synthesis, if in fact they have not already made it in their minds and ministries. The real conflict, therefore, lies between those inside the church who still cling to a sterile religious individualism and that growing body of men and women outside the church who evince an increasing interest in the social message of Jesus as a social leader or proletarian prophet, but who affect to ignore the spiritual content of his message and refuse to recognize the modern church as his authentic agent. Frequently during the year in mass meetings of the unchurched the name of Jesus has been cheered while the mention of the church has evoked hisses. Now it is the point of view dominating these mass meetings and the point of view of the spiritual individualist that must be merged in the new religious synthesis.

HAS THE CHURCH MET ITS SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS?

To the plea for this synthesis the extreme religious individualist will reply that it is unnecessary: that the church must, of course, Christianize the social order, that it has been Christianizing the social order all along, though the church never has attempted to do this by direct methods; that the church will be untrue to its peculiar function if it attempts directly to influence social progress; that the one mission of the church is to implant a spiritual life in the convert; and that from such regenerated persons will radiate involuntarily and inevitably the forces of righteousness that will regenerate the political, social, and industrial relations of the world. Many books have been written to show how Christianity through the church has really brought about a moral reconstruction of social relations, through its preaching of the spiritual gospel to the individual man—such books, for instance, as Döllinger's "Gentile and Jew," Brace's "Gesta Christi," and Uhlhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism."

Now, no sane man will deny the pro-

found influence that the preaching of private virtues and personal spirituality has had upon the social relations of the world. The point at issue between those who would have the church trust solely to the indirect influence of good persons to accomplish its social results and those who would have the church boldly assume the rôle of responsible leadership in the clear-cut battle for a more efficient and just social order is this: the latter group contend that by failure to mix in this battle in a thoroughly open-and-above-board manner the church has failed to exert its maximum possible influence upon social justice and progress, that the church has thrown away centuries of opportunity, that its influence upon the social order has crept when it might have sped. The "social" party in the church does not necessarily contend that the quality of the church's influence has been wrong, but that its tempo has been wrong.

A FRIEND OF THE CHURCH SAYS "NO"

PROBABLY no one has answered more pointedly than Mr. Rauschenbusch those who contend that the church has no business mixing in the actual battle for a better social order because it does its best work when it sticks to the job of regenerating men; that the church is not a reform club. Referring to those who make this contention, Mr. Rauschenbusch, in his "Christianity and the Social Crisis," says:

If we ask why Christianity has not reconstituted society, they will say that it has done so. Has it not lifted woman to equality and companionship with man, secured the sanctity and stability of marriage, changed parental despotism to parental service, and eliminated unnatural vice, the abandonment of children, blood revenge, and the robbery of the shipwrecked from the customs of Christian nations? Has it not abolished slavery, mitigated war, covered all lands with a network of charities to uplift the poor and fallen, fostered the institutions of education, aided the progress of civil liberty and social justice, and diffused a softening tenderness throughout human life?

Then Mr. Rauschenbusch states his answer to these rhetorical questions, and in reading his answer it is important to remember that he is no captious critic of the church, in the service of which he used up the early strength of his life as a pastor among the working people of the west side of New York City. He says that Christianity has done all this and more; that the influence of Christianity has been so subtle and penetrating that we can no more trace its effects than we can trace the effect in our bodies of all the oxygen we have inhaled since our first gasp for breath. "*And yet,*" he says, "*human society has not been reconstituted in accordance with the principles of Jesus Christ.*" And he proceeds to state three sound reasons why we may not take at their face-value the customary enthusiastic estimates of the influence of the church upon the social order.

The first reason he states is that the panegyrists of the church in describing the influence of Christianity upon social relations too frequently do it by contrasting heathenism with Christian society, by comparing the darkest aspects of the former with the brightest phases of the latter; that in their treatment of a non-Christian society they too frequently proceed as some historian of the twenty-fifth century might if he painted a picture of our society after ransacking the files of our comic papers and "muck-raking" magazines; and that in their descriptions of Christian society they are too apt to go on the assumption that the admirable moral edicts of Christian emperors were enforced better than the morally strict laws of Kansas or New York; and that they too frequently do not take into account the fact that the moral force of Christianity has usually been only one of the factors bringing about such reforms as the abolition of slavery, and that just history must balance the ledger by putting over against the good influence of the church "the malign and divisive influences which she created by persecuting zeal, intellectual intolerance, or religious wars."

The second reason he states is that the social effects to which the historians of the church usually point with

pride have not meant a reconstruction of society on a Christian basis, but merely a mitigation of the more hateful evils in the social system of the time; that, while the church has time and again exerted profound social influence by joining the advanced public conscience of a given period in its protest against specific evils that had clearly grown intolerable, the church has looked upon the general social system existing at the time as inevitable, and has not undertaken a fundamental social reconstruction upon the basis of the principles of Christianity.

DIFFUSED CHRISTIANITY *versus* ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY

THE third reason he states is the one most vital to the plea that stands at the center of this paper. Let Mr. Rauschenbusch state this reason in his own words:

The most important effects of Christianity went out from it without the intention of the church, or even against its will. For instance, the position of woman has doubtless been elevated through the influence of Christianity, but by its indirect and diffused influences rather than by any direct championship of the organized church. It is probably fair to say that most of the great Churches through their teaching and organization have exerted a conservative and retarding influence upon the rise of woman to equality with man. Similarly Christianity has been one of the most powerful causes of democracy, but the conscious influence of the Church has more widely been exerted against democracy than for it. A volatile spirit has always gone out from organized Christianity and aroused men to love freedom and justice and their fellowmen. It is this diffused spirit of Christianity rather than the conscious purpose of organized Christianity which has been the chief moral force in social changes. It has often taken its finest form in heretics and free-thinkers, and in non-Christian movements. The Church has often been indifferent or hostile to the effects which it had itself produced. The mother has refused to acknowledge her own children. It is only when social movements have receded into past history so that they can be viewed in

the larger perspective and without irritation created by all contemporary disturbance of established conditions, that the Church with pride turns around to claim that it was she who abolished slavery, aroused the people to liberty, and emancipated woman.

Although Mr. Rauschenbusch elsewhere recognizes that there are clearly understandable historical reasons why the church did not undertake a mission of social reconstruction in earlier centuries, and at no time does he deal harshly or in satire with the church of other centuries, he stoutly insists that no such reasons exist to-day—at least not to an extent that can possibly justify the modern church in playing the part of a monkish renegade from its social responsibility. In this connection he says:

If a result gives us joy and pride after it is attained, why should it not be our conscious object before it is attained? Why should the instinctive and unpurposed action of Christian men be more effective than a deeply rooted and intelligent purpose? Since when is a curved and circuitous line the shortest distance between two points? . . . We suspect that this theory was devised to put the best face on an uncomfortable fact. It is a fact that there has been a startling absence of any thorough and far-seeing determination or effort to transform and Christianize the social life of humanity. *But that lack has not been due to the wise self-restraint of the Church, which knew a better way, but to a series of historical causes which have paralyzed its reconstructive purpose and power.*

I have brought together this answer to the assertion that the church has in the past successfully carried out its social responsibility from the incisive studies of Mr. Rauschenbusch because I wanted these fundamental criticisms to come from a man of undoubted loyalty to the church and a man whose criticisms have always been made in a spirit of the finest justice tempered by the grace of an unusually sympathetic insight. I wanted to avoid the possible feeling upon the part of the reader that these criticisms were the chance opin-

ions of a journalist with the layman's lack of background in this field.

RELIGIOUS INDIVIDUALISM AND GOOD-WRONG MEN

BUT we do not need to go to the scholarly deductions of historical criticism to find proof of the fact that the cultivation of private goodness alone will never effect a genuine social reconstruction upon the basis of Christian principles. We have seen enough instances of "good" men doing "wrong" in politics and industry to prove that to our full satisfaction. A few years ago a considerable literature of criticism grew up around these good-wrong men. Dramatists and novelists dealt freely with this central moral issue of our time. Edward Alsworth Ross, in his illuminating little volume on "Sin and Society," drew a graphic picture of our complex and interdependent society in which it had become possible for men to sin by syndicate while adhering to the strictest standards of private morality, to drive virtue into vice under the pressure of starvation wages, to take life by adulterated food or unguarded machinery, to steal by monopoly control of prices, to lie by indirection through the suppression of news, in fact to commit all the old sins by new methods that were so indirect and impersonal that they did not carry with them an insistent sense of personal moral responsibility. President Hadley of Yale University, in his lectures on "Standards of Public Morality," presented similar analyses. Lincoln Steffens, after having spent many years muck-raking "bad" men, went to Boston for the announced purpose of muck-raking the "good" men of that city.

Macaulay antedated Professor Ross in his dramatic contrast of private morality and social sin, in an incisive criticism of an English King which, in part, reads:

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character . . . And what,

after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, . . . and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! . . .

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. . . . We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

SOCIAL MORALITY NOT A BY-PRODUCT

NOW I have stated and restated, indulging in an unusual amount of repetition both of exposition and illustration of this matter, because the fiction that a social reconstruction will be achieved through the instinctive action of men with personal spirituality and private morality dies hard. I do not mean to suggest that the church has ever implied by its teaching that social morality is not an essential aspect of sound character; but I do purpose a definite emphasis of the fact that in the past the church has seemed to look upon social morality as one of the inevitable by-products of private morality. In the past the church, the one institution of all institutions that exists for the exclusive purpose of moral leadership, has not furnished that leadership in public morality.

In assuming this definite leadership, the church, as I have before suggested, will not be revising Christianity; it will be rediscovering Christianity. If to-morrow morning all memory of Christian teaching and tradition could be obliterated from our minds, and a copy of the New Testament placed in the hands of every man and woman in the United States, if we should read the reported words of Jesus with no preconceived notions about their meaning, if we should read them with the same freshness of interest and interpretation that we bring to the latest novel or volume of essays, there would be no confusion in our minds about the fact that primitive Christianity was in its essential aim a social revolution as well as a spiritual life. And when I use the term "a social revolution" I do not mean a mere revolt in the interest of material rights alone; I mean a deep-going social passion and program that is at heart religious and moral in its ultimate purpose.

In preparing this paper, I tried to forget that I had ever read the New Testament and to imagine that it had come into my hands as a late spring publication of 1919. To aid the experiment, before starting on an extended lecture tour I slipped into my bag a copy of Weymouth's "The New Testament in Modern Speech," which is a remarkably fresh and accurate translation. I have avoided those parts of the New Testament that represent later discussions of Jesus and Christianity by others, and have read, at odd moments on the train or in my hotel, the reported words of Jesus. It has been enlightening and exhilarating experience.

JESUS AND THE HEBREW PROPHETS

ONE of the things that struck me most forcibly was the close kinship in mind, outlook, and purpose between Jesus and the Hebrew prophets. In this fresh reading of the New Testament I found their outstanding characteristics reappearing in Jesus. Certainly he displays throughout the warmest appreciation and approval of their type of religious leadership. His frequent quotation of their recorded utterances indicates to what

marked extent their writings formed his intellectual diet.

The Hebrew prophets thought of religion almost entirely in terms of national and social morality. In fact, it was only after the integrity of Israel's national life had been shattered by invading enemies that certain of the prophets began to interpret religion in terms of purely individual morality and personal spiritual experience. Having lost control of their political and social life, they turned, in a mood of defeat and disappointment, to the consolations of a religion conceived in terms of the inner spiritual life. But the prophets of this type marked the decadent rather than the creative period of Hebrew religion; they marked the period in which Hebrew religion became narrow in its implications, sank its social passion in ceremonials, and became predominantly ecclesiastical and decreasingly ethical.

The word "prophecy" has come to suggest to us "prediction" of the fortune-teller sort, but the prophets with whom Jesus displayed such similarity of outlook and purpose were neither the earlier group of soothsayer-prophets nor the later group of disappointed prophets who made religion narrowly individualistic because national defeat had crushed out of them their normal political and social interest; they were that intermediate group who succeeded the soothsayer type of prophet with a ministry of singular breadth and vision. These prophets do not at all answer to our traditional conception of a religious leader; in fact their ecclesiastical contemporaries looked askance at their new faith, very much as many persons now look upon the clergyman who concerns himself with political and social questions as having wandered from the "old gospel" in pursuit of merely material reforms.

These prophets were political and social preachers; they were the publicists of their day; they took religion into the market-place and the street, where the sun could shine upon it and the rain beat upon it; nothing about them smacked of the cloister; they poured an acid scorn upon the devitalized ceremonialism of the religion of their time; they declared that

ethical conduct, not sacrificial offerings and ritualistic observances, was the sole test of religion; they spoke of social morality oftener than they spoke of individual piety; they took an active part in the politics of their time; there was more of Roosevelt than of Richelieu in them; they were the outspoken and valiant champions of the poor as against the privileged classes; they formed the opposition party in the church of their generation; many of them were every inch the statesman; they conceived their function to be that of fighters for a better, a juster, and a more moral social order.

I have gone at length into a description of these prophets not to suggest that Jesus was merely an interpreter of their message. Even those who question his divinity admit that he was far more than that. I want only to emphasize the fact that it was to these men more than to any other of the past leaders of the religious life of Israel that Jesus showed kinship of thought and purpose; that he leaned toward the very type of religious leadership that the "social" party in the modern church demands.

PUTTING REALITY ABOVE RITUAL

LIKE these Hebrew prophets, Jesus was indifferent to ritual and insistent upon conduct. He brought down about his ears the wrath of the conventional religious leaders of his time by the liberty he took with the innumerable religious "blue laws" they had enacted and by the cavalier manner in which he broke their Sabbath regulations when he saw those Sabbath regulations interfering with plain human need. We sometimes forget that when he said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, and acted accordingly, he shocked the ecclesiastics of his time very much as he might shock the modern devotees of a Puritan Sabbath were he to return to earth and join a group of tired workmen who, after a week of taxing toil in a steel plant, having attended mass or service on Sunday morning, spent Sunday afternoon in the open air and relaxation of the ball park. He poked endless fun at the shallow unreal-

ity of many of the religious observances and doctrines of his day; he never worried about becoming defiled by touching things that the orthodox theology of his time had branded unclean; he refused to follow any hard-and-fast schedule of fasting. Only one thing appealed to him as vital, and that was a private life that was clean and wholesome and healthily spiritual, and a social life that rested upon the bed-rock of justice in all relations. He took keen joy in burlesquing the conventional religionists of his time who made the church of the time and its observances an end instead of a means to an end; one can almost see the smile and hear the applause that came from the crowd when he painted the picture of the Pharisee who was so careful about keeping the letter of the law, but who did daily violence to its spirit; when he described the Pharisee who strained everything he drank for fear it might contain a drowned gnat, because he might break the law against eating a beast not slain after ritual fashion, saying that such men were constantly straining out gnats, but swallowing camels. Jesus indulged freely in such humorous and "irreverent" satire of the manner in which the orthodox folk of his time had made religion a stumbling-block on the road to the larger virtues of justice, mercy, social equity, and the like.

SPOKESMAN FOR THE POOR

LIKE these Hebrew prophets, Jesus was the outspoken and valiant champion of the poor as against the privileged classes of his day. He spent his youth as a day laborer in a carpenter shop, and after he became a public figure and devoted all of his time to his ministry, neither his thought nor his action ever alienated him from his class or alienated the common people from him. To the very last he was a popular figure with the people. He fought for their interests. Had the church throughout the centuries faithfully interpreted his social as well as his spiritual mission, we should never have witnessed the regrettable occurrence of a mass meeting of workmen cheering his name but hissing his church. The sinister interests of

his time were under no delusion that he was their enemy; they feared his influence; they itched to get rid of him long before they succeeded; and finally they arrested him in the dead of night, railroaded his trial through under the cover of darkness, and resorted to every trick their cunning brains could conceive to turn the crowd against him on a trumped-up charge, because they knew that a sentence of crucifixion would never stand the test of a fair referendum among the plain people.

PREACHER OF SOCIAL MORALITY

AND like these Hebrew prophets, Jesus laid supreme emphasis upon the attainment of a just and righteous social order. Upon this matter Mr. Rauschenbusch has made a sane and illuminating statement. He says:

Jesus was not a social reformer of the modern type. Sociology and political economy were just as far outside of his range of thought as organic chemistry or the geography of America. He saw the evil in the life of men and their sufferings, but he approached these facts purely from the moral, and not from the economic or historical point of view. He wanted men to live a right life in common, and only in so far as social questions are moral questions did he deal with them as they confronted him.

And he was more than a teacher of morality. Jesus had learned the greatest and deepest and rarest secret of all—how to live a religious life. . . . No comprehension of Jesus is even approximately true which fails to understand that the heart of his heart was religion. . . . But . . . whoever uncouples the religious and social life has not understood Jesus. Whoever sets any bounds for the reconstructive power of the religious life over the social relations and institutions of men, to that extent denies the faith of the Master.

Later Mr. Rauschenbusch points out that when Jesus used the phrase "the kingdom of God" he meant no mystic something that would be instituted by a dramatic miracle, but the coming of a righteous social order. The national hope of Israel for a restoration of the

nation, with independence, security, power, social justice, prosperity, and happiness, was the goal toward which he looked, although, like all creative religious leaders, he altered and purified the current conception. With statesmanlike insight he refused to countenance violence as a means of effecting such restoration; he refused to parody the devil he fought. He expanded the Jewish national hope of a coming time of a free, secure, just, prosperous, and happy life and made that a universal hope—the goal of the human race. It was not a thing that was to come as a sort of supernaturally engineered *coup d'état*; it was the goal of the religious, moral, social aspiration of the entire human family. As Mr. Rauschenbusch says:

It is not a matter of saving human atoms, but of saving the social organism. . . . If he [Jesus] put his trust in spiritual forces for the founding of a righteous society, it only proved his sagacity as a society-builder. If he began his work with the smallest social nuclei, it proved his patience and skill. But Jesus never fell into the fundamental heresy of later theology; he never viewed the human individual apart from human society; he never forgot the gregarious nature of man.

He was not a Greek philosopher or Hindu pundit teaching the individual the way of emancipation from the world and its passions, but a Hebrew prophet preparing men for the righteous social order. The goodness which he sought to create in men was always the goodness that would enable them to live rightly with their fellow-men and to constitute a true social life.

To those interested in a further examination of these statements, I would suggest a reading of the chapter on the social aims of Jesus in Mr. Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis," from which these quotations have been made.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW DAY

I HAVE gone at length into this discussion of the social element in the religious outlook of Jesus in order to re-emphasize the fact that those who insist

that the church has a definite social mission aside from the social influence of good men, far from asking the church to preach a "new gospel," are in reality asking the church to preach the "old gospel," which was for centuries lost and perverted in the hands of those who were content to carry out only half of the mission of the church.

The church as an institution has everything to gain and nothing to lose by assuming its full responsibility in the fight for the best possible social order. The achievement of justice and democracy is to-day the task upon which the alert intelligence of the entire planet is centered. Unless the church concerns itself not indirectly, but directly, with this struggle, it will be an institution outside the radius of mankind's most absorbing aspiration, and its authority and appeal in the purely spiritual field will be sensibly diminished.

The clergyman who stands aloof from the social aspirations of this awakened time must inevitably become only a "seller of rhetoric" speaking to empty pews; he cannot hope for the intrinsic authority of the prophet until he speaks from the platform of a challenging conception that sees in religion the reconstructive hope of the world as well as of private life. It needs to be said and emphasized that the obligation of the pulpit runs into every area of life in which a moral issue can be found.

One counsel of caution that runs throughout the saner social literature of the modern church needs to be stated. The church in assuming its social responsibility must resist the temptation to try to get a corner on social progress. Religious impulse will vitalize, but ecclesiastical control would vitiate, social progress. It is not the function of the church to organize political

parties and devise the machinery of social and economic progress. The church should be the inspirer rather than the organizer of social progress. The church is obligated to maintain a continuous moral analysis of the existing order, standards, and practices of society in all its fields of action. It must ever enunciate the fundamental principles upon which an increasingly better order of society can be evolved. But it must avoid attempting to become dictator of all specific social policies.

At bottom all this means the breaking down of the long standing and unmeaning wall between the sacred and the secular, the making of all just and honest action a sacred effort in behalf of a moralized social order. It means the awakening to a fresh realization by all men that the essentially religious goal of social progress will be reached not by the moralizings of the pulpit alone, but by the infusion of all political, social, and industrial policy and action with a thoroughly social aim. It would be difficult to conceive a more effective pulpit from which to announce the "social" gospel than the headship of any of the big industrial concerns of American life. I do not mean that business men should turn mawkish moralizers or go about the country as economic evangelists. In fact the most effective lay preachers of the future will probably say very little about what they are doing; they will quietly and effectively build the principles of efficiency and justice into their business and leave the matter of preaching to the silent contagion of example. The church must inspire this sort of action. Can any one think that the effort to bring about such things will lure the church from its spirituality or weaken its appeal to men? I rest the case.



UNDER WESTERN SKIES

Etchings
by Bernhard J. Wall



Pinto Pony



Cheyenne cow-boy



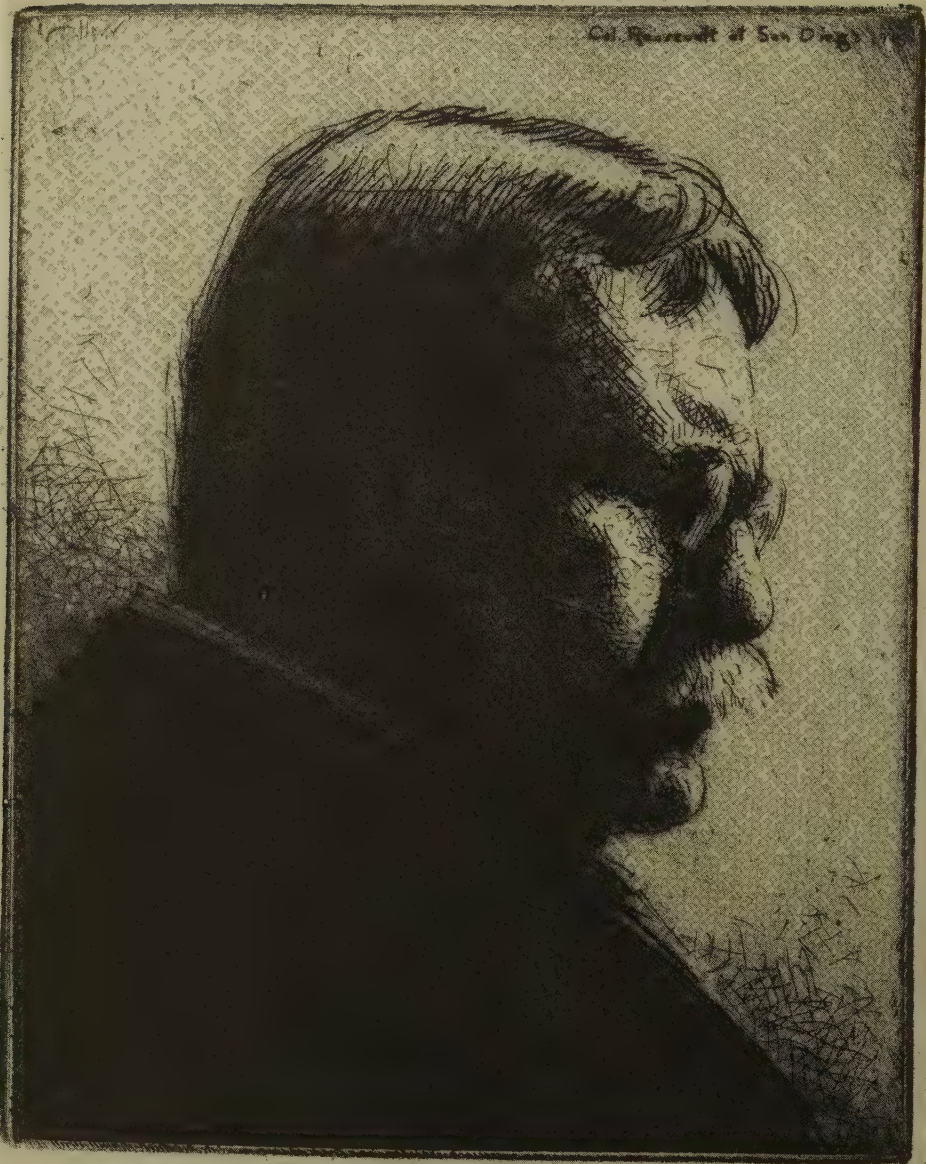
Pocatello Indian



Benjamin Wall

An aged Cheyenne





Col. Roosevelt at San Diego

Perinard 1903

Theodore Roosevelt



Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout



The boardwalk, Taos, New Mexico

Joan of Arc in the South Seas

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

PÈRE VICTORIEN said that I must not leave the Marquesas before I visited the island of Nukahiva, seventy miles to the northward, and saw there in Tai-o-hae, the capital of the northern group of islands, a real saint.

"A wonderful servant of Christ," he said, "Père Siméon Delmas. He is very old, and has been there since the days of strife. He has not been away from the islands for fifty years, but God preserves him for His honor and service. Père Siméon would be one of the first in our order were he in Europe, but he is a martyr and wishes to earn his crown in these islands and die among his charges. He is a saint as truly as the blessed ones of old.

"It was he who planned the magnificent celebration of the feast of Joan of Arc some years ago, and as to miracles, I truly believe that the keeping safe of the white horse during the terrible storm, and perhaps even the preservation of a maiden worthy to appear in the armor of the Maid, are miracles, as veritable as the apparition at Lourdes. *Pour moi*, I am convinced that Joan is one of the most glorious saints in heaven, and that Père Siméon himself is of the band of blessed martyrs."

"Ah, Père Victorien, I should like nothing better than to meet that good man," I said, "but I am at a loss to get to Tai-o-hae. The *Roberts*, Capriata's steamer, will not be here for many weeks, and there is no other in the archipelago just now."

"You shall return with me in the *Jeanne d'Arc*," he replied quickly. "It may be an arduous voyage for you, but you will be well repaid."

A fortnight later his steersman came running to my cabin to tell me to be ready at one o'clock in the morning.

The night was a myriad of stars on a vast ebony canopy. One could see only shadows in denser shadows, and the serene, sure movements of the men as they lifted the whale-boat from Bauda's shed and carried it lightly to the water were mysterious to me. Their eyes saw where mine were blind. Père Victorien and I were seated in the boat, and they shoved off, breast-deep in the turmoil of the breakers, running alongside the bobbing craft until it was in the welter of foam and then, with a chorus, in unison, lifting themselves over the sides and seizing the oars before the boat could turn broadside to the shore.

"He-ee Nukahiva!" they sang in a soft monotone, while they pulled hard for the mouth of the bay. The priest and I were fairly comfortable in the stern; the steersman perched behind us on the very edge of the coaming, balancing himself to the rise and fall of the boat as an acrobat on a rope. I laid my head on my bag and fell asleep before the sea had been reached. The last sound in my ears was the voice of Père Victorien reciting his rosary.

I awoke to find a breeze careening our sail and the *Jeanne d'Arc* rushing through a pale blue world—pale blue water, pale blue sky, and, it seemed, pale blue air. No single solid thing but the boat was to be seen in the indefinite immensity. Sprawling on its bottom in every attitude of limp relaxation, the oarsmen lay asleep; only Père Victorien was awake, his hands on the tiller and his eyes gazing toward the east.

"*Bonjour!*" said he. "You have slept well. Your angel guardian thinks well of you. The dawn comes."

I asked him if I might relieve him of tiller and sheet, and he, with an injunction to keep the sail full and far, unpocketed his breviary, and was instantly absorbed in its contents.

Our tack was toward the eastern distance, and no glimpse of land or cloud made us aught but solitary travelers in illimitable space. The sun was beneath the deep, but in the hush of the pale light one felt the awe of its coming. Slowly a faint glow began to gild a line that circled the farthest east. Gold it was at first, like a segment of a wedding-ring, then a bolt of copper shot from the level waters to the zenith, and a thousand vivid colors were emptied upon the sky and the sea. Roses were strewn on the glowing waste, rose and gold and purple curtained the horizon, and suddenly the sun beamed hot above the edge of the world.

The Marquesans stirred, their bodies stretched, and their lungs expanded in the throes of returning consciousness. Then one sat up and called loudly, "*A titahi a atu!*"—"Another day!" The others rose, and immediately began to uncover the *poipoi* bowl. They had canned fish and bread, too, and ate steadily, without a word, for ten minutes. The steersman, who had joined them, returned to the helm, and the priest and I enjoyed the bananas and canned beef and water and cigarettes.

All day the *Jeanne d'Arc* held steadily on the several tacks we steered, and all day no living thing but bird or fish disturbed the loneliness of the great empty sea. Père Victorien read his breviary or told his beads in abstracted contemplation, and I, lying on the bottom of the boat with my hat shielding my eyes from the beating rays of the sun, pondered on what I knew of Tai-o-hae, the port on the island of Nukahiva to which we were bound.

For two hundred years after the discovery of the southern group—the islands we had left behind us—the northern group was still unknown to the world. Captain Ingraham of Boston found Nukahiva in 1791, and called the seven small islets the Washington Islands. Twenty years later, during the War of 1812, Porter refitted his ships there to prey upon the British, and but for the perfidy—or, from another view, the patriotism—of an Englishman in his command, Porter might have succeeded in making the Marquesas American possessions.

Tai-o-hae became the seat of power of the whites in the islands; it waxed in importance, saw admirals, governors, and bishops sitting in state on the broad verandas of government buildings, witnessed that new thing, the making of a king and queen, knew the stolid march of convicts, white and brown, images of saints carried in processions, and schools opened to regenerate the race of idol-worshipers.

Tai-o-hae saw all the plans of grandeur wane, saw saloons and opium, vice and disease, fastened upon the natives, and saw the converted, the old gods overthrown, the new God reigning, cut down like trees when the fire runs wild in the forest.

The dream of minting the strength and happiness of the giant men of the islands into gold for the white laborings dissolved into a nightmare as the giants perished. It was hard to make the free peoples toil as slaves for foreign masters, so the foreign masters brought opium. To get this "Cause of Wonder Sleep," of more delight than *kava*, the Marquesan was taught to hoe and garner cotton, to gather copra, and even to become the servant of the white man. The hopes of the invaders were rosy. They faded quickly. The Marquesans faded faster. The saloons of Tai-o-hae were gutters of drunkenness. The *paepaes* were wailing-places for the dead. No government arrested vice or stopped the traffic in death-dealing drugs until too late. Then, with no people left to exploit, the colonial ministers in Paris forgot the Marquesans.

In the lifetime of a man Tai-o-hae swelled from a simple native village, with thousands of healthy, happy people, to the capital of an archipelago with war-ships, troops, prisons, churches, schools, and plantations, and reverted to a deserted, melancholy beach, with decaying, uninhabited buildings testifying to catastrophe. Since Kahuiti, my man-eating friend of Taaoa, was born, the cycle had been completed.

I was on my way now to see, in Tai-o-hae, a man who was giving his life to bring the white man's religion to the few dying natives who remained.

At dusk the wind died, and we put out the oars. Hour after hour the rowers

pulled, chanting at times ancient lays of the war-canoes, of the fierce fights of their fathers, when hundreds fed the sharks after the destruction of their vessels by the conquerors, and of the old gods who had reigned before the white men came. Père Victorien listened musingly.

"They should be singing of the Blessed Mother or of Joan," he said with sorrow. "But when they pull so well I cannot deny them a thread of that old pagan warp. Those devils whom they once worshiped wait about incessantly for a word of praise. They hate the idea that we are hurrying to the mission, and they would like well to delay us."

Whatever the desires of those devils, they were balked, for the wind came fair during the second night, and when the second dawning came we were in the bay of Tai-o-hae.

It was a basin of motionless green water, held in the curve of a shore shaped like a horseshoe, with two huge headlands of rock for the calks. The beach was a rim of white between the azure of the water and the dark green of the hills that rose steeply from it. Above them the clouds hung in varying shapes, here lit by the sun to snowy fleece, there black and lowering. On the lower slopes a few houses peeped from the embowering *parau*-trees, and on a small hill, near the dismantled fort, the flag of France drooped above the gendarme's cabin.

By eight o'clock in the morning, when we reached the shore, the beach was shimmering in the sunlight, the sand gleaming under the intense rays as if reflecting the beams of gigantic mirrors. Heat-waves quivered in the moist air.

We sauntered along the road, tormented by the buzzing dread sand-flies, at which we constantly slapped, and, crossing a tiny bridge over the brook, approached the Mission of Tai-o-hae, that once pompous and powerful center of the diffusion of the faith throughout the Marquesas. The road was lined with guavas, mangos, cocoanuts, and tamarinds, all planted with precision and care. The ambitious fathers who had begun these plantings scores of years

before had provided the choicest fruits for their table. All over the world the members of the great religious orders of Europe have carried the seeds of the best varieties of fruits and flowers, of trees and shrubs and vegetables; more than organized science they deserve the credit for introducing non-native species into all climes.

Above the mission grounds was a stone wall, stout and fairly high, which had assured protection when orgies of indulgence in rum had made the natives brutal. The clergy must survive if souls are to be saved. Within the wall stood the church, the school, and a rambling rectory, all made beautiful by age and the artistry of tropical nature. Mosses and lichens, mosaics of many shades of green, faint touches of red and yellow mold, covered the old walls, which were fast decaying and falling to pieces.

By the half-unhinged door stood an old man of venerable figure, his long beard still dark, though his hair was quite white. He wore a soiled soutane down to the ankles of his rusty shoes, a sweaty, stained, smothering gown of black broadcloth, which rose and fell with his hurried respiration. His eyes of deepest brown, large and lustrous, were the eyes of an old child, shining with simple enthusiasms and lit with a hundred memories of worthy accomplishments or efforts.

Père Victorien presented me, saying that I was a lover of the Marquesas, and specially interested in Joan of Arc. Père Siméon seized me by the hand and, drawing me toward him, gave me the accolade as if I were a reunited brother. Then he presented me to a Marquesan man at his side, "*Le chef de l'île de Huapu*," who was waiting to escort him to that island that he might say mass and hear confession. The chief was for leaving at once, and Père Siméon lamented that he had no time in which to talk to me.

I said I had heard it bruited in my island of Hiva-oa that the celebration of the fête of Joan of Arc had been marked by extraordinary events indicating a special appreciation by the heavenly hosts.

Tears came into the eyes of the old priest. He dismissed the chief at once,

and after saying farewell to Père Victorien, who was embarking immediately for his own island of Haithieu, Père Siméon and I entered his study, a pitifully shabby room where rickety furniture, quaking floor, tattered wall-coverings, and cracked plates and goblets spelled the story of the passing of an institution once possessing grandeur and force. Seated in the only two sound chairs, with wine and cigarettes before us, we took up the subject so dear to Père Siméon's heart.

"You should have seen the honors we paid the Maid here. *Mais, Monsieur*, she has done much for these islands. The natives love her. She is a saint. She should be canonized. But the opposition will not down. There is reason to believe that the devil, Satan himself, or at least important aides of his, are laboring against the doing of justice to the Maid. She is powerful now, and doubtless has great influence with the Holy Virgin in heaven, but as a true saint she would be invincible." The old priest's eyes shone with his faith.

"You do not doubt her miraculous intercessions?" I asked.

Père Siméon lit another cigarette, watered his wine, and lifted from a shelf a sheaf of pamphlets. They were hectographed, not printed from type, for he is the human printing-press of all this region, and all were in his clear and exquisite writing. He held them and referred to them as he went on.

"She was born five hundred years ago on the day of the procession in Tai-o-hae. That itself is a marvel. Such an anniversary occurs but twice in a millennium. After all my humble service in these islands that I should be permitted to be here on such a wonderful day proves to me the everlasting mercy of God. Here is the account I have written in Marquesan of her life, and here the record of the fête upon the anniversary."

As he showed me the brochures, written beautifully in purple and red inks, recording the history of the Maid of Orleans, with many canticles in her praise, learned dissertations upon her career and holiness, maps showing her march, and starred at Oleane, Kopiegné, and Rua to indicate that great things had

occurred at Orléans, Compiègne, and Rouen, Père Siméon pointed out to me that it was of supreme importance that the Marquesan people should be given a proper understanding of the historical and geographical conditions of England and France in Joan's time. He had spent months, even years, in preparing for the celebration of her fête-day.

"And, *Monsieur*, by the blessed grace of Joan, only the whites got drunk. Not a Marquesan was far gone in liquor throughout the three days of the feast. There was temptation in plenty, for though I gave only the chiefs and a few intimates any wine, several of the Europeans in their enthusiasm for our dear patroness distributed absinthe and rum to those who had the price. There was a moment when it seemed touch and go between the devil and Joan. But, oh, how she came to our rescue! I reproached the whites, locked up the rum, and Joan did the rest. It was a three-days' feast of innocence."

"But there are not many whites here?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "There are one hundred and twenty people in Tai-o-hae now, and only a few are whites. Alas! *mon ami*, they do not set a good example. They mean well; they are brave men, but they do not keep the commandments. Here is a chart I drew showing the rise of the church since Peter. It is divided into twenty periods, and I have allotted the fifteenth to Joan. She well merits a period."

My mind continually harked back to the prompting of Père Victorien concerning the horse and the girl of the jubilee.

"There were signs at the commemoration?" I interposed.

Père Siméon glanced at me eagerly. His naïveté was not of ignorance of men and their motives. He had confessed royalty, cannibals, pirates, and nuns. The souls of men were naked under his scrutiny. But his faith burned like a lambent flame, and to win to the standard of the Maid of Orleans one who would listen was a duty owed her, and a rare chance to aid a fellow-mortal.

He rose and brushed the cigarette-ashes down the front of his frayed cassock as an old native woman responded

to his call and brought another bottle of Bordeaux. The *nonos*, or sand-flies, were incessantly active. I slapped at them constantly and sucked at the wounds they made. But he paid no attention to them at all except when they attacked him under his soutane; then he struck convulsively at the spot.

"God sends us such trials to brighten our crown," he said comfortingly. "I have seen white men dead from the *nonos*. They were not here in the old days, but since the jungle has overrun us because of depopulation, they are frightful. During the mass, when the priest cannot defend himself, they are worst, as if sent by the devil, who hates the holy sacrifice. But, *mon vieux*, you were asking about those signs. *Alors*, I will give the facts to you, and you can judge."

He poured me a goblet of the wine; I removed my cotton coat, covered my hands with it against the gadflies, and prepared to listen.

"Seven years before the great anniversary," said Père Siméon, sipping his wine, "I thought out my plans. There would be masses, vespers, benedictions, litanies, and choirs. But my mind was set upon a representation of the Maid as she rode into Rheims to crown the king after her victories. She was, you will remember, clothed all in white armor and rode a white horse, both the emblems of purity. That was the note I would sound, for I believe too much had been made of Joan the warrior, Joan the heroine, and not enough of Joan the saint. Oh, *Monsieur*, there have been evil forces at work there!"

He clasped his thigh with both hands and groaned, and I knew that though a *nono* had bitten him there, his anguish was more of soul than body. I lighted his cigarette as he proceeded:

"Two things were needful above all, a handsome white horse and a Marquesan girl of virtue. Three years before the jubilee I was enabled, through a gift inspired by Joan, to buy a horse of that kind in Hiva-oo. I had this mare pastured on that island until the time came for bringing her here.

"Now as to the girl, I found in the nun's school a child who was beautiful, strong, and good. Her father was the

captain of a foreign vessel and had dwelt here for a time; he was of your country. Of the mother I will not speak. The girl was everything to be desired. But this was seven years before the day of the fête. That was a difficulty.

"I stressed to the good sisters the absolute necessity of bringing up the child in the perfect path of sanctity. I had her dedicated to Joan, and special prayers were said by me and by the nuns that the evil one would not trap her into the sins of other Marquesan girls. Also she was observed diligently. For seven years we watched and prayed, and, *Monsieur*, we succeeded. I will not say it was a miracle, but it was a very striking triumph for Joan.

"That for the human; now for the beast. A month before the fête I commissioned Captain Capriata to bring the mare to Tai-o-hae in his schooner. The animal came safely to the harbor. She was still on deck when a storm arose, and Capriata thought it best for him to lift his anchor and go to the open sea. The wind was driving hard toward the shore, and there was danger."

The old priest stood up and, leading me to a window, pointed to the extreme end of the horseshoe circle of the bay.

"See that point," he said. "Right there, just as Capriata swung his vessel to head for the sea, the mare broke loose from her halter, and in a bound reached the rail of the schooner and leaped into the waves. Capriata could do nothing. The schooner was in peril, and he, with his hand upon the wheel and his men at the sails, could only utter an oath. He confesses he did that, and you will find no man more convinced of the miracle than he."

The aged missionary paused, his eyes glowing. The *nonos* that settled in a swarm on his swollen, poisoned hands were nothing to him in the rapture of that memory.

"This happened at night. Throughout the darkness the schooner stayed outside the bay, returning only at daylight. Immediately after anchoring, the captain hastened to inform me of the misfortune, and found me saying mass. It was one of the few times he had ever been in the sacred edifice."

Père Siméon smiled, and held up one finger to emphasize my attention. "As soon as mass was finished, Capriata told me of what had happened, and his certainty that the mare was drowned. I fell on my knees and said a despairing prayer to Joan. That instant we heard a neigh outside, and rushing out of the church, we saw, cropping the grass in the mission inclosure, the white mare that was destined to bear the figure of Joan in the celebration of her fête."

I could not restrain an exclamation of amazement. "*Vraiment?*"

"*Absolument,*" answered Père Siméon. "Unbelievers must explain that waves swept the mare ashore, and that through some instinct she found her way along the beach or over the hills. But that she should come to the mission grounds, to the very spot where her home was to be, though she had never seen the islands before—no, my friend, not even the materialist could explain that as less than supernatural. I have sent the proofs to our order in Belgium. They will form part of the evidence that will one day be offered to bring about the canonization of Joan."

"And the procession, was it successful?" I inquired.

"*Mais oui!* It was magnificent. When it started there was a grand fanfare of trumpets, drums, fireworks, and guns. Never was there such a noise here since the days of battle between the whites and the natives. There were four choirs of fifty voices each, the natives from all these near-by islands, each with a common chant in French and particular *himines* in Marquesan. I walked first with the blessed sacrament; then came Captain Capriata with the banner of the mission, and then, preceded by a choir, came the virgin on the white horse.

"She was all in silver armor, as was the mare. Two years before I had sent to France for the pasteboard and the silver paper, and had made the armor. The helmet was the *pièce de résistance*. The girl wore it as the Maid herself, and sat the horse without faltering, despite the *nonos* and the heat. It was a wonderful day for Joan and for the Marquesans."

He sat lost in the vision.

"So it was all as you had planned," I said.

"*Mon ami*, it was not I, but Joan herself, to whom all honor belongs. There was a moment—captain Capriata had taken absinthe with his morning *poipoi*, and was unsteady. He stumbled. I called to him to breathe a prayer to his patron saint—he is of Ajaccio in Corsica—and to call upon Joan for aid. He straightened up at once, after one fall, and bore the white banner of the Maid in good style from the mission to the deserted inn by the leper-house.

"We had three superb feasts, one on each day of the fête. We had speeches and songs, three masses a day to accommodate all, four first communicants, and two marriages. I will tell you, though it may be denied by the commercial missionaries, that five Protestants attended and recanted."

Père Siméon's eyes flashed as he recalled those memorable days. He fell into a reverie, scratching his legs and letting his cigarette go out.

I arose, for Père Siméon must go to Huapu with the chief, who was again at the door.

"And did the fête help the parish?" I asked.

"Alas!" he replied, with a sorrowful shake of his beard. "Even the girl who had worn the white armor leaped from the mast of a ship to escape infamy and was drowned. Yet there was grandeur of sacrifice in that. But for the others, they die fast, too. Some day the priest will be alone here on the island without a flock."

I said to Père Siméon as he stepped into the canoe, "You are like a shepherd who pursues his sheep wherever they may wander, to gather them into the fold at last."

"*C'est vrai,*" he smiled sadly. "The bishop himself had to go to Hiva-oa from here, because there were really not enough people left alive for the seat of his bishopric. At least there will be some here when I die, for I am old. Ah, thirty years ago, when I came here, there were souls to be saved! Thousands of them. But I love the last one. There are still a hundred left on Huapu. There is work yet, for the devil grows more active yearly."

II. THE DAUGHTER OF LIHA-LIHA

THE *Jeanne d'Arc*, a beautiful, long, curving craft manned by twelve oarsmen, came like a white bird over the blue waters of the Bay of Traitors one Saturday afternoon, bringing Père Victorien to Atuona. He was from Hatiheu, on the island of Nukahiva, seventy miles to the north. A day and a night he had spent on the open sea, making a slow voyage by wind and oar; but, like all these priests, he made nothing of the hardships. They come to the islands to stay until they die, and death means a crown the brighter for martyrdom.

He looked a tortured man in his heavy and smothering vestments when I met him before the mission walls next morning. His face and hands were covered with pustules as if from small-pox.

"The *nonos* are so furious the last month," he said with a patient smile. "I have not slept but an hour at a time. I was afraid I would go mad."

News of his coming brought all the valley Catholics to eight o'clock mass. The banana-shaded road and the roots of the old banian were crowded with worshipers in all their finery, and when they poured into the mission the few rude benches were well filled. I found a chair in the rear, next to that of Baufré, the shaggy drunkard, and as the chanting began, I observed an empty *prie-dieu*, specially prepared and placed for some person of importance.

"Mademoiselle N——," said Baufré, noticing the direction of my glance. "She is the richest woman in all the Marquesas."

At the Gospel she came in, walking slowly down the aisle and taking her place as though unaware of the hundred covert glances that followed her. Wealth is comparative, and Mademoiselle N——, with perhaps a few hundred thousand dollars in cash and cocoanut-grove, stood to the island people as Rockefeller to us. Wealth was not all her possessions; she was different in carriage and costume from the girls about her.

She wore a black lace gown, clinging, and becoming her slender figure and

delicately charming face. Her features were exquisite, her eyes lustrous black pools of passion, her mouth a scarlet line of pride and disdain. A large leg-horn hat of fine black straw, with chiffon, was on her graceful head, and her tiny feet were in silk stockings and patent leather. She held a gold and ivory prayer-book in gloved hands, and a jeweled watch hung upon her breast.

She might have passed for a Creole or for one of those beautiful Filipino *mestizas*, daughters of Spanish fathers and Filipino mothers. This dainty, fetching heiress, born of a French father and a savage mother, had all the airs and graces of a ball-room belle.

I had but to look over the church to feel her loneliness. Teata, Many Daughters, Weaver of Mats, and Flower, savagely handsome, gaudily dressed, were the only companions of her own age. Flower, of the red-gold hair, was striking in a scarlet gown of sateen, a wreath of pink peppers, and a necklace of brass. She had been ornamented by the oarsmen of the *Jeanne d'Arc*, fortunately without Père Victorien's knowledge. Teata, in her tight gown, with its insertions of fish-net revealing her smooth, tawny skin, a red scarf about her waist, straw hat trimmed with a bright blue Chinese shawl perched on her high-piled hair, was still a picture of primitive and savage grace. They were handsome, these girls, but they were wild flowers. Mlle. N—— had the poise and delicacy of the hothouse blossom.

Her father had spent thirty years on Hiva-oa, laboring to wring a fortune from the toil of the natives, and, dying, he had left it all to this daughter, who, with her laces and jewels, her elegant, slim form, and haughty manner, was in this wild abode of barefooted, half-naked people like a pearl in a gutter. She was free now to do what she liked with herself and her fortune. What would she do?

It was the question on every tongue and in every eye when, after mass, she passed down the lane respectfully widened for her in the throng on the steps, and with a black-garbed sister at her side walked to the nuns' house.

"If only she had a religious voca-

tion!" sighed Sister Serapoline. "That would solve all difficulties, and save her soul and happiness."

Vainly the nuns and priests had tried during the dozen years of her tutelage in their hands to direct her aspirations toward this goal, but one had only to look into her burning eyes or see the supple movement of her body to know that she sought her joy on earth.

Liha-Liha, the natives called her father, which means corporal, and that they had hated and yet feared him when Hiva-oa was still given over to cannibalism, outlined his character. He had lived and died in his house near the Stinking Springs on the road to Taaoa. The sole white man in that valley, he had lorded it over the natives more sternly than had their old chiefs. He had fought down the wilderness, planted great cocoanut-plantations, forced the unwilling islanders to work for him, and dollar by dollar, with an iron will, he had wrung from their labor the fortune now left in the dainty hands of his half-savage daughter.

Song of the Nightingale, the convict cook of the governor, gave me light on the man.

"I loved his woman, Piiheana [Climber of Trees Who Was Killed and Eaten], who was the mother of Mademoiselle N——," said Song of the Nightingale. "One night he found me with her on his *paepae*. He shot me; then he had me condemned as a robber, and I spent five years in the prison at Tai-o-hae."

"And Piiheana?"

"He beat her till her bones were broken, and sent her from him. Then he took Daughter of a Piece of Tattooing, to whom he left in his will thirty-five thousand francs. It was she who brought up Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle herself walked daintily down to the road, where her horse was tied, and I was presented to her. She gave me her hand with the air of a princess, her scarlet lips quivering into a faint smile and her smoldering, unsatisfied eyes sweeping my face. With a conciliating, yet imperious, air, she suggested that I ride over the hills with her.

Picking up her lace skirt and frilled

petticoat, she vaulted into the man's saddle without more ado, and took the heavy reins in her small gloved hands. Her horse was scrubby, but she rode well, as do all Marquesans, her supple body following his least movement, and her slim, silk-stockinged legs clinging as though she were riding bareback. When the swollen river threatened to wet her varnished slippers, she perched herself on the saddle, feet and all, and made a dry ford.

Over the hills she led the way at a gallop, despite wretched trail and tripping bushes. Down we went through the jungle, walled in by a hundred kinds of trees and ferns and vines. Now and then we came into a cleared space, a native plantation, a hut surrounded by breadfruit-, mango- and cocoanut-, orange- and lime-trees. No one called "*Kaoho!*" and Mademoiselle N—— did not slacken her pace. We swept into the jungle again without a word, my horse following her mount's flying feet, and I ducking and dodging branches and noose-like vines.

In a marshy place, where patches of *taro* spread their magnificent leaves over the earth, we slowed to a walk. The jungle tangle was all about us; a thousand bright flowers, scarlet, yellow, purple, crimson, splashed with color, the masses of green; tall ferns uncurled their fronds; giant creepers coiled like snakes through the boughs; and the sluggish air was heavy with innumerable delicious scents. I said to Mlle. N—— that the beauty of the islands was like that of a fantastic dream, an Arabian Night's tale.

"Yes?" she said, in a note of weariness and irony. The feet of the horses made a sucking sound on the oozy ground. "I am half white," she said after a moment, and as the horses' hoofs struck the rocky trail again, she whipped up her mount, and we galloped up the slope.

After a time the trail widened into a road, and I saw before us a queer inclosure. At first sight I thought it a wild-animal park. There were small houses like cages and a big, box-like structure in the center, all inclosed in a wire fence, a couple of acres in all. Drawing nearer, I saw that the houses

were cabins painted in gaudy colors, and that the white box was a marble tomb of great size. Each slab of marble was rimmed with scarlet cement, and the top of the tomb, under a corrugated iron roof, was covered with those abominable bead-wreaths from Paris.

Like the humbler Marquesans, who have their coffins made and graves dug before their passing, Mademoiselle N——'s father had seen to it that this last resting-place was prepared while he lived, and he had placed it here in the center of his plantation, before the house that had been his home for thirty years. With something of his own crude strength and barbaric taste, it stood there, the grim reminder of her white father to the girl in whose veins his own blood mingled with that of the savage.

She looked at it without emotion, and after I had surveyed it, we dismounted, and she led me into her house. It was a neat and showily furnished cottage, whose Nottingham-lace curtains, varnished golden-oak chairs, and ingrain carpet spoke of attempts at mail-order beautification. Sitting on a horse-hair sofa, hard and slippery, I drank wine and ate mangos, while opposite me Mlle. N——'s mother sat in stiff misery on a chair. She was a withered Marquesan woman, barefooted and ugly, dressed in a red cotton garment of the hideous night-gown pattern introduced by the missionaries, and her eyes were tragedies of bewilderment and suffering, while her toothless mouth essayed a smile and she struggled with a few words of bad French.

Though Mlle. N—— was most hospitable, she was not at ease, and I knew it was because of the appearance of her mother, this woman whom her father had discarded years before, but to whom the daughter had shown kindness since his death. The mother appeared more at ease with her successor, a somewhat younger Marquesan woman, who waited on us as a servant, and seemed contented enough. Doubtless the two who had endured the moods of Liha-Liha had many confidences now that he was gone.

I had to describe America to Mlle. N——, and the inventions and social

customs of which she had read. She would not want to live in such a big country, she said, but Tahiti seemed to combine comfort with the atmosphere of her birthplace. Perhaps she might go to Tahiti to live.

As I took my hat to leave, she said:

"I have been told that they are separating the lepers in Tahiti and confining them outside Papeete in a kind of prison. Is that so?"

"Not a prison," I replied. "The Government has built cottages for them in a little valley. Don't you think it wise to segregate them?"

She did not reply, and shortly after I rode away.

A week later I met her one evening at Otupoto, that dividing-place between the valleys of Taaoa and Atuona, where Kahuiti and his fellow-warriors had trapped the human meat. I had walked there to sit on the edge of the precipice and watch the sun set in the sea. She came on horseback from her home toward the village to spend Sunday with the nuns. She got off her horse when she saw me, and lit a cigarette.

"What do you do here all alone?" she asked in French. She never used a word of Marquesan to me. I replied that I was trying to imagine myself there fifty years earlier, when the meddlesome white sang very low in the concert of the island powers.

"The people were happier then, I suppose," she said meditatively, as she handed me her burning cigarette in the courteous way of her mother's people, "but it does not attract me. I would like to see the world I read of."

She sat beside me on the rock, her delicately modeled chin on her pink palm, and gazed at the colors fading from vivid gold and rose to yellow and mauve on the sky and the sea. The quietness of the scene, the gathering twilight, perhaps, too, something in the fact that I was a white man and a stranger, broke down her reserve.

"But with whom can I see that world?" she said with sudden passion. "Money—I have it. I don't want it. I want to be loved. I want a man. What shall I do? I cannot marry a native, for they do not think as I do. I—I dread to marry a Frenchman. You

know *le droit du mari*? A French wife has no freedom."

I cited Mme. Bapp, who chastised her spouse.

"He is no man, that *criquet*!" she said scornfully. "I would be better off not to marry, if I had a real man who loved me, and who would take me across the sea. What am I saying? The nuns would be shocked. I do not know—oh, I do not know what it is that tears at me! But I want to see the world, and I want a man to love me."

"Your islands here are more beautiful than any of the developed countries," I said. "There are many thieves there, too, to take your money."

"I have read that," she answered, "and I am not afraid. I am afraid of nothing. I want to know a different life than here. I will at least go to Tahiti. I am tired of the convent. The nuns talk always of religion, and I am young, and I am half French. We die young, most of us, and I have had no pleasure."

I saw her black eyes, as she puffed her cigarette, shining with her vision. Some man would put tears in them soon, I thought, if she chose that path.

Would she be happy in Tahiti? If she could find one of her own kind, a half-caste, a paragon of kindness and fidelity, she might be. With the white she would know only torture.

The last colors of the sunset faded slowly on the sea, and the world was a soft gray filled with the radiance of the rising moon. I rose, and when Mlle. N—— had mounted, I strolled ahead of her horse in the moonlight. I was wearing a tuberose over my ear, and she remarked it.

"You know what that signifies? If a man seeks a woman, he wears a white flower over his ear, and if his love grows ardent, he wears a red rose or hibiscus. But if he tires, he puts some green thing in their place. *Bon dieu*! That is the depth of ignominy for the woman scorned. I remember one girl who was made light of that way in church. She stayed a day hidden in the hills weeping, and then she threw herself from a cliff."

There was in her manner a melancholy and a longing.

"Tahitians wear flowers all the day," I said. "They are gay, and life is pleasant upon their island. There are automobiles by the score, cinemas, singing, and dancing every evening, and many Europeans and Americans. With money you could have everything."

"It is not singing and dancing I desire," she exclaimed. "*Pas du tout*! I must know more people, and not people like priests and these copra-dealers. I have read in novels of men who are like gods, who are bold and strong, but who make their women happy."

Her Marquesan blood was speaking in that cry of the heart, unrestrained and passionate. They are not the cold, chaste women of other climes, these women of the Marquesas; with blood at fever-heat and hearts beating like wild things against bars, they listen when love or its counterfeit pours into their ears those soft words with nothing in them that make a song. They have no barriers of reserve or haughtiness; they make no bargains; they go where the heart goes, careless of certified vows.

"*Mon dieu!*" Mlle. N—— exclaimed and put her tiny hand to her red lips. "What if the good sisters heard me? I am bad. I know. *Eh bien!* I am Marquesan, after all."

We were about to cross the stream by my cabin, and I mounted the horse behind her to save a wetting. She turned impulsively and looked at me, her lovely face close to mine, her dark eyes burning, and her hot breath on my cheek.

"Write to me when you are in Tahiti, and tell me if you think I would be happy there," she said imploringly. "I have no friends here except the nuns. I need to go away. I am dying here."

Coming up my trail a few days later, I found on my *paepae* a shabbily dressed little bag of bones of a white man, with a dirty gray beard and a harsh voice like that of Baufre. He had a note to me from Le Brunec, introducing M. Lemoal, born in Brest, a naturalized American. The note was sealed, and I put it carefully away before turning to my visitor. It read:

CHER CITOYEN:

I send you a specimen of the Marquesan beaches, so that you can have a little

fun. This fellow has had a tremendous life. He is an old sailor, pirate, gold-miner, Chinese-hanger, thief, robber, honest-man, baker, trader; in a word, an interesting type. With the aid of several glasses of wine I have put him in the mood to talk delightfully.

A low-browed man was Lemoal, sapped and ruthless, but certainly he had adventured.

Was the Bella Union Theater still there in Frisco? Did they still fight in Bottle Meyers, and was his friend Tas-set on the police force yet? His memories of San Francisco antedated mine. He had been a hoodlum there, and had helped to hang Chinese. He had gone to Tahiti in 1870 and made a hundred thousand francs keeping a bakery. That fortune had lasted him during two years' tour of the world.

"Now I 'm bust," he said bitterly. "Now I got no woman, no children, no friends, and I don't want none. I am by myself and damn everybody!"

I soothed his misanthropy with two fingers of rum, and he mellowed into advice.

"I saw you with that daughter of Liha-Liha," he said, using the native name of the dead millionaire. "You be careful. One time I baked bread in Taaoa. My oven was near his planta-

tion. I saw that girl come into the woods and take off her dress. She had a mirror to see her back, and I looked, and the sun shone bright. What she saw, I saw—a patch of white. She is a leper, that rich girl."

His eyes were full of hate.

"You don't like her," I said to him. "Why?"

"Why? Why?" he screamed. "Because her father was an accursed villain. He was always kissing the dirty hands of the priests. He used to give his workmen opium to make them work faster, and then he would go to church. He made his money, yes. He was damn' hypocrite. And now his daughter, with all that rotten money, is a leper. I tell everybody what I saw. Everybody here knows it but you. Everybody will know it in Tahiti if she goes there."

The man was like a snake to me. I threw away the glass he had drunk from. And yet, was it idle curiosity, or was it fear of being shut away in the valley outside Papeete by the quarantine officers, that made her ask me that question about the lepers?

Liha-Liha had spent thirty years making money. He had coined the sweat and blood and lives of a thousand Marquesans into a golden fortune, and he had left behind him that fortune, a marble tomb, and Mlle. N——.





"He turned stumblingly, and sank on the bank under the apple-blossoms"

A Servant of Reality

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price

Synopsis of Chapters I-XVII—Anthony Arden, surgeon, returns to England from a German prison-camp, badly shaken. He is now heir of Pannell, and is expected to marry a nice sensible girl, but he falls in love with Kitty Costrelle. She is not sensible, and few women think she is nice. Her fiancé was killed in the war, and after driving an ambulance in France for two years, she returned to England, where she is amusing herself recklessly. One day she kisses Anthony to see "if a hair will turn him." It does. That night he asks her when she will marry him. She resents his misunderstanding, and tells him she cannot marry, though she loves him. Anthony goes, but Kitty, in terrible pain, walks the floor till morning. The next day, when Anthony notices that one of her shoulders is higher than the other, she says that her clothes are bunched. Kitty realizes that she must disenchant Anthony, so she provokes a fight between him and Jim Wynne, his brother-in-law, by saying that Jim has been one of her lovers. Then she declares that she stirred up the fight because she was bored. Anthony believes her and goes.

CHAPTER XVIII



ANTHONY'S hardly won control snapped like a broken twig; he turned from Kitty, and walked quickly out into the road. His mind was held in the suspension of shock. He neither knew where he was going nor considered what he meant to do. He stumbled as he walked with his head bowed, and pushed forward as if he were tied to something he could not get rid of.

There was a desperate urgency in his broken mind, like the urgency of high fever; he knew there was something he must n't think about, some dreadful image just beyond his conscious will which was prepared to leap into his mind. Fear ran at his heels. It had neither face nor name, but it pursued him like a shadow along the hot, white road.

Motors overtook and passed him, people watched him from their garden gates, and wondered at his crouched, absorbed figure hurrying past them. He never turned his head through the small, chattering villages or on the open road. Max followed him, footsore and per-

plexed, but as one-ideaed as Ruth. He knew that there was something strangely wrong with his master, and he was determined that whatever was wrong or strange, he would share it.

Anthony had lost his self consciousness; he ceased to be aware of his own significance. Self-control and the governance of his mind dropped away from him like unheeded, unessential things. He was a human being hounded by an obscure emotion that he dared not face. Anthony ran from it, but he was aware as he ran that he could not escape it. There would be a moment when exhaustion would catch him and force him to give battle, and there was nothing left in him to fight with. His heart was as empty as his mind.

They were passing the entrance to a small orchard that lay fronting an old farm-house when Max felt that they had gone far enough. He whined suddenly and ran in front of Anthony, lifting a dusty paw, and fixing his burning topaz eyes on Anthony's face. He would go on if Anthony went on, but he had made his protest. Anthony paused uncertainly, looking about him at the unfamiliar road, the distant red-brick farm, and the space of white blooms vivid against the

evening light. He turned stumblingly, and sank on the bank under the apple-blossoms. Max crept beside him, pushing his head against his master's chest.

Dogs have only one way of showing sympathy with human beings; they offer themselves up upon the altar of their master's pain. Max pushed himself relentlessly into Anthony's suffering; he would not stay outside and be safe. He would be a part of Anthony's pain till the pain stopped. Anthony felt the warmth reach his heart and was a little comforted.

A late lark was still singing above the orchard trees, very high and shrill in the clear evening air; the sun lay like a sea of fire across the fields; every separate grass in the hedge stood up alive in it.

There was no curtain left between Anthony and his pain. He saw its face and eyes, and they were the face and eyes of Kitty. She had done an incredible thing incredibly, like some fifth-rate girl in a café. It was not only cruel; it was vulgar. She had said words that drew blood. They disfigured Anthony's love for her.

He might have stood the fact, but not Kitty's throwing it between the two men to force on a fight; and for what other reason had she thrown it? She was bored and light, and, like a bad little tune, her words ran on in his mind and tortured him. They did not set him free; spiritually Kitty was dead to him: but Kitty dead was Kitty accessible. The image of her pulled him back like a strong cable.

If this was what she was, why could he not take advantage of it, satisfy the hard hunger that possessed him, and grant himself at least the release of his strained senses?

He told himself this was what love was worth. It was the master miracle and cheat of life. Anthony had been let out of prison and confronted with ecstasy, and ecstasy was a trap. He buried his face in his hands and shut out the lark's song and the intolerable world.

If he went back, he had nothing to lose. Kitty had destroyed the spiritual part of love. The man who did not take the actual and make the best of it was a fool.

It was better to be like an ordinary man, and pigeon-hole women: one kind—Miss Mellicott, for instance—you marry and respect, and the other you go wild over and spiritually ignore. Anthony had never believed this method fair to women. He had not liked to think that any human being should be treated without respect to his humanity; but perhaps the judgment of the normal world was sound, and there were people—people like Kitty—too light to touch even the honor in others. One did not let them down by treating them at their own valuation because they were too low to be let down.

Anthony was not sure of Kitty. He thought of her skimming life like a summer gnat above a pool, a light thing in the light air of her life, without balance or stability; but he could not be certain that she, too, had had no struggle. She had worked and suffered. For two years she had helped to stem the tide of suffering in France when France was the cockpit of the world, and she had shirked nothing.

His mind caught against a new point. Whatever Kitty was like, he need n't make her worse, he need n't add humiliation to her. And it would be a new humiliation if he went back to take her on her own terms; for she would know that in doing so he despised her. She would let him despise her because she would think it was only fair, but she would not like it, and because she would not like it, he must not do it. He must let her at least feel that the man who had respected her still respected her enough to leave her alone. He tried to hold himself to this decision, but it took the taste out of his life.

He did not know now what to do. He realized that his body was exhausted and wanted food. But he had no wish to fight this exhaustion. He would have liked to crawl farther into the hedge and become invisible and part of the earth. Max stirring in his arms roused him to his feet. He pushed on heavily, with his face toward London.

The apple-blossoms were spectral in the evening light; the sun fell behind a group of flaming elms; for a long time the sky held a delicate mauve color, fading into darkness.

The endless houses of the suburbs began; they streamed past him with long gaps of ugly, empty fields and half-built roads. He noticed nothing but a sense of closing in and the merciful quietening of night. He did not hurry.

Anthony tried to think about his work, but his mind beat relentlessly against the thought of Kitty. His life had no value to himself without joy, but he could still serve the community. If the world was hard, it was the more important for those who had tasted the quality of hardness to set themselves toward discovering possible alleviations for others.

As the persistent streets closed in upon Anthony, a strange feeling of exhilaration stole across his senses. He had a lift of the mind, and was possessed by that false sense of strength which comes on the verge of complete exhaustion.

He told himself that, after all, happiness was the only risk, and that he had survived it.

CHAPTER XIX

It was long past midnight, and London was as still as a mountain pass. The lights rose up hard and straight out of the empty streets; the vast, dim spaces of the squares retreated from them as if they were the points of weapons. Every now and then a furtive loiterer passed Anthony, a creature as shadowy and unsubstantial as a dream. Sleepy and stolid policemen stood phlegmatically under occasional lamp-posts, with their backs turned away from the mysterious secrecy of the dark. The tall houses were overpoweringly still, blank citadels of ease and security which forced a sense of outlawry upon the passer-by.

Anthony felt the sharp stir in him of a grudge against prosperity. It suddenly seemed to him as if law and order held too many cards. All humanity is at the mercy of certain casual blows, but how vast is the difference between the people who can afford to place in front of themselves the comfortable buffers of prosperity and those bleak wanderers whom the blast strikes full without any protection!

Anthony had learned as few men in his position had learned the grim habit of privation; he knew the difference between those who command convenience and those who are commanded by inconvenience. He had been without comfort, he had forfeited privacy, and become inured to rest without ease. He knew that privations undermine you and unfit you for higher pleasures, and that the little jar and spite of painful living prevent in you the release of thought. He knew also that behind privation stands tyranny, the blind possessor who strikes against courage and freedom.

Anthony held no theories about rich and poor, but his prison experience had taught him that those without choice are captives. He remembered only by chance, because for the moment he had no money and could not get a meal for Max, what it had been like to be without a margin.

The big, fine houses of the West End looked down on Anthony contemplatively; they seemed to be pointing out to him the rights of their solidity. Anthony changed Max from one arm to the other; he was near Henry's flat. It was a pity to disturb Henry, but Max was plainly exhausted; he lay like a springless log in Anthony's arms, and now and then whimpered to express his sense of the unseemliness of perpetual tramping through the night.

Henry's flat was behind Buckingham Gate. Henry had come in late from an evening's successful bridge, and he was preparing himself for sleep by reading a pleasant, well-written story. He liked to subside gradually from excitement to repose.

The maids always went to bed regularly at eleven. Henry listened with incredulity to the sharp tang of the bell. He opened the door and gazed with polite annoyance at the dusty figure of his brother.

"Really, Anthony," he exclaimed, "what an extraordinary hour to call — in flannels, too! And what have you in your arms? That Aberdeen?" Henry invariably thought of dogs according to their species. "You know I *never* like dogs in my flat."

"He has got to have a light meal and

a drink," explained Anthony. "I've walked him unmercifully; in fact, I've walked him from Rochetts."

Henry said no more. He prided himself upon the way in which his mind rose to face an emergency, especially by the manner in which, if possible, he evaded finding out what the emergency was until it was forced upon him.

He led Anthony into the dining-room, and said in a hushed voice:

"Above everything, we must not disturb the maids; that is the first thing to be considered. I hardly know what there is to eat in the house."

"Well, look in the larder," said Anthony, a trifle bluntly. "I suppose you know where your larder is? I do. I had a flat like this once. It ought to be on the north side of the kitchen. I don't want anything to eat myself; I want only scraps for the dog, and something to drink. Don't give him too much at once."

"It is not easy to disinter food in the middle of the night," objected Henry, "even if I can find the larder. However, I'll do what I can. Why did you walk so far—in flannels? Has anything happened to any one?" Henry meant, "Is any one dead?" But he never spoke of the dead except collectively.

Anthony said that every one was perfectly all right, and Henry left him.

Anthony sank into a big arm-chair, and Max fell asleep instantly at his feet on a soft lamb's-wool rug. The room was full of light. It was just what all the other big, inaccessible houses were like, so cruel outside, so full of comfort and hospitality within. Anthony wondered what it would look like smashed? Even this room, if you got up and broke everything in it, might look uncomfortable. Anthony's eyes took in all the breakable things. He was n't going to touch anything, of course; but he had an odd, excited desire in his mind to see the room in fragments, broken down and utterly in pieces, like some men's lives, so that, no matter what you did, you could not put them together again. It did not seem quite fair to Anthony that outside things should remain safe and whole.

Henry came back on tiptoe with a plate of scraps for Max and a tin dish

full of water. Max woke instantly, thanked Anthony for the food with a wag of his short, bushy tail, and ungratefully ignored Henry.

Henry was a little surprised and annoyed with Anthony for drinking only milk. He objected to his brother's abstemiousness because, as he knew, it did not come from principle. Henry felt that the only reason for being moral was morality, and Anthony had no grasp whatever of morality.

Henry had received disquieting accounts recently of Anthony's behavior, from a friend who lived at Rochetts. He had written discreetly to Daphne, asking for details; but Daphne, although she was a married woman and could have replied with sufficient discreetness quite nicely, had not replied at all.

Henry took a chair opposite Anthony and regarded him with tactful vigilance.

"I rather wonder," he said guardedly, "what made you walk twenty-five miles on Sunday night when you could have got up by the eight-thirty this morning."

"I might have asked for a lift," Anthony said considerably, "earlier in the night, perhaps, if I'd had any money, but I forgot to put change in my pockets when I put on my tennis things, and then I started to walk. Have you ever been without money, Henry?"

"I've sometimes run it very fine," Henry observed thoughtfully, "after a race meeting, and of course during the war I was perpetually short."

"Short of everything?" Anthony strangely persisted.

"Hardly, my dear fellow," said Henry, with an indulgent smile, "or I should n't be here now, should I? Everything is a tall order."

"That's what I keep wondering," said Anthony in a low, uncertain voice. "If one is short of everything, even hopes, what does one do? These circumstances occur, you know, Henry. Have you ever thought what you would do if everything failed, and there was no ground left to fight on?"

Henry shook his head reassuredly.

"Those circumstances are n't likely to come," he answered. "Of course I know

what you mean. Men have bad times. I had an extremely unpleasant one myself when you fellows went to France; it was no fun being kept out of it, and people discussing why one did n't go. I had hours of extreme depression, but I pulled myself together and got over it. Depend upon it, my dear fellow, making the best of things is always a question of grit."

"Yes, yes," said Anthony, impatiently; "but you must have the things to make the best of. What I mean is, what happens when you reach the point where nothing is savable?"

"I've been thinking as I came along about the down-and-outers, moneyless, without health, or without control, I don't much mind which—the people who have gone under. Death is so simple! You just go out; but what happens when life goes on and everything else stops?"

"Do you mean when you have no income?" inquired Henry, anxiously. "Has anything happened to Pannell?"

"Oh, nothing," said Anthony, "nothing at all, has happened to anything. I was n't thinking of us."

He leaned forward, and Henry noticed with uneasiness that Anthony's eyes moved and shone unceasingly.

"Henry, I wish you'd tell me honestly—what do you believe?"

Henry turned his eyes instantly on the carpet. He saw in a flash what had happened. Poor old Anthony had religious mania. That was why he drank milk instead of whisky, walked twenty-five miles on Sunday night, and would n't carry money about with him. This was what came of never going to church; the pendulum—or was it the boomerang—swung back, and Anthony had been hit by it. Henry's mind acted with promptitude and decision. He would soothe Anthony and as soon as he could, make an excuse to leave the room, and telephone for a doctor. Fortunately, Hilton Laurence, one of Anthony's best friends, lived quite near. He had a disagreeable, curt manner, but he could probably give Anthony a sleeping-draft and not mention it to any one else. Henry cleared his throat.

"I am sure, dear fellow," he said with feeling, "that there is behind the world

a creative and guiding power making for righteousness."

There was no sound in the room except Max's snoring. Anthony kept so still that he might have been made of stone. He seemed to be holding himself down in his chair with both his hands. Henry gathered confidence from Anthony's fixed quiet.

"I don't," he continued gravely, "often probe into these questions,—it seems to me wiser for us to take things on trust,—but I am confident from my own experience—and I am sure, if you think it over, you will be from yours—that we are guided and provided for all our lives."

"Was Belgium guided and provided for," asked Anthony, suddenly, "or children maimed in air raids, or outraged women? If you'd seen some of the people I've seen in hospital, my dear fellow, you'd back down on a kindly Providence. We've got to look at things differently, and not take up old mufflers out of the easier ages. What I want to know is, have you ever thought about it? Do comfortable people think?"

Anthony did not really care what Henry thought; he knew that Henry took his ideas ready-made from leading articles out of conservative papers, the opinions of other well-to-do people, and his momentary personal convenience. Anthony doubted if Henry had ever had a naked thought except once when he was nearly choked by a quince; but he wanted to rouse Henry and to talk himself. Thoughts ran through his brain as fresh and fast as the swirl of water; he wanted to see them take form and come out into the quiet room; he wanted to convince Henry of tragedy.

"What about other people?" he repeated. "You know the Serbians have had all their manhood rotted by typhoid and blotted out by guns. You know that men have been frightened out of their wits, and it takes an awful lot to frighten men out of their wits, and all the broken-hearted old people with nothing left to love till death takes them. Do you believe they were created for their good, robbed for their good by righteousness? And yet if there is no righteousness, one wonders why one minds. Why do we think about it at

all, but not go on our own greedy way snatching at anything we like regardless of the sufferings of others? Horses don't care about other horses. They would face any shelled place, the trained ones, — wonderful beggars! — without turning a hair; they'd see other horses struck in front of them, done in before their eyes, and never budge: but let a piece of shell scratch their flanks, and you could n't get them near the lines again, no good at all after a personal hit. Men are n't like that. We mind other people's hits; some of us try to stop them at a risk to ourselves. That's what I can't make out, this something in us. Is hitting what we need to put us on to it? Are we meant to keep down the guns as well as to suffer by them? And is God just the same only on a larger scale, more hit, more determined to stop what's hitting us? The story of Calvary, for instance. Is it a kind of queer, double-edged truth to show us that we and God with us are caught in a trap of pain, and must voluntarily stick it out, even when we could escape, to help the rest from going under?"

"There is the love of God, of course," said Henry, with one eye on the door. "I quite appreciate that point."

"Yes, we've got to care," Anthony agreed slowly; "that's what I never used to see. If you don't care, you can't help. You're not a safe person even, except, of course, to yourself."

"Self-control—" said Henry, going toward the fireplace and looking down into it as if he had lost something. "A religion without self-control, you know, would n't *do*. That is the value of form in Christianity."

"We've tried that," replied Anthony, impatiently. "Christianity which distinctly said 'the letter killeth' is too hard for us; so we set up churches and got out of it. We put the gold into the fire because it was so difficult to obey a spiritual God, and there came out a calf, an awfully clever golden calf, very convenient to worship, made up of all the ornaments of the people. But what ought to have gone into the fire was *us*! God went into it."

Henry shuddered. He disliked blasphemy.

"If you'll excuse me a minute," he said, "I'll just see if the spare room is ready. You must want to go to bed. I'll be back directly."

Henry came back humming cheerfully in the manner of those visitors to the sick who wish to encourage the sufferer by the sight of their own immunity.

Henry had remembered everything; he had told Hilton Laurence, who sounded extremely snappy at the other end of the telephone, to bring a sleeping-draft.

Anthony was sitting with his eyes shut. He did not speak until the electric bell sounded; then he opened them with curious celerity and remarked:

"That's probably the doctor you sent for just now. It's too early for the milk."

Henry jumped. He remembered the extreme cunning of madmen, and hurried to the door.

It was Hilton Laurence, and he said:

"Well, where is he?" as if he did n't want to hear Henry's explanations. However, he had to hear them while he was taking off his coat. Henry explained in a hushed voice Anthony's condition and his own inspired tact. The last time he had left the room he had taken away the poker.

Hilton Laurence showed no tact at all; he walked into the dining-room noisily, shook hands with Anthony, and said:

"Hullo, old chap! What's the matter with you?"

Anthony began to laugh. He laughed so hard that both the other men standing one on each side of him appeared preternaturally grave, and the graver they became the more wildly Anthony laughed.

Hilton Laurence looked at Anthony from under heavy, questioning eyebrows and then looked away again; but he did nothing to stop him laughing.

After a while Anthony stopped himself with a jerk.

"I've just discovered Henry thinks I'm mad," he explained to Hilton Laurence. "The funny part of it is, I'm not sure whether I am or not."

Hilton Laurence sat down on Henry's chair and said:

"You'd better go to bed, Mr. Arden, and leave your brother to me. He'll be

all right. Let him sleep on in the morning."

"The door on the left is his room," Henry explained carefully; "mine is on the right, if you should want me."

Hilton Laurence nodded. When the two men were alone neither of them spoke for a few moments, then Laurence said:

"What 's up with you, old chap?"

And Anthony, meeting his eyes, said quietly:

"I have been riding for a fall, and I 've got it."

"Some woman?" asked Laurence.

Anthony nodded.

Laurence said softly:

"Damn women!"

Anthony shook his head quickly.

"No," he said, "that has n't answered. It 's been tried already, you know."

Hilton Laurence took out a bottle.

"Here 's a sleeping-draft," he explained. "It 'll put her out of your head for twenty-four hours; then you 'd better come and see me. I 've got a good hospital under my care—brain and spine cases, result of wounds—and I want another man to help me. How rusty have you got?"

"The Germans let me look after our men and study some of their own methods in hospital," Anthony explained. "I 've helped at some good operations and I read a lot. I don't think I did much less work than if I 'd been here; I 'll have to get used to the conditions, that 's all."

"Good," said Hilton Laurence. "I dare say you can give me some tips. I have some very obscure cases." He got up, and glanced at Anthony again. "Well," he observed, "that 's all there is for you, you know—work."

"I know," Anthony agreed; "thanks awfully. I dare say I can work under you. Why I was afraid I was going mad was that I could n't think how I should manage to get back into things. I had what the Quakers call 'a stop in my mind,' quite literally a stop, Hilton, and when you arrive at a stop you find a quantity of strange impulses ready to get hold of you—vultures of the mind hovering about on the off chance of a carcass, and there does n't seem anything handy to keep them off."

Hilton Laurence nodded.

"Take a good long rest in bed," he said, "and you 'll find your mind 's all right. But you must keep away from the sore spot. That 's what work 's for; work and—well, for some of us, you know, other women."

Anthony shook his head.

"I know," he said. "I 've thought of that, too, but it won't do. There are no other women for me. I 've never cared about women like that."

"Ah, you 're romantic," said Hilton Laurence, going to the door. "I can't cure romance."

CHAPTER XX

NOTHING could have been less like Rochetts than Number 27 Palace Court. It was one of thirty large, red, solid houses overlooking one another. It was sufficiently far from a main thoroughfare not to be noisy, and sufficiently near never to taste, except in the small hours of the morning, undiluted silence. It was a broad cul-de-sac of a street, neither green nor untidy, upon which the sun struck without the tenderness of shadows. In the summer it was full of hard, clear light, and in the winter it seemed particularly open to gloom.

The house looked as if every thought it had was born in London and had never gone outside it except for the week-end. All the other houses were the same; they employed the usual number of well-trained servants, and enjoyed the same number of good meals and carefully kept habits. The only difference between Number 27 and the others was that it had been taken over by the Government as a receptacle for human pain and helplessness. It was an officers' hospital for cases which needed recurrent surgical skill.

Behind its solid face spun the slow, cruel hours of the fight between life and death, the sometimes stagnant, but ever-progressing, fight between the courage of the mind, reinforced by skill, and the helplessness of the broken body.

It was an intangible, persistent fight, shrouded in mystery. Sometimes skill got the better of the mystery, and men who came there expecting never to walk again went away cured and rejoicing;

and more often mystery got the better of skill, and hopes and efforts were alike baffled.

The hospital was only one of Hilton Laurence's many activities. He was an eminent surgeon, with his hands full, and glad to leave the unremunerative and more stationary work to Anthony.

Anthony did not want money; he wanted work. He had no tastes; two ugly rooms in a quiet street, with an occasional ill-cooked meal when he and his landlady remembered it simultaneously, were all he asked for. He had no expensive pursuits and no desire for expensive objects. He had a nervous horror of society and refused every invitation he received.

Books contented him, and the only form of exercise he took was to walk out of London down the North Road with Max at his heels after his work on summer evenings. He walked straight out, sat in a hedge to smoke a pipe, and returned. When the weather became too cold, he went into a cottage for a cup of tea instead; but he never sought any companionship beyond Max's, and he disliked all attempts at conversation.

Anthony did not realize that he was trying as far as possible to reproduce his prison conditions; but it was, nevertheless, what his mind fumbled toward. He wanted to feel about him the safety of inflexible habit, set work, and an increasing inhibition. He wanted to close all the avenues to his senses down which might come the haunting images which racked his heart. He wanted not to remember, not to feel, not to see. He felt that if he could only completely cut himself off from his old conditions, he might be as marooned in London as on a desert island.

It was easy to get rid of his family by the hedge of his work and the reassurance of an occasional letter. He seldom saw Henry, who had been severely discomposed by his own lack of judgment. He was, of course, glad Anthony had not gone out of his mind, but at the same time he disliked to think that he had been provided with all the materials for thinking so without the event taking place.

Hilton Laurence persisted from time to time in trying to draw Anthony out

of his packed solitude; but Anthony disliked his excellent, well-chosen dinners, where men aired their theories of reconstruction, and carefully avoided the subject upon which their lives were spent. All talk which did not deal with the immediate became for Anthony a mere cheating of the intelligence, a bite on empty air. He wanted to see speech used only for the purpose of action.

Thought was different. You must, he knew, accumulate thought in order to provide the safe material for activity, but no after-dinner conversation went very deeply into thought. London traveled more easily upon the oiled surface of its hourly topics; and Anthony, who had got into the habit of thinking a thing out till he hit against his last idea, was often disconcertingly aware that people thought he ought to stop, and that politeness forced one to leave one's social foxes at some distance from their holes.

"You ought to be a Trappist," Hilton Laurence said to him once; "You have made a religion of silence."

The only exception Anthony made was that he talked to his patients; for them he waived all his rules and inhibitions, he encouraged them to speak off the point, because they did not know what the point was, and, if confined to its preconceived direction, might miss it altogether.

Anthony was peculiarly gentle and patient with his cases. He would listen intently to the irrelevant, and no complaint ever escaped him.

"It is just as important for a mind that manufactures complaints to get rid of them by airing them," he explained to Hilton Laurence, who suggested shorter methods, "as for a real complaint to be looked into and tackled, only the remedy in the first case is chiefly in the airing of it. It is always worth while to listen to what people say if they have anything wrong with them at all. Of course if their only ground is to present themselves picturesquely, one might try a different method. All introspection is selfish beyond a certain point, and all selfishness increases the difficulty of breaking a habit. It is a curious point that unselfishness is invariably bad for other people, and sel-

fishness bad for the person himself. One would like to know the moral, if any, a bishop would draw from it."

"You may be sure he would n't accept it if he could n't draw a moral from it," said Hilton Laurence. "But what method would you try with a case of sheer nerves?"

"I 'll tell you when I 've found one," replied Anthony. "At present I don't believe in sheer anything. I used to before I went to prison, and when I was first there—the first six months—I believed then in sheer misery, but other factors came in. There were curious, unexpected let-ups."

"You must have had some odd experiences," Hilton Laurence ventured tentatively. Anthony had never talked to him of his imprisonment.

"The most ordinary ones in the world," Anthony answered dryly. "I learned how to bear what I could n't, and I got this out of it—that now I know I can. The limit of human endurance is the limit of consciousness. When you get to a certain point you turn or break, or, what is perhaps common, part of you breaks, and part of you turns. Life means you to have this process gradually. That's why, in general, old people are weaker and wiser than the young; they don't get their experiences all at once. But in this war some of us got it quick, and we have to pay for it slow."

Number 27 Palace Court absorbed Anthony. He had cases outside it, private cases which came to him from his old practice or from the wide circle of the Arden family, and others came from his singular successes; but his life was the life of Number 27. He felt it move in him like the double consciousness of domesticity. He never took any obvious notice of the nurses, but nothing about them escaped him. If one of them needed a holiday, Anthony saw that she got it; and if another scamped her work, Anthony found out why, and if he could n't remove the cause, and he often could remove the cause, he removed the nurse. He rather disliked the capable and unattractive matron, who seemed to rely more than the unattractive should upon the exhibition of her capacities; but he saw that her rule was in the main just,

good for the patients, and bringing out, with occasional flares, the best qualities of the nurses, and he knew that justice, even a rough-tongued justice, is too valuable a quality to pass over. When Hilton Laurence said:

"I can't stand that matron; let's get rid of her. Women were meant to please, and she would n't please an iron door-scraper," Anthony bluntly refused.

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't see that women were any more meant to please than men. When they do, they often do it to get out of other things. Matron knows her job; we've never had a scandal here, or lost a case through carelessness. You don't want a woman you can fall in love with for a matron; you want a woman you can't."

Hilton Laurence looked rueful, but he agreed.

"I'm not at all sure *you* can't fall in love with her," he said rather crossly. "You're both made of cast-iron. The sisters are quite pretty, and I don't believe you've looked at them."

But Anthony had looked at them. He knew every detail of their work, and he had watched their absorbed, complete self-consciousness, to which their daily life was a mere subsidiary fact. They were women long before they were nurses.

Anthony studied the Irish Roman Catholic sister, whose gay and joking exterior hid a determined unselfishness. He knew she would appear careless of details and be safe to leave patients with; he could n't trust her memory, but he felt certain of her punctual heart. She was one of the race of mother-women to whom all objects of care are more precious than their lives.

On the other hand, he deeply disliked a smart and neat-handed young woman whose interest centered in her own attractions, and who would sacrifice a patient's comfort for a moment's self-indulgence.

A flirtatious night sister once made an emergency call an opportunity for a determined attempt upon Anthony's affections, but she did not do it again. He stared at her out of strange, gray eyes with ironic curiosity.

"I wonder why you are doing this kind of thing," he said on the landing

in his low, clear voice; "you do it very badly. I should strongly advise you to return to your duties."

It was the first time that Anthony had realized that the nurses were of the same species as Kitty. It came over him as he looked at the confused and irate night sister how differently Kitty would have taken his question, and how in the end she would have triumphed over him. He could never have said that Kitty played the game of sex badly; she played it so well that half the time Anthony had never been aware that she played it at all.

Now he was aware. Every sense he had ached for her and demanded her perpetual stimulus. He was like a man athirst in a desert of sand; he could drug his brain with work, but at night his body and his heart beat out their revenge upon him, and this silly woman, with her unready eagerness for his attention, forced back his torture straight upon him.

He wondered, as he left her, if he had blamed her too sharply. Perhaps her desire to win his admiration had been aroused by the obstinate longing for another woman in himself. The invisible traffic between mind and mind is full of misleading messages. The night nurse hated him from that moment, but all the nurses preferred Hilton Laurence; he was less polite, much less considerate, and far more approachable.

It was the patients who wanted Anthony. There was something in his spare, tall figure, a little bent, in his grizzled hair and young, gray eyes, which filled them with confidence and hope. He was young enough to inspire them and old enough to reassure them by his steadiness, and they knew he cared.

They felt he was there for them, not for success or experience or money, not merely as a doctor, but as a personality. He would never let anything interfere between their cure and his efforts, nor would he give up helping them when help seemed useless.

The purpose of his being was to relieve pain, and in the depths of his quiet eyes was the full knowledge of it. He had that understanding of suffering, complete and without shrinking, which

few doctors possess. He did not want, as Hilton Laurence did, to rush in with his health, his skill, and his brisk cheerfulness, and then get out again as soon as possible, forgetting.

Laurence's "cut-and-come-again" attitude frightened the weak and gave no encouragement to men who had been undermined by recurrent pain. They could not believe in quick or cheap escapes.

Anthony offered them none; he never deluded them or hurried from them. If there was nothing he could do, he listened carefully to what they had to bear; the most he ever said was, "I think this trouble will improve in time," or, "I hope this may help you a little," and when he said this, improvement and help always followed, and renewed the smoking flax of hope.

He succeeded in persuading men to make efforts who had given up the attempt in despair, because they saw that he had had personal dealings with despair.

"You see," Anthony explained, "it is always worth while trying, because no one knows the exact place where courage takes over from failure, and it is a pity to stop at failure if one can help it. Miracles are merely getting the hang of a thing suddenly that you've tried at deliberately till you're sick of it; you've got to help yourself just as far as you can before anything else helps you, and few of us know how far we can till we try."

"It's much easier," he explained to another man suffering from general debility after a severe wound "to get over a bad time than to get over having had one. That's your trouble now. The bad time is finished, but it took half of you to get through it; you've got to win that half back. It will be quicker if you keep reminding yourself that you really *are* on the right side of things, though of course it won't be easy. You must go on calling the other half of you back."

But if his patience was endless with the weak, he was sharp with those who did forbidden things from bravado. Anthony had always despised the false courage which wants to be admired; it cloaked too clearly an invisible cowardice.

"Don't think you are showing courage," he would assert to a man who had disobeyed a restriction. "Courage is the patient handling of danger; it is not the foolish manufacturing of it for purposes of showing off. No one in a busy hospital is going to admire a fool. We should deeply regret it if we threw away your case by our carelessness, but no one is going to mind your throwing it away by your own."

Anthony took endless trouble to divert his patients' minds; he never rested till he found some taste or hobby which he could encourage. Nothing in the hospital was allowed to prevent a man's carving out a healthy interest.

Hilton Laurence was often surprised, and the matron frequently irate, at Anthony's waiving of the rules to suit the oddest occupations.

"In a short case," he explained to Hilton Laurence, "you can concentrate on the disease, and one needs only to know enough of a man's mind to keep his nerves quiet and his common sense uppermost; but in a long case you *must* know your man, and get him an object—virtually *any* object outside of himself—to hook on to. Any invalid's attention gets concentrated on discomfort and sensation, and the longer the case is, the more water-logged and self-centered the mind gets. You've got to fill it, if it's only for half an hour a day, and never mind on what—comic songs, theosophy, tall stories, well-cooked food, the study of the Welsh language, or a music-hall star. Look at that jockey you handed over to me a month ago. I could n't think what to do with him, he seemed such a stuck case; all that septic business, going on so long, had just rotted him to pieces. Actually, the mischief had stopped, but I could n't start him up. He'd been ill too long. I wrote to my father to unearth some old racing papers I knew my brother Tom had kept for years, and the man lighted up immediately. Sister got him an album, and I found him sitting up in bed, a thing he assured me he would never do again, pasting in different records of horses as fast as he could go. Then we started getting a sporting editor to visit him and keep him up in what was going on now, and it's astonishing

to see the change in him. He's sleeping and eating and getting quite a healthy color back, and all because he's succeeded in finding something that interests him more than his own inside.

"All these long cases need humoring; they are beyond drugs and knives. We doctors have got to learn how to give them desires."

"Desires," murmured Hilton Laurence. "Well, I dare say you're right. I've often acted on that theory without analyzing it." He hesitated for a moment, then he risked, "Come to think of it, I did it in your own. You know, my dear fellow, six months ago, when I blew into Henry's flat, you were as near going bang off your head as any fellow I ever saw. I wonder how I dared trust you in an operating theater with the instruments."

"I'd have been much more dangerous without them," agreed Anthony. "Things you are accustomed to handle give you sanity straighter than ideas. I once knew a pianist who was so drunk before his performance he could n't walk across the stage. The manager asked him how on earth he was going to play, and he said, 'Just get me to the piano somehow; it'll take care of me.' They put him on the music-stool before the curtain rose, and he played divinely. No one guessed why he did n't get up to bow afterward."

"Do you think your piano has cured you?" asked Laurence, curiously.

Anthony looked at him steadily for a moment, then he turned away.

"The man was still drunk," he observed, "after he'd finished playing."

CHAPTER XXI

CHEERFULNESS was the predominant note of the two long wards in No. 27 Palace Court. They were first floor rooms, formerly stately London drawing-rooms, leading into each other. One room had long, bulging windows looking over the short, broad street toward the high, red houses opposite, and the other large, straight windows which overlooked a small, open plot, a broken tank, and a tree. The room itself was divided by its small beds and enlarged by its shining, carpetless floor. A glass

case by the door held beautifully polished sterilizing instruments. It was the only sign of the office of the place. A large center table was covered with well-arranged flowers. By each man's bedside was a convenient locker, with room for more flowers. There were no curtains, no pictures, only the friendly monotony of whitewashed walls.

Charming printed-cotton counterpanes covered the small beds, and in the beds were the broken men. The nurses moved in and out, young, starched, and brimming over with their hopeful activity. They were always there when they were wanted, and their stereotyped smiles and jokes were as unfailing as the cleanliness of the polished instruments; but the men were, nevertheless, alone, under the mask of their cheerfulness.

Visitors came in from outside; they brought the breath of the big, bustling world with them, and sometimes they brought its fatigue. They seldom knew how to talk to the patients. Either the sight of pain and helplessness reminded them of street accidents and doleful emergencies, which they promptly related, or they felt they must rouse their old friends to what was going on in their own full lives; so they poured out the wash of their easy cheerfulness across a sea of pain.

The tired and weakened minds of the patients gathered themselves together for the effort of attention. Very few visitors realized that in the presence of weakness personal strength should be used only to reinforce it along the lines of least resistance; and that those who are suffering pain are more vulnerable to accounts of pain than they can very well bear.

Anthony knew these points from memory. He knew how to slip a pillow under a tired head so as to give it the precise angle of fresh restfulness, and in just the same way he had learned how to slip the subject a man wanted under his drifting mind. It was part of his treatment to spend hours in the hospital. It upset the nurses and curtailed their jokes, but they got used to him. He was very silent, and came in and out like a shadow drawn by some instinct toward the men who needed him most.

Of the three types of cases in the little hospital, one was of those who were nearing the point where they would have to be pronounced hopeless. When this was reached, they would be moved to a big hospital for incurables, or, if they preferred it, they could be returned to their own homes.

The mind of science—all that it already knew, and all that its patient skill was fumbling toward—would be switched off them; there would be nothing more to be done. Whenever they saw a doctor in the wards their eyes grew into the question: "Has the time come? Are we finished?"

The doctor or the matron always told them as if a pleasant change lay before them, and the men wanted to be ready to take the joke in the right spirit. They knew that when that change came there would be no more changes.

Hilton Laurence never dealt with the hopeless cases. He left them to Anthony. They were not operatable, and he frankly confessed that he did n't know what to say to them.

He could, he explained, tell a man he was going to die as well as any one, but he had n't the nerve to tell him he was going on dying. He left that to Anthony. Anthony accepted his patients in a different spirit; he sat with them every day, and when he was not with them, his mind was seldom off them. He was determined they should have a future. His mind constantly twisted this way and that against the bars of their cages.

Whatever was left of them Anthony found a use for. He never let one physically hopeless case leave No. 27 without placing before him something he could do. Each patient cost him sleepless nights and endless watchfulness; his own life became sucked up in their problems, but he grudged nothing that he gave. He knew that death was far less terrible and far less an enemy than despair.

There were also those for which there was some hope, but in which the symptoms had continued so long as to obscure it. The patients might win through to approximate recovery if the men themselves could grasp it or were not too tired to wish to grasp it.

These cases were the most difficult of all, because unless the will was arrested and brought into action, they would probably sink into the same class as the incurable. They had to be made to believe that they were getting better and at the same time stimulated to want it.

Their symptoms had already obtained a fascination for them; they longed to be left in the little effortless circle of their pain and weakness. Suffering was their world; it was no longer acute, and their strength had sunk below the line of any desire to escape it. They only wanted their condition to be acknowledged and to be left alone with it.

Anthony was endlessly patient with them. He found out what their old tastes had been before their symptoms blotted out their significance, and he worked down to them as a careful excavator works down to a buried marble. He was never in a hurry and he never struck too hard.

The third class of cases were the happy ones. An acute observer would have known them as he entered the wards. Their eyes were alive, and the look in their faces was resolute. They knew they were getting better and that they were contributing towards their own recovery. They often had to suffer intense pain, but beyond it was a horizon; they had not sunk below the level of personal fight.

Anthony found them a great help, because he set them in his mind as the models for the others. He learned from watching them what could be expected of the coöperative spirit, once you had found and roused it.

"Science can do a great deal," Anthony observed to Hilton Laurence, "but if we get faith on top of it, it can do almost anything. The trouble is that scientific men are n't taught to handle faith, and generally the faith-healing people are set against science; so we do our job about as well as a team of pulling horses."

"The invisible is n't our job," said Hilton Laurence, impatiently, "and most people's faith is nonsense."

Anthony shook his head.

"I don't think it is," he said reflectively. "I think most people's faith is courage; only we have n't enough of it."

Hilton Laurence looked suspiciously at his partner. He was sometimes afraid that Anthony was becoming a crank. Laurence was enough of a scientist to know that you must keep your eyes open for a new theory, but he wished to see a new theory produced on an old line. Cranks are people who want new lines. However, perhaps all Anthony needed was a holiday.

Hilton Laurence met Henry the next day by chance at a street corner.

"Your brother," he said, "ought to go out more. Why don't you take him to a music hall? Try 'Yellow Slippers.'"

Henry had not seen Anthony for months. He had made suggestions, but Anthony had always got out of them, or asked Henry to meet him at hours and places that Henry thought unsuitable.

Henry urged "Yellow Slippers" over the telephone. Anthony replied that he would certainly dine with Henry, but he hated music halls.

Henry, however, convinced him that he must tolerate the revue because Anthony had, after all, tolerated nothing convivial for ages, and it was Henry's idea of being with him. It did n't occur to Henry as possible simply to dine with one's brother and have the rest of the evening suspended in front of one.

"It's not as if you played bridge," he reminded Anthony, reproachfully.

They went to "Yellow Slippers," and it was exactly what Anthony had thought it would be—one good song, several pretty dresses, boredom, noise, and very unanimating coarseness. Between the acts they walked up and down the promenade, and saw the overdressed, over-painted, under-vitalized habitués. Henry knew who they all were, if they were at all well-known, but he was very careful not to do more than point them out to Anthony.

"We don't want to get mixed up with any of them," he explained. "At the same time, one can't go about with one's eyes shut."

It reminded Anthony of a circus, but he did n't say so—heat and dust and glare, and creatures held to be tame that ought to have been free to be wild. The wildness that he saw occasionally flicker up through the slow evening was not enough to tear down one of the bars.

The promenade was not, as it would once have been to Anthony, a boring or a disgusting sight. It shook him with pity. He knew now what these men and women wanted: they were seeking for the chief stimulant of life. The younger people had in their eager search the quality of freshness; they sought for this vivid stimulant with more uncertainty. Sex still had for them the survival of the unexpected. They looked for it in the wrong place, because out of the glare and noise, with its promiscuous expanse of professional charm, they could get only the least from their desires. They were throwing away quality for the sake of experience.

But for the older people there was a deeper pity, with a sharper penalty. They knew precisely what they wanted; there was no mystery to uplift and disguise desire for them, and no escape into the unexpected. What they had had many times and with zest they wanted to have again with a flickering satiety. They wanted it less, and yet they wanted it with a sharper edge of eagerness than the young. They knew that they had only a short time, and there was nothing else that they wanted to do with it. Anthony watched them without condemnation; he, too, shared their sense of frustration. Experience which had shut them in had shut him out; he saw no reason for any superiority. There was something in them which they had wasted until it had lost its significance, and there was something in himself which for lack of use had no longer any significance at all.

"There," said Henry, with a note of explanatory patronage, "is quite a different type—a woman with style. I am very much mistaken if she is not a woman of the world. One notices these differences at once if one has the observer's eye. I dare say she has no more virtue than a professional cocotte, but she knows how to carry her head. She would pass anywhere for any one."

Anthony turned to look.

"All these types are alike to me," he began; then he stopped abruptly, for the words were no longer true. The girl leaning over the balustrade was Kitty.

Whatever Kitty was there for, even if she did n't particularly want it, was already in her hands. She had an air of complete detachment and immunity. As she turned her head slowly back to the promenade, her eyes met Anthony's. She still smiled indolently, but in her eyes there flashed a sudden signal of appeal.

She looked at Anthony for a moment as his worst patients looked at him when he came into the ward and their eyes searched him to read their hopeless fate.

Then as he turned quickly toward her, she gave her old careless laugh.

"Hello, Tony," she said. "You're as unexpected as an archbishop. I should never have thought 'Yellow Slippers' was your kind of form. You must be going down in the world just as I'm climbing up."

She made no introduction to the man beside her; there was of course a man beside her, a tall, weedy youth with a single eye-glass. Kitty turned her shoulder toward him, and said over it, "Go and get me a box of chocolates; you know the kind I like." Then she waited till he had disappeared. Anthony noticed with a sharp pang of dismay that Kitty had changed. Her face and wrists were curiously thin, and there were hollows under her unquiet eyes; but her smile was the same, and she looked him up and down in a whimsical, unhurried friendliness.

"It's awfully nice to see you," she said, "once in a way, you know, after six months. Is that your brother Henry? He's like you, only he's much tidier—tidier in his nature, I mean, as well as in his lovely white waistcoat. He'll burst with curiosity, trying to pretend he does n't want to hear what we're saying. Why don't you bring him over and introduce him to me? I could n't do him any harm, you know; I'm sure he takes far too much care of himself to run any risk. I suppose I'm a risk, are n't I? I can't say *you* look particularly nice, Tony. Your eyes are cross, and your hair's too long, and your dress-suit is shocking. It looks as if you wear it only once a year to dine with the lord mayor. I expect you keep it the rest of the time under a pile of

medical dictionaries, don't you? I do like a man to be smart."

"I'm not going to waste time introducing you to Henry," said Anthony, quickly, "but I've got to see you properly myself. Where are you staying? Here's your confounded ass with the chocolates."

"He has fifteen thousand pounds a year, so he tells me," said Kitty; "so he can afford to be silly. You can't, you know, Tony. I should n't bother about my address if I were you."

"You've got to tell me," said Anthony, stubbornly. Kitty's eyebrows went up. "I mean," he entreated, "you might let me know, Kitty. This is n't seeing you, if you were honest when you said you were glad."

The young man reached them and looked haughtily at Anthony.

Kitty held out her hand for the chocolates.

"Yes," she said, "these are the kind I eat, only I don't feel like them now."

She raised her eyes to Anthony.

"I've taken a flat with Peckham," she said, "a horrid little hole; but I've let the farm. You can come and see me to-morrow if you like at four o'clock—6 Trevor Road, Kensington. Fancy Kensington! It sounds like mothers' meetings and socks for the poor, does n't it? But you won't meet any mothers at Trevor Road. Good-by, Tony."

Anthony turned reluctantly away from her. He was aware of Henry's tact in the distance, strained almost to breaking-point by his curiosity, but Anthony brushed it ruthlessly aside. Henry's tact meant nothing to him; he must get away now, get away at once before his self-control broke like glass. Anthony felt as breakable as glass, and as transparent, before Henry's searching eyes. He realized suddenly that he had, after all, been thinking about Kitty for six months. He had never left a moment unemployed, but behind the employment, behind the fixity of his outer mind, had lain inexorably, almost unconsciously, the central thought of Kitty; and now that he had seen her face to face, his thinking was no longer unconscious. It pervaded the visible universe.

"I've got to get out," he said brusquely to Henry.

"Oh, all right, all right," said Henry, soothingly. "But, for Heaven's sake, old fellow, don't *look* as if you'd got to! The building is not on fire."

"Is n't it?" murmured Anthony, dryly, as he turned away. "I have a kind of impression that it is."

CHAPTER XXII

THE very fact that Anthony had fought with the image of Kitty for months undermined his resistance to her; the sight of her set him ablaze, and there was nothing left in him which could put out the fire. He turned his eyes from her only because she possessed the universe. As long as he was sure of her presence, he could go on behaving as if she were not there; but from the moment the big door swung behind him and his sight was robbed of her, he lost all other consciousness.

It was a cold, raw evening in December; unhappy flakes of snow fell without direction or intent, and changed instantly to moisture on the pavement. Henry acquired a taxi with precision. He said something about skidding and something about the evening having been a pleasant one, and he was prepared to share the comfort of the taxi with Anthony; but Anthony shook his head. He stood there ambiguously without offering to give the taxi-driver Henry's address. Henry gave it himself, finally, and dissolved like the uneasy snow, leaving Anthony to the wet streets and his persistent phantom.

Everything held Kitty, each darkened window, each hard, bright light, each flying taxi. Anthony saw over and over again her thin wrist and hands, the hollows under her eyes, the mocking spirit of her laughter. What did it cover? What dreadful thing was Kitty hiding? What had attacked and eaten away her youth?

The physical aspect of her dimmed all other questions; he did not ask himself who the man was she had with her, or why she was in London. Sickeningly and with increasing pressure fear and memory rushed over Anthony. He saw the apple-orchards in June, he remembered how the buttercup-fields sailed toward him on their sea of gold, but fear

was in every image of that returning spring. His heart beat uneasily under the vision of beauty.

When Anthony reached his empty rooms, he walked to and fro till the late winter morning sent its unlovely, muffled light into the room; then he lay down on his bed without undressing. Sleep caught him and flung him like an enemy.

When he awoke it was late, and he could hurry through the early details of the day and let the hurry blind him. Anthony was only aware of an intense uneasiness awaiting him. He had to take a minor bone operation at the hospital for Hilton Laurence. It was a tedious, ticklish small operation on which Anthony could force his mind; he did not let himself think of anything beyond it. The usual instruments, the heavy net of the ether fumes filling the theater, came down like a shelter between him and his stalking fear.

After the operation he went the round of his wards, but here the sense of emergency died out and refused to support him. Kitty came into the wards and destroyed them: Kitty crying by the billiard-table, Kitty giving him a wild, sudden kiss beneath the sober beeches, Kitty smiling into the storm of rain that beat against their faces as they tore down the long, white roads, Kitty cowed and silent in the tower room before the enormity of Anthony's disillusionment.

The patients felt the quality of Anthony's attention was different; there was no strength in it. He looked at them, listened and commented on what they told him, but the force he used on them and for them was no longer there. It was reserving itself for an unknown ordeal; they could not touch it.

Anthony stopped to look at his bone case, slowly coming back to consciousness from the world into which the ether had mercifully plunged him. The white, inexpressive face on the pillow, with drugged, blank eyes, roused in him a sense of envy. This man could get through his worse moments buried in unconsciousness. Anthony was alive and aware as a man tied to a stake and facing flame is aware.

He prolonged his work till the late

afternoon, and then hurried with a desperate sense of frustration toward Trevor Road. It was an unexpected small road lying between two main thoroughfares, a small, unmeaning little byway of low, fawn-colored houses.

The street was respectable, but dingy; it seemed planted there without intention, and it was difficult to imagine Kitty in any place so unobtrusive and so without the forms of life.

Peckham opened the door to Anthony, and Peckham, too, was changed. Her face was older and smaller than Anthony remembered it. She had faded, and become uncertain of herself. Her standards of life had fought with her love for Kitty. Love had, in the end, triumphed, but at the expense of Peckham's solidity; she could go on serving Kitty without believing in her, but there was less of Peckham left to serve.

She was glad to see Anthony, but her eyes told him that though she would rather see him than any one else, he had come too late to save her ruined standards.

She said a little dryly:

"It's a long time, sir, since we've seen you. You'll find Miss Kitty upstairs; she has the front rooms on the right."

Kitty had the most expensive spot in the inexpensive house. There were more windows and heavier curtains in her room than in any of the others, and it was filled with larger pieces of insignificant furniture. Massive, curious-headed chrysanthemums bloomed oddly in hideous vases, and a box of chocolates lay unopen on the table.

There was a fog outside, and some of it had crept into the overloaded little room and given it an air of mystery. Kitty was sitting over the fire, crouched on a large blue velvet footstool.

Her small, white face had a look of stubborn suffering. She glanced unsmilingly at Anthony over her shoulder.

"You've come, then," she said; "you'd have been more sensible not to. It's such a boring day. I don't say I would n't be pleased to see the Angel Gabriel walk in with his last trump. It would be some kind of sensation, anyhow. I've always thought the day after the judgment would be rather fun. It'll be



"Anthony carried her over to a small, hard sofa by the window and laid her down on it"

such a joke rubbing it into the other goats that they're in the same box as you. There are sure to be some pious ones who thought they'd get off cheap and leave you to the burning.

"What do you think of my new quarters? Third-class lodgings rather remind one of hell, don't they?" She waved her hand in the direction of the spotty, leaden oil paintings on the walls. "It's not very amusing, is it?"

"You'll have to tell me why you're here before I can say whether it's amusing or not," said Anthony, carefully. "People's ideas of amusement differ. I did n't find 'Yellow Slippers' entertaining last night, for instance."

"It was better than the alternative, anyhow," said Kitty, defensively. "Fancy being shut up with these spiky bookcases and blue roses all the evening! Personally, I consider my present surroundings a certificate of my respectability. Poor old Peckham! You might tell her it strikes you like that; it would please her. I should n't stay in a place like this if I were going in for gilded rapture, should I?"

"The truth is, I'm stony broke. I've forgotten all about the two ends somebody or other tries to make meet. I have n't even got one; and if I had, I'd sell it for twopence."

Anthony's eyes rested on Kitty's jeweled fingers and on her barbaric dress of wall-flower and old gold.

"Well," he said, "you ought to see your way to twopence."

"That's clever of you," she said approvingly. "Any one else would have offered me fifty pounds, and I should have no use whatever for fifty pounds. What I want is five thousand a year and no questions asked."

"Even that," said Anthony, "you might get if you put your mind to it."

"Not without questions," said Kitty, quickly. "If people do anything for you at all, they want to know what you do with it, and all about you. Then they try to make you do something else. Curiosity is so tiresome! I never want to know anything I don't know already; the kind of things you can be told are n't the least interesting."

"I'm afraid they have a distinct interest for me," said Anthony, slowly.

"I came here to find out one of them to-day."

Kitty looked at him appealingly.

"Did n't you just come to see me?" she murmured. "Don't ask silly questions, and after I've warned you so nicely, too, and I was n't feeling nice when you first came in. I might quite easily stop being nice now if you bother me about anything."

"Kitty," interrupted Anthony, "I'm sorry, but I don't care a damn whether you're nice or not. I've got to find out now what is the matter with your shoulder."

Kitty stammered in a gust of frightened anger. She flung her head back, and her face grew pinched and changed, as a flower withers and alters under a touch of frost.

"What do you mean?" she said sharply. "There is nothing the matter with my shoulder. You're stupid and interfering. I wish you had n't come."

"Still, I have come," said Anthony, "and I've got to find out."

He got up and took her very gently by both arms. She twisted under his hands, and struggled madly against him like a wild thing.

"Let me go," she muttered between clenched teeth. "I hate you! I've always hated you! Let me go, Anthony!"

But he did not let her go. He held her with a gentle force against which all her struggles failed her. She sank passively against him; the wild throbbing of her whole being stilled itself. She neither fainted nor cried.

Her eyelids covered her eyes. There was no color in her face except the delicate touches of rouge that stained its deadly whiteness. Anthony carried her over to a small, hard sofa by the window and laid her down on it. She was no heavier than a child.

Kitty opened her eyes and smiled at him. Her anger was gone as suddenly as it had come.

"Do what you like," she said, shutting her eyes again. "After all, it does n't really matter what anybody knows."

Anthony fixed his face so that, if she looked at him later, she would not see his expression change. He was aware of what he had to meet, and he knew

that he must show nothing. The strength of her resistance to him had been the strength of her fear. He became aware of every sound in the small room: the muffled noises of the foggy street; a stir below him in the dining-room, where some visitors were pushing back their chairs; the plunge and vent of the small flames in the fireplace; and Kitty's light, swift breathing under his hands.

He made his examination methodically and quickly. It was what he had feared, but it was worse, because not even Anthony had dreamed that Kitty could bear in silence such a burden of hidden pain. The lump on her shoulder and beneath her arm extended in a long line down her side; the growth had probably been very rapid for the last six months. It was already close to the wall of her lungs, if the poison had not already invaded it. He guessed from the unstable lightness of her breathing that the invasion had already taken place.

He finished his examination without comment, drawing the shimmering dress lightly over her deadly secret. He knew that Kitty's eyes were on him now, and he turned his own to meet them. They showed her nothing but his steadiness.

"I hate lying down," said Kitty, impatiently. She pulled herself up by a hand on his shoulder, shivered a little, and moved back to the fireplace. For a while neither of them spoke; then Anthony broke the haunted silence.

"It may be one of two things," he said quietly. "I must get a second opinion before I decide which it is. Hilton Laurence had better see you with me to-morrow; but if you don't mind, I must ask you a few questions first. I think we can do something about it, you know."

"Oh, but I don't want anything done," said Kitty, quickly; "that's just why I have n't told any one. I arranged it all in my mind—you see, I hate fuss and doctors and nurses. I was afraid from the first it might be rather bad, and I simply won't be an invalid. Directly I've had as much as I can stand, I shall send Peckham off for a holiday, and then I shall go away by

myself, to some nice, undisturbed place, and take veronal. It's just been a kind of race between the fun and the pain. I did n't mean to stop until I'd had enough fun, and I meant to stop if I had too much pain; but after I'd decided—it was—it was enough—" Anthony lowered his eyes. The room was foggier than before. Kitty leaned forward a little. The words that came from her seemed forced against her will; they crept out into the dim air like frightened things. "I've had enough pain," she whispered.

Their hands groped for each other. Anthony knelt down beside her and put his arms round her waist. He held her to him as if he could hold off the onslaught of all enemies; but it was Anthony who broke down.

Kitty drew his head into her lap and stroked his hair.

"It does n't matter," she said under her breath. "It's not as bad as you think. It'll be all right, Tony. I won't go on too long. I'm glad you know now. I did n't want you to, because I hate the—ugliness; but you must n't mind so much. You see, my life is n't really anything very much. I'm just waste—like a bit of dust that dances in the sunlight. It looks pretty jumping up and down, but when the light's gone, it's only dust."

"Don't, Kitty! don't!" said Anthony. "I can't stand it. I'm so horribly strong myself, and I can't use it for you. I can't get any of it out."

"But there is n't anything for you to worry about," Kitty urged. "I've had all the things I wanted,—I mean all the things I could have if I'd lived to be a hundred,—and it would bore me awfully to grow old and fat, perhaps, with wrinkles. Now I shall just slip out, nicely and young, without any fuss."

Anthony pulled himself together.

"Not yet," he said, "Kitty darling. You have n't begun to have the things you want yet, because I had n't got them to give you before; now I have. Only give me a chance. Let me fight your pain! For God's sake, Kitty, let me fight it!"

She looked curiously down at him.

"How funny of you to care still," she said, "when I thought I'd killed it!"

Dear old Tony, I did n't mean you to have this wretched time. What is it that you want me to do?"

"Be patient," he urged her; "do what I tell you. I'll have to see Hilton Laurence first before I'm sure, but there are things that can be done for you. I admit it's a fight, but you'll have the whole of us on your side. Everything I am and everything I can do will go into this fight, Kitty."

Her eyes looked gravely at him. She seemed to be weighing for him and for him alone the cost of what he asked her. She shut herself out of it as completely as if she had already ceased to exist. Then she said gently:

"All right, old boy. I promise you I won't back out of it."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE two men discussed the case for an hour before Kitty came. They were busy men, and an hour was an unusually long time in which to go through the claims of even the strangest case. Kitty's case, though there was an element of doubt about it, was not strange; but it was, in a doctor's phrase, a "nearly perfect case." Hilton Laurence, poring over the diagram Anthony had drawn for him, had never seen one so far advanced.

"And she can come here," he said incredulously, "in a taxi? She must be a strong young woman; most women, or men, for the matter of that, at her stage of the proceedings would be lying drugged in bed, with a couple of nurses in attendance."

"She is n't like the ordinary run of women," said Anthony. "She has the thoroughbred's nerve; that's what seems to give her a chance, a fighting chance."

Hilton Laurence glanced quickly at Anthony.

"Do you know her very well?" he demanded. "As a friend, I mean, as well as a patient."

Anthony hesitated a moment, then he faced his friend's eyes.

"I know her about as well," he said, gravely, "as a man knows a woman when he can think of nothing else."

Hilton Laurence shook his head.

"Ah," he said, "that's a pity. I'd better do the operating myself, then. You can help me if you like, of course, but you'll be asking a good deal of yourself, Arden. If I were you, I'd leave the case entirely in another man's hands."

"I can't do that," said Anthony, quickly, "but I'll be glad if you'll do the actual operating. I'll see her through the rest; I am asking more of her than I am of myself. But you have to ask a good deal of people in order to be of any use to them."

A discreet parlor-maid came in with a card.

"Show her in," said Hilton Laurence without looking at Anthony.

Kitty came into the room as if she were arriving at a party—a party where she expected to be very successfully entertained. She looked triumphantly well and perfectly mistress of herself. She wore a set of Russian sables, a little gold-brown fur cap came down low over her dark curls, her emerald ear-rings danced beneath it as Anthony remembered they had danced and flashed the first time he saw her.

She threw back her furs with a little gesture of relief; they were lined with green brocade and showed a honey-colored chiffon blouse.

Kitty moved like the light *Princess* in George McDonald's fairy-tale — the *Princess* who could not weep because she had no gravity.

At Anthony's introduction she gave Hilton Laurence an intimate, disarming smile. Kitty's smile was at once an invitation to good-fellowship, and a promise that no tiresome exactions would follow. It was a smile that said, "Here I am, and I'm sure you're going to be awfully nice to me, but you won't find me a bit of a bother afterward."

The two men were aware that they had ceased for the moment to be doctors: Kitty had transformed them into alert and friendly hosts. Hilton Laurence held a chair for her, and Anthony was sent to find a biscuit for her Pekinese.

"I hope you don't mind dogs," Kitty explained. "As a matter of fact, Algy is n't a dog; he's a Chinese dragon. You can't keep a real dog in London,

can you? But I must have something that wags. Besides, Algy is supposed to match my fur. He loves it so much he eats it. I suppose you have n't got chocolate biscuits; those are the kind he likes the best. Your rooms are rather nice, not like a doctor's a bit. Those old prints are so jolly, and I suppose you have flower-boxes in the spring—like an actress. But what a frightful lot of books! Do you make Tony read them? Poor old Tony? Do tell me about him. I suppose he's awfully clever, is n't he, like the strong, silent men in the detective stories who find out everything in the end, if they don't turn out to be the murderer themselves? I should n't think you were a silent man, are you, Mr. Laurence? Though I'm sure you're a strong one. Tony says I'm to call you 'Mister,' because surgeons are smarter than doctors, and the smarter you are the less there is to show for it. Is that the idea?"

Hilton agreed that it was, only, if you got smarter still, he explained, they make you a knight, which rather landed you.

The Pekinese being satisfied with sweet biscuits, took the rug in front of the fire.

The sun came out and played upon the gilt bindings of the medical books and made patches of gold upon the thick, soft carpet. Kitty eyed it appreciatively. She loved the sun and thick, soft carpets and all the ease and brightness of the world. She leaned back in her chair and surveyed the two men before her with confidence. She knew that she could handle the occasion with the ease which was natural to her in all situations which contained men.

Men can put up with disagreeable occasions, but they do not like to feel that any woman they admire finds an occasion disagreeable, and Kitty invariably let them off this realization.

"Kitty," said Anthony, quietly, "I think you'd better come over here and let us have a look at you. You'll have to take your things off, and lie down on this little sofa."

The two men turned to each other while Kitty strolled across the room. She stood in the patch of sunlight, and slipped off the security of her furs.

She was silent now, but there was a tranquillity in her silence, compared with which the perfunctory conversation of the two surgeons together was nothing but a nervous flurry. They had to say something, but Kitty had n't. She looked out of the window, lay down on the sofa, and turned her eyes in the direction of Algy, who yawned.

"Now we'll just have a look at you," said Hilton Laurence with a renewed and impersonal cheerfulness.

Anthony said nothing. He stood on the other side of Kitty with his eyes fixed intently on his colleague. He was trying to see Kitty not with his own eyes, but with Hilton Laurence's eyes. He was determined to know and feel about her exactly what Hilton Laurence knew and felt, so that he would not be deceived by the sharpness of his own personal hopes and fears. He ceased to think of Kitty herself in his anxiety to read the other man's mind.

Hilton Laurence was not thinking of Kitty's personality either. She had become a case, an extraordinarily interesting, madly neglected case. She was not a human being any longer; she was a little, undressed figure on a sofa, a pitifully broken figure lying there to be, if possible, mended.

She was forgotten, but she herself did not forget; her mind wandered with amused serenity over the men before her. They could n't be only doctors to Kitty; they were men, and it was the first time she had ever seen men intensely at work.

All the rest of her life had been connected with men at play.

Kitty had been their play. Games, dances, and entertainments had filled in the hours, and she had shared them all with an admirable mastery; but she knew that she herself was the aim of all the other pleasure. The men she knew had been intent, but they were intent on pleasing her, and these two men, who had forgotten her altogether, were just as intent without there being any question of pleasure.

She wondered curiously what it would have been like for her if she had had something to do, something besides men to interest her. Her whole life might have been different; less amusing, per-

haps, but more worth while. She might have been just as attractive, but with something else to fall back on—something with more permanence and dignity. But perhaps she could n't have managed both. Being attractive took a great deal of time. Her father had once told her: "People who rely on their natural charm wear it out or have to become unselfish. It's a subject to which you must devote your whole attention in order to succeed." And apparently the interest of work took time, too. After all, you could n't have everything.

Kitty was glad that she had seen Anthony at work. Work would be good for him; it would be good for him whatever happened.

The Pekinese stopped yawning, drew his way slowly through the lamb's-wool mat, and sniffed suspiciously at the two doctors' legs.

"Silly old thing!" murmured Kitty. "They are n't doing me any harm. They think they're doing me good,—that's their idea, anyhow."

Hilton Laurence was recalled by her voice. He spoke with his habitual reassurance, but without looking at her.

"Thanks," he said; "I think we've seen enough. If you don't mind, Miss Costrelle, there are just one or two points we'd better discuss while you're dressing up again. I'm afraid we've tired you, rather. Shall I send you in a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

Kitty shook her head. She thought it rather funny of the two men to go away and leave her, but it made it convenient to powder her nose. Laurence had a sensible looking-glass.

When they came back they found the same conquering princess as before. Kitty's head rested against a black cushion, and the Pekinese was rolled up on her lap.

Kitty had a habit of complete muscular control, so that she made very few useless movements. She could sit perfectly still for hours without stiffness or restlessness. She sat quite still now, smiling across the room at the two men as they came back to her.

Anthony had himself well in hand. His face expressed nothing; he even gave Kitty a slight answering smile,

which did not touch the controlled gravity of his eyes. But Hilton Laurence came in with a reluctance he could not quite hide; he hated to pass sentence on this radiant young life before him. The thought of it made him look tired and old. He could stand his friend's iron self-control, but it was harder to meet the friendly gaiety of Kitty.

He drew a chair opposite her and said quickly:

"I'm not going to beat about the bush, Miss Costrelle. That lump of yours is a nuisance; we've got to get rid of it. Arden and I are both of one mind; we think surgical treatment is needed."

"Surgical treatment means an operation, Kitty," said Anthony, with a little twisted smile; "it's our pretty way of putting it."

"No, I don't want to be pretty," corrected Hilton Laurence, frowning; "I'm going to be perfectly straight with you. This operation, which is for bad glands, is a tedious, difficult, and serious business, and you're not in the very best condition to have it. But you're a brave girl, and I think you'll stand it."

"Is it only glands?" asked Kitty, playing with one of Algy's long, soft ears.

"Are n't very bad glands enough for you?" asked Hilton Laurence, quickly. Perhaps he asked his counter-question a shade too quickly. Kitty's eyes rested on him thoughtfully, then they turned to Anthony.

"Is it only glands, Tony?" she repeated.

"We're not perfectly sure ourselves," said Anthony, gently; "but in any case, we think it'll help the pain, Kitty."

"You'll undoubtedly be the gainer by it," interposed Hilton Laurence. "You don't stand to lose anything by the operation, Miss Costrelle."

"No," she said quietly; "only, of course, I'll be ill, sha'n't I—I mean it's just lying in bed and having nurses and being an invalid? It's rather sickening, is n't it?"

"Life is a sickening business, Miss Costrelle," said Hilton Laurence, gravely.

None of them said anything for a

time. The fire crackled busily on the hearth, the winter sunshine filled the quiet room. There was nothing to be said against the impalpable and awkward fact that would turn a gay princess into a stricken, hopeless invalid. The two men facing Kitty could perhaps ease her downfall, but they could not prevent it.

It was impossible to say what Kitty knew. She was grave; then she picked up Algy and shook him.

"He likes to sleep," she explained, "in the middle of the morning, though he's quite young, really. I think it's the cream he takes for breakfast, and it goes to his head. It's in the Bible, is n't it, how shocking it is to be drunk at the third hour of the day? I don't know if it was meant to include Pekes."

She rose with her careless grace and glanced over her shoulder at Anthony.

"Let's go to Kew in a taxi and have lunch at Richmond, Tony?" she suggested. "It's such a heavenly day."

Hilton Laurence gave a sigh of relief. She did n't understand, then; he smiled paternally upon her.

"You could n't have a better program," he exclaimed; "the air will do you all the good in the world."

"All the good in the world?" repeated Kitty, teasingly. "And how much do you suppose that is?"

Of course she knew that nothing would do her any good. A dazed look had come over Anthony's face; he stood quite still by the door, holding it open for her.

Hilton Laurence transferred his swift, clear-cut attention to Anthony.

"Hand me over your case-notes for to-day, old boy," he said quietly. "I'll take them over for you."

Anthony pulled himself together.

"Thanks," he said gratefully; "but I must just telephone to the hospital."

Kitty passed out into the hall. Hilton Laurence followed her. She laid her hand on his arm with a little friendly gesture of persuasion.

"Look here," she said in a rapid undertone. "When I'm dead, make Tony stick to his work, make him think he ought to help people. He likes helping people, you know. It's funny; I

had no idea work mattered so much to men, but I see it does. Make him stick to it. You see, it would be such an awful pity for Tony to be smashed, would n't it? Because he really *does* help people, and awfully few people ever really help. They just make a fuss on the top; they don't go down into it. I'm sure you know what I mean."

"My dear young lady—" stammered Hilton Laurence. Of course he ought to say she was n't going to be dead, but something in Kitty's eyes checked him.

They stood for a long, queer moment in the hall holding each other's eyes. Then Kitty heard Anthony's returning footsteps. She smiled at Hilton Laurence, reassuringly.

"I dare say I shall get better, and it won't matter," she murmured soothingly. "Another time," she added in her clear, high little voice, "perhaps you'll invite me to lunch. Could he, Tony? Or is it one of your dreadful rules that doctors can't eat with patients—like prisoners with their executioners? I'm fearfully hungry, but I dare say I shall hold out till I get to Richmond. Tell the man to drive fast."

Kitty leaned back in the taxi, and Algy, yapping with tremendous zeal, poised himself on her knees. He was prepared to feel that he himself was the engine. Every nerve in his small, erect body responded to the winding-up of the car. He stood upon Kitty's lap as an admiral stands upon his bridge ready to direct the biddable universe.

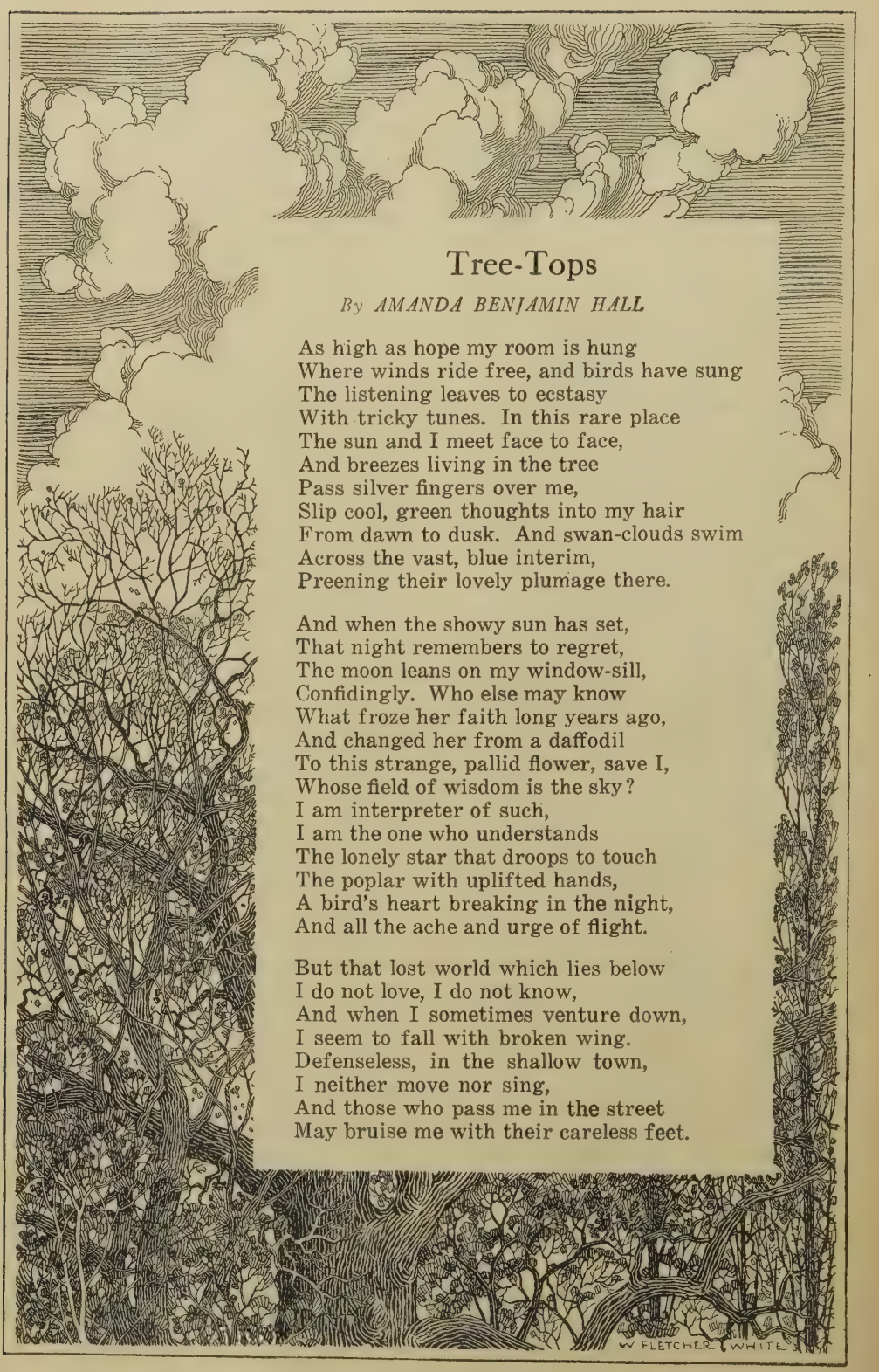
Kitty turned her head and looked back at Hilton Laurence. He did not usually stand on the steps to say farewell to his patients, but he stood there now.

"Promise you'll keep him up to it?" called Kitty, touching Anthony's arm with her hand.

"I promise," agreed Hilton Laurence.

"What's that you've made him promise?" asked Anthony as they moved quickly down Wimpole Street, and flashed up the bustling stretch of traffic stretching away toward the Marble Arch.

"Oh, it's just a little thing I wanted him to do for me," replied Kitty, lightly. "And now I'm going to enjoy myself."



Tree-Tops

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

As high as hope my room is hung
Where winds ride free, and birds have sung
The listening leaves to ecstasy
With tricky tunes. In this rare place
The sun and I meet face to face,
And breezes living in the tree
Pass silver fingers over me,
Slip cool, green thoughts into my hair
From dawn to dusk. And swan-clouds swim
Across the vast, blue interim,
Preening their lovely plumage there.

And when the showy sun has set,
That night remembers to regret,
The moon leans on my window-sill,
Confidingly. Who else may know
What froze her faith long years ago,
And changed her from a daffodil
To this strange, pallid flower, save I,
Whose field of wisdom is the sky?
I am interpreter of such,
I am the one who understands
The lonely star that droops to touch
The poplar with uplifted hands,
A bird's heart breaking in the night,
And all the ache and urge of flight.

But that lost world which lies below
I do not love, I do not know,
And when I sometimes venture down,
I seem to fall with broken wing.
Defenseless, in the shallow town,
I neither move nor sing,
And those who pass me in the street
May bruise me with their careless feet.



The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

XX. THE LAST YEARS IN THE FOOL'S PARADISE

THE five or six years preceding Armageddon seemed to show the world as an increasingly calm and happy place. This was true despite the shock of Agadir and of the Balkan wars. Great crises had come and gone, but the Western powers had never joined battle save in the newspapers. Responsible statesmen had apparently suppressed the jingoes. Kaiser Wilhelm and Bethmann-Hollweg seemed to be treating the Pan-Germanists with contempt. As for a general European war, wide-spread opinion was that it would be so unsettling economically, as well as so inhumanely destructive, that the money kings of the world, more powerful by far than their "crowned puppets," would never suffer it. If their potent influence failed, confident predictions had it that the socialists of Europe, by some kind of general strike, would render the wicked schemes of capitalistic rulers hopeless; and this opinion was comfortably adhered to, notwithstanding the firm refusals of the German socialists to join in pledges to their non-German comrades to support a policy of extreme non-resistance, and the clear announcement by German socialist leaders that in a *defensive* war they and their followers would shoulder guns as bravely as the Junkers.¹ But

even apart from this alleged, but certainly peculiar, alliance of the toilers and the money kings in the blessed cause of peace, there were thousands of other reasons that made supposedly wise men declare wars impossible and armies and navies increasingly useless. "I do not believe there ever will be another serious war," asserted a distinguished French lecturer touring the United States in 1912, "and I will tell you why: because *we have out-grown wars; they are too silly.*" And vast audiences had applauded. It was a period of innumerable peace conferences, conciliation proposals, enrollment of women and school-children in peace-leagues, cut-and-dried infallible schemes for substituting courts of arbitration for shrapnel, and for ending the questions of Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, the Balkans, and the desires of the Pan-Germans for a new Roman Empire, by applying a few delightfully simple principles for international conduct as worked out by self-constituted reformers, men who knew little of the concrete problems they so jauntily attacked.

American millionaires endowed costly peace institutes with well-salaried staffs of excellent gentlemen without special diplomatic training to go up and down the world explaining how foolish it was to dream of aggressive schemes on the part of one's neighbors. This peace propaganda had of course been seized upon especially in America with the cus-

¹Of course there has never been an admittedly offensive war in all modern history. Every nation avowedly has taken up arms because it was actually attacked or because its dearest rival was violating its rights so wantonly as to constitute an attack. By making this exception the German socialists virtually gave away the entire case.

tomary Yankee enthusiasm for something new, and no doubt it attracted its largest lecture audiences and circulated the greatest multitude of its tracts in the United States, where whole cities were ready as a unit to assent to the cheerful dictum that it was absurd for Alsace-Lorraine to keep France and Germany asunder. But American pacifism, although possibly the best financed, was hardly more aggressive and outwardly successful than that of France and England. In France pacifism took the form of a violent agitation against the army and its discipline, with the clear suggestion that there was no need of trying to prepare against a German attack which could never possibly happen. In England pacifism made such an impression upon the somewhat stodgy, unimaginative, and essentially peace-loving lower-middle and laboring classes that any attempt to introduce general military service became difficult. In Italy the propaganda also made hopeful headway, as of course it did in all the small non-Balkan countries of Europe, where consciousness of military impotence easily convinced even the foreign ministers that arbitration was far better than artillery. Russia was of course sodden in her medievalism, and admittedly conditions in Germany and Austria were less favorable to the cause than elsewhere, although enough persons were found to write encouraging letters to the pacifist leaders of France, England, and America to make the latter certain that the good leaven was working, and that if only their own countries would refrain from irritating the Teutonic extremists by insisting on maintaining considerable armies and fleets themselves, the happy day would soon dawn when a fortunate humanity, released from the bare imaginings of war, would find itself unitedly beating its spears into pruning-hooks.

The detailed history of the peace movement between 1900 and 1914, the story of how men and women of apparent sanity and in many cases at least of perfect purity of motive, hypnotized themselves as well as deluded millions of others who accepted their opinions as facts into believing that a

great war had become impossible—this story will constitute one of the most interesting as well as one of most melancholy in all human annals. Had the propaganda had only a little greater shade of success, had it been able to drug England into curtailing her fleet and France into curtailing her army, the Pan-German dream might have enjoyed almost instantaneous fulfillment.

Such a movement, "prophesying smooth things" and providing a philosophic justification for believing what every honest Englishman, Frenchman, and American was fain to believe, if his intelligence permitted, required, of course, a literary prophet, and such a prophet was at hand. Mr. Ralph N. A. Lane's "The Great Illusion" seems at this writing as ancient and withal as discredited a volume as the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," though it was actually published as recently as 1910. Its issuance was considered by its author, who preferred the pen-name of Norman Angell, and his backers as an international event. Not merely did it appear simultaneously in London and New York, but also in Paris, Leipsic, Copenhagen, Madrid, Leyden, Börga (Finland), Stockholm, Turin, and Tokio. Some of the great incorporated peace agencies, with their enormous financial resources, seem to have given Norman Angell's ideas their peculiar favor and benediction. The writer took himself with the colossal seriousness worthy of a new apostle from Mecca proclaiming a new Koran. In his preface he explained carefully what were the "key chapters" of a book which had in its first draft "provoked discussion throughout Europe." A synopsis was provided for the unlucky mortals who could not tarry to study the complete gospel, although the author, overwhelmed by the greatness of his mission, earnestly assured them, "those who desire to understand thoroughly the significance of the thesis with which the book deals—and it is worth understanding—had better read every line of it."

"Norman Angell" was not always lucky in his choice of authorities. For example, he repeatedly quoted as an "acute American observer," useful to

prove several of his most essential points, a person whose name seems identical with an American journalist who received most unpleasant notoriety in 1917 for alleged pro-German sympathies and propaganda.¹

This author also took pains to advertise the fact that "within three months of the appearance [of his preliminary pamphlet] the German ambassador in London had made the principles outlined the basis of a diplomatic pronouncement." None of these things troubled Mr. Lane or anybody else in 1910. His book had an enormous vogue on both sides of the Atlantic and was accepted by its author and his friends as of epoch-making importance; and important it was as aiding to mark not the beginning, as they imagined, but the close of an era.

Mr. Lane attacked the old methods of the peace advocates who had argued against war merely because it was very cruel. Perhaps this is true, but it will never convince the world, because in private affairs men are often very cruel likewise. Mr. Lane knew a far better reason for abolishing war—because it did not pay. First of all, armaments were of little use in protecting weak, unaggressive states against aggressive ones. Why does one know this? Because little states, barely able to struggle if attacked, to-day (1910) are far happier and more prosperous than strong military ones. They are not liable to conquest, because "*conquest becomes economically futile.*" Trade is an exceedingly complex thing, and all human prosperity depends on trade. The least military knock will disturb it. Thus it does no real good, for example, for Germany to overrun one of her minor neighbors. "When Germany annexed Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace, not a single ordinary German citizen was one pfennig the richer."² Then why assume that the conquerors will be so stupid as to blunder for another time and seize something that will breed them only trouble? "The con-

queror is thus reduced to economic impotence. . . . Armies and navies cannot destroy the trade of rivals nor can they capture it. The great nations of Europe do not destroy the trade of small nations to their benefit, because they cannot."

In proof of the above assertion Mr. Lane looked at the higher security of the government bonds of the little countries rather than of the big, and surely the financiers know the cold facts. "Thus the three per cents. of powerless Belgium are quoted at 96 and the three per cents. of powerful Germany at 82. . . . all of which carries with it the paradox that the more a nation's wealth is protected the less secure does it become." Of course Norman Angell's powers of vision did not reach forward the scant four years when Belgium was to be systematically looted after the manner of a Sennacherib or a Nebuchadnezzar.

Trade, credit, the prompt exchange of commodities, and the steady processes of banking have become so indispensable to the world that it was really a silly speculation to imagine the capture of London by a host of invading Germans would do any special harm to London. What if the Teutons *did* seize the Bank of England? Of course every other British bank would suspend payment. That would hit all the German banks and their correspondents, and "German finance would present a condition of chaos hardly less terrible than that of England." The German general who ordered the deed would himself find "that his own balance in the Bank of Berlin would have vanished in thin air . . . and for the sake of loot, amounting to a few sovereigns a-piece among his soldiers, he would have sacrificed the greater part of his own personal fortune." Even if the German army were guilty of such "economic vandalism," Teutonic banking interests would raise such an outcry that the war would probably stop; and as for the German jingoes, "an elementary lesson in

¹These references are to the first edition of "The Great Illusion," 1910, in which the author stated most bluntly what appear to have been his real convictions. In later editions some portions of his gospel seem to have been prudently modified.

²Norman Angell apparently was entirely ignorant of the great economic gain to Germany from the seizure of the Alsace-Lorraine iron-mines. In 1918 Germans were declaring it would spell industrial ruin to their empire to release the annexed ore districts.

international finance which the occasion afforded would do more than the greatness of the British navy to cool their blood."

And so through an elaborate argument! Much of the discussion and logic was undoubtedly clever, and many of the points worthy of serious consideration, but the whole book was charged with a Sadducean materialism, with half-truths, and with evasions of patent spiritual facts that made it one of the most unhappy documents of its age. A great English thinker and critic, Frederic Harrison, in March, 1914, stated thus the whole impression which this widely disseminated book produced upon him:

I have long ago described the policy of "The Great Illusion" . . . not only as a childish absurdity, but a mischievous and immoral sophism. . . . To preach a doctrine of Peace as if its main principle were financial and material interest is rank falsehood to all the lessons of history . . . but it is also a degrading distortion of the genuine sources of patriotic enthusiasm.

Indemnities would not pay, annexations would not pay, colonies would not pay; it would be very silly for Germany to try to get any British colonies. She would be sorely disappointed if she seized them, and as for England, it would be no great loss if they disappeared. "How grossly erroneous . . . [is] the common jargon . . . that the 'loss' of her colonies is going to involve Great Britain in ruin, and that the 'conquest' of her colonies is going to achieve for the conqueror some mysterious advantage which the present owner has never been able to secure!"¹

Equally futile and non-profitable is the idea that there are moral heroisms or any other compensating non-material advantages through war. Theodore Roosevelt had spoken in favor of

"the stern strife of actual life" for nations as well as for persons, when a righteous case called for it. Charles Kingsley had praised "a just war against tyrants and oppressors." Ernest Renan, quite a different genius, had written that "man is only sustained by effort and struggle [in national no less than in individual affairs]." Norman Angell is under no such "grave misconception." The author drew his analogy for the qualities of soldiers from those which made good vikings and pirates.

"We owe a great deal to the viking," wrote this Englishman four years only before the best and bravest of his countrymen with their comrades of France were going forth to give their lives that London and Paris might not suffer the fate of Liège and Louvain, but the race was outgrowing that juvenile stage when vikings and pirates could be heroes. Therefore we are "quite prepared to give the soldier his due place in poetry and legend and romance," but we "are nevertheless inquiring whether the time has not come to place him [*the soldier*], or a good portion of him, *gently on the poetic shelf with the viking; or at least find other fields for those activities. . . . which have in their present form little place in the world.*"

The above are samples of the philosophy and conclusions of a book that in its hour was read as a new evangel by amiable women, and concerning which spectacled professors wagged their heads respectfully in their lectures as demonstrating great discoveries as of a new economic Columbus.

With these opinions, it is not strange that Mr. Lane makes short and bitter work of those who fail to believe that nations should live by bread alone. The American Admiral Mahan had written: "Like individuals, nations and empires have souls as well as bodies. Great and beneficent achievements minister

¹In his 1910 English edition Mr. Lane kindly informed his British readers that in his German editions he had entered into this point at greater length than for them, because Germans somehow labored under the delusion that colonies were sometimes worth while. I have not seen this German edition. Did the author tell an intelligent Teutonic audience that the possession of India had been of no economic advantage to England, or of Java to Holland?

²At this moment, when the writer is bidding God-speed to very many stalwart, high-souled young men, his students, sending them forth from their studies to the training camps and to the more immediate armed service of embattled America, it is impossible to resist the statement that the above sentence, putting the soldier in a just cause on a level with the freebooter, represents one of the most unhappy and perverted sentiments ever expressed in the English language.

to worthier contentment than the filling of the pocket." This sentiment the Englishman quotes, to make the retort: "Have we not come to realize that this is all moonshine and very mischievous moonshine?"¹ One of his own countrymen, Mr. Blatchford, had written a clear opinion about certain things as he saw them: "Germany is deliberately preparing to destroy the British empire. . . . The German nation is homogenous, organized. Their imperial policy is continuous, their rulers work strenuously, sleeplessly, silently. Their principle is the theory of blood and iron." Upon which Mr. Angell freed himself thus: "It would be difficult to pack a more dangerous untruth into so few lines. What are the facts?" He was indeed willing to reach the grudging conclusion that under existing conditions it was useless to plead for immediate disarmament, but some of his confident assertions make marvelous reading a few years after they were penned, as for example, his statement: "Take the case of what is reputed, quite wrongly incidentally, to be the most military nation in Europe—Germany. The immense majority of adult Germans,—speaking practically, all who make up what we know as Germany—have never seen a battle, and in all human probability never will." Apparently he little reckoned on living to see the day when current reports would declare that 5,000,000 of those non-military Teutons were then mobilized under arms, and that 4,500,000 of them had already been killed or wounded in battle.

And so he proceeded spinning his pleasant arguments, and hiding himself in Merlin's House of Dreams.

Angell rejoiced in the lime-light of a vast deal of correspondence and criticism. It made him and his backers very happy when distinguished Englishmen like Mr. Frederic Harrison ran a tilt with him in public letters. But the

excellent gentleman never heard, until much later, of the comment made upon his book by the most distinguished critic of them all. About six months before the outbreak of the Great War, a prominent American lady met his Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany and Prussia at Naples. She had discovered a certain bellicose vein in his Highness and an excessive admiration for the deeds of Napoleon I.² As an antidote she presented the prince with a copy of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion," which seeks to prove that war is unprofitable. His Highness' answer was brief and pointed. "He said that *'whether war was profitable or not, when he came to the throne there would be war, if not before, just for the fun of it.'*"³ It is only just to record that the prince had a great advantage over the worthy Mr. Lane in his opportunities to translate his ambitions into action.

Mr. Lane and his fellow-spirits, whose name was legion, continued their brisk activities up to the coming of Armageddon. On July 31, 1914, when English diplomats were making frantic endeavors to discover whether Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium and thus save the world from being completely changed from an Eden to Gehenna, Mr. Lane could see nothing in all the Teutonic schemes that should make Englishmen turn in their sleep. In a letter to the London "Times" he solemnly pooh-poohed at "the trouble Germany would pile up for herself should she attempt the absorption of a Belgium, a Holland, and a Normandy." To enter the impending war would be merely for the promoting of the growth of autocratic Russia. "We can best serve civilization, Europe—including France and ourselves,—by remaining the one power in Europe that has not yielded to the war madness. This, I believe, will be found to be the firm

¹When I was in Germany a few weeks before the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, intelligent Germans asked me about the acceptance of Angell's books in England. Did they represent the point of view of most Englishmen, were many copies sold, how far were they received in America? It may be honestly stated that "The Great Illusion" probably aided to create one great illusion; namely, the belief which very many responsible Germans hugged up to the end, that England would not fight.

²The Napoleon cult was almost an essential part of Pan-Germanism. He had indeed been a foe to Prussia, but he had given the Pan-Germans an admirable example of how to discard moral law and to found a colossal empire.

³Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," p. 96. See Note 2, end of chapter: Bernardi and the Pacifists.

conviction of the overwhelming majority of the English people."

The British chancellery, however, did not feel required to ask this gentleman to draft its state papers. Probably Sir Edward Grey and others in the Foreign Office felt that Mr. Lane and his numerous compeers had already done the cause of peace a disservice simply incalculable. Besides hinting to the Pan-Germans that the British people were open to the most callow species of arguments, and subordinated national security and honor to strictly materialistic considerations, such presentations naturally tended to increase the assurance of the Prussian militarists that in confronting Great Britain they were dealing with a society incapable of large sacrifices, and sure to knuckle under the moment it was smitten by another nation animated by the spirit of do or die. Mr. Lane, then, could comfort himself that he had at least contributed not insignificantly to the bringing to pass of the greatest war that ever afflicted the planet, a fame certainly sufficient for many private citizens.

While great peace societies in England and America were spending large sums persuading non-Teutonic nations that arbitration treaties were cheap and complete substitutes for rifles and battle-ships, the Government of the French Republic was spending money also. This money was not being spent on peace lectures, but on secret service. It was not spent in vain. The German spy system may have been the most complete in Europe, but it was not without efficient rivals. On April 2, 1913, the French minister of war transmitted to his colleague the minister for foreign affairs an "official secret report received from a reliable source" of the scheme for increasing the German Army and the political reasons for the same. Neither the men who drafted this report nor the men who read it lived in the House of Dreams.

The secret report was dated Berlin, March 19, 1913. It set forth that France, England, and Russia had obviously formed an *entente* to hem in

Germany. The new Balkan situation "had lessened the value of the help our ally [Austria] could give us." Germany, however, must now make a marked increase in her army for "properly ensuring her influence in the world. . . . Neither the ridiculous shriekings for revenge by French chauvinists, nor the Englishmen's gnashing of teeth, nor the wild gestures of the Slavs will turn us from our aim of protecting and extending *Deutschtum* [German influence] all the world over." German public opinion, therefore, must be carefully schooled. "We must accustom them to think that an offensive war on our part is a necessity, in order to combat the provocations of our adversaries. We must act with prudence so as not to arouse suspicion, and to avoid the crises which might injure our economic existence. We must so manage matters that under the heavy weight of powerful armaments, considerable sacrifices and strained political relations, an outbreak [of war] would be considered a relief, because after it would come decades of peace and prosperity, as after 1870. We must prepare for war from the financial point of view; there is much to be done in this direction. We must not arouse the distrust of our financiers, but there are many things which cannot be concealed."

To win the war, native Mohammedan factions must be stirred up against the French in Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, and especially against the English in India. The small European states must also be looked to. "It will be necessary that the small states should be forced to follow us or be subdued." The Scandinavian lands could perhaps be ignored, but a careful policy must be formed as to Holland and especially Belgium. If the attitude of Belgium gave "advantages to our adversary in the west, we could in no circumstances offer Belgium a guarantee for the security of her neutrality." Germany must accordingly get ready a strong army to take the offensive promptly on the lower Rhine opposite Belgium. "An ultimatum with a short time limit, to

¹Norman Angell's assumption that he understood completely the temper of the English people and the egregious misstatements contained in this letter are typical of the whole pacifist propaganda. He may not have known all the confidential facts as to Belgium, but in that case he was making sweeping public assertions without possessing any proper knowledge.

be followed immediately by invasion, would allow a sufficient justification for our action in international law." If war comes, "we will then remember that the provinces of the ancient German Empire, the county of Burgundy and a large part of Lorraine are still in the hands of the French: and that thousands of brother-Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia are groaning under the Slavic yoke."

A little later (May 6, 1913), M. Jules Cambon, French ambassador to Berlin, wrote to his Government, quoting some remarks General von Moltke had made at a German military gathering. "We must put aside," said this high general, "all commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor. When war has become necessary, it is essential to carry it on in such a way as to place all the chances in one's own favor. Success alone justifies war." Therefore to defeat France before Russia could mobilize, "we must anticipate our principal adversary as soon as there are nine chances to one of going to war, and begin it without delay in order ruthlessly to crush all resistance."

M. Cambon was a thoroughly reliable diplomat of high integrity, who knew what he was reporting. Upon this question of anticipatory wars, Moltke might have seen Bismarck's opinion rising up against him, although Bismarck himself had not practised strictly his own dictum. In his "Reflections and Recollections" (II, 101), the Iron Chancellor said, "[I have always been of the] conviction that *even victorious wars cannot be justified unless they are forced upon one*, and that one cannot see the cards of Providence far enough ahead to anticipate historical development according to one's own calculations." He adds that it was very risky to let young military men, in their anxiety to put their troops into action, get control, so as to menace the nation's peace.

"But it [the military power] only becomes dangerous *under a monarch whose policy lacks sense of proportion and power to resist one-sided and constitutionally unjustifiable influences.*"

The Pan-Germans, however, had long come to consider Bismarck as somewhat of an old fogey, who would in all proba-

bility have been unable to adapt himself to the up-to-date demands of the twentieth century.

In the face of these warnings France, not without reluctance, but convinced by her military men that refusal would menace the national safety, reenacted her law, making three years, instead of two, the normal term in the army. The republic consented to this with a heavy heart, for the declining French birth-rate was throwing her sadly behind in competition with Germany, and this long diversion of the young men to the colors increased the drain on the national economic prosperity; but despite pacifist protests and syndicalist threats, the three-year law went through parliament and into the statute-book. Also Russia was taking warning. Her army was being steadily reorganized after the Japanese fiasco. Money borrowed from France was being wisely spread out on strategic railways. The handicap in munitions manufactories promised to be overcome. By 1917 it seemed likely that the Russian Army would be in a state of efficiency partly corresponding at least to its pretensions and its numbers. As for England, the Liberal ministers were giving no sign of building up a formidable army, but they were at least taking pains with the fleet. The Liberal ministry, also, by the end of 1913 seemed to be not very firm in its saddle. The Irish question was threatening its existence. If it was driven from power, the Conservatives were considerably more likely than their rivals to do something looking toward universal military service as well as being, by the traditions of their party, somewhat more ready to go to war. The Teutons therefore felt constrained to take cognizance of this situation, which was not all to their benefit.

During 1913 and the early part of 1914 German diplomacy, however, was markedly more pacific than in the past. There was real coöperation between Berlin and London in the efforts to keep Austria and Russia from shaking down the world during several ticklish turns of the Balkan situation. England helped the Teutons to create their precious Albania; the Teutons consented to see Serbia get a great territorial expansion

by the Treaty of Bukharest. It is therefore reasonable to assume that *part* at least of the German statesmen had taken honest alarm at the position to which the Pan-Germanist propaganda had led them; that on the brink of precipitating an incalculable calamity they not unnaturally hesitated, and that, too, some of them realized that it was the height of blundering to pursue a policy by which nations hitherto so discordant as England, France, and, above all, Russia should be arrayed as common foes to the Central powers. There is to-day hardly formal evidence, but there are abundant grounds for assured inference that the Pan-Germanists were told by those in high authority that if they would conquer the world, they must not try to conquer it all at one stroke, and that until the German fleet had reached its full projected development, say by 1920, there was no wisdom in deliberately picking a quarrel with England. On the contrary, it seemed quite possible to create a Balkan situation in which British public opinion would not sustain its Government for interfering, and a quarrel might be pushed home with Russia in which that empire, defeated and humiliated probably along with France, would be compelled to gaze hopelessly at a later "reckoning" in which Great Britain must fight without an ally against victorious and invigorated Teutonia. This project was eminently feasible according to German diplomatic and military standards. It was a scheme in which Berlin could count on the most hearty coöperation of Vienna and probably of Turkey, but it was one that would have to be executed quickly before the new army reforms in Russia and France could be completed. There is cumulative and indubitable evidence, in short, that by the beginning of 1914 Germany had made up her mind to risk precipitating a capital war: but all the circumstances of the case indicated that she preferred to become mistress of continental Eu-

rope before aiming to become mistress of the seas. Not on England, but on Russia and devoted France, was the first bolt to fall.

It should be recalled that until well after the beginning of the war in 1914 the German Navy had developed its submarine service relatively little, and was undertaking to stake naval issues almost entirely on its dreadnaughts.

Had Bismarck lived and been in control, he would have arranged the quarrel, assuming he were determined to have one, so that infallibly:

(I) England would have been isolated from France and Russia and in no mood to interfere in a struggle of which the formal rights, under international law, Bismarck would have surely secured for the German side.

(II) Italy would have been made to feel it both her duty and her opportunity to fight with her Teutonic allies.

But only Bismarck's office, not his mantle of genius, descended on Bethmann-Hollweg, Jagow, and the other urbane gentlemen in the Berlin foreign ministry who arranged the diplomatic stage in 1914.

In 1913, without waiting for similar movements in France and Russia, a notable increase was authorized by the Reichstag in the German Army.¹ The standing peace army was to be raised from about 720,000 to about 860,000, with a corresponding increase in the reserves. There were to be startling additions to the new motor-tractor and aircraft services, also, as a jealously guarded secret, sundry great mobile howitzers were to be manufactured, which could beat the best forts to powder. To pay for the huge amount of extra equipment needful for this addition, an extraordinary tax was levied on capital, the tax being made the more popular by being laid upon the noble and princely personages no less than on the commonalty. This additional armament was to be ready by the autumn of 1914, at a time when the new Russian

¹The German Government alleged that the new quotas for the army were simply to match corresponding increases in France and Russia. As a matter of fact, the German increases were first formulated in November, 1912, openly discussed in January, 1913, and became a law June 30, 1914. The French increases were formulated in February, 1913, after great alarm over the situation in Germany, and only became a law July 19 of that year. The Russian increases were not even formulated until March, 1913, when the new German program was patent to all the world.

The "defensive" character of the German measures can be judged from the statement on June 28, 1913, in the semi-official "Kölnische Zeitung": "This security gives us a free road to a profitable world policy. We are as yet but at the starting-point. Long roads, full of promise, open before us in Asia and in Africa."

preparations at least would be toiling far behind. The new strategic railways parallel with the Belgian and Polish frontiers were in good order, and Prussian card-catalogue efficiency had worked out every possible detail for a military effort beside which that of Moltke and Roon in 1870 would seem but as children's play. What sane militarist would wait while the fatherland declined from this top-notch of efficiency, while Russia and France completed their deliberate reforms, and while England at last listened to Lord Roberts?

The completeness of the German preparation has thus been summed up admirably by a distinguished French writer, Louis Madelin, "The Victory of the Marne," English translation, p. 11:

For forty-three years the conquerors of Sadowa and Sedan had concentrated all their time and efforts upon the forging of the most formidable weapons that a nation ever used against her enemies. They possessed everything that science and wealth had at the disposal of war, the largest mortars and the most deadly gases, Zeppelins for war in the air, armorclads and submarines for war on the seas, every possible weapon, known or unknown, legitimate or otherwise, perfected and in huge quantities. They had secretly accumulated a treasure for war. They thought that they alone possessed the secrets of strategy and tactics, for the rawest German captain fancied himself a past master in all those arts far more than our greatest generals. And above all they could depend on the iron discipline of their army and the grim patriotism of a military nation.

When after the return of peace and the calming of passions the official papers are all printed, the "lives and letters" of prominent statesmen are written, and the confidential instructions become confidential no longer, ten thou-

sand interesting things will see the light; but among the most interesting will be the exchange of opinion between Berlin and Vienna during the year before the great catastrophe. Austria had no great interest in a war for Germany's benefit against England or even France, but she was intensely anxious to extend her grip upon the Balkans and hold back Russia and especially to break up the new power of Serbia. On August 9, 1913, the day before the signing of the Treaty of Bukharest, Austria had informed Italy and Germany of her "intention of taking action against Serbia" and her hopes that her allies would support her in a "defensive" war. Italy promptly negated the proposition, and the scheme was as promptly dropped. Surely not only because Italy objected. Austria undoubtedly was told also by her major ally that Germany was not yet quite ready to have her throw down the gauntlet to Russia. But Austria did not abandon her intentions, nor did Germany ask her to do this. "Serbia had committed two unpardonable crimes: she had strengthened the barrier between Austria and Saloniki, and she had enormously enhanced her own prestige as the representative of South Slav aspirations. Serbia must be annihilated."¹ The field was therefore open for all those violent schemes, intrigues, and dark doings which men of southeastern Europe love well.

Truth to tell, the Serbs gave plenty of formal provocation to their enemies. There was a constant infiltration of anti-Austrian propaganda and propagandists over the boundary from Serbia into Bosnia. The Bosnians were incited to resist Austrian officialdom at every possible turn, and officialdom reacted with "police measures" that easily degenerated into plain tyranny. Bosnia was full of turmoil and passive or active resistance over school questions, press questions, language questions, taxation

¹Marriott's "The Eastern Question," p. 418. In January, 1918, the Berlin "Tageblatt" carried a statement by Prince Lichnowsky, ambassador to England in 1914, which virtually destroys any claim that Teutonism did not force the war over Serbia. The prince bluntly admitted that "a wide interpretation of the alliance with Austria permitted our Austro-Magyar friends, with our [German] help to combat Serbian strivings for unity which were supported by Russia." Austria felt it very needful to prevent Serbia from reaching the sea even by a merely friendly understanding with Greece as to the use of Saloniki. "When finally Count Berchtold [Austrian foreign minister], who had never really recognized the peace of Bucharest, was proceeding, supported by Germany, to revise the Bucharest treaty, the world war developed out of the resistance offered by Russia." After this authoritative statement, what use of pretending that the murder of the archduke caused the war?

questions, and almost everything else. A powerful Pan-Serbian society, the Narodna Odbrana, with its headquarters in Belgrade, devoted its concentrated energies to make the Bosnians hate the Austrians and to make the Serbs gird their loins for the hour when a sudden blow would dissolve the Austrian conglomerate, and Bosnia would join itself to its own kinsmen in Serbia, now also to be united with Montenegro. The Serbian press, violent and irresponsible, teemed with offensive anti-Austrian articles. In short, Serbian methods, the methods of a small, imperfectly civilized people that had been grievously oppressed, were not nice, and thus gave the more polished gentlemen at Vienna plenty of formal reasons for writing notes and talking of drastic action.

And then from clear heaven came a gift of the gods, an outrageous crime, which shocked the world, which gave the Austrians ample excuse in their own eyes for picking a quarrel with Serbia, which gave the Pan-Germans equal excuse also to their own people for supporting Austria in case the quarrel should take in Russia. So singularly fortunate a happening could hardly have been imagined by the war-lords around the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg.

Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, was a picturesque, semi-Oriental city of about 37,700 people, mostly Serbs or Croats, with a colony of Jews. It was a very interesting place to tourists, with its Turkish bazaar, numerous mosques, wooden houses, and cypress groves. Howling and dancing Moslem dervishes still gesticulated in their monasteries, and there were numerous Oriental baths and cafés. There were pretentious Catholic and Orthodox cathedrals, and the three religions dwelt together in this little city in reasonable harmony. The sympathies of many of the Christian Slavs were strongly "Pan-Serbian," however. It was, in short, a place which the Austrian Government felt required to keep under careful watch and ward.

Hither on June 28, 1914, came his

Imperial Highness the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria, along with his consort the Duchess of Hohenburg,¹ upon a visit of state and ceremony. The archduke was not popular with many elements in the Austrian Empire. He was alleged to have entertained a scheme for raising the Slavs among his subjects to a kind of federalized equality with the Germans and the Magyars, a proposition that earned him the wrath of the leaders of those two predominant races. He was, however, extremely unpopular with the Pan-Serbists, mainly because his project would have put an end to any idea of ever ruling Bosnia from Belgrade. There is some reason for feeling that certain influential personages in Austria realized that the archduke's visit to Serajevo was likely to be perilous, and that they did not, nevertheless, order any very efficient police measure to protect him. The dark skeins in Balkan history are innumerable, and to-day it is impossible to untangle this one. One fact, however, is certain: the news of the death of Francis Ferdinand did not leave certain influential politicians at Vienna and Buda-Pesth bowed with anguish. All other surmises are unsafe.

Whoever was ultimately to blame, General Potiorek, the local governor and army commandant, provided neither proper police nor military escort for the archduke's automobile as it went through the streets of Serajevo. As the imperial visitors proceeded from the station, a bomb was unsuccessfully thrown at the car by the son of an Austrian police official. On arriving at the town hall the archduke is said to have exclaimed, "Now I know why Count Tisza advised me to postpone my journey." Still police precautions were not redoubled. The princely couple now left the town hall to pass through the city. On the way the archduke and his wife were mortally wounded in broad daylight by three pistol-shots from a second assassin. The murderer was a wretched Bosnian youth of South Slav blood, was a subject of Austria and not a Serbian citizen. The archduke in his

¹The archduke had married beneath his station by taking the hand of the Countess Sophie Chotek. She had been refused elevation to the rank of "Imperial Highness" by the irate old Kaiser Francis Joseph. It was said, however, that the archduke was full of schemes whereby the two sons she bore him could be placed in succession to the throne.

last moments is reported to have had his fearful surmises as to why he had been left unguarded. "The fellow," he gasped, "will get the Golden Cross of Merit [a high Austrian order] for this." The mystery will probably never be cleared up. It is a fact, however, that no high officials were demoted or punished for at best criminal carelessness in failing to guard the archduke in a city where it was notorious that thousands of Bosnians and Pan-Serbists hated him. It is also a fact that his funeral was extraordinarily hurried, mean, and without the pomp worthy of the heir of the Hapsburgs.

Of course the crime was execrated throughout Europe. The British Parliament passed resolutions of sympathy for the aged and bereaved Emperor of Austria. The feeling was general that Serbia had failed to curb a criminal agitation within her borders, and that Austria would be justified in bringing her roundly to time and forcing her to halt various Pan-Serbist societies, as well, of course, as in bringing to justice any possible Serbian instigators of the Bosnian criminals. In diplomatic cir-

cles this was believed to be likely to be accomplished in a moderate and decent way. There seemed no menace to the peace of Europe. Great Britain was desperately absorbed in her eternal Irish question, which now at last appeared about to blaze out in civil war. France was racked by a sordid personal scandal and a public trial centering around one of her most prominent politicians. Russia seemed also preoccupied by various industrial troubles. Kaiser Wilhelm departed upon a yachting trip among his favorite Norwegian fiords. Most of the various ambassadors left the capitals to go on vacations. The Austrian newspapers, denunciatory of Serbia at first, soon became admirably calm. The Rhinelands, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy were overrun with more than the ordinary number of American and English tourists, snapping cameras and buying postcards. The guides at The Hague did a thriving business exhibiting the famous Peace Palace, which was no doubt putting all the munition factories out of business.

Then came the twenty-third of July.

(To be concluded)

Carouse

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Autumn, in her scarlet cloak,
Comes tumbling down the hills.
Oh, she is tipsy with her dreams
That the blue day distils;
An amber cup is in her hands
From which the wonder spills.

Now leaf and vine turn golden brown,
And purple asters shine
Along the roads where Autumn runs,
Drunken with mystic wine.
The world is one vast tapestry
Of intricate design.

Where Autumn lurches through the dusk
In raiment wildly red,
A crowd of urchins follow her,
With many a tousled head—
Chrysanthemums, like naughty boys,
Driving the crone to bed!

HE DID NOT KNOW

By *Harry Kemp*

Decoration By
John R. Flanagan

He did not know that he was dead;
He walked along the crowded street,
Smiled, tipped his hat, nodded his head
To his friends he chanced to meet.

And yet they passed him quietly by
With an unknowing, level stare;
They met him with an abstract eye
As if he were the air.

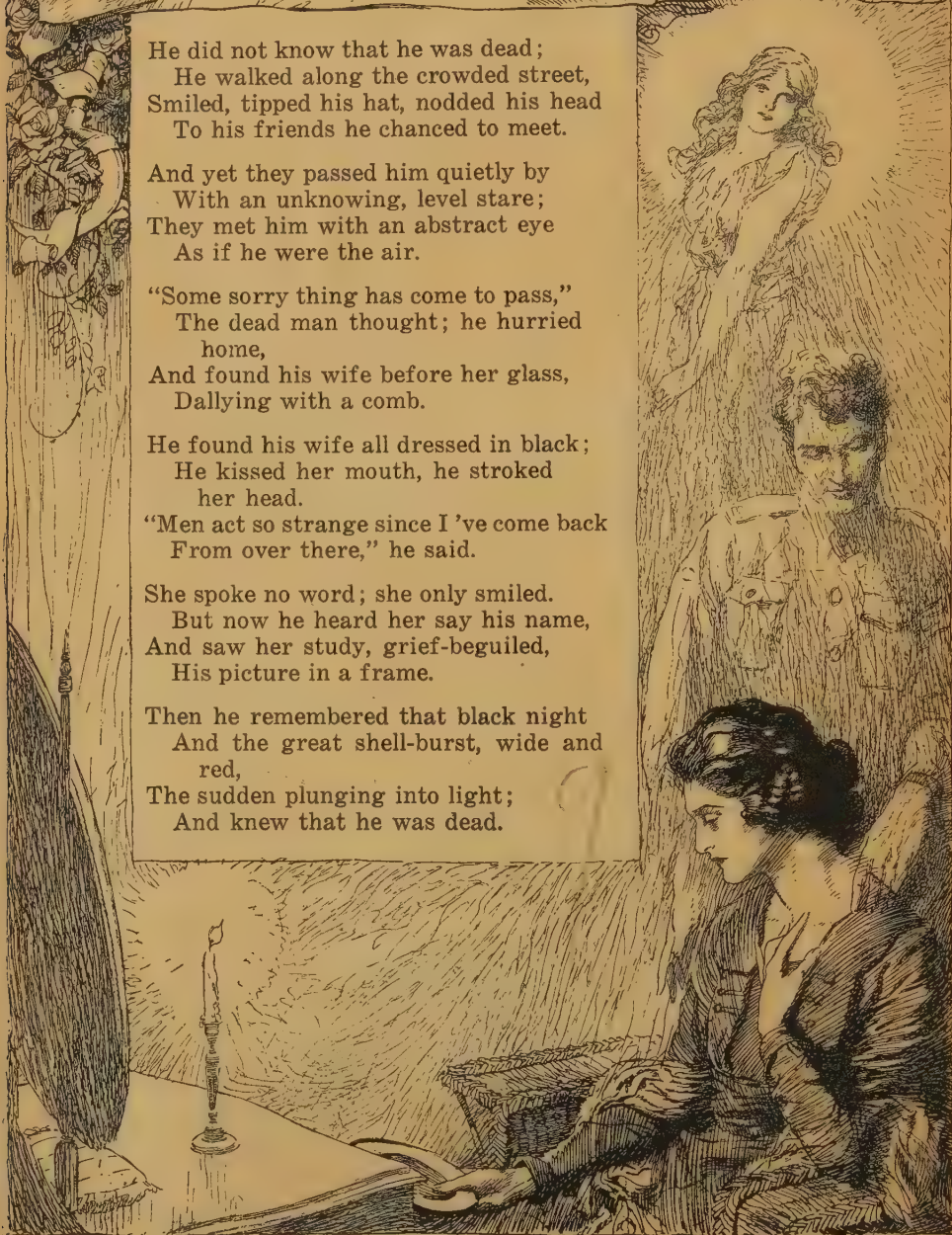
"Some sorry thing has come to pass,"
The dead man thought; he hurried
home,
And found his wife before her glass,
Dallying with a comb.

He found his wife all dressed in black;
He kissed her mouth, he stroked
her head.

"Men act so strange since I've come back
From over there," he said.

She spoke no word; she only smiled.
But now he heard her say his name,
And saw her study, grief-beguiled,
His picture in a frame.

Then he remembered that black night
And the great shell-burst, wide and
red,
The sudden plunging into light;
And knew that he was dead.



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